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ERRATA.

Page 10, col. ii., line 15. For "Saint Cry" read "Saint Cyr."

Page 39, col. i., line 8 from bottom. For "son" read "nephew."

Page 77, col. ii., line 5 from bottom. For "Mascott" read "Mascot."

Page 78, col. ii., lines 22, 23. For "für die [read den] deutschen Jugend" read "für die deutschen [read deutsche] Jugend."

Page 86, col. i., line 33. For "Gesichtschreiber" read "Geschichtsschreiber."

Page 171, col. i., line 11. For "Riggli" read "Niggli."

Page 211, col. i., line 1. For "memorable" read "removable."

Page 318, col. ii., line 15. For "nine-twentieths" read "nineteen-twentieths."

Page 356, col. ii., lines 11, 12. For "Cockerill" read "Cockerell."

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1905.

The Week.

What is now passing in Russia, in the playing for position of all the elements contending for revolution, peaceably or by violence, resembles a fleeting phantasmagoria. Strangest of all turns and spectacles is that of the Black Sea fleet infected with anarchism. The mutiny on the *Kniaz Potemkin* and murder of officers; the landing at Odessa of the dead body of an alleged victim of naval brutality, to be buried as if on a funeral pyre amid the flaming warehouses and shipping of the port fired by a demoniacal mob; the terrorizing of the port by the man-of-war; the failure of the rest of the fleet to molest it; its seeking provisions and coal in a Rumanian port and forcible expulsion, and its present piratic wandering in the Black Sea flying the red flag—this is the very climax of weirdness and mystery. Still, now as before, in spite of fresh sympathetic outbreaks at distant points, the laboring autocracy appears to get the upper hand of revolt, while arranging the constitution of the peace commission, whose members are already selected and will begin negotiations in August. We cannot hope to see, in the meantime, any cessation of violent endeavor not only to overthrow the existing form of despotism, but to put in its place polities which would leave the hapless Russians wearing "the name of Freedom graven on a heavier chain."

That intellectual detachment which was at the bottom of Mr. Hay's broad views on world politics appears most clearly in a private letter on the San Domingo matter, printed on Monday by the *Sun*. Throughout the note Mr. Hay maintains admirably the tone of a loyal Minister willing to accept personal responsibility for both the excessive zeal of his subordinates and the hotheadedness of his chief, but everywhere it is evident that the San Domingo business was none of his, and that he held the whole transaction in a certain scorn. The Dillingham protocol he had never seen until it was published He is willing to admit that there was "what might be called a critical state of things in San Domingo," but immediately adds, "if such a phrase is applicable to a country where every day has its crisis." But more interesting than these casual observations about Mr. Roosevelt's pet cause is Mr. Hay's general characterization of the worth of the Dominican treaty, which we parallel with certain expressions of the President's in his message of February 15:

MR. HAY.	MR. ROOSEVELT.
"If they [the Senate] reject it [the Santo Domingo protocol], I do not think it would be a great disaster;	"I call attention to the urgent need of prompt action on this matter. . . . It will be unfortunate from every standpoint if we fail to grasp this opportunity, for such failure will probably mean increasing revolutionary violence in Santo Domingo, and very possibly foreign complications in addition."
and it would certainly relieve the Executive of a vast amount of labor which is now imposed upon it by the claims of American citizens throughout all Latin America."	"The United States . . . must . . . actively intervene to protect the contracts and concessions of its citizens. . . . This course would render the United States the insurer of all the speculative risks of its citizens in public securities and franchises of Santo Domingo."

We need not labor the contrast between Mr. Hay's desire to wash his hands of the unfortunate American investor in Latin-American ventures, and the President's cheerful proposal of a world-wide underwriting of all American speculations in weak nations. It is clear that more than once Mr. Hay waived his better judgment for the sake of peace; it emphasizes our sense of loss to realize that his restraining influence in our foreign policy has disappeared.

If Secretary Taft did not try very hard to conceal his vexation with Chief Engineer Wallace for resigning just at this crisis in the affairs of the Panama Canal, he certainly had ground for irritation. Mr. Wallace does not figure to advantage. He bases his resignation solely on a tempting offer from a private corporation. Without a grievance Mr. Wallace must be considered one who took a matter of loyalty lightly. We are, nevertheless, not in sympathy with Secretary Taft's method of announcing his decision to dismiss Mr. Wallace. Apparently, the bulk of his statement consists of stenographic notes of a conversation with Mr. Wallace on Sunday week. We are getting some extraordinary state papers from Washington these days, and the blue pencil is sadly needed, both in the White House and in the departments. Secretary Taft has had burdens and tribulations enough, in all conscience, to put his nerves on edge, but that is no reason why his temper over Mr. Wallace's defection should be unveiled to the public. It was unkind to himself and undignified in a high officer of the Government. The same end could have been obtained, and the rebuke to Mr. Wallace been made a hundred times more stinging, if the facts had been put into twenty-five or fifty lines. Though we are a world power, we have a number of things to learn from other nations in similar positions, and one of these is the proper method of announcing just such matters as the change at Panama. Dignity and brevity should have made impossible the publication of Mr. Taft's repeated complaint that Mr. Wallace's action was so ill-timed as to threaten to interfere with the Secretary's trip to the Philippines, as of his further remark about the President's right "to discharge an unfaithful commission"—a needless slur upon the first Commission, now extinct.

The sudden appointment of ex-Ambassador Porter as Senior Special Ambassador in connection with the translation of John Paul Jones's putative remains, and the consequent reduction of Mr. Loomis to the grade of Junior Special Ambassador, proves that it is never too late to mend, that you never can tell, that second thoughts are best, that one must look before he leaps, or any other trite morality which may apply to a headstrong President. It is a welcome, if somewhat ridiculous, exit from an untenable position. In his eagerness to do honor to a favorite under fire, Mr. Roosevelt clean forgot Horace Porter, to whose zeal the recovery of Paul Jones's body, or of one "equally as good," is due. In this anxiety to pay a compliment to Mr. Loomis, Mr. Roosevelt came very near, also, to affronting the French Government. As the matter stands, Gen. Porter will have charge over all ceremonies up to the time of the consignment of the remains for transport. Since the mortal remains of a naval hero are not recognized collateral, they will be reasonably safe in the hands of Loomis, "Acting."

The Federal Grand Jury in Chicago, which has just indicted twenty-one officials of the Beef Trust, has declined to follow Mr. Roosevelt's advise and proceed against the corporations only. Evidently its members agreed with Messrs. Judson and Harmon that guilt must always be personal—and the country as a whole will applaud their decision. At last we shall ascertain whether a corporation can violate the laws, and the individuals who direct its actions escape scot free, as did Paul Morton. The whole anti-Trust campaign hinges upon the conduct of this case. By Mr. Roosevelt's direction the Federal law officers are forbidden to take action against Trust magnates or those who grant railroad rebates until they have first tried to stop the objectionable practices, or unless there is clear legal proof of their guilt. As they were not allowed in the Paul Morton case to take the only course which would judi-

cially bring out his guilt or innocence, their hands are practically tied. Mr. Roosevelt did, however, hint that the Attorney-General might take action if the Chicago jury acted, because, as he wisely added, if they should indict, "it will be because in their judgment legal evidence of the violation of the injunction has been laid before them." Well, the jury has indicted, and the Attorney-General's office may now render such aid as it can. It ought to bend all its energies to the task before it in Chicago, for, if this process fails, the corrupt corporations which defy the laws the country over will more than ever feel themselves superior to them, while their officials will be convinced that Mr. Roosevelt is right, and that guilt is impersonal.

When the "Dawes Commission" organized for allotment work in 1898, after several years of missionary effort spent in bringing the tribes to agree that isolation was no longer possible, it was not anticipated that the task would extend beyond 1900. But the details grew in volume. Nearly half a million applications were received from individuals who wished to share in the distribution of tribal lands. Out of this number, some 87,000 have been recognized as members of the various tribes. Nearly twenty million acres of land were to be surveyed, appraised, and allotted in shares of equal value to the tribesmen in proportion to the tribal holdings in the Territory. In the small Seminole Nation 2,775 Indians have been given 320,000 acres of land; nearly 16,000 Creeks have been put in possession of three million acres of allotments; the Choctaws and Chickasaws, to the number of 33,565, have divided over eleven million acres in the southern half of the Territory; and more than 35,000 Cherokees have been adjudged rightful claimants to five million acres in the northeast corner of Indian Territory. In barest outline, this has been the work accomplished by the Commission first suggested and headed by the late Henry L. Dawes, ex-Senator from Massachusetts. The expenses of the Commission have aggregated about $1,500,000, and the amount of detail involved has been enormous. Questions like that of settling the status of freedmen (the descendants of slaves held by Indians before the civil war), and the determination of the rights of the Delawares in the Cherokee lands, have delayed the Commission's work. Though formally disbanded on July 1, a portion of the allotting force, under Tams Bixby, ex-chairman of the Commission, will carry the unfinished business to completion.

The Curtis Act of 1898, the law under which the "Dawes Commission" has been working, provides that most of the tribal governments in the Territory shall expire next year. Unless Congress takes prompt and decisive steps either in joining Indian Territory to Oklahoma as a State or in erecting a temporary Territorial Government over all the tribal lands, we shall witness the curious anomaly of a country without any organized government. Nearly 90,000 Indians have, very properly, been given what belonged to them; nearly 500,000 whites are demanding the right to levy taxes to build schoolhouses, bridges, and roads, and to do business unhampered by tribal laws. Secretary Hitchcock, by standing firmly for the enforcement of tribal laws, so long as as they are laws, is doing more than anybody else to call attention to an intolerable state of affairs. Naturally, the land-grabbing whites who have followed the allotting work of the "Dawes Commission" and fattened on leases from the allottees, are raising the Statehood cry loudly. The Secretary of the Interior has been a thorn in their side for a long time because of his insistence that leasehold contracts shall be fair to the Indians, and that contracts for the sale of allotted land shall be approved by the Interior Department. The "Dawes Commission" has practically finished its work. The Indians have been got ready to meet Statehood. It is now for Congress to deal with a half-million disfranchised whites who have brought Indian Territory up to the level of Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas, industrially.

For the fiscal year ending June 30 the Secretary of the Treasury estimated, in his report of last December, an $18,000,000 excess of expenditure over revenue. The deficit, as now pretty closely ascertained, will run at least seven millions beyond that sum. It is characteristic of the Government's present tendencies that this official under-estimate of the shortage did not result, like some of the Treasury's erroneous forecasts of a dozen years ago, from too optimistic hopes of revenue. On the contrary, the public income has more than equalled the Secretary's predictions. It is the steady rise in expenditure—exceeding not only the figures of last year, but the Treasury's expectations of six months ago—which has done the mischief. Examination of the Department's daily statements shows that, while army expenditure has risen some $7,000,000 over the fiscal year 1904, and outlay on the navy $15,000,000, the cost of the Government's civil establishment has also increased $15,000,000. Moreover, this last-mentioned branch of expenditure has turned out $9,000,000 larger than Secretary Shaw's own estimate of last December. He then, with half of the fiscal year already past, assigned $138,000,000 for that part of the public service. Its cost will exceed $147,000,000. Last year, after deducting the Panama payment, the cost of the civil establishment was $132,000,000; in 1903 it was $125,000,000; in 1902, $113,000,000. An increase of 30 per cent. in three years in a branch of public expenditure where waste and extravagance are proverbially apt to gain control, should serve to set people thinking. Serious reflection would certainly be stimulated if the suggested tax on bank checks or on coffee were proposed to make good the deficit.

The platform adopted by the Democratic State Convention of Ohio reads as if it might have been framed by a committee made up of Gov. Folk, Senator-elect La Follette, and Mr. Bryan. In reality, it is the product of a platform committee dominated by Tom L. Johnson and M. E. Ingalls, the Cincinnati railroad man. On national questions the document is brief. It applauds the Administration's attempt to purchase Panama Canal supplies in the open markets of the world, and demands that Congress shall enact specific anti-rebate legislation, and increase the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission. On State issues the platform dwells at greater length. Mayor Johnson's plank pledging the party to the enactment of a law reducing railway fares in the State to two cents a mile was rejected, but a provision was inserted declaring for the taxation of railway property at its salable value. The appeal for home rule for cities and towns is timely. Tom Johnson's influence appears in the adoption of a plank putting the question of municipal ownership of public utilities before the voters of each municipality. In view of the well-known character of the Cox-Foraker-Dick rule in Ohio, it is to be hoped that Mr. John M. Pattison of Cincinnati, the candidate for Governor in opposition to Gov. Herrick, who was renominated by the Republicans recently, may have an opportunity to make effective that section of the platform which pledges the Democratic party, if successful, "to use its utmost endeavor to eliminate the 'graft' and political corruption that have been nourished and fastened upon the State by the Republican party in the last few years." Such a result would be infinitely encouraging to other boss-bound States in addition to Ohio.

The only scientific studies of the negro question being made to-day are those carried on by Atlanta University. This year it held its tenth annual conference, which devoted part of its time to reviewing the progress of the negro in the last ten years. Its conclusions, signed by Prof. W. E. B. Du Bois, L. M. Hershaw of the United States Land Office, and Walter F. Willcox of Cornell

University, special agent of the Twelfth Census, primarily bring out the fact that there is growing up a demand for genuine knowledge in place of prejudice or mere opinion about the negro question. A striking belief expressed by the committee is that there has been a progressive differentiation of the negroes into social and economic classes, which makes it unjust to characterize the race as if it were a unit. That the mortality of the negro is decreasing, particularly among children, is another conclusion, while the great increase in the number of good homes and in the organized efforts for social betterment is obvious to even the casual student of the subject. Up to 1895 there was an alarming growth of negro crime; since that time there has set in a steady decrease, which is the proper corollary to the greater effectiveness of the negro church and the steady prosperity of the colored business man. The severe economic crisis among negro artisans is also touched upon. Finally, the investigators believe that future studies should go into the many unsettled questions relating to the vitality of the negro, his economic efficiency, his moral habits, and his capacity for government, and into the means of improving all these. They also ask that an endowment for the work of this conference be secured.

Mr. Rockefeller's gift of ten millions to the higher education is remarkable from many points of view. It is, of course, the largest donation ever made for general purposes, and it is admirable in that there are practically no restrictions of any kind. The only limitation is a wise one: that no sectarian colleges teaching in a sectarian way shall benefit by the fund. Excellent, too, is the fact that the gift applies to the entire United States, and not to any section. Its income, which will be perhaps $450,000, will not, of course, revolutionize our hundreds of colleges nor lift them all, even in twenty-five years' time, out of their pressing financial difficulties. Compared to their wants, this will be only a small sum annually. But the example should lead to other similar donations for general needs, either for buildings or for running expenses or for endowment purposes; and Mr. Rockefeller himself states that there is more of his money to come. Perhaps most laudable of all is the decision to give to the General Education Board, an organization which has already demonstrated its value in the Southern educational field, and should from now on exercise a very great influence on the development of the higher education in America. The small sensation excited by so princely (as well as wise) a gift affords striking evidence of the change in the scale of values wrought by the fall in interest.

The action, on June 28, of the three voting trustees of the Equitable Life in filling nine of the vacancies caused by resignation of former directors, was in line with their pledge to allow policyholders a voice, and to choose a portion of the new management from their ranks. The nine new names were not submitted according to a vote of the policyholders as a body, but in deference to the wishes of various policyholders' committees. Under the circumstances, this was the most practical course to follow. It would have been impossible, on this short notice, to obtain effective expression of majority preference on the part of the company's 600,000 policyholders. For such a vote to be of any value, a thorough canvass of the company's membership, and probably organization of proxy committees, would be necessary. We are not sure that expression of preference through policyholders in various sections or communities, acting through committees of their own, may not be a useful precedent. Exactly how far the various existing committees of this sort are fully representative, is doubtful; but it is possible for them to become so in the future. Assuming a voting power, direct or indirect, to be enjoyed by Equitable policyholders, their position would be akin to that of a large community on which popular suffrage is suddenly conferred. Without preliminary caucuses, without canvass of nominees, first by small groups and then by large groups of qualified voters, mere confusion would result, with the ultimate choice dictated, probably, by secret cooperation of a minority with interests of its own. This is precisely the situation of half a million policyholders suddenly asked to choose directors. It would equally be their position in case of absolute mutualization. In our purely mutual companies, indeed, the society's vote is commonly procured through requests for proxies in favor of the existing management, whose candidates never are opposed.

On the question of the elder Hyde's culpability in the matter of leases made by the Equitable to smaller companies controlled by Equitable directors, his son's reply to Superintendent Hendricks's report takes issues with that document. Mr. Hyde makes perhaps as good a case for his father as was possible, so far as regards the original contracts with these companies. The weakness of his case, however, appears at once when he argues that, whatever the pecuniary results of these leases (Mr. Hendricks proved in at least two cases an absolute loss to the Equitable), "it does not follow that, because the rentals seem low at the present time, they were unfair when made." Possibly; but Mr. Hyde ignores the fact, very damaging to the recent management, that, as the earlier leases expired, at various dates during the past twenty years, they were "regularly renewed on the same terms, or on terms even more unfavorable to the Equitable." The salient point is the opportunity which undoubtedly existed, in this direction and in the investment of Equitable money in such companies, for underhand profit at the Society's expense. It was these considerations which moved Superintendent Hendricks to conclude that "there can be no question of the wisdom of prohibiting the investment of the funds of life-insurance companies in subsidiary moneyed and business corporations controlled by life-insurance companies"; which led the Frick committee to declare that, "judging these investments either on general principles or on their specific results, their wisdom is gravely questionable," and which called forth from the Morgan committee, as long ago as 1877, the very positive declaration that "it is not believed to be wise for institutions of the character of the Equitable Society, in order to obtain a suitable rent roll . . . or for any other purpose, to be in any way connected with any other corporation, however valuable the stock of such corporation may be."

If to be slow to wrath is a virtue, Sweden deserves great credit, and, in fact, it is highly praiseworthy in the King and Cabinet to consider the secession of Norway, not in the light of natural resentment, but in that of reason and justice. One must hope that this temper may prevail over the hotheads in the Riksdag, who advocate fighting to bring Norway back into the union. Clearly, a war would not mend matters. What is needed is not a renewal of the very unsatisfactory union just broken, but a satisfactory *modus vivendi* as a stage towards a more permanent union. If Sweden should follow her sagacious monarch in taking this patient and expectant attitude, it is possible that time and considerations of common defence might bring Norway back. From this point of view it is to be hoped that Sweden will not exercise her undoubted right to protest against the diplomatic recognition of Norway. A frank acceptance of the present state of affairs might be the prelude to eventual reconciliation, whereas to establish a diplomatic blockade of Norway would only embitter already strained relations. So far, in spite of hot words at Stockholm, both contestants have given an admirable example of equanimity, and it is to be hoped that in time the unity of the Scandinavian kingdom may be restored. But this cannot profitably be brought about either by war, or by increasing vexatiously the difficulties Norway must inevitably meet as she seeks international recognition. Meanwhile, as was almost inevitable, there is a show of military preparedness.

JOHN HAY.

The late John Hay represented to the full both theories of genius. He had capacities so marked and versatile that everything he undertook was done with a kind of divine ease, and he had a special training so laborious and protracted that his success might be accounted for as the result of sheer application. What distinguishes him from a score of illustrious predecessors in the State Department is a certain literary, or, if one will, artistic quality of temper. It requires flexibility of mind to write devil-may-care ballads after you have served in the legations of Paris, Vienna, and Madrid. It needs a ready sympathy to be forty-odd, to be an ex-diplomat and Assistant Secretary of State, and then to make the literary sensation of the season with an anonymous novel on the labor problem—'The Breadwinners.' In fact, it was because Mr. Hay so thoroughly represented what Bliss Perry has eulogized as the "amateur spirit," that he was a figure not only potent but fascinating in all of the many walks of life he entered. From his Jim Bludsoes to the epigones of the Metternich school, he was able to meet all sorts and conditions of men on their own basis; he prevailed through a superior imaginative quality, which he reinforced with an amazing variety of material information. That anecdote is characteristic which tells how a famous art critic, dining at Mr. Hay's table at Washington, displayed distress at a landscape by Constable which hung on the opposite wall. When his trouble had been noted and its cause asked, the connoisseur deprecatingly regretted that Mr. Hay had been taken in by one of the cleverer sort of forgeries. Unruffled, the host first pointed out the intrinsic marks by which the authenticity of the picture was established, and then observed, as if casually, that he had had it of Constable's heirs, and could trace it direct to the artist's studio.

But if Mr. Hay illustrated in a singular degree the virtues of the "amateur spirit"—a quality which gave a refreshingly personal tinge to all his policy as a statesman—he acquired an extraordinarily complete and professional training for the post he finally adorned. The young Brown graduate and member of the bar of Illinois who, in 1861, became Lincoln's private secretary, was immediately thrust into the minutiæ of civil and military administration under the care of a great statesman. Whatever dose of diplomacy went with the private secretaryship was confirmed by experience as secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid and chargé d'affaires at Vienna. It is needless to say that the spade work of diplomacy is done not by the ambassadors, but by their secretaries. John Hay could have had no better discipline. Furthermore, his Paris incumbency fell at the time when Louis Napoleon's "principle of nationalities" was stirring all Europe. From the vantage point of Paris the young secretary saw the seizure of the Danish Duchies and the humiliation of Austria by Prussia, the expulsion of the French from Mexico, and the assembly of Karl Marx's first congress of International Socialists at Geneva. Within his short term at Vienna fell Deák's reconstruction of the Austrian Empire on a basis of dualism, the liberation of Servia, and the abolition of the Japanese Shogunate. His brief "Castilian" days followed Marshal Prim's republic, and witnessed the reëstablishment of the Bourbons and the beginning of President Grant's negotiations for the annexation of San Domingo—the true precursor of the expansionist policy which Mr. Hay was later to direct.

Evidently here was matter to kindle the diplomatic imagination. And Mr. Hay had had enough of it, for he contented himself for several years with being the chief editorial writer for the *Tribune*, and its acting editor for a period, and with outbidding Bret Harte in narrative verse and Bayard Taylor in descriptive prose. After a digression given to journalism, literature, and the extension of valuable social relations, Mr. Hay completed his diplomatic education by two years of service as First Assistant Secretary of State to Evarts, 1879-81, thus learning the routine of the department he so brilliantly conducted twenty years later. The portentous task of writing, with Col. Nicolay, the ten volumes of the 'Life of Lincoln' must be counted as a labor of love, since Mr. Hay, through a marriage fortunate in all respects, had long been beyond the need of money-getting. His great opportunity came in the election of Mr. McKinley, who was doubly bound to Mr. Hay by personal friendship and by material benefactions.

As Ambassador to England Mr. Hay's success was personal rather than diplomatic, but as Secretary of State, since 1898, his peculiar abilities have gained world-wide recognition. It was typical of his manner of thought that the sensational episode of the siege of the Peking legation did not suggest spectacular vindication of national honor, but hastened the execution of a humane plan, previously conceived, for the rehabilitation of the troubled Empire. By patient consultation with the European Powers he succeeded in imposing the principle that China was no longer a field for spoliation, but was to be open on equal terms to the trade of the world, and was to have its opportunity for national reform and development. Mr. Hay's circular notes on the Mantchuria question were the object of some mockery, as merely academic. That tone has changed since it has been perceived that the Japanese triumph is merely one interpretation of Mr. Hay's doctrine, and Mr. Roosevelt's humane mediation between the combatants another. These facts have completely borne out Mr. Hay's prophetic vision that the Chinese question is one in morals as well as in international politics, and that the time for European aggression has passed.

It would be unworthy of Mr. Hay's own great achievements and personal candor to fail to point out that he had not only the qualities, but the defects, of the amateur spirit. His desire to illustrate his office, his quick imaginative response to distant situations, led him at times into empty undertakings, like the Rumanian circular against persecution of the Jews. His devotion to the project of the Panama Canal and to that of national expansion generally drew him into more than one equivocal transaction in the national behoof, as his admirers must acknowledge with averted faces. But his administration, taken broadly, was characterized by scholarship, dignity, and resourcefulness. In seven years he has raised the State Department from a condition of relative provincialism to a commanding position among the chancelleries of the world. Mr. Hay is most likely to be remembered for that magnanimous stand in the Far East which stemmed the tide of brutal aggression upon helpless China. His associates and our generation of brethren of the pen will remember with most affection the *littérateur* who, amid the gravest responsibilities, vindicated the practical value of the artistic imagination.

THE FRANCHISE IN MARYLAND.

The campaign now beginning in Maryland has an uncommon interest for the rest of the country, because we have there for the first time "white supremacy" as the chief, indeed, almost the sole, issue in a State outside the "solid South." Party lines on this question are likely to be often broken this fall, for many influential Democrats, among them Gov. Warfield and Attorney-General Bryan, have refused to follow the lead of the Gorman organization, and, on the other hand, many Republicans of "lily-white" leanings will undoubtedly favor the amendment. It is, in fact, the avowed object of its sponsors to induce voters to divide at the polls by races, and not by parties. Before going any further, let us see just what this amendment is. After the usual provisions regarding residence, it provides that, in order to register, a male citizen must be:

(1.) A person able to read any section of the Constitution of this State submitted to him by the officers of registration and to give a reasonable explanation of the same; or, if unable to read such section, then to understand and give explanation thereof when read to him by the registration officers; or,

(2.) A person who on the first day of January, 1869, or prior thereto, was en-

titled to vote under the laws of this State or of any other State of the United States wherein he then resided; or,

(3.) Any male lineal descendant of such last-mentioned person who may be twenty-one (21) years of age or over in the year 1906.

The chief line of argument in support of this amendment is that, in adopting it, Maryland will merely be following the example of all the States farther south. "It thus reflects and adopts the latest and best views of the strongest men of the South," says Murray Vandiver, Democratic State Chairman. Let us, then, examine the Maryland clauses, not from our own point of view, but in the light of other Southern constitutions. Before taking up them in detail, one important distinction must be made. They are intended to be the permanent conditions of registration in Maryland. Voters may continue to come in under the second clause until the death of all those now fifty-seven years old or more, while the third remains practically in force until the first voters of next year are extinct. Now most of the constitutions directed against the negro vote have contained two different suffrage provisions—one being temporary and the other permanent. That is to say, they gave the ignorant or propertyless white man several years in which to put his name on the voting-list, but, if he neglected that chance, he was, under the law, placed on the same footing as the negro. Thus, we find Chairman Vandiver explaining that the first clause of the Maryland amendment "is taken from the present Constitution of Virginia." So it is, in truth, but it is a part of the temporary plan, and expired with the year 1903. The educational test in force in Virginia to-day is simply the writing of name, age, residence, etc., in the presence of the registration officers. Similar is the clause of the permanent plan in Louisiana, which provides:

"He shall be able to read and write, and shall demonstrate his ability to do so when he applies for registration, by making, under oath administered by the registration officer or his deputy, written application therefor, in the English language, or his mother tongue, which application shall contain the essential facts necessary to show that he is entitled to register and vote, and shall be entirely written, dated, and signed by him, in the presence of the resigstration officer or his deputy, without assistance or suggestion from any person or any memorandum whatever, except the form of application hereinafter set forth."

"Understanding" clauses have existed in South Carolina and Alabama also, but the former expired in 1898 and the latter in 1903. Alabama now requires that the voter "can read and write any article of the Constitution of the United States in the English language." In South Carolina, under the permanent plan, he must read and write, or own $300 worth of property. In Mississippi (as in South Carolina's temporary plan) the voter must "read any section of the Constitution of the State or be able to understand the same when read to him, or give a reasonable explanation thereof." Thus, for the requirement that the voter must read and understand the Constitution, there is only one precedent, and that a plan no longer in force. The other provisions just cited impose plain and simple tests that admit practically of no dispute. Even in Mississippi, if the negro can read, he is not put to the additional test of explaining. But to require from the man who has shown his ability to read "a reasonable explanation" in addition is simply giving to the registration officers absolute power to disfranchise. "What this would mean in practice, under the 2-to-1 system, everybody knows," says the Baltimore *News*.

We now come to the exemption of voters of 1869, and the "grandfather clause." Here again in the permanent plan of registration we find features that were never adopted in any Southern State except temporarily. Alabama exempted from the other tests soldiers and sailors in any of our wars—including the Spanish war, to which she sent a negro regiment—and their lineal descendants. This exemption ceased in 1903. In Virginia a similar provision, extending only to the sons of veterans, went out of force, along with the "understanding clause," on January 1, 1904. Only Louisiana and North Carolina conferred exemption on the voters of 1867 and their sons, as does, practically, the Maryland clause. In the former State this extended only to 1898, and in the latter it will expire on December 1, 1908.

Thus, to summarize it in a sentence, the Maryland amendment contains, as permanent features of the State law, the most extreme and objectionable of the clauses which the Southern States devised as temporary conditions of registration and have since superseded by fairer tests.

Now a word as to the State for which this objectionable measure is designed. To every 100,000 whites in Maryland there are 24,681 negroes. Proportionately, Virginia and North Carolina have more than twice as many; Georgia,, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana more than three times, and South Carolina and Mississippi more than six times as many. Tennessee, Texas, and Arkansas, the only Southern States which have relatively less than twice as many negroes as Maryland, have none of them adopted any of the provisions which characterize the Maryland amendment. Though we should concede, as we emphatically do not, the perfect justice and fairness of the Gulf States' Constitutions, it would still be utterly preposterous to assert that any regrettable necessity compels the adoption of the same measures in Maryland. Moreover, the foreign element, which does not secure the benefit of the grandfather clause, and is subject, like the negroes, to the caprice of the registration officers, is very much greater than in any State farther South. It is relatively half as large again as in Texas, twice as large as in Florida, and nearly twenty times as large as in South Carolina. In no State further South is it true, as in Maryland, that the foreign-born whites and native whites of foreign parents outnumber the negroes.

A fair test of fitness applied to all voters alike, of whatever color, any State, North or South, has a perfect right to impose. But, seriously as some of the States have departed from this principle, the Maryland proposal touches a new depth of unfairness and partisanship.

THE USELESS ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

Speaking before the New Jersey State Bar Association recently, Mr. J. Hampden Dougherty discussed at length the history and present status of the constitutional and statutory provisions relating to the election of the President. "Of the various perplexing questions which the electoral court has presented," he says, "not one is solved by the act of 1887 [the law now in force]."

"It makes no provision as to what shall happen if constitutionally ineligible electors shall be appointed by a State; it does not declare whether the provision of the Constitution requiring electors to meet on the same day throughout the United States is mandatory or directory; it creates no tribunal for the determination of other difficulties arising in connection with the electoral vote, but simply empowers the two houses, practically without debate, in certain contingencies, to exclude the vote of a State, without prescribing any regulations for the government of their conduct—thus leaving them apparently to judge in any case by *ex post facto* legislation."

Mr. Dougherty's own conclusion is in favor of the entire abolition of the electoral college and the creation by constitutional amendment of some more direct system of electing President and Vice-President. He also holds that a Constitutional amendment would be necessary to repair the often-discussed omission of any provision for the succession in the event of the death of the President-elect between the meeting of the electors and date for his inauguration.

It ought not to be difficult, certainly, in the light of the experience of thirty elections, to draft a new article that would be at once simple and comprehensive. Several plans have been offered in the past which would supplant the electoral college without altering the relative influence of the several States. Thus, it has been proposed to let the people vote directly for Presidential candidates; the candidate carrying each State being then credited with as many votes as that State now has in the electoral college. Variants of that plan have been many. But, however strong the arguments against the electoral college may be, the necessary popular feeling to secure its abolition must be based largely

on the defects which it actually exhibits in present operation.

An eloquent member of Congress, as Mr. Dougherty recalls, long ago declared that a State Legislature, if so disposed, could legally delegate the power of choosing Presidential electors to a bank or even a synagogue. While we have not had, and are not even remotely likely to have, any such preposterous abuse of power as that, yet there have actually been employed in recent years a good number of devices by which partisan ends can be gained in the choice of electors. That is to say, the party which happens to be in control of the Legislature, without making a single convert or adding one name to its voting strength, can, by tampering with this precious electoral machinery, increase very considerably its own chances of at least partial success. The most conspicuous attempt of this kind was Michigan's return in 1892 to the system of choosing electors by districts, a method which, though once common, had been abandoned by the last State which used it in 1836. According to the rule prevailing in all the other States, Harrison, whose electors had in the aggregate about 20,000 more votes than those for Cleveland, would have had all the 14 votes of Michigan. As it was, Cleveland carried five of the electoral districts. It is worth recalling that, although it was a Democratic Legislature which adopted this method of snatching a brand from the burning, yet, had the same rule been universally adopted, Cleveland's electoral plurality would have been reduced from 132 to 96. It was pointed out by the *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent during the last campaign that a return to the district system in the Northern States would have eliminated all possible chance of a Democratic victory, by removing the opportunity for overturning by small pluralities a few States with large electoral votes.

But it is possible to increase considerably the difficulties of the "outs" without even disturbing the popular choice of electors on a general ticket. For an extreme case, take Florida, where the Republican vote at present is certainly not large enough to be formidable. The State is entitled to five electors, and four parties made nominations last fall. Under the extraordinary ballot law which the powers have decreed, the names of these twenty electoral candidates were printed in a close column one below the other, with no line or space to separate the parties, and no name, emblem, or other indication to show by which party each candidate was nominated. The Democrat had to mark the first five; the Republican, numbers six to ten inclusive; the Populist, numbers eleven to fifteen inclusive, and so on. Naturally a very large number of voters were muddled, and, in fact, 900 Democrats out of 27,046; 1,650 Republicans out of 8,314; 689 Populists out of 1,605; and 1,086 Socialists out of 2,337, failed to mark all the electors of their parties. This amounts, roughly, to 3½ per cent. of the Democratic vote, 20 per cent. of the Republican, 43 of the Populist, and 47 of the Socialist. In other words, if the Republicans should somehow succeed in carrying the State in 1908, the election law remaining what it is, the Democrats would still retain some of the electors unless the plurality of the Republicans amounted to a clear fifth of their vote.

It is customary to give the vote for "highest elector" in each State as the "popular vote" of a Presidential candidate. As a matter of fact, the real margin of victory is the difference between the lowest elector of the winning party and the highest of the losing. In Maryland, where a square for voting all electors at once on the ballot is similar to and immediately above that for the first elector, 2,504 Republicans made the mistake of voting for elector number one only, and that margin was wide enough for seven Democratic electors to come in, although it is indisputable that more Marylanders tried to vote for Mr. Roosevelt than for Mr. Parker. Massachusetts, to take an opposite instance, makes the voter take considerable trouble to "scratch" an individual elector; and while some do manifest their personal preferences this way, the difference between highest and lowest elector last fall was only 68 on the Republican ticket and 96 on the Democratic; .03 per cent. in one case, .06 in the other. Contrast these with the Florida figures, and see how the electoral system lends itself to trickery.

Certainly the movement to reform that feature of the Constitution which has departed farthest from the original intention of its framers, and has brought up more or less important disputed questions at more than half of our elections, does not have to rely on theoretical arguments for support.

THE COST OF LIFE-INSURANCE BUSINESS.

To one unacquainted with the mathematics of insurance, it seems surprising that, in consideration of an annual premium to be continued through life, a company can engage to repay on death or sooner an amount equal to the total premiums for a period of fifty years, or even one hundred years. But the possibility is a very simple result of computations based on the probabilities of human life, and on the increase of invested funds on which the interest is allowed to accumulate by constantly compounding itself. Given a table of mortality and a rate of interest, and the problem of determining what annual premium should be paid in order to secure a given payment at death (or after a term of years) is one which has long been worked out with great exactness. Of course, the result cannot be wholly free from the uncertainties which pertain to all human affairs. The actual mortality may be greater or less than that predicted from the tables, and the rate of interest may be greater or less than that taken as the basis of the premium. To guard against every contingency of this kind, a "loading" of about one-third is added to the mathematical premium. One conclusion is obvious at the outset. Supposing the company to be a mutual one, as is now almost universally the case, this loading properly belongs to the policyholder who pays it, and, if favorable experience has proved it unnecessary, it should be returned to him in the form either of a cash return or an addition to his policy. This repayment of a bonus has been so common and is so well understood that we need not dwell upon it.

Life insurance on a large scale may be said to date, in our own country, from the organization of the Mutual Life of New York more than sixty years ago. An experience of a few years with this company, and with those which were soon after organized, brought out a very gratifying result. Instead of the loading of the premium being necessary, it was found that the rate of mortality was markedly less than that predicted from the tables, while the rate of interest which the company, by good management, was able to gain, considerably exceeded the very low minimum on which the premiums were computed. Two large sources of profit thus poured their accumulations into the treasury of the company in addition to the loading on the premiums. The result was that, for a number of years, this and other companies were able, with perfect safety, to return profits to their policyholders on a scale which was agreeably surprising. The experience greatly facilitated the efforts of the companies to extend their business as widely as possible. Not only for this purpose, but for the business itself, an agency in every important town was considered necessary. One reason for this course was that a personal examination of the case of each applicant for insurance might be advisable to guard against the danger of fraud. Another reason, less legitimate than this, was the very general opinion that no one was going to insure his life unless solicited by an agent. We believe that no opinion has been more universally prevalent among life-insurance men than this; and yet, granting its truth to a limited extent under actual conditions, one cannot but think that some way of avoiding the expense of a universal system of solicitation could have been devised.

Whatever the necessity, the fact was that the expenses of management far ex-

ceeded the limit which economy would dictate in the case of a purely fiscal institution. During the few years before the civil war, the expenses of the largest and best-managed companies ranged from 7 to 9 per cent. of the total receipts, and those of the smaller and newly established companies were even higher. Such a statement of expenses was presented by the companies from a rather apologetic standpoint, the idea suggested being that, as the business enlarged, and solicitations by agents became less necessary, the expenses would naturally be reduced. In estimating the necessity for the expense, we must recall the fact that a life-insurance company is a purely financial institution, of which the main business is to receive and invest money and disburse the proceeds. In this respect it is like a bank or a trust company. How extravagant the expenses are, from an abstract and ethical point of view, will be seen by estimating the economy of management of a bank in which even an important fraction of one per cent. of the deposits is required to defray its expenses. It was doubtless with a view to gradually lessening expenses that the Mutual, during a number of years, announced that the number of its policyholders would be limited to 100,000 insured lives.

But the actual history of the expense of management of all the companies has been the opposite of these anticipations. Instead of diminishing as the business was enlarged and extended, it has been continually growing. To state the situation from the most charitable point of view, the management of the companies, desiring the greatest possible enlargement of their business, found that they could do this more effectively by expending a portion of their surplus in organized efforts through agents than by returning it to the policyholders. When the number of lives insured in the "Mutual" approached the limit, the latter was removed, and no restrictions placed upon the growth of the company. The great "life-insurance interest" claimed recognition, both from the public and from the State governments, with the power that money always wields. Had this "interest" been solely that of the million or more of men who held life-insurance policies, it would have been legitimate; but practically the interest is that of life-insurance agents and managers, whose function it is to promote life insurance among the people.

Competition between the great companies to show the public the greatest possible accumulation of assets constantly grew. At as early a date as 1870 the area of the United States was found too small to satisfy ambition, and several of the larger companies began to establish agencies in Europe, and we know not what other continents. The great increase in the ratio of expenses was probably due as much to this extension as to any other cause. An American company is naturally at a disadvantage in seeking for foreign support. Now that the rate of interest here is as low as in any other country, an American company cannot offer a foreigner any sound inducement to prefer it to a home company, and it is perfectly natural that one should intrust the interests of his family to the latter rather than to a foreign custodian. It is an example of the small amount of critical attention given to the subject by the public and its supervising authorities that the companies are not called upon for a separate statement of the expenses of managing their foreign agencies. If this were the case, it might explain the growth of the expenses since the beginning of the extension. The expenses of managing several of the largest competing companies have ranged from 15 to 20 per cent. of their entire annual receipts for several years past, or double the percentage forty or fifty years ago. We believe that only a few unambitious and conservative companies have kept their expenses down to even 10 per cent.

Another fact that has been brought to light by the Equitable controversy, and of which the public has probably never been conscious, is the seeming absence of any legal check upon the expenditures of the companies. There is, indeed, a law providing that a certain reserve must be held, sufficient to insure the fulfilment of the obligations to policyholders; but this amounts only to providing that the officers of no company shall squander more than 40 per cent. of the premiums they receive. The public has relied upon this restriction as a sufficient safeguard, quite unaware that, from the beginning of our life companies until the present time, 60 per cent. of the premiums received, expenses apart, safely invested at the ordinary rates of interest, would have sufficed to pay all claims of the policyholders and also to keep the reserve well above its legal limit. Apart from this restriction, which is wholesome so far as it goes, the law recognizes no distinction between a life-insurance company and other associations of men at liberty to manage their business in their own way. In theory the policyholders have the entire power of enforcing economy in their own hands; but in practice they are powerless. In theory they hold an annual meeting; practically, we do not recall any published account of the proceedings of such a meeting or of the conclusions reached at it. Still nearer the base of the entire difficulty is the great fact that the masses of men who can be induced by agents to insure their lives, do not understand with sufficient clearness that the expenses of managing any company in which they insure will really come out of their pockets. No man should insure his life until he has made a personal examination of the insurance reports and learned what fraction of his premium is to be invested for his benefit. It should be to the profit and not to the disadvantage of a company that it reduces the expenses of its agencies to the necessary minimum. But this will not come about until the public take more interest in the subject than it now does. The case now so prominent in the public sight should bring this about. We sincerely hope that individuals and associations who take an unselfish interest in the management of public affairs will not allow the occasion to pass without enforcing a new departure in the whole system.

AIDS TO EDUCATION IN MODERN GREECE.

The fruitful work accomplished some eighty years ago by Americans active in the first organization of public instruction in Greece, invests with special interest for us the annually growing activities of the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Books in that country. During the recent Archæological Congress at Athens were given, in the rooms of this Society, several popular lectures which attracted much attention, notably that by M. Maspero on education in ancient Egypt. Recently, also, the Society has begun a new series of books for children, including a translation of Hans Andersen's tales. Founded by means of individual contributions and on the initiative of M. Demetrius Bikelas, its president, the first work undertaken by the Society, as far back as 1899, was the monthly issue of booklets—primers of astronomy, botany, physiology; single chapters that allowed of being taken separately out of standard books, such as the account of Tierra del Fuego in Darwin's 'Journal of a Voyage,' geographical and historical sketches of Italy, Sweden, and the like; little handbooks for the cultivation of bees, for the preservation of health, and so on. These monthly books have now reached the figure of about seventy. Their price, which does not cover their cost, is so low that they have been eagerly bought by the poorest people, not only in Greece, but in all Greek-speaking regions—Crete, Cyprus, Macedonia, and various parts of Asia Minor and elsewhere within the Turkish domain. The humors of Turkish censorship have often intervened more or less whimsically, as recently, when the primer of agriculture was seized because, in the account given of the queen bee, there was a passage dangerous to the safety of Abdul Hamid, inasmuch as regicide was its theme. In spite of all such difficulties and discouragements upwards of 600,000 booklets have so far been distributed. The modern Greek adopted in these publications is not fashioned upon any preconceived theory

except that it should be "understanded of the people," and that it is so "understanded" is proved not only by this enormous circulation, but also by the fact that the booklets have been in great demand for use among convalescents in hospitals. This side of the Society's usefulness, indeed, has enlisted on its behalf the interest of its royal patroness, the Crown Princess Sophia, who has an especial care for the management of hospitals in Greece.

The Society has not, however, confined its usefulness to issuing these publications. The Ministry of Public Education in Greece entrusted it, upon representations made by its president and council, with the organization of small libraries in connection with primary schools in Greece. The royal decree of authorization is dated November 30, 1901, and very encouraging progress has already been made in the formation of these libraries, intended for the use not only of teachers and pupils in the schools, but also for that of the people of each neighborhood. The Ministry of Public Education further called upon the Society to prepare and submit a report on the teaching materials and school appurtenances best adapted to be used in Greek schools. The result has been a carefully considered list of articles procurable through the Society from various European makers. As for diagrams necessary in teaching the elements of geography, anatomy, antiquities and the like, these could not be had with the indispensable Greek explanatory text unless a special arrangement, involving the expense of printing, was entered into. One of the recent successes of the Society has been the contribution by three members of a fund for this specific purpose. Accordingly, useful diagrams for teaching purposes are in process of preparation and will soon be available for use in the schools of Greece and the Levant. This is one more example of the generosity upon which the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Books has had constantly to depend in order to make good the yearly deficits caused by the intentionally low price of its publications. The annual subscriptions of about 170 members, and the payments made by 80 life members, constitute its sole regular income over and above what is paid for its books. Not only members, but also the Government, have helped it from time to time with donations.

These new facilities thus afforded for supplying Greek schools with diagrams and for facilitating the acquisition of school supplies of all kinds, are the culmination of a line of action instituted by the Society in 1903. At that time two other Athenian societies were induced to coöperate with its president and council in calling together at Athens a Hellenic Congress of Education. In connection with this congress was held an educational exhibition. The delegates, representing all Greek-speaking islands and countries of the Levant, numbered 996, and, when assembled, voted, on the motion of Mr. George Drosinis, Secretary to the Society for the Dissemination of Useful Books, the formation of an Educational League, whose statutes were sanctioned by royal decree under date of July 19, 1904. Many foreign publishers and societies sent exhibits to the educational exhibition, and not a few of the exhibitors gave what they sent to the Educational Museum which grew out of the exhibition. Additional rooms to accommodate it were built onto the house occupied by M. Bikelas's Society, and the Museum is now so incorporated that, in case of the lapse of its present management, articles contained in it cannot lawfully be sold, but must be handed over to the University of Athens. The beginnings of this Museum date back to 1903, when a member of the Society contributed enough to form the nucleus of what is now an exceptionally interesting and instructive collection. Its present completeness was attained only in January of the present year.

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO.

MEXICO, June, 1905.

Just now, when France is passing through the agitation incident to the religious associations law and kindred measures, amounting in part to a proscription of the Roman Catholic Church as it has hitherto been constituted in that country, a résumé of the results of Governmental proscription of the Church in Mexico on a scale and in a manner comparable only to the anti-clerical measures of the French Revolution, may prove of interest. In Mexico, though the laws of "the Reform" remain upon the books, there has been a steady growth toward real religious toleration in the last quarter-century; and, with occasional incidents which reveal the existence still of the spirit of the old régime, the problem is gradually working itself out.

The contest for the independence of Mexico in the second decade of the nineteenth century was in part an anti-clerical movement, just as, in all the possessions of Spain and in Spain itself, the nineteenth century ushered in a propaganda against Church domination in government. The fact that the "cry of independence," which is annually celebrated by Mexico as its chief national holiday, was uttered before a small band of his parishioners by a priest, Hidalgo, at nearly the hour of midnight on September 10, 1810, though on the surface contradicting the foregoing statement, really confirms it. There were associated with the movement for independence certain of the native priests of Mexico, in part of Spanish blood, who desired to shake off the yoke of foreign clerical domination (which was in large part the rule by Spanish friars, who obtained the chief ecclesiastical preferments, including bishoprics), and who found their best opportunity in a movement for political independence.

The independence of Mexico was achieved only to result in the proclamation of an empire, that of Iturbide. During the thirty-five years which followed, the disastrous dominance of Santa Ana stands out foremost, and the whole period is characterized mainly by the clash of personal ambitions. Nevertheless, underneath may be traced the contest between clericalism and liberalism, which is but another way of saying reaction and reform, if both are understood in an extreme sense. The Constitutional party of 1854-1857, which was but another aspect of the liberal movement, provided (in the Constitution of 1857, still in force in Mexico with various amendments and additions) that "the law cannot authorize any contract having for its object the loss or irrevocable sacrifice of the liberty of man, whether based on labor, education, or a religious vow." Besides forbidding forced labor, this article aimed, though rather covertly, as appears, at breaking up religious associations, which were forbidden to hold real estate except for places of worship. The abolition of special tribunals and the privilege of being judged by special courts (meaning ecclesiastical, though not so stating) was another phase of this rather cautious procedure for the abolition of a State Church, while very wide discretion in this direction was conferred by the provision that the Federal authorities alone should exercise, "in matters of religious worship, the intervention prescribed by the laws."

There soon ensued the French intervention and the establishment of the so-called Empire, which, under its purely Mexican aspect, was a triumph for the reactionary and clerical party—a party which, so far as regarded the adhesion of the sons of the country, had stood first for Spanish rule, then for such foreign or quasi-foreign control as would bring about the overthrow of their liberal rivals. With the withdrawal of the French and the return of the Liberals to power, the anti-clerical movement assumed a bolder phase. Under President Lerdo de Tejada, in 1873, the Constitution was amended to provide explicitly for the separation of Church and State and their mutual independence of each other; for the establishment of civil marriage and registry; for the abolition of the religious oath in giving testimony. Finally, it provided explicitly that "the law does not recognize monastic orders, nor can it permit their establishment, whatever be their denomination or the object which they proclaim themselves to seek." The following year these amendments were greatly expanded by a law dealing with all the subjects in question, reaffirming liberty of worship and the mutual independence of State and Church, but basing upon the clause of the Constitution giving the Government power, in the interest of public order, to interfere and prescribe rules regarding religious worship, some very rigid restrictions upon the Church and its ministers. Religious instruction in the public schools was forbidden, though instruction in morals was enjoined; religious holidays were abolished from the civil calendar, and the participation in them of civil officials or troops forbidden; all religious exercises were confined strictly to the interior of the churches, thus doing away with the gorgeous processions of the former friar régime, and religious exercises even within the church were made the subject of

police inspection and supervision where necessary. The officers of religion, further, were forbidden to wear any habit or distinctive garb outside of the churches; the ringing of the bells was subjected to police supervision and regulation; ministers who had attended dying persons could not receive inheritances from them, and, in general, bequests to religious personages were restricted. The confiscation of the church edifices throughout the country, provided by a law of 1859, which was too short-lived to have much effect, was reënacted, placing title to all such edifices in the Government, which, however, continued to permit them to be employed for worship, as before. Throughout the republic, one will find, in consequence of this law, on the façade of each cathedral, and often on that of other important churches, a large and conspicuous coat-of-arms of the Mexican United States, with the traditional eagle strangling the serpent, one foot resting on the cactus. It is like the inscription on the front of French churches, "Propriété de la République."

With the entry of President Diaz to power in 1876—a rule that has lasted, with one interruption of four years, ever since—stress was soon laid upon the achievement of internal order, and, as subsidiary to this and dependent upon it, the development of the resources of the country, largely through foreign capital, necessitating the guarantee of peace and safety for foreigners. The great object, public order, once fairly achieved, the country entered upon the present era of industrial development. All factions of the populace, and, not least of all, the old propertied class, among whom in large part were numbered the old landed families which remained loyal to the Church and were opponents of reform, have shared in the benefits of this industrial development. To a large extent still the old aristocracy is identified with clericalism, and is secretly, if scarcely ever openly, hostile to the element which, coming in large part from the less aristocratic classes of the population, has seized and held the reins of power. It is through the old aristocracy, which may everywhere be still discerned, that the clergy to-day chiefly retain any hold upon the comparatively small proportion of educated Mexicans. Nevertheless, the very existence of a despotic Government, virtually forbidding the open activity of political parties in order that thus internal revolutions might be prevented, and at the same time fostering progress and development by its policy of maintaining order and protecting capitalistic enterprises, have tended to unite all Mexicans by the bonds of self-interest.

Thus, with the gradual achievement of the aims of the Diaz Administration, some of the harsh restrictions upon the Church have been felt to be not only no longer necessary, but also out of place. To-day, and for some few years past, except in places where the local administration is in charge of officials who might be called "professional Liberals," and who are radical in their anti-clericalism, priests go about the street wearing their full ministerial garb, with virtually no hindrance. The management of Church property—in so far as regards the Church edifices themselves, the residences of the clergy, seminaries, schools, etc.—is not interfered with, though doubtless any attempt once more to acquire landed property not directly devoted to public worship would promptly be stopped. The local police are commonly present at large gatherings in the churches on special days of religious significance; but the abuses incident to the presence of pickpockets in large crowds are sufficient reason for such precautions. The presence in Mexico of members of monastic orders, male and female, is a plain indication of the gradual disappearance of much of the old rancor in these matters. There are no large monastic communities, to be sure, and theoretically community life is not permitted. Nevertheless, here and there, notably in the capital itself, there are friars and nuns, who sometimes even appear on the streets in habit. Some of the friars are to be found in the pulpit, garbed as ordinary priests. In the main, the members of religious orders scattered about the country are devoting themselves to teaching in the Church schools. The rules followed in one seminary for aspirants to the priesthood, which has come under the eye of the writer, are quite notably Jesuitical. In the past few years, some of the brothers and sisters of orders expelled from France have established themselves in Mexico, and either opened schools or engaged their services in connection with Church schools already in existence. There does not appear to be any tendency upon the part of the Government to interfere with these religious, so long as they make no ostentation of their connection with an order nor attempt to establish community life in a way to attract public attention. Just how far this tolerance would go is not a thing that can just now be defined; but the best liberal minds connected with the Administration of to-day seem to think that no danger is threatened from encroachments of this sort upon the old rule.

Many Government adherents in the country, through failure to comprehend the newer issues which have arisen in Mexican public life, still make a rallying cry of anti-clericalism, and fulminate in the press and occasionally in the forum against the traditional "enemies of the Reform." Quite a local sensation was stirred up in one of the States of Mexico a few months ago by the arrest of a priest charged with having instigated a religious procession, wherein banners with religious emblems were carried. It was a very petty incident, and probably in the States presided over by broader-minded administrators it would have been passed over without remark, or with merely a quiet admonition to the Church authorities to keep within the law forbidding religious processions in the streets. So, also, it is quite the accepted custom on the part of local officials of Government to require an unusual and special ringing of the bells of churches on certain of the more important national holidays. As indicated, the ringing of the bells on ordinary or special religious days is regulated by local police restrictions; but on Mexico's Independence Day, for instance, the Government will require all the bells in all the towers to be rung continuously and demonstratively for a full half-hour or more at sunrise and at sunset, also perhaps at noon. It happens sometimes, where the clergy feel the old rancor still, that the sextons and bell-ringers are found missing at the time for such ringing of the bells, and have carried off the belfry keys with them. In one State capital recently these offenders were given short terms in jail for their absent-mindedness. This insistence upon the ringing of the church bells for civil holidays is not quite so petty as it may at first seem. The masses below are highly impressionable, and there may well be something in the policy which proclaims to them that, in spite of their quite general subordination to the clergy in all the ordinary affairs of life, there is in the Government a power able to regulate the Church. It is akin to the policy of parading the troops publicly on national holidays.

As might be expected, the Church has still a greater hold upon the majority of the people of Mexico than has the Government or modern thought, political or social. Among the educated, the Church retains its hold chiefly upon the women, who are quite under the domination and influence of the clergy as a rule, regardless of whether their husbands and fathers are of the Reform party or of the old aristocracy. The men of this educated class, outside of a conspicuous few in whose families close loyalty to the Church has been traditional, and who take an active and prominent part in high mass on Sunday, for instance, are, with some exceptions, indifferent to the Church. Where regard for their women folk or a fear of social criticism does not restrain them, the young and middle-aged generations of educated men in Mexico are free-thinkers, if thinkers at all on matters of religion. But, among the masses, the Church is the really respected power, almost as much as it was under the old régime. Here again it keeps its hold largely through the women; for, especially among the rising middle class of artisans and factory hands, there is notable among the men a feeling of independence of the *padre*. This is not true, however, in the rural districts, on the big ranches, and in those parts of the country which have been little changed as yet by railroads, telegraph, etc. To the masses generally, Holy Week, Christmas time, the day of the Virgin of Guadalupe, and other important religious celebrations, are far greater events in the year's calendar and in the lives of the celebrants than any of the national holidays.

The influence of the more radically minded of the Governmental party in preventing a complete subsidence of the old feeling is not so great as is that of the more intemperate members of the clerical party, both lay and religious. Every now and then some injudicious priest's outbreak in the pulpit is responsible for a revival of the rancor. Still more are the lay editors of the so-called clerical press to blame for a covert, but all the more resented, baiting of the "Reform" bear, with sly sarcasm or adroit misrepresentation of facts such as may still leave them on the safe side of the laws regulating the press (laws that theoretically secure freedom of speech, but practically give the executive authority sweeping jurisdiction). The leading clerical newspaper of Mexico City has of late, in spite of denials from official sources, persisted in spreading the news that the Archbishop of Mexico City, Mons. Alarcon, was to be made by the Vatican "apostolic visitor" (whatever that may

mean), thus absorbing the functions of the apostolic delegate to Mexico (the recent Italian apostolic delegate having departed, probably not to return), with his functions as archbishop. Now Mons. Alarcon was a liberal clergyman at the time of the political reform in Mexico, and it is one of the evidences of wisdom and a spirit of accommodation at the Vatican that he and such as he have been appointed to high ecclesiastical posts in Mexico. Some of the younger bishops of Mexico are men of quite progressive and liberal views; and it is not the less significant that they should have been appointed from one or two of the ecclesiastical centres in the country which still remain most reactionary, though appointed probably rather because of their prominent family and social connections than otherwise. It was the Archbishop of Mexico City himself who issued pastoral decrees in March designed to check some of the abuses that have been long established in Mexico in connection with the observances of Holy Week. The Mexican peasant of to-day, especially in the cities, is not the simple being he once was, and certain celebrations that once may have served their purpose in impressing him in a grossly material way with the importance of the holy days, have degenerated into little more than puppet shows. The burning or hanging in effigy of Judas on Easter Day is a custom frowned upon by the progressive members of the clergy. Holy Thursday, when the host is wont to be exposed on a platform in the centre of the churches, and the faithful are supposed to make pilgrimages to seven or more churches during the day, has become a day for the idly curious to throng the churches. Shows which once may have impressed the unsophisticated peasantry are now becoming mere theatrical spectacles. Hence, Archbishop Alarcon, the fiftieth anniversary of whose priesthood was recently celebrated, addressed all the clergy of his archdiocese as follows:

"For no reason, nor under any circumstance whatever, will the curates, the vicars, or other priests allow the appearance, in the church or in the atrium, of dancers or mimics of the enemies and executioners of Christ, especially at the hour when the divine offices or other religious exercises are celebrated, or when the faithful are practising pious acts of any sort. It is to be particularly borne in mind that the persons who appear to exhibit themselves in the ridiculous garb to which we refer are almost always poor, ignorant people, and for that very reason are to be addressed and treated with persuasive plainness of speech, and with patient zeal, to convince them of the justice of our prohibition."

Such things as this reveal the lines of approximation between the more progressive and tolerant members of the Church and Governmental parties. Hence it is that the harsh restriction of the fifties and seventies directed by the Government against the Church remain in part a dead-letter. The time for their abolition, or for complete toleration of views and practices has not yet arrived; but it would appear that the tendencies are that way.

TAINE'S CORRESPONDENCE, 1870-1871.—I.

PARIS, June 15, 1905.

The third volume of 'H. Taine, sa Vie et sa Correspondance,' is by far the most interesting, not, perhaps, for its psychology, but as an historical document. The first part of the correspondence related chiefly to Taine's youth, his family, his early friends, his studies, his journeys, his literary labors; the third volume begins in 1870, on the eve of the war with Germany. As the editor of the correspondence says: "Taine was coming back from Germany on the 12th of July, 1870, with a preoccupied mind. Brought up in a purely civilian *milieu*, he was ignorant of everything military. He had been for four years an examiner in modern languages for admission to the School of Saint Cry, and, as such, he had had pass before him well-instructed, well-brought-up young men, representative of the good average French youth, but he did not know the chiefs." When the war broke out, with a terrible suddenness, he believed, like most Frenchmen, that our generals would be up to their task, and that the material preparations for the war were complete. He, however, did not underrate Germany, and he thoroughly knew her seriousness and tenacity.

He was living at Chatenay, near Paris, but went to the city almost every day. He was alarmed at the levity of the press, the spectacle of the boulevards, where the boys were screaming "À Berlin!"—by the growing agitation of the disorderly element of the population. After the first defeats, he writes to his mother from Chatenay (August 9, 1870); "You know the sad news; the army is ill commanded. The impression of all the people I have seen is bad; it is probable that the Prussians may come as far as Paris. Many people think that, if the reverses continue, there will be trouble in Paris, perhaps a revolution." He thought for a moment of returning to Paris, and offered himself to the military authorities for the National Guard; his eyesight was so bad that his offer was refused. He took his family to Tours, where he heard the news of the defeat at Sedan and of the capture of the Emperor. He tried on September 17th to reënter Paris, but did not succeed, and had to remain at Tours. He there offered his services to M. de Chaudordy, who acted as Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs. He wrote two great articles for the English papers, which made no sensation at the time. (They have since been reprinted in his 'Last Essays in Criticism and History'). Their titles were "Public Opinion in Germany, and the Conditions of Peace," and "The Intervention of Neutrals."

When Tours was threatened by the enemy, Taine, having with him some ladies of his family, went to Pau. The climate there was favorable to the persons under his charge, but he was almost without news. We see him there occupied, in the midst of his preoccupations, with putting in order his 'Notes on England.' He had been in Pau fifteen years before, when he wrote his 'Voyage aux Pyrénées.' He writes to his mother: "The sun enters my room in the morning and the valley is green [November 19]; but for me the feeling of the public misfortune is so vivid that I do not really sense the beautiful; I only say to myself that, in other circumstances, I should feel great pleasure in the presence of all these beautiful things." He remained in Pau till the capitulation of Paris, which marked the end of the war, finishing his 'Notes on England.'

"I will write nothing," he says, "of Germany; and the feelings we all experience are such that I don't believe a Frenchman, for ten years, will travel in that country or write of it. It is very probable that on my return I shall write political articles in Paris, notwithstanding my repugnance and my want of preparation. Everybody must now put his hand to the wheel; but words are of so little avail against institutions and the national character. . . . It is clear to me that the Germans want to make of France an Italy like the Italy of Austria between 1815 and 1848—that is to say, a country they can invade at their pleasure and entirely under their hand. Perhaps, by so many miseries and humiliations, we shall be led to organize ourselves as they did in 1813."

His political prophecies were expressed in a letter to his mother, written from Pau on February 12:

"The Assembly is composed almost entirely of moderate men, many Orleanists, some Legitimists, a good number of Republicans of the Cavaignac stripe, some Radicals. In my opinion it will resemble the Chamber of 1848. In my opinion, if there is peace, the chances are for a moderate republic of more or less long duration, which will end without commotion in a constitutional monarchy under the Orléans family. The Reds are discredited in Paris, where it was seen how small their number is. The only danger will be the discontent of about sixty or eighty thousand men of the people, who were gratuitously fed during the siege, and who will find themselves without work and without pay. Are they going to try new *journées de juin?*"

Only the second part of these prophecies was verified; the Chamber was not exactly what Taine thought, and the development which he anticipated did not take place. He was a better prophet when he feared new *journées de juin*. He wrote from Pau on March 6: "I foresee civil war before a year has elapsed." The Commune began before a month had passed. He was writing at the time an article on political suffrage, which he would have in two degrees. "Few nations," he said, "are so remarkable as ours for political incapacity. Those who call themselves Republicans, progressive, are almost all madmen. There are no natural chiefs; the masses oscillate under the totally external influence of interest or of fear. What I am trying to write is an article in favor of the two-degrees suffrage, so as to give leaders to this rabble." His article was absolutely without echo, and was lost in the confusion of events.

On his return, he found his house devastated, and still occupied by Prussian soldiers. He saw Renan, who gave him some articles on the situation to read. He did not much like them. "It is abstract, not very good. He has many ideas, but his conclusion would not be acceptable. Very visibly, he is for the restoration of monarchy and a nobility so as better to imitate Prussia." Taine measured well the exaltation of spirit and the depth of social disorganization produced by the siege of Paris. The spectacle of the French arming themselves against each other during the Commune, under the eyes of the conqueror, was one which he never forgot. Those among us who were witnesses of the event can well understand his feeling of horror. During the days which followed the rising of the 18th of March, which was the beginning of the Commune, he remained in the neighborhood of Paris at his sister's country house, going regularly to Paris till the 3d of April, in order to give his lectures at the École des Beaux-Arts. After

the 4th of April, the lectures had to be given up, and the school was closed. Taine retired once more to Tours, where he waited for the end of the insurrection.

His letters to his wife from the 19th of March to the end of May are mere notes—echoes of such news as could reach him during the period of terror which reigned in Paris. The spectacle of that city evidently gave him the idea of what he described afterwards in his account of the Terror of 1793—what he graphically called "l'anarchie spontanée," the free growth of all the savage passions of mankind.

"The *gâchis* is everywhere, it is a spontaneous dissolution. . . . The cause of the present situation and of the success of the revolt (all the men in revolt belong to the Internationale) is the extraordinary anger of all the ignorant Parisians, even of the enlightened ones, against Trochu, etc., whom they regard as traitors. . . . Many persons believe that this government of unknown men will dissolve in universal contempt. I believe in the employment of force, perhaps in the entrance of the Prussians (March 20)."

The same day, he writes: "My heart is dead within my bosom; it seems to me that I live among madmen. I have lost the feeling of indignation."

Taine wrote almost daily to his wife during the Commune. His letters are very despondent. On March 18:

"Europe might pity us on account of the magnitude of our misfortunes; now she has a right to despise us, and she uses it. No sentiment of the right, an exasperated vanity which directs itself against the chiefs instead of the enemy, Paris as mad and as vile as she has seemed heroic—I say seemed; such is the opinion of my uncle and of cool observers. It is hard to think badly of one's country; it seems to me as if it were question of a near parent, almost of a father, a mother, and, after having judged this parent incapable, I am obliged to find him grotesque, odious, low, absolutely incorrigible, and destined to the prison of criminals or the cell of madmen."

He saw clearly that the insurrection, though it never had a distinct programme, was really Socialistic: "The *bourgeois* exploits us; we must suppress him. There is no superiority, no speciality. I, the workman, am capable, if I wish, of being the head of an enterprise, a magistrate, a general; we have the guns; let us use them, and establish a republic in which workmen like ourselves shall be ministers and presidents." The insurrection was also international. The Commune had among its soldiers many Italians, English, even some Germans, all the devotees of universal anarchy. The anti-clerical character of the Commune was visible from the first. The Commune issued a decree confiscating the property of all congregations, suppressing the budget of the churches recognized by the Concordat. The Communists arrested on April 6 the Archbishop of Paris and the curate of the Madeleine. The letters of Taine, written during the early days of the insurrection, are extremely interesting; they are full of the "petits faits" which Taine always liked to note, and which were so valuable in his eyes for the study of history.

Correspondence.

A COMPARISON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to encroach upon your space for the purpose of calling attention to the manner in which Professor Bagster-Collins has constructed his recent volume, 'The Teaching of German in Secondary Schools' (The Columbia University Press, Macmillan, 1904), out of other books. His method may best be illustrated by a presentation of the relation of the book to an American book easy of access, Hempl's 'German Orthography and Phonology,' which appeared in 1897. At the right, below, is the complete text of three portions of the Bagster-Collins book. At the left are placed the corresponding portions of Hempl's book; these are not always in the order in which they stand in the book, but so arranged as to stand opposite their transcriptions:

HEMPL.

§158. The circumstances under which the German "Literary Language" *(Schriftsprache)* was formed and spread tended to make it, as its name implies, a standard written rather than spoken language. The inhabitants of the various kingdoms and provinces learned to read a common language, but each pronounced it according to his local habit. There was no one great and lasting influence for Germany such as England had in London. §163, . . . if Berlin remains the capital of the Empire, it must ultimately have an importance and influence similar to that long exerted by the speech of London and Paris.

§158. But now that universal education has enlarged the circle, etc., ... Between the members of the higher classes of society of the various towns and districts there is more intercourse, direct and indirect, and hence there is greater uniformity of speech among them.

§159. We cannot but recognize that there is more than one good usage on various points. . . . There is no standard.

§162. The fact is that every province has its provincialisms.

§163. That the speech of Hanover should have gained in England the reputation of being the best German, is not strange. . . . It is now generally recognized that Hanoverian German is in many respects provincial.

. . . one can hear at the North a German that is more bookish, orthographic, and "correct," than that spoken elsewhere.

BAGSTER-COLLINS.

P. 42. The German nation has long had a literary language, but it is a written one, not a spoken. The inhabitants of the different territorial divisions of the German Empire learn to read a common language, but each pronounces it in the manner peculiar to his own locality. In spite of the predominance of Prussia, and the importance that Berlin has assumed as its capital, its influence on pronunciation is not to be compared with that which Paris has exercised in France, and London in England.

With the spread of education and modern intercourse, there is, of course, a strong tendency, especially among the higher classes in the larger towns, towards greater uniformity; still, even to-day, there is considerable divergence between the pronunciation of Northern, Middle, and Southern Germany—a divergence which will long continue to exist.

We shall look in vain for any one place where standard German is spoken, for every province has its provincialisms. Even the pronunciation in Hanover, so long in vogue in England, is in many respects not worthy of imitation. On the whole, however, the most "correct" German, that is, the pronunciation which follows the orthography most closely, is spoken in North Germany. One reason for this is that the native dialect is so very different from the High German of

In the North, where the native dialect differs most strikingly from the literary language, the latter, being practically a foreign tongue, has required and received most careful study in the schools." The prominence of the North in literary and political matters for the past one hundred years has tended to establish the good repute of North German.

§158. Since the establishment of political union in a large part of the German territory, it has been urged that a uniform pronunciation of the standard language ("eine dialektfreie Aussprache") should be striven after.

§160. The stage usage *(Bühnendeutsch)* is the outgrowth of certain schemes of pronunciation constructed for the use of actors by men who had little knowledge of phonetics or the history of the language.

the literary language. In a way, the literary language is a foreign language to the inhabitants of North Germany, it is a book language to them, and so has received more careful study than elsewhere. The influence of Prussia, too, political and literary as the largest state in the Empire, has also tended to bring the language of North Germany into good repute.

[Seven lines, five of which are quoted from Breul.]

For a long time the theatre has accordingly aimed at one pronunciation, free from dialect, for every stage in Germany, the so-called "Bühnendeutsch." The standard was at first set by men who had little or no schooling in phonetics, and consequently not always reliable knowledge.

It would be tedious to follow the treatment of the vowels and consonants in detail, but an exception may be made of *l*.

HEMPL.

§206. The result is that the German *l* has a clear, light sound, and the English *l* a dull, heavy sound. . .

The difference is most striking after a stressed vowel, and in the final syllable *-el*, In making the German *l*. . . the lips are usually opened to the very corners of the mouth.

. . . the front [of the tongue] is convex and leaves but a very thin space between its surface and that of the roof of the mouth. . . the back of the tongue sinks. . . .

In making the English *l*. . . the back of the tongue is raised . . the whole front part of the tongue has a concave form, and thus leaves a large resonance - chamber between the tongue and the roof of the mouth.

BAGSTER-COLLINS.

P. 58. The teacher must bring out the difference between the clear, light sound of the German "l," and the dull, heavy sound of the English "l."

There is a striking difference between the sound of the English "hell" and the German "hell." In the German "l" the lips are open to the very corners of the mouth and are kept more tense.

The tongue, too, is more tense in its action, and usually the back is lowered.

In sounding the English "l," on the contrary, the back of the tongue is raised and there is at the same time a concave lowering of the front part.

It should be observed that there are three or four direct quotations from Hempl's book, mostly on points of trifling importance, and the work is spoken of with praise. But there is nowhere any expression of indebtedness to the book which might be construed as excusing the use that has been made of it.

X.

NEW YORK, June 22, 1905.

LASALLE'S AMOUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to a phrase in my article on Mazzini, published in the *Nation* on June 22, which is considered a misrepresentation. I referred to Ferdinand Lasalle as having been "killed in a duel over a courtesan." It would have been better to have said "over a *woman*," and to have allowed each reader to put what construction he chose on that word. Certainly, Lasalle's notorious amour was sufficiently ambiguous to justify the common belief that it was not Platonic. My purpose in referring to it, however, was to emphasize the fact that the world is too sound to date its moral regeneration from a man like Lasalle, who became entangled and was killed in so ignoble an affair.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

MAGNOLIA, MASS., July 2, 1905.

Notes.

'Russia and its Crisis,' by Prof. Paul Milyukoff, will be published in mid-August by the Chicago University Press, which in September will issue 'General Sociology,' by Prof. Albion W. Small.

'To Europe,' a handbook by way of preparation, by Miss H. A. Guerber, is among the fall announcements of Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Research Publication Company, Boston, is about to publish 'Some of the Ancestors and Descendants of Samuel Converse, jr., of Thompson Parish, Killingly, Conn., Major James Convers of Woburn, Mass., Hon. Heman Allen, M. C., of Milton and Burlington, Vt., and Capt. Jonathan Bixby, sr., of Killingly,' compiled and edited in two volumes by Charles Allen Converse. The portrait illustrations will exceed 200.

Dr. Heinrich Spies, Privatdocent in the University of Berlin, has undertaken to complete the 'Altenglische Sprachproben nebst einem Wörterbuch" begun by Eduard Mätzner, and continued by his faithful but now deceased colaborer, Hugo Bielings. The first instalment was published in Berlin as far back as 1872, and the last, closing with the word "misbeleven," in 1900. The letter M will complete the third volume, which is to appear during the present year. Spies proposes to push the dictionary by organizing a company of specialists to gather the materials from N to Z at once. He appeals to all who have done personal work in this line to share in the enterprise, and to confer with him, in Berlin (W., 57 Kurfürstenstrasse 4), in reference to plans and principles.

'The Traveller's Handbook' by Josephine Tozier (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) is one of the most intelligent of its kind. The writer treats a most depressing subject, the details of ocean-travel and of transporting one's self and one's luggage when on the other side, with a thoroughness that proves her long experience. The consecutive reading of her pages, with close scrutiny of all the small and humiliating incidents of travel in Europe, would probably deter any but the heart of iron. We therefore recommend that this excellent little book, designed as it is only for those who have not yet "crossed," should be used for reference only. Our experience of these works is that they are usually read after the event, and that one must buy one's own wisdom and buy it dear. But no one can go wrong in taking to heart the lessons of this manual—its tolerance, its attitude of acceptance of all that makes one so glad to get back from Europe. The pain fades, the joy remains, but any seasoned traveller who turns over these pages will sigh afresh, and nod assent to this unsparing revelation of the creaking machinery of transatlantic travel. Its keynote is struck on the very deck: "Chief among the opportunities within reach of those who cross the ocean is that of the possibility of learning to receive enjoyment from meagre sources, and to find pleasure in simple things." Exactly so; and one of the results of going abroad is that one learns that those "sources" and "things" are to be had very pleasantly at home. We have detected no error worth noticing in the writer's advice to travellers. On page 93, however, we observe that the phrases given for buying a ticket at an English station are "single first" and "double first." They should rather run "first single" and "first return"; nor have we ever heard a time-table called a "folder" in England (p. 97).

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, furnishing a preface to his edition of 'Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know' (Doubleday, Page & Co.), strangely omits to offer any reason for his selection. What, for example, is the peculiar merit of "One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes" that children ought to be familiar with it? We can discover none beyond Mr. Mabie's presumable liking for it. Are careful parents agreed that "Bluebeard," "Little Red Ridinghood," and "The Story of Ali Baba," are wholesome reading for the young? The best excuse for these is, that they have furnished counters of speech for adults which promise to have indefinite currency. Little Red Ridinghood is perhaps as substantial an historical personage as Napoleon, or at least as Tamerlane. But could we not get along without her, as she stands for nothing but simplicity and food for the wolf? The book is handsomely and openly printed, and has a colored frontispiece.

Miss Kate Stephens did an injustice to her volume of essays when she gave them the unattractive title, 'American Thumb-Prints' (Philadelphia: Lippincott). They are written in a good English style, and we have found much in them that is worth recording, especially the characteristics of the University of Hesperus, which we take to mean Kansas, and in which Miss Stephens taught. We regret a certain tone of asperity in "Up-to-date Misogyny" and the "New England Woman"—both subjects that should be touched, if at all, with a light hand. We have met with much ridicule of the New England woman, but never so thorough a dissection as this. Miss Stephens has not left her a single good point. "Her lungs are apt to be weak, waist normal, and hips undersized. . . . She is awkward in movement. . . . As she steps, she knocks her skirt with her knees. . . . More often she toes in than out"; and so on. The only woman of our acquaintance who would answer to every feature of the cruel description from which we have extracted, came, we remember, not from New England at all, but from Kansas, but of course she may have had the fatal New England strain in her blood. We are relieved to learn from Miss Stephens that this phase of the New England woman is dying out—naturally enough, as one of her crimes is that she does not marry. "She is already outnumbered in her own home by women of foreign blood, an ampler physique, . . . and a less exalted ideal of life"; these will certainly marry. But we must say that we do not see why the religion that has consoled the New England spinster should be reckoned among her faults, or why one should write of her as though she were a modern Clytemnestra. "Mayhap in this present decay," says Miss Stephens, "some Moera is punishing that awful crime of self-sufficing ecclesiasticism. Her unproductivity—no matter from what reason, whether from physical necessity or a spirit-searching flight from the wrath of God—has been her death." What an exit for the poor, plain, useful body! In her last essay, "The Plagiarizing Humors of Benjamin Franklin." Miss Stephens shows how Franklin plagiarized Swift.

In a thin volume privately and most tastefully printed by the Merrymount Press, Boston, Dr. James Read Chadwick preserves 'A Brief Sketch of the Life of James Read,' his grandfather. Mr. Read was an eminent Boston merchant and manufacturer (1789-1870), who gave his name to Readville. In 1842 his firm failed for $850,000, and settlement was made with his creditors at 86 cents on the dollar. Free to engage in business again, in the course of two years he had acquired enough to acquit his debt in full, which he did, to the admiration of the merchant princes of Boston, who presented him with a service of plate. This was worthy of being retold by his grandson—more worthy even than George Peabody's saying: "Mr. Read, I want to say that *you* laid the foundation of my future"—by timely credit when the young applicant was penniless, but in sight of a "turnover." The volume is pleasantly illustrated with portraits and facsimiles.

The Smithsonian Institution has done well to print a translation of Dr. A. B. Meyer's 'Studies of the Museums and Kindred Institutions of New York City, Albany, Buffalo, and Chicago, with Notes on Some European Institutions'; first in its annual report for 1893, and also separately. This is a kind of service which seems naturally to fall to foreigners. The "kindred institutions" embrace libraries and universities. More than a fifth of the volume is occupied with the European portion. Plans and views within and without are profusely supplied, and the compact data will prove extremely convenient for reference.

Ranke's 'History of Germany in the Era of the Reformation' still remains the great work upon its subject, and it would be a real service to scholarship to reproduce it in a complete translation, with such reference to later literature as would serve to make the reader acquainted with the vast amount of detailed study that has been given to the period since Ranke's time. Unfortunately, in 'Leopold von Ranke: History of the Reformation, translated by Sarah Austin, and edited by R. A. Johnson' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), we have only a fragmentary translation, and "editing" worthy of the publisher's office-boy,

James J. Robinson's 'Selections from Roman Law' (American Book Co.) illustrates a commendable tendency to widen the field of college interest in classical literature. The passages selected cover a wide range of legal principles, both public and private, and the notes are devoted chiefly to an elucidation of those principles; linguistic and grammatical problems receiving attention only when the thought might otherwise be inaccessible to the advanced college student. A junior or senior course on the basis of this book, if given by an instructor of suitable legal instinct and attainments, should be of great profit to students who expect to be subsequently employed, either practically or theoretically, with problems of law or political science.

'Japanese for Daily Use,' by E. P. Prentys, assisted by K. Sasamoto (New York: William R. Jenkins), is a booklet which will fit the pocket and help the traveller. It is full of real talk, brief, to the point, and wholly free from that exaggeration of honorifics heard on the stage and overworked by novelists and Japanophiles. We have failed to find a misprint in its sixty-three pages. Numbers, money, postal rates, and helps to pronunciation have not been forgotten in this capital manual.

We receive from Lemcke & Buechner the first fascicule of ten (A-Bartholdi) of a small quarto 'Dictionnaire Encyclopédique Illustré' (Paris: Armand Colin), which is worth considering among popular French dictionaries. It is extremely compact, and is set in a type which is not fatal to reference, but would be very trying to read. The illustrations are so numerous that every page boasts one or more—commonly more; and the maps are notably numerous, *e. g.*, French West Africa, Algiers, Tunis, the railroads crossing the Alps, plans of Amsterdam, Athens, etc. There is one fine color print of mushrooms. Brief etymologies are given; dictionary definitions are followed by matter introduced by *Encycl.* Academy furnishes a good example of this.

Mr. J. Horace McFarland discusses in the *Printing Art* for June the "Importance of Education in Printing." He finds it remarkable that, while other branches of technology are studied in schools and special institutions, printing has not received due recognition as a subject for instruction. The result is, he says, that, "with a highly intelligent body of master-printers in America, there are but few who are in any sense fully trained in the art they practise. Very few of us know any history of our ancient art; a few more know, through power of absorption by contact, and not through intelligent study of a body of collected information, its underlying principles." Mr. McFarland wants to see a School of the Graphic Arts established, where the prospective printer may learn both the history and the practice of his art, and, besides, the relation of printing to other arts and sciences, the processes of engraving and lithography, as well as type-making and type-setting. Photography is an art with which a printer must be familiar; electricity is becoming more and more a factor in printing, and its laws should be clearly understood. Nor should the economics of printing be neglected. "To trace the influence of printing with movable types on the world's history will add charm and dignity to the art—and it needs both."

The railway problem in central China is shown by Col. C. C. Manifold, in the *Geographical Journal* for June, to be of the greatest importance. The journey of which he gives an account was undertaken to discover the best railway route from the upper Yang-tze provinces to the sea, and was through a region to the north of that river rarely visited by foreigners. Everywhere were to be seen the evidences of China's awakening. In the large towns he found buildings being erected or set apart for instruction in Western learning. In Szechuen each district town was sending, at the Government expense, three students to Japan to be educated in foreign learning and modern science. With this desire for knowledge commercial progress was linked. Comparatively small places had a foreign trade amounting to several million dollars, while at Chung-ching, the commercial metropolis of Szechuen, the imports for last year were valued at $12,000,000, three-quarters being Indian cotton yarn, a trade which had doubled in two years. Yet, large as are the imports, the exports are far greater, many cargo boats from the interior being broken up and sold as lumber on their arrival at Hankau. At present, communication with the outer world is wholly by the river, which sometimes for months is unnavigable even for junks above Ichang. There is also an enormous local traffic, which is carried on in the most primitive manner. In a large section of Szechuen, the richest province of the empire, with a population of from fifty to sixty millions, intelligent, industrious, and eager to purchase foreign goods, there is not a single road which will admit of a wheeled carriage or draught animals of any sort being used. The chief obstacle to a railway to the sea or a river port is the determination of the provincial authorities that all future railway construction shall be done by Chinese capital and under Chinese management. An official announcement has been made inviting subscriptions on a 4 per cent. guarantee from local magistrates, landowners, and merchants, "and no foreign assistance is to be accepted." But, as a railway under the control of provincial officials, to say nothing of the fact that the ordinary rate of interest in Szechuen is 12½ per cent., would hardly prove a desirable investment, it is obvious that the thirty million dollars asked for will never be subscribed. It should be noted, however, that there are small local railways in other parts of the empire which have been constructed wholly by the Chinese, while locomotives are being made in the Tong-shan workshops.

A landmark in "the educational conquest of the Far East" is the fifth triennial meeting of the Educational Association of China, held at Shanghai, May 17 to 20. Besides social receptions at the American consulate and St. John's College, there were six general exhibits of text-books, books for supplementary reading, industrial school work, selections from the Chinese educational exhibit at St. Louis, and of educational progress in the Philippines, besides one section on Biblical instruction. In addition to the general meetings, with three sessions daily, there were sectional gatherings on primary education, kindergartens, scientific, normal, and industrial training, methods of teaching English and Chinese, medical, sanitary, and educational literature, etc. Such men as Arthur Smith, Young J. Allen, D. Z. Sheffield, W. A. P. Martin, A. P. Parker, and a number of prominent laymen and physicians took part in reading papers, and in the discussions. A notable figure was Tasuke Harada of Kobé, a former student at Yale University, whose contributions on "Japanese Educational Influence in China" and "How to Apply the Japanese Primary School to China" were especially valuable, because it was the general opinion of the conference that the Japanese are to lead in the new education in China. During the session there was issued the Directory of Yale Men in China, 1905, numbering nearly fifty, with a biographical sketch of each. There are six Chinese students in Yale University. Of the non-resident members of the Yale Alumni Association of China, Dr. Yung Wing of the class of '54, in Hartford, heads the list. At the same time, the great illustrated work, in twenty-one volumes, on "Women in All Lands," in preparation for years, was issued from the press by the Diffusion Society, whose recent publications cover a wide range of science and history.

—To McClurg's "Library Reprints of Americana," Dr. R. G. Thwaites contributes a two-volume edition of Lahontan, under the title 'New Voyages to North America.' The text has been reprinted from the English edition of 1703, the title-pages, maps, and illustrations of which are reproduced. In addition to an introduction, notes, and index by the present editor, Mr. V. H. Paltsits of the Lenox Library also furnishes a much-needed bibliography of Lahontan's book. A somewhat archaic appearance is given to the page by the spelling and typography of 1703, but Dr. Thwaites has not gone so far as to reproduce all the misprints and minor inaccuracies of his old translator. As for Lahontan himself, the best which has been said of him comes from the pen of M. Edmond Roy, and was published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada eleven years ago. The young Gascon baron whose estate had been so far shattered by lawsuits that he had only his sword and enterprise to depend upon, stands out clearly among the picturesque figures of Frontenac's régime, and has infused much of his own personality into his book of adventures. During the first half of the eighteenth century few books of travel, whether relating to America or not, had a more striking success than this; and though the discovery that Lahontan was drawing upon his own southern imagination when he described his trip to the River Long has impaired public confidence in the rest of his narrative, the work as a whole remains a most serviceable supplement to the reports of Recollet and Jesuit. The romance about the River Long is accounted for clearly enough by the fact that Lahontan wrote his book to save himself from dire want, and did not scruple, for the sake of getting purchasers, to place himself as a discoverer in the same class with La Salle. The real significance of his story is that he approaches the life of New France without any special respect for the ecclesiastical influences that were then so strong in the colony. During the period of his residence at Quebec and among the Indians, he was a full-blooded,

adventurous youth of no very high ideals, but endowed with great physical vigor and thoroughly in love with the rough life of the woods. At a later time, when his fortunes were broken and he found it necessary to seek refuge in literature, his discontent with Europe led him to idealize the Indian and anticipate the idyllic strain of Chateaubriand. Making every allowance for the *blague* which as a true Gascon he possessed, it remains that he held a responsible position in New France during a critical period of colonial development, and that he knew the woods well. Dr. Thwaites's editorial notes are similar in quality to those which have accompanied his Jesuit Relations and other works of Western travel. The Introduction, however, contains one or two slips. In referring to Lahontan's letter of appeal to the Marquis de Seignelay (p. xxi.) he has "three hundred crowns," where the text should run "three hundred thousand crowns," while on p. xliv. he refers to Lucian as having been a *Latin* prototype, and calls Nicolas Gueudeville "a Benedictine friar."

—Under the title of 'An Angler's Hours,' we have from the Macmillan Co. a series of papers by H. T. Sheringham, angling editor of the *Field*, all but one of which have seen previous publication in one or another of the English periodicals. Mr. Sheringham wields the pen of a cultured gentleman, displaying no obtrusive traces of the painful criticism suggested by the Horatian motto upon the dedicatory page, "Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inanes," etc. And though he can go into remoter fields than Horace on due occasion, there is in him no tendency whatever to that tiresomely lavish display of erudition which we had occasion to notice, recently, in the anonymous author of 'Super Flumina.' Mr. Sheringham goes to his sport with a nature delicately sensitive to the various charms which the outdoor world offers to the properly attuned angler by the way, and so his book is for the most part over the heads of the many who go forth with no standard of success other than the catching of many fish. He wearies the reader with no exclusive fads of method, does not belong to the self-elevated aristocracy which would restrict the term angler to those who pursue a single species of fish with a single kind of lure, and displays in general a sound sense emphatically commendable. The book cannot pass without exception, however. We follow him readily enough in his semi-apologetic and yet firm assertion that it is no mortal sin to take a trout with an angleworm when for one reason or another you cannot get him with a fly, but we must regard it as an unfortunate aberration of an otherwise good man when we find him with a dark lantern at midnight covering the bottom of the stream with balls of dough, and marking the spot with a piece of paper on the bank, in order to return at daybreak with a campstool and make a catch from the school gathered together in this easy way. There has been new light on the application of ethics to sport since the old Waltonian days, and so genial a member of the brotherhood as Mr. Sheringham should be careful. A slip of the pen is ordinarily not worth the notice of the critic, but the inadvertent substitution of ounces for pounds by an angler, in speaking of the weight of fish, is so contrary to precedent and probability as to deserve rank among the curiosities of literature. Possibly it was a deep-laid plot of Mr. Sheringham to gain credit for certain other statements, as of the irate angler who waded out to a monster trout which refused to rise, and kicked it in the side for its insolent imperturbability.

—The dramatic critic, and, in fact, any sort of critic, if he expects to be read, must be cocksure. He should not qualify his verdict with saving-clauses, with "I think" or "At least it seems so to me." He should not mention that he has not read this and that play of the dramatist whom he sets out to estimate, or confess that he has been less fortunate than others in opportunities of seeing those plays on the stage. He may be sure that his reader will have his first impulse to lay down the book when he encounters such misplaced honesty. Above all is the academic critic called upon to be definite, to have all his facts in order, or at least assume them by the divination which is the privilege of the well informed. An amiable and quite unacademic vagueness is, however ,the chief characteristic of Mr. E. E. Hale, jr.'s, 'Dramatists of To-day' (Henry Holt & Co.). "I remain," he says (p. 4), "on an isthmus of a middle state. Somewhere about halfway between the holy mountain and the abyss do I mount beside the puppet booth and give, as though a barker, some comment on the dramatists of our day." Mr. Hale reviews after his fashion the typical plays of seven modern dramatists, English and Continental, and he is, throughout, essentially incoherent.. "And in Wildenbruch there is doubtless," he writes, "something too (only I can never quite get at it), which brings out by contrast the qualities of Sudermann" (p. 64). "It takes time to tell these complicated things," he says of Pinero's "Letty," and he certainly has described the play so as to make even *Letty* seem complicated. "It may be that the novelist, who must work so much by description where the dramatist can work by presentation, the temptation is to confine oneself" (p. 74)—Mr. Hale must have left out something that would have made sense of this conjecture. His English style leaves much to be improved. Dilettantism is sometimes excusable in a critic, but in a serious volume of essays there is no excuse for such a sentence as "they compromised, as a rule, by having their heroes chumps" (p. 25), or for the inelegance of "You will best get at them when they are not dead set on some special object" (p. 106). "I will confess," writes Mr. Hale of a scene in "Magda," "that I hardly know whether all this is precisely what one would call dramatic." We have chosen to dwell on the manner rather than the substance of Mr. Hale's book because his essays are precisely what one would *not* call dramatic criticism.

—Having been sorely tried of late by abridged and adapted memoirs of the French Revolution, we find it a relief to meet with a new work on this period which deserves the printing. In his 'Select Documents Illustrative of the History of the French Revolution' (Frowde), Mr. L. G. Wickham Legg of New College, Oxford, has brought together two volumes of extracts that are well worth the editorial care he has lavished upon them. In France the speeches of the Revolutionary orators are to a certain extent known through the exhaustive 'Histoire Parlementaire' published by MM. Buchez and Roux, and more widely through the selections made by M. Aulard. The English world is enabled to become familiar with this same body of literature in its essentials through the good offices of Prof. H. M. Stephens. The memoirs and correspondence of the political leaders are more accessible still. But what we have lacked hitherto has been a well-chosen body of material which should disclose the feelings and ideas of the masses at successive stages of the movement. The natural channel of such opinion and sentiment was the daily press, and altogether nearly 500 newspapers were published in Paris during the times, less than two years and a half, when the Constituent Assembly was in session. Mr. Legg, searching for the views of the average man, finds them chiefly in such representative sheets as Mirabeau's *Les États Généraux*, Mallet du Pan's *Mercure de France*, Camille Desmoulins's *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, Brissot's *Patriote Français*, and Marat's *Ami du Peuple*. Although these and the other most representative newspapers were published by party chieftains or lieutenants, they kept in close touch with the popular mood of the moment, each for its own section of the community, and from them can be made out a side of the Revolution which does not find adequate expression in parliamentary debate.

—Mr. Legg, taking up large subjects like the storming of the Bastille, the March to Versailles, the Flight to Varennes, the "Massacre" of the Champ de Mars, etc., gives the newspaper version of the facts with such comment as is represented by leading articles that consider the incidents from typical points of view. We are particularly glad to see that he has made copious use of the *Mercure de France*, a journal which expressed temperate, firm, and enlightened opinions under circumstances of the most trying kind. In selecting his subjects Mr. Legg has thought it best to economize space by denying notice to colonial and foreign affairs. But, while concentrating his attention upon the domestic affairs of France, he does not make Paris overshadow the rest of the country, even though the newspapers from which he draws so largely saw things in the main from a Parisian standpoint. Various official utterances, like the speeches of Louis XVI. and the Bull of Pius VI. on the civil oath of the clergy, are included, as well as important laws like those relating to local government, the judicial organization, and the organization of the ministry. The Constitution of 1791 is also reprinted. We hope that Mr. Legg will in future volumes apply his method of selection to the periods of the Legislative Assembly and the National Convention.

A NEW HISTORY OF ROME IN HER MIDDLE PERIOD.

A History of Rome during the Later Republic and Earlier Principate. By A. H. J. Greenidge, M.A., D.Litt., Tutor and late Fellow of Hertford College, and Lecturer in Ancient History at Brasenose College, Oxford. Volume I. From the Tribunate of Tiberius Gracchus to the

Second Consulship of Marius, B. C., 133-104. With two maps. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

It is quite time that there should appear in our language some new treatment of that history which forms the centre of the history of the ancient world. No British or American scholar has entered the field with any book planned on a large scale since Theodor Mommsen's great work—a work as brilliant as it is learned, but too concise to deal fully with many of the topics it touched—was translated into English. Since that time much has been done to extend our knowledge of Roman things, by no one more than by Mommsen himself; and our way of regarding Rome and her dominion has itself been modified. Accordingly such a book as Dr. Greenidge's deserves a friendly reception when it comes from one who has already shown, by several smaller works, that he possesses both extensive learning and a mastery of critical methods. His treatises on *Infamia* and the Legal Procedure of Cicero's Time relate to highly technical subjects, and could attract but few readers. They show, however, both that he understands Roman law, an indispensable prerequisite to a comprehension of Roman history, and that he is a diligent investigator.

The present volume sustains his reputation for accuracy and penetration, while proving him to possess gifts of a different order. It discloses a large grasp of facts and a weighty style. Dr. Greenidge's writing is always forcible and often pointed, sometimes a little too colloquial for the dignity of the subject, sometimes a little obscure from the concentration of thought, but never tedious or diffuse. His narrative occasionally rises into a high dramatic impressiveness. The story of the career of Tiberius Gracchus, for instance, is given with a vigor which holds the reader's attention from first to last, nor is the shorter description of the Servile war in Sicily inferior in its picturesqueness and in the skill with which the salient incidents are presented. It has become the fashion to contrast the old-fashioned "literary" way of writing history with the new or "scientific" way, and some have gone so far as to say that the scientific method excludes charm, and justifies—perhaps, indeed, prescribes—an austere dulness. Dr. Greenidge belongs to the scientific school in respect of his care and diligence in investigation, and his abstinence from mere embellishments. But his pages have that best sort of interest which belongs to a judicious selection of facts, and to a forcible presentment of them which brings them vividly before the reader's mind, and sets him reflecting upon causes and consequences. His own mind has been moved by the story he tells, and he communicates to us a sense of its tragic meaning.

The chief defect we have to note in the book is the abruptness with which we are set down into the middle of the history of the second century B. C., without any sketch of the preceding, even of the immediately preceding, events, or any outline of the constitution of the Roman Republic. The author, seeing that the course he has taken may be criticised, avows and defends it. He thinks it best simply to assume the earlier history and the form which the constitution had taken to be already known to the reader, and proceeds forthwith to discuss the highly technical questions which arose during the struggle of the two Gracchi against the Senatorial party, upon that assumption, observing that the reader may find in familiar manuals all he needs to know. This is, however, an assumption that cannot safely be made even in the case of scholars and historians, unless they happen to be Roman specialists, nor does one wish to be always referring to some other volume. When another edition is called for, this first volume ought to begin with an introduction sufficient to place the reader abreast of the situation which Rome held in the world, in her relations to the Italian cities, and in her domestic institutions, at the moment when the narrative opens.

That moment is well chosen to indicate the precise department or period of Roman history which Dr. Greenidge means to deal with. It is the Revolutionary Period, which turned Rome from a republic half-oligarchic, half-democratic, into an absolute monarchy. At the beginning of this period nothing seemed more improbable than that the Romans, who hated even the name of a king, should ever submit to the rule of one man. At the end of the period the rule of one man had become so inevitable, so incontestably necessary to the governance of a conquered world, that nobody dreamt of substituting any other system, or even of limiting in any way the power of the ruler. This revolution, perhaps the most momentous in the annals of mankind, was in progress for a century and a half. Dr. Greenidge seems to put the end of it at the accession of Vespasian. Others might put it rather earlier, say at the accession of Tiberius. But about the beginning there can be little doubt. Historians like Velleius Paterculus, of early imperial days, had noted it. That is marked by the agitation raised first by Tiberius Gracchus, and then by his brother Gaius Gracchus. The old constitution then received shocks from which it never recovered; and the intervals of comparative tranquillity that followed served only to usher in convulsions more and more violent. When these took the form of civil wars, the end came.

Mommsen has given, in his vehement and condensed way, a powerful picture of this long struggle, and an analysis of the causes which produced it. Subsequent writers have in the main followed him, though of late years there have been protests against his scornful treatment of Cicero and of Cato the younger, as well as dissents from his glorification of Julius Cæsar. Dr. Greenidge in the main adopts Mommsen's view of the condition of Rome in the second century B. C., and of the Gracchan movement, but he is not a blind disciple or admirer of the great German, and he adds a good many details which bring out more fully the features of the time and the character of the actors. Recognizing the immense part which economic conditions played in causing the movement led by the Gracchi, he very properly begins by describing the social and economic changes which the growth of wealth and the extension of Roman dominion had produced in the citizens and in the sort of life they led. Among these the agricultural situation figures largely, for there had been a great reduction in the number of peasant proprietors, along with the growth of large properties, especially of large ranches or pasture estates, as against the tillage which had been the mainstay of the earlier Romans. While the type of the ordinary citizen was changing by extinction of the old, hard-working, god-fearing, thrifty, solid yeomen, the number of city voters had been swollen by the admission to citizenship of large numbers of freedmen. That vast change in the blood of the Western Mediterranean countries which was produced by the immense influx of slaves from the East and North, and which had already told upon Greece, was now telling on Italy and even more upon Sicily. One of the most terrible events in the second century was the great slave war, which broke out in that island in 135-4 B. C. It is effectively described by Dr. Greenidge, who calls attention to the fact that the great number of slaves who had been imported from Northern Syria, and from Cilicia and other parts of Southern Asia Minor, gave it almost a sort of national character. The revolted slaves organized themselves under capable leaders, chose a king who had the reputation of magical powers, though his military gifts were of small account—his name was Eunus, but he called himself Antiochus and his subjects Syrians—defeated Roman armies, stormed Roman camps, and held control of the centre of the island for many months. Enna, on its precipitous and all but impregnable height, was their capital, and they had another stronghold in Tauromenion (Taormina), now the favorite resort of tourists, for it stands in a wonderful position, commanding a landscape which has for beauty and variety few rivals in the world. They had at one time sixty thousand men in the field, and were not overcome till treachery had put the Romans in possession of Enna and of Taormina.

Concurrently with the depravation of the Roman plebs had gone a parallel depravation of the upper class. Wealth, luxury, and the passion for wealth which luxury induced, had corrupted the senatorial families and not a few of the equestrian order. Office had now become a means of gaining wealth, and, as baser motives came more and more to the front, the ancient sense of civic duty decayed. All this is well set forth with many illustrations from the private life of the rich in the years that followed the overthrow of the Seleucid Antiochus, the conquest of Macedonia, and the capture of Carthage; years in which the extension of Roman dominion had given a stimulus to trade and financial operations, and new forms of indulgence had been learnt from the East. It was these economic and social changes that brought about the Gracchan movement. There was a double discontent among the masses—discontent with their own conditions of life, discontent at seeing how much of the wealth that conquest brought had accrued to the ruling oligarchy, and at seeing also how selfishly the ruling class used it. The Gracchan movement sprang from this discontent, and was justified by it, though partly in its success by revolutionary means, partly in its failure to remove some of the evils it aimed at, that movement accelerated the process which was destroying the republican constitution.

Three chapters of this book (pp. 100 to 276) are devoted to the two Gracchi. They

are extremely interesting, and parts of them are powerfully written. That Dr. Greenidge does not clear up the story and make it completely intelligible to us, is not to be laid against him as blame, for our authorities for the period are mostly late, and on many points scanty. Plutarch (in his Lives of the two Gracchi), Appian, and even Velleius Paterculus, are all compilers writing long after the events. Stray references from authors nearer the time, such as Cicero, and notices from the epitomes of lost books of Livy, serve hardly more to lighten the darkness than to make darkness visible. Nevertheless, while duly allowing for these difficulties, we sometimes feel that Dr. Greenidge might have done a little more to make his own view plain, and, in cases where no positive conclusion can be reached, to set the alternative views and the conditions of the problem more clearly before us. A second criticism may perhaps seem captious. The Gracchan movement has two aspects—the Agrarian, which raises questions primarily economic; the Constitutional, which is concerned with politics. The former at least of these might be illustrated if not elucidated by references to the parallel agrarian problems which other countries have at various times had to solve. Nothing has been a more fertile source of trouble in growing communities than questions relating to land. From the days of the Hebrew prophets and from the days of Solon, land questions have led to complaints, sometimes to civil strife, sometimes to revolutionary projects of legislation. The proposals of the Gracchi and the way in which they were worked out remind us often of troubles and claims that have arisen in Ireland—claims which were dealt with by the British Legislature in 1870 and 1881, and which are not yet altogether settled. Sicily has a land question at this moment. Dr. Greenidge would have given a little more actuality to his treatment of the agrarian laws at Rome had he referred occasionally to the experience of modern countries; for though none of these presents a case quite like that of Rome, the analogies they show are instructive. The picture of Tiberius Gracchus which our author gives is well drawn; and still more striking is that of Gaius, the younger brother. To give a notion of Dr. Greenidge's manner we extract some remarks upon the oratory of Gaius:

"Those who were about [Gaius] Gracchus must soon have seen that the traces of youth were to be found only in his passion, his frankness, his impetuous vigor. No discerning eye could fail to be aware of the cool, calculating intellect which unconsciously used emotion as its mask, of a mind that could map and plan a political campaign in perfect self-confident security, view the country as a whole, and yet master every detail, and then leave the issue of the fight to burning words and passionate appeals. This supreme combination of emotional and artistic gifts, which made Gracchus so irresistible as a leader, was strikingly manifested in his oratory. We are told of the intensity of his mien, the violence of his gestures, the restlessness that forced him to pace the rostra and pluck the toga from his shoulder, of the language that roused his hearers to an almost intolerable tension of pity or indignation. Nature had made him the sublimest, because the most unconscious, of actors: eyes, tone, gesture, all answered the bidding of the magic words. Sometimes the emotion was too highly strung; the words would become coarser, the voice harsher, the faultless sentences would grow confused, until the soft tone of a flute blown by an attendant slave would recall his mind to reason and his voice to its accustomed pitch. . . . Yet the man thus attuned to passion was, what every great orator must be, a painful student of the most delicate of arts. The language of the successful demagogue seldom becomes the study of the schools; yet so it was with Gracchus. The orators of a later age, whose critical appreciation was purer than their practice, could find no better guide to the aspirant for forensic fame than the speeches of the turbulent tribune. Cicero dwells on the fulness and richness of his flow of words, the grandeur and dignity of the expression, the acuteness of the thought. They seemed to some to lack the finishing touch, which is equivalent to saying that with him oratory had not degenerated into rhetoric. The few fragments that survive awaken our wonder, first, for their marvellous simplicity and clearness, then for the dexterous perfection of their form. The balance of the rhythmic clauses never obscures or overloads the sense" (pp. 191-193).

The narrative of the careers of the two Gracchi and of the way they used the tribunate, renews the astonishment which every student of Roman history feels when he watches the working of the constitution, and asks himself how it could possibly have worked. The tribuneship, especially, is an extraordinary institution, hardly to be paralleled in any other country. Nor is anything stranger than the mingling among the Romans of an intense legality with a frequent acquiescence in startling breaches of the law, and a strange impunity accorded to those who had broken it. Perhaps Dr. Greenidge will try, in the next two volumes of his book, to clear up some of the constitutional enigmas which the doings of the Gracchi as tribunes set in so strong a light.

The chief subject of the later chapters is the long war with the Numidian Jugurtha, which revealed two things scarcely known before—the corruptibility of many of the leading men in Rome, and the unsuitability of the Roman army and Roman strategy for irregular warfare in a wild country. The Numidian forces were undisciplined barbarians, who could seldom resist the legionaries in a set fight. But it took many campaigns and some reverses to vanquish them. Such an enemy would in modern times be easily overcome by the superior guns and long-range rifles of a European nation. The difference between civilized man and semi-civilized man is for the purposes of war far greater now than it ever was before. The Romans showed some want of quickness in not sooner apprehending the nature of the problem before them, and this inaptitude reminds one of the British in the beginning of their recent war in South Africa. Was Dr. Greenidge thinking of that war when he wrote: "A war which it is difficult to justify and still more difficult to remember with satisfaction may be the necessary result of a radically unsound system of administration; and the disasters which it entails may be equally the consequences of a military system excellent in itself, but ill-adapted to the circumstances of the country in which the struggle is waged"? (p. 469).

We shall look with curiosity for the remaining volumes of this History, and especially for the next two volumes, which are to bring the narrative down to the death of Julius Cæsar. The wide and accurate knowledge of the authorities which Dr. Greenidge shows, will be particularly valuable in a period where a connected story has to be pieced out of a great many different and sometimes discrepant sources. The period of the early Principate is easier to deal with, and presents us with fewer political as well as fewer personal problems. It has, however, so much importance for all later times as being the period which gave Roman institutions the shape in which they descended to and moulded the new nations of mediæval Europe, that we hope to see our author go forward to the full completion of his task. He may enhance the value of future volumes by prefixing or appending a Chronological Table of Events, and by a short account of the chief original authorities on whom he relies, such as it is now usual to find in books of history. It is not well to appear to write mainly for scholars; for the number of persons seeking to understand Roman history is increasing faster than the number of scholars who can dispense with these simple aids.

RECENT POETRY.

The hopeful promise of 'The Heart of the Road,' Miss Anna Hempstead Branch's first book of verse, is well on the way to fulfilment in her second, 'The Shoes that Danced, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Miss Branch is still irresistibly a poet of wonder, but her range has widened notably. In the present volume, the variety of form seems to foretell a growing diversity of note. There are sinewy dramatic sketches, meditative monologues, child verses, lyric odes, and fragments of romantic narrative, all marked by fluent, unconventional music, and strong, unconventional phrase. Yet the mood of wonder that underlies all of it is singularly integral. It is as insistent in "The Shoes that Danced," a gay, tragic little drama of Watteau and the French court, as in such a piece as "The Riders," where Miss Branch has employed more of the traditional accessories of romantic glamour. Through all her work is woven the motive of this rather startling stanza of "The Riders":

"Strange times have galloped through my mood!
(Ride, quoth he.)
Old cities dance along my blood!
(Ride, quoth he.)
'Tis Sodom has an adder's tongue—
But oh, what songs has Venice sung!
With piercing Troy have I been stung,
Gomorrah through my heart has swung!
'Twas so with Christ when he was young!
(Ride, quoth he.)"

Yet to what fine poetic use is this motive turned in the following stanzas of one of her lyrics:

"Oh, grieve not, ladies, if at night
Ye wake to feel your beauty going.
It was a web of frail delight,
Inconstant as an April snowing.

Think not the watchful dim despair
Has come to you the first, sweet-hearted!
For oh, the gold in Helen's hair!
And how she cried when that departed!

Perhaps that one that took the most,
That swiftest borrower, wildest spender,
May count, as we would not, the cost—
And grow more true to us and tender. . . .

"Oh, grieve not, Ladies, if at night
Ye wake, to feel the cold December!
Rather recall the early light
And in your loved one's arms, remember."

Not the least hopeful quality of Miss Branch's work is the amount of mind-work that lies back of the wonder. This is perhaps less impressive in the odes, where the thought is sometimes blurred by a little too exuberant fancy, than in a curious

"monologue in regard to heredity" called "The Descendant and the Id." Through the imagination of the Descendant, a very modern sort of person, passes the tragical pageant of his myriad ancestors, and he trembles at the Fate that for modern men and women no longer lowers from the skies, but flows intricately in the blood:

"How strangely woven of their pain and bliss
Is my soul's fabric. I was wrought of this—
Their exquisite and unforgivable kiss.

So of this dual breathing was I made,
Fragile, eternal, wonderful, afraid,
Rapturous, guilty, flaunting, and dismayed,

While their thin laughter echoing in my bone
Reminds me that my flesh is not my own.
Hands off, hands off, and let my soul alone!

I cannot blame them for the deed they did,
Bearing in me the small satiric Id—
The reproachful secret in the pyramid. . . .

In all the woven tissue of my doom
What thread is mine? What thread? Wrapped in a gloom
Strange hands have whirled the pattern from the loom.

And my young dreams of cloud and fire and star,
Of powers and splendors, shining from afar,
Fade from that web where those dim workers are."

At the last, however, the Descendant stands invincibly captain of his soul:

"Apart, above, beneath, within,
I laugh at this vast heritage of sin.
That God that made me armed my soul to win.

Slowly I feel the ancient custom fall
Like shattered rain from off a steady wall,
And great 'I will' is stronger than them all.

For if those hordes that terribly must ride
Drive through my heart and leave their grief inside,
God also wanders there at eventide.

Man from the dust and woman from the bone—
But oh, we were not wrought of these alone!
God with his Heavenly spirit breathed thereon.

Last night the old ancestral pageant came,
Bearing the ancient virtue and the shame.
God, in my hand, had written a New Name."

For all the intellectual energy and sincerity of Miss Branch's work, and its frank preoccupation with the more passionate issues of life, it never ceases to be finely feminine in a certain lurking wistfulness and tenderness in little things. When she has grown still further in artistic grace, and mastered more perfectly the occasional violences of her mood, we shall look to her for still more significant work.

To turn to 'The Fleeing Nymph, and Other Verse,' by Lloyd Mifflin (Small, Maynard & Co.), is to turn from the poetry of inspiration to the poetry of art, from the modern romantic to the modern classic mood. None of the shorter pieces in Mr. Mifflin's volume is very notable. All have the grace that comes from the sparing, delicate use of words; many are picturesque and pleasing in conception; but there is a certain softness of tone in them that is not wholly a pleasant softness. Yet if there is a lack of pith and fibre in Mr. Mifflin's lyrics that makes against the permanence of the impression left by them, his narrative poetry (when the subject is given him, as in the story of Pan and Syrinx, which forms the fable of "The Fleeing Nymph") is, after all, admirable. In "The Fleeing Nymph" he approaches a classic myth not so much with the passionate absorption of the school of Keats as with the more considerate delight of the school of Landor. There is a conscious Tennysonian suavity in his verse that hinders it from ever attaining quite the cool distinction of Landor's; yet the poem as a whole is a fabric of quiet loveliness. The concluding passage, with its subtly interwoven repetends of sound, its pensive, soft-flowing cadence, is a choice example of that species of poetry which charms men by its very remoteness from their business and bosoms:

"But thou, O Syrinx, Later Sweetness, Thou!
If that thou lookest from his doors of pearl,
Return, return to these Ladonian dells,
Through these Ladonian dells return to me—
To me more ardent than that stripling youth
Whose lily-fingers linger on his lyre
In tedious murmurs every eve and morn!

. . . . . .

Lost though she be, yet ever do I note
Her voice within the hollows of my pipe—
My flute that whispers of the Nymph I loved:
And while the twilight lingers in the West,
And croons the bittern in the crimsoned pool;
When airs from out the marshes move the sedge,
Stirring the borders to melodious sighs,
Then, as the darkness gathers and I look
Deep in the dusky reeds, I seem to hear
Her breathings through the gloaming, and to see
Her beauty glimmer like a silver star."

In his volume of 'Odes and Elegies' (George William Browning), Mr. Clinton Scollard shows himself well endowed with a poet's ideality, possessed of a good mastery of difficult metre, and a good command, perhaps a too good command, of poetic diction. If no poem in the book is quite memorable, it is largely because of a lack of the last intensity and vigor of conception. It is none the less pleasant reading for a person fond of the traditional in poetry. How good in their way, despite a certain instability of phrase, are these concluding stanzas of an ode "On a Copy of Keats's Endymion":

"But ah, what mournful memories are mine,
Song-wakened at this lavish summer-tide!
Can I forget that sombre cypress line
By old Rome's ruined wall,
The lonely grave that alien grasses hide,
The deep, pathetic silence shrouding all?
Who would forget? Blest be the song that bears
My soul across aerial seas of space
As wingedly as airy fancy fares!
For now that earth's worn face
The radiant glow of life's renewal wears.
Would I in reverence seek that sacred place,

There would I lay these woven shreds of rhyme
In lieu of scattered heart's-ease and the rose.
Behold how Song has triumphed over Time,
For still his song rings clear,
Though now the century falters to its close
And he has slumbered many a fateful year!
If to the poet's rapt imaginings
Beauty be wed, with love of purpose high,
Despite the cynic and his scornful flings
Song shall not fail and die,
But like the bird that up the azure springs
Still thrill the heart, still fill the listening sky!"

In 'Words for Music,' a "symphonic series," by William Wells Newell (Small, Maynard & Co.), a mild and rather wordy mysticism sometimes bears poetic fruit in verse of a pleasing, gossamer-like tenuity. Mr. Newell is frequently unable to fit the article, whether definite or indefinite, in to his metre. On such occasions he usually leaves it out altogether, to the damage of his poetic style. His verse contains, moreover, many undissolved particles of prose; as in these stanzas from an auspiciously launched lyric:

"From billows haughty approacheth
A ship under press of sail;
She flingeth the spray from her quarter,
And over the wave doth prevail.

Behind, toward horizon, declineth
Another erstwhile as proud;
Look aft where her topsail shineth;
Or only a glimmering cloud?"

At its best, however, as in "Moonlight," fleeting but poetic moods are expressed with a delicate ingenuity:

"The breathing of Ocean
Is peaceful to-night;
The golden Moon bindeth
His bosom with light.

Her glory in heaven
Doth reign and prevail;
Its torches she quencheth
In mystery pale.

The chamber she floodeth
Where calm thou dost lie;
Thy dream be illumined
As water and sky!"

Paul Laurence Dunbar's 'Lyrics of Sunshine and Shadow' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) are more of sunshine than of shadow. Mr. Dunbar's poetic inspiration is slender but sincere. He can on occasion weave in verse the mood of twilight mystery that for the average man passes as the poetry of life, but he is at his best in simple ballad measures, writing of the common joys of health and out-of-doors. There is a pleasurable gusto in "A Boy's Summer Song":

"'Tis fine to play
In the fragrant hay,
And romp on the golden load;
To ride old Jack
To the barn and back,
Or tramp by a shady road.
To pause and drink,
At a mossy brink;
Ah, that is the best of joy,
And so I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy? Ha, Ha!

With line and hook
By a babbling brook,
The fishermen's sport we ply;
And list the song
Of the feathered throng
That flit in the branches nigh.
At last we strip
For a quiet dip;
Ah, that is the best of joy,
For this I say
On a summer's day,
What's so fine as being a boy? Ha, Ha!"

A certain wholesome objectivity and clean virility of expression make Mr. William J. Neidig's 'The First Wardens' (Macmillan), an uncommonly readable first book of verse. Mr. Neidig is particularly good at telling a romantic story, as in his "Mission Carmel", and in intimating a romantic situation, as in his sonnet sequence entitled "A Woman's Ring"; yet there is, withal, a lack of temperament in his work that suggests a lack of real inspiration, and makes the reader wonder whether, for all the cleanness of his metrical workmanship, he might not have done better in prose. Mr. Neidig's quality is nowhere seen to better advantage than in "The King's Fool":

"A Fool it was, and took his Soul
Within his hollowed hands;
He took his Soul and smoothed it calm,
And loosed its strained bands.

'O Soul,' he cried, 'you bear the stain
Of chain-gyves interwove!
Who did this thing?' The Soul replied:
'It was the friend I love.'

'O Soul, you have a flaming brand
Burned on your nakedness!
Who did this thing?' The Soul replied:
'That was a pure caress.

'O Soul, a fissure shows your heart
Like wound of bloody sword!
Who did this thing?' The Soul replied:
'That was a friendly word.'

'O Soul, you shrink within my hand,
I scarce see where you be!
Who did this thing?' The Soul replied:
'A woman pitied me.'

The Fool laid down his Soul and wept,
And knelt him down beside;
He soothed and questioned all the night,—
No soul of him replied."

'The Harem, and Other Poems,' by Aloysius Coll (Badger), turns out upon perusal to be a less startling collection than would appear from its title. Mr. Coll is, indeed, an honest sort of poet. While his work never has the last touch of distinction, whether of form or of substance, and even misses doggerel but narrowly, it does contain both thought and feeling, and it does reveal not only a wide range of reading and an unaffected love of nature, but even something of a vein of humor. Add to these Mr. Coll's rather uncommon metrical fluency, and we have a sheaf of qualities which should go far toward making his work, if not fine poetic art, at any rate popular. Despite its technical faults, his ingenious "October Paradox" is a good specimen of his work:

"All summer long the zephyr wooed the leaf
In vain with pleasing suns and driving storms;
Then sullen came and went, his ardor lost,
His greeting curt, his word a breath of frost—
Red blushed the leaf, and swooned into his arms.

Long summer days I wooed my love in vain,
Flouted to scorn by lake and changing sea;
I met her, brown October in my mood,
Frost in my heart and autumn in my blood—
Straightway she smiled, and gave herself to me.

Since the death of Calverley, we have had no such master of the fine art of parody as Mr. Owen Seaman. His most recent collection, 'A Harvest of Chaff' (Henry Holt & Co.), contains perhaps no single piece quite so witty and memorable as some that have made his earlier volumes delightful. It is, however, in many ways a riper book than any of the others. The humor of it, while quieter, is more subtle, and the phrase and versification of a more finished poetic style. The inclusion in the volume of a handful of admirable elegies encourages the expectation that Mr. Seaman may before long turn the resources of his poetic skill to serious work. However that may be, his humorous verse is not likely soon to be forgotten, especially when it is so good as in these stanzas from "The New Renaissance":

"I saw him in his yearning youth,
Before the change that brought the heart's ache,
A plunger down the wells of Truth,
And sworn to follow Art for Art's sake.
O frost that nips the nascent rose!
O bloom that prematurely blithers!
How could we then foresee the close
Of Andrea del Resarto Smithers?

"The Editor of Brush and Plume,
A man of sound commercial fibre,
Thought Andrea's art might be a boom
And catch the better-class subscriber;
But often, owing to the stress
Of more immediate local matters,
That graphic print would go to press
Without his prancing nymphs and satyrs.

"Then came the sudden Kodak phase,
When Art was shelved for Actualities,
The Living-Types-of-Beauty craze,
Stage Frights and semi-nude banalities;
Back flew the latest masterpiece
Enclosed wtih editorial strictures:
'These contributions now must cease;
No further use for fancy pictures.'

"The blow, although no blood was spilt,
Could hardly fail to wring the withers
Of one so delicately built
As Andrea del Resarto Smithers;
He bowed before the crushing fates,
Then rose again by nice gradations,
And now he does the fashion plates
Published in Woman's Transformations.

" 'Tis true he owns a sumptuous flat
Who once conversed with gods in garrets;
I grant he's growing sleek and fat
On turtle soup and vintage clarets;
But none the less when I recall
The former hopes on which he fasted,
I recognize the moral fall,
The great career untimely blasted."

The 'Later Poems' of John White Chadwick (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a posthumous volume of pathetic interest. Though poetry with Mr. Chadwick was but the occasional pleasure of a life crowded with important work of many kinds, his poetic product was of a ripeness which shows, if not genius, at any rate talent of the first order. Mr. Chadwick had both scholarship and feeling, and in his imagination there ran a strain of natural Wordsworthianism, touched at times with intellectual subtlety, but never departing from an effective simplicity of utterance. The greater part of the pieces in the present volume are occasional hymns or poems, written for celebrations or reunions of divers sorts. None of these, perhaps, has much enduring poetic vitality, but there are other poems, the product of impulse rather than of occasion, such as "A Common Weed," "My Father's Quadrant," or the group of fine sonnets upon national issues, which should have a good chance of life in the anthologies. In none of his pieces, perhaps, is there ampler utterance than in his "Timeo Danaos":

"Art proud, my country, that these mighty ones,
Wearing the jewelled splendor of old days,
Come bringing prodigality of praise
To thee amid thy light of westering suns;
Bidding their blaring trumpets and their guns
Salute thee, late into their crooked ways
Now fallen; to their sorrow and amaze,
Blood of whose hearts the ancient honor runs?

Nay, fear them rather, for they cry with glee,
'She has become as one of us, who gave
All that she had to set a people free:
She wears our image—she that loved the slave!'
Fear them, for there is blood upon their hands,
And on their heads the curse of ruined lands."

'Seléné,' by the Princess Troubetzkoy, better known as Amélie Rives (Harpers), is an interesting experiment in narrative poetry drawn from classic sources. The poem deals chiefly with the compunctions of Seléné between the time of her first sight of Endymion and the time of her yielding to her passion for him. Through the major part of the long piece the Princess has written admirable blank verse. If she has not always been very successful in maintaining the cool, classic note, the poem is none the less interesting to modern sensibilities. We are inclined to think that, in her endeavor to humanize the fable, she has gone too far in making Endymion a kind of idyllic *divorcé*, one who

"had known
The sapping, slow, brain-sucking misery
That falls upon the passionate whom error
Unto the passionless hath bound."

This materializes a little too much the struggle in Seléné's heart between maidenhood and womanhood, and roils the old Latmian idyl without adding perceptibly in compensation to its power over the imagination. The Princess is at her best, perhaps, in the passages of fanciful embroidery wherein, giving the rein to her imagination, she decks her theme with cumulative musical loveliness that recalls, in its delicate unction, the way of the old poets in such matters. When Love, for example, is invoked by Seléné to debate her case with her, he comes in

"a boat
Of thinnest ivory, winged with golden wings,
Wherein the god stood upright, veiled soft
In the warm aura of his loveliness.
Deep and yet delicate the orange haze
Shed from his scattered hair. His own bright wings
Were lightly shut, nor did he guide his boat
Aerial, of grain so fragile fair
That with his radiance from within it glowed
Like to an alabaster vase where through
A rose-gold flame doth glimmer. Slope it came
As though by subtle instinct thus impelled,
Straight to the rock whereon was poised Diana,
Its luminous keel shearing the curdled clouds
That ever froth and melt like noiseless foam
Upon the silent ocean of the air;
Its vans crip rustling, even as autumn leaves,
Made gold by frost, on frosty breezes rustle;
Its wreaths of small, red roses sweeping out
Against the glittering pallor of the waves,
While ever softly showered the petals fine,
In crimson spray about the gleaming prow."

In Mr. Percy Mackaye's tragedy, 'Fenris the Wolf' (Macmillan), we pass to another mythology—that of the North. The play is an uncommonly bold piece of imagination. Fenris the Wolf, son of Odin, troubles the serenity of Heaven with his barkings of defiance, and with his wolfish desire for Freyja, the betrothed of his brother Baldur. In the prologue, Odin ordains that Fenris, Baldur, Freyja, and himself shall leave their heavenly estate and become incarnate in the persons of four mortals. Fenris becomes Egil the Hunter, Baldur assumes the dwarfed and twisted form of his brother Arfi, Freyja of Thordis, a maiden beloved of both Egil and Arfi, while Odin himself enters the body of Ingimund, one of his priests. The action of the play consists in the conversion of the fierce hunter Egil to charity and human love. It concludes with his renunciation of Freyja to Baldur after the latter assumes his old immortal form. In setting and atmosphere the play is highly poetic. The action passes before rune-stones in the northern forest at daybreak or twilight, in prison chambers, and by deep forest pools. Though it closely skirts the borders of the fantastic, it never becomes, at least for a reader who has served his initiation to the music-drama of Wagner, quite fantastic. Mr. Mackaye has made excellent poetic use of his knowledge of Scandinavian poetry. In the recurrent wail of Fenris, for example, how faithful is the reproduction of the cadence and color of the alliterative stave—

"Free me Freyja! Frore am I, frost-bit;
Go we together into greenwood glad!
Mirk under moon-mist mad will meet thee,
Hunt thee from hiding, thy heart-beats hear."

Fenris is the only character who speaks in Scandinavian metre. The others all use blank verse of a nervous, sometimes a little too nervous, quality. As a whole, the play fails a little of tragic impressiveness precisely because of a certain forcing of the note. Mr. Mackaye has a very unusual gift for strong phrase, but at times he lets it become of a somewhat hysterical strength. He has, also, a gift for the strong situation, and he lets this seduce him toward the end into too long a series of strong situations, which gives something of feverishness to the last half of the play, and robs it of the dignity of tragic mat-

ters marching to a single tragic conclusion. It is, nevertheless, a poetic venture, of a sincerity and magnitude for which there can be nothing but admiration. It shows hard work, and, in the lurking symbolism of the taming of Fenris—the subduing, that is, of the wolf in the breast—Mr. Mackaye shows himself capable of endowing an ancient tale with modern meaning; which is, after all, the root of the whole matter.

Shakespeare's London. By Henry Thew Stephenson, Assistant Professor of English, Indiana University. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Pp. vi., 357.

Of all epochs of London history, none can compare in interest with the London of Shakspere, the subject of this book. We say this, not forgetting the claims of the London of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. But the supreme genius of Shakspere invests the London of his day with overwhelming interest. It is strange that in London, where change is so gradual that even in a long life little seems to be altered, the accumulation of changes should be so great that we can only with difficulty form an incomplete mental picture of the London of three hundred years ago, and this although, in the main lines of the streets in central London, London is still mediæval. So it is, however. Fortunately, the era had its historian, John Stow, Merchant Taylor, whose book is, and to the end of time must remain, the chief source of our knowledge of Shakspere's London. Stow, the learned historiographer, whose devoted labors received so poor a recognition in his own day, has the faculty of inspiring something almost of affection in students of his 'Annals and Survey of London.' It is not, therefore, surprising to find that Mr. Stephenson speaks of him in terms of warm appreciation.. He quotes the eulogy of Stow written by his continuator, Edmond Howes, adding for his own part, "Stow hardly needs a word of praise, nor is there need of any insistence on his value as a writer concerning the manners of the Elizabethan age." The Survey of London, he tells us, "is the one book to which all students of the Elizabethan city must go for much of their material." The only exception to be taken to Mr. Stephenson's praise of Stow is when he refers to the superstitious beliefs held by Stow in common with every Elizabethan. The great Queen herself, when on her way to St. Paul's in 1588, did not disdain to receive from an officer of her privy chamber "a Crapon or Toade stone set in gold." A learned book, 'The Mirror of Stones,' tells us that the best kind of Crapon stone, possessed of wondrous virtues, and but rarely found, is that taken out of a dead toad while still panting. Shakspere himself, as we may infer from "Hamlet," "in part believed" that at Christmastide the bird of dawning singeth all night long, and that then no spirit dares stir abroad, no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to harm. There is no reason to doubt that he really believed in witchcraft. Such beliefs were of the time. We confess that, for us, the pages of the old Chronicles, not seldom dull, are brightened by stories of monstrous births of children, calves, and lambs, of great fishes cast ashore—huge monsters of the deep, often with the face of a man. We like to read of "blazing starres," of what they foretold, and of the fulfilment of the portents. We should have but an incomplete picture of the times did these references to strange beliefs not find their place.

Stow is not, indeed, our only direct guide to Shakspere's London. Belonging to this time we have the maps of Norden, the so-called map of Aggas, and the map about fifty years earlier than Norden's in the collection of Braun and Hogenberg. The value of this last map is, perhaps, not yet fully estimated. Mr. Stephenson has supplemented his study of Stow by that of all other available material. He quotes from the old dramatists, from Dekker, Harrison; Taylor, the Water Poet; from Fynes Morrison, and a host of other writers. The preface contains a graceful acknowledgment of assistance given in the libraries of the British Museum and the Guildhall, so we learn that Mr. Stephenson pursued his studies of Shakspere's London on the spot. The result is an excellent summary of great value to lovers of the old city and to students of the Elizabethan period. Mr. Stephenson roams in every quarter of the city; he has chapters on Old St. Paul's, the Water Front, the Tower, the Theatres, on Tavern Life; he guides us through the main streets, as Cheapside, Holborn, and the Strand. Where all is so good, it is almost invidious to mention certain divisions of the book, but perhaps the chapters on the Water Front and Military Companies show in an especial degree research into some of the less-known phases of London life at this time.

We have noted only one or two quite minor points on which we are not sure that Mr. Stephenson is correct. One is the difficult subject of the "bridges" in the Strand and other places. "There were three bridges over the Strand," says Mr. Stephenson, the Strand Bridge, Ivy Bridge, and a third opposite to the end of Essex Street." But were these "bridges" *over* the Strand? Were they not rather in the direction of the length of the street? Stow says: "Then had ye in the high street a fair bridge called Strand Bridge, and under it a lane or way down to the landing-place on the bank of the Thames." These stairs or landing-places were also called "bridges"; in Rocque's map they are marked as Ivy Bridge and Strand Bridge; these names, however, probably did not indicate the locality near which a passenger was landed. From the passage in Stow it seems clear that the "bridge" must have been at right angles to the lane, and therefore in the line of the main street. This is confirmed by a passage in Howes's continuation of Stow's Annals. In this, under date 1614, he says: "At this time the citizens began their new pavement of broad freestone close to their shops" (the footway, the streetway, was paved earlier) "and the taking down of all high causies [causeways] about London, namely in the Strand," etc. It would seem as though these "bridges" foreshadowed, in a way, the elevated railroads of to-day.

Mr. Stephenson speaks of "the grand tour" as existing in the Elizabethan age. But does not the grand tour belong to later times, its records culminating in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage? Foreign travel was indeed common enough among young men of family in Shakspere's day, as we may see from Ascham's 'Schoolmaster.' But Ascham complains that the young men went only to Italy, unlike the godly and excellent learned Englishmen who, when driven out of England, went to Germany.

The printer has occasionally, not methodically, misspelt some names, as, Latimore for Latimer, and one or two others. These little blemishes should be corrected in a new edition which we may confidently look for. The book is worthy to have a much fuller index. The illustrations are particularly well chosen, many of them from prints or views not accessible to the general reader, and the reproductions are excellent. In almost all cases the original of the illustration is mentioned.

Alaska and the Klondike. By John Scudder McLain. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. xvi., 330. Illustrated.

When the special sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Territories visited Alaska in the summer of 1903, the author obtained permission to accompany the party in an unofficial capacity, and the materials comprised in the present publication were, in their original form, contributed to a Minneapolis newspaper. They have since been revised, and the industrial statistics brought up to include the business operations reported for the season of 1904.

The route taken was the usual one by the inside passage to Skagway, thence to Dawson by rail and river steamer, and down the Yukon to St. Michael. Here the party were met by the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, which took them to Nome, the Seal Islands, Unalashka, Kadiak Island, Valdes, Sitka, Juneau, and back to Seattle. If the progress of a legislative committee, travelling in ten weeks over half as many thousand miles of river, sea, and railway, is not the most efficient mode of getting reliable information as to the nature and resources of a great and varied district, it is at least a tolerably certain way of obtaining the opinions as to their needs held by the population with which the party is brought in contact. These opinions naturally vary, and their fluctuation is well illustrated by the successive chapters in which Mr. McLain endeavors to report them. In matters of fact it is evident he has tried hard to be accurate and impartial; and, to one familiar with the country and conditions, it seems as if he had succeeded very well. Few of his statements can be designated as erroneous, and these are mostly of slight importance.

The author sums up his conclusions by stating that he is persuaded that Alaska is rich in minerals, timber, and fisheries, and he does not fear to include agricultural possibilities—of course, for local consumption; illustrating these by excellent photographs of vegetable products actually raised in the country and seen by him with his own eyes. He tells us that the commerce of Alaska for 1903 amounted to twenty-one million dollars, exclusive of a gold output of about seven millions more. It is officially stated that, since Alaska became American territory, it has exported furs, fish, and gold in about equal values to the amount of one hundred and fifty million dollars; the investments of American capital amount to about twenty-five millions, and the country

has absorbed merchandise from the United States during the same period to a value of nearly one hundred million dollars.

The crying needs of the Territory at present are a properly paid and incorruptible body of officials, especially in the judicial department; better means of transportation to the interior goldfields; and a personal representative on the floor of Congress who is acquainted with the local conditions. If the means of supplying the two latter are beset with difficulty, it is all the more incumbent on Congress to furnish the former; bearing in mind that the conditions warrant a higher rate of pay than is required in a more accessible region, and that the average official, if not paid a just and reasonable salary, will in many cases feel himself ill-treated, and be ready to make up the deficiency in the ways so easy in his position. Two or three small revenue cutters distributed along the coast and cruising regularly within a certain district, the commander being authorized to exercise a police-justice's functions and powers, or to be accompanied by some one in such capacity, these vessels to be at the disposition of the Governor for transportation at any time—would exert a very beneficial influence on the coast population. A qualified surgeon with suitable outfit on each ship might make himself most useful. The distances are rarely appreciated by those unfamiliar with the country, and the Governor at present has no real power, besides being insufficiently remunerated. These things have been said many times, but it seems that only by constant reiteration can any attention be secured. The inefficiency of a republic in the management of colonies has been only too evident in Alaska for more than thirty years. With all the political bias in favor of the "white man," as against his darker brothers, it seems as if the latter have so far monopolized the wisdom and benevolent attention of our national legislature to the almost complete exclusion of the "higher" race.

Mr. McLain's book is profusely illustrated with very good half-tones, many from original photographs, and will doubtless do its part in disseminating much-needed information in regard to our most valuable and yet most neglected colony.

Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals: A Study in Mental and Social Evolution. By Frederick Morgan Davenport, Professor in Sociology at Hamilton College. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

This book is a valuable and highly interesting contribution to the many recent discussions of the place and value of the emotions in moral and religious development. The increasing freedom, in colleges and theological schools, from dogmatic pressure to reach foregone conclusions has resulted in opening to scientific exploration fields of inquiry concerning beliefs and customs which hitherto have been forbidden because sacred territory.

One such fascinating domain is traversed by Professor Davenport in an analysis of the characteristic features of the periodic epidemic outbreaks popularly known as revivals of religion—epidemics which are not peculiar to the Christian Church, but which rather, as our author shows, belong to elements of human nature which are traceable among all sorts of communities the world over. In the presentation of the physical and psychological aspects of a few of the most notable and typical revivals of modern Christianity, in comparison with similar manifestations outside of the Christian Church, Professor Davenport has shown a refreshing freedom from obscurantism and apology, with a frankness of search into the shortcomings of the men and eras dealt with, coexistent with full and tender reverence for the genuine exercise of feeling in its aspirations after nobler ideals and holier living.

The best-known revivals in recent Christian communities which our author passes in review, are those under Edwards in New England and Wesley in Great Britain, in the eighteenth century, the Scotch-Irish awakenings in Kentucky in 1800, and Charles G. Finney's evangelism in the middle of the nineteenth century. With the close of Finney's especial hortatory gatherings and his assumption of the Presidency of Oberlin College, the inflammable era of revivalism practically came to an end. Mr. Moody, while beginning his public services with appeals to the lower susceptibilities of his hearers, eventually assumed much of the attitude of the regular preacher in a pulpit; such effects as he produced of a remarkable sort having been clearly due to certain personal qualities, hypnotic or magnetic, which our author maintains have been the secret of by far the larger part of the success of most professional revivalists. Given the magnetic man and now and then some special social and economic conditions, usually of a depressing character, and the phenomena of an epidemic revival, wholly unaccountable in the peculiar merit or novelty of the matter of the preaching or exhortation, straightway appeared, in former stages of intelligence.

While at the background of these revivals there is the awakened yearning of the soul for communion with the unseen world and a restoration of balance betwixt the imperfect life and the ideal holiness, they are uniformly attended, as they get under way, with purely physical and quasi-pathological manifestations of a violent type, such as catalepsies, swoonings, deliriums, and ecstasies of the imagination. And the bodily convulsions are too often the sole result of the protracted agonizings; the religious motive operating as a means of attaining the delicious intoxication of sensuous rapture, which being exhausted, the workaday life comes back with all its infirmities and sins. To-day the once very familiar and common excitable manifestation of the revival spirit is practically extinct, its chief survival in the United States being with the negroes of the Southern Black Belt.

The coincidence of this disappearance with the spread of general intelligence and of intercommunication between the intellectually backward and the more cultivated communities affords one of the weightiest justifications of the author's account of the physical phenomena, and many of the mental and moral manifestations, as relics of primitive humanity. In the process of his evolution from the animal, man carries with him, even up to a time of civilized life when the habit has lost all value and has become decidedly pernicious, his susceptibility to gusts of irrational passion and spasmodic activity; his nerves are not under control; ignorance of his surroundings in the mystery of nature begets one of the most powerful of influences—fear and its attendant superstitions. In a crowd, especially, where the individual is swallowed up so as to become a fragment of a common mob soul, this ancient nervous instability becomes predominant, and the man ceases to have a will.

One of the most striking illustrations of the essential revival fanaticism in conditions not pretending to be Christian is given in the story of the Ghost Dances which broke out in the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast regions in the later eighties. These were not, as is commonly supposed, an outbreak of the war spirit among the Indians, although there was a Sioux uprising contemporaneous with some of these dances. They had chiefly a theological motive, the dream of a near-at-hand Messiah who should restore the united race of Indians, living and dead, to a paradise upon earth from which the white man was to be excluded; and in some cases a moral aim, which involved the abandonment of some of the bloody practices of self-maiming, and especially of the vices of drunkenness and gambling. While there was much that was downright mad and wholly repulsive in the fruits of these dances, there was also, as the Government representative who witnessed many of the frenzies bore sympathetic witness, a genuine emotion of hope of a better time to come for their race, expressed with streaming eyes and bodies trembling with mental distress. Tested by the occasional fruit of a purified morality, some of the extra-Christian congeners of revivals have as valid an evidence of divine inspiration as those of which, in Christian communities, so much has been made, in the reformation of here and there a carless or wicked soul.

The era of the highly emotional type of revivalism, in our author's judgment, is past beyond hope or desirability of return. In a lower stage of culture, when man had the minimum of reason and the maximum of sensuous impulse, appeals to terror had a measure of efficacy, in that they directed minds to higher obligations and realities than those of the time and flesh. Popular religious movements will continue to arise, but they will assume new forms in harmony with the new spirit of sober reflection and mastery of the impulsive nature by the rational will.

Sur la Pierre Blanche. Par Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1905.

M. France's new book is a medley, but a medley of deep significance, for between its lines may be deciphered the profession of faith of one of the most humane and acute minds of the day. The visit of four French travellers to Rome supplies a thread for observations that embrace the whole of Christian civilization from the earliest times to the present, and even beyond. There is ample fare for all tastes. The classical student will find that these Frenchmen foregather with Giacomo Boni, and even dine with him in a not unknown *osteria* of the Via Condotti. The student of literature may take opportunity to compare M. France's conduct of an imaginary conversation between Gallio and St. Paul with the inimitable felicity of Landor in the same field. The lover of good things

will delight in the constantly sparkling wit of the second half of the book.

In this second half, M. France leaves the ancient world, where he is perhaps not at his happiest, and discourses on matters more *actuel*, even on the Russo-Japanese war. Philosophy and wit lead him by either hand, as the following short extracts may testify:

"Nous avons enseigné aux Japonais le régime capitaliste et la guerre. Ils nous effraient parce qu'ils deviennent semblables à nous. Et vraiment c'est assez horrible. . . . L'empire russe oppose à l'énergie méthodique des Japonais ses forces indéterminées, que comprime l'imbécillité farouche de son gouvernement. . . ."

The book closes with a peep at the year 2270, one more fragment of evidence, if any were needed, that a marked concern for the future of the race is a distinctive feature of modern literature. From the numerous glimpses of his mind that Anatole France affords us in this book may be derived an impression. He may be taken as the spokesman of that small but remarkable group of Frenchmen that represents, in the domain of letters and politics, the idealism of the great Revolution chastened by the vicissitudes of a century, tempered by the experience of thirty years of power, a group that looks forward with enlightened and discreet enthusiasm to an approaching era of real humanity and civilization. One word of criticism, or regret, must be added, that in his knowledge of things American M. France appears to rely on nothing more substantial than boulevard journalism.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andersen's Fairy Tales. Edited by Sarah C. Brooks. Macmillan Co.
Blunck, A. Lessons on Form. Translated by David O'Conor. Bruno Hessling.
Browne, Henry. Handbook of Homeric Study. Longmans. $2 net.
Bryce, James. Marriage and Divorce.—Constitution. Henry Frowde.
Chevrillon, André. Sanctuaires et Paysages d'Asie. Paris: Hachette & Cie.
Chinese Life in Town and Country. Adapted from the French by H. Twitchell. Putnams. $1.20 net.
Churchill, Winston. The Celebrity. Macmillan Co.
Cirot, Georges. Mariana Gistorien. Paris: Albert Fontemoing.
Clay, Charles M. Examples in Algebra. Macmillan Co.
Cody, Sherwin. How to Read and What to Read. The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language. Chicago: The Old Greek Press.
Craddock, Charles Egbert. The Storm Centre. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Dickberry, F. The Storm of London. Boston: H. B. Turner & Co. $1.50.
Dilke, Lady. The Book of the Spiritual Life. Dutton. $3 net.
Doub, William C. A History of the United States. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Duncan, Edmondstoune. Schubert. Dutton. $1.25.
Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. S. H. Long's Expedition. Vol. III. Cleveland, O.: The A. H. Clark Co.
Elegies of Tibullus, The. Translated by Theodore C. Williams. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Fandel, Peter. The Judgment of Paris. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Fullerton, W. Morton. Terres Françaises. Paris: Armand Colin.
Gibson, William Hamilton. Our Native Orchids. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.
Glover, Thomas. An Account of Virginia. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net.
Goss, Charles Frederick. Husband, Wife and Home. Philadelphia: The Vir Publishing Co. $1 net.
Gunsaulus, Frank W. Paths to Power. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel. A Bibliography of. Compiled by Nina E. Browne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hill, Headon. Millions of Mischief. Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Co.
Libbey, William, and Franklin E. Hoskins. The Jordan Valley and Petra. 2 vols. Putnams. $6 net.
Longfellow's Hiawatha. Edited by Elizabeth J. Fleming. Macmillan Co.
Loring, Andrew. The Rhymer's Lexicon. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Lyrics and Incidental Music. By W. H. Hadow. Henry Frowde.
Macquoid, Percy. A History of English Furniture. Vol. II., Part VI. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Macquoid, Katharine S. Pictures in Umbria. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Matarazzo, Francesco. Chronicles of the City of Perugia, 1492-1503. Translated by Edward S. Morgan. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Maxwell, J. Metapsychical Phenomena. Putnams. $3.50.
McMurry, Charles A. Special Method in Arithmetic. Macmillan Co. 70 cents.
Meyers Konversations-Lexikon. Vol. X. Lemcke & Buechner.
Moore, Clarence B. Aboriginal Urn-Burial in the United States. Lancaster, Pa.: The New Era Publishing Co.
Paul, Louis. The Happy Life. Heink & Co.
Russian Jew in the United States, The. Planned and edited by Charles S. Bernheimer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.
Sheldon, E. S., and A. C. White. Concordanza delle Opere Italiane in Prosa e del Canzoniere di Dante Alighieri. Henry Frowde.
Smith, C. J. Letters of "Americus." The Spectator Co. $1.
Stray Leaves from a Soul's Book. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.50.
Tomlinson, May. Sound and Motion in Wordsworth's Poetry. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Wilder, Marshall P. The Suddy Side of the Street. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1905.

The Week.

A rich man bewailing the hardships of great wealth is about the most ill-graced of imaginable public instructors, but the President ran him a close second on Friday in lauding Mr. Hay and Mr. Root for preferring the public service to the accumulation of money. There has been something too much of this in the general mouth, but Mr. Roosevelt, as usual, caught up the commonplace and gave it out with redoubled emphasis. Consider the facts. The speaker himself inherited a competence, and has never had to think anxiously of the morrow. Secretary Hay was the possessor of several millions. Mr. Root is a wealthy man. To talk, in such circumstances, as if there were a question of taking vows of poverty in order to serve the State, is absurd. It is just as easy to be mawkish about riches as about poverty, though laments over a beggarly two millions or so are more disgusting than exaggerated outcries about the lot of the poor.

One of the sacrifices, not pecuniary, which Mr. Root will have to make in becoming Secretary of State is of a certain chartered liberty of speech. It will no longer do for him to utter in public a sentiment offensive to a foreign Government. At the farewell dinner to Ambassador Cambon in 1902, so comic at the time, so tragic since, in the light of the Equitable revelations, Mr. Root, who was then Secretary of War and spoke for the Administration, was guilty of an indiscretion almost as blazing as Lord Salisbury's reference to Spain as a "dying nation." The Secretary expressed the pious hope that M. Cambon would, at Madrid, do what was humanly possible to create "a great Latin republican empire on the Continent of Europe, in which the Seine and the Guadalquivir would flow in unison and harmony." That is, he urged the French Ambassador to Spain to do what he could to overthrow the Government to which he was accredited! This may have been intended as a joke, but international jokes are one of the things which a man who becomes Secretary of State must eschew. Seward's famous playing upon the solemnity of the Duke of Newcastle returned to plague him in the anxious days of the *Trent* affair.

President Roosevelt's order of Saturday last, debarring any officer of the army and navy from seeking advancement by means of "recommendation or support" from sources outside of the military or naval service, commendable as it is, is not a new departure. In November, 1901, the President declared the merit rule established in the army by one of those unofficial utterances which have played such an interesting part in his Administration. Lest any should be misled by the informal character of this statement, he followed it up a month later by a declaration in his annual message to Congress, which reads as follows:

> "Every promotion and every detail under the War Department must be made solely with regard to the good of the service, and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind will be permitted to exercise the least effect on any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him."

A comparison of this proclamation, which was acclaimed by all interested in an army badly debauched by the politics of the McKinley-Alger régime, with the President's latest order, shows that their purport is identical. The declaration of 1901 never was effective. Some officers tried to honor it; some known to us went to the War Department and applied for details without the influence of Senators and Representatives, only to find themselves laughed at by their friends on duty in the Department, and to see the coveted positions dispensed in the same old way; while the award of generalcies has been almost as injudicious and as indefensible as under McKinley. The result has been that the army is, in respect of politics and favoritism, in as bad a state of demoralization as at any time in its history.

Under a new interpretation of the Roosevelt Personnel Law recently made by Attorney-General Moody, no less than fifty-five navy officers, all in the best of health, were retired on their own application on Thursday. It will be remembered that this law was designed to increase the flow of promotion by making a certain number of vacancies in the various grades imperative annually. If deaths and disability or voluntary retirements did not fulfil this number, then a board of rear-admirals retired a certain number of officers of the rank of lieutenant. Mr. Moody read into the law a new meaning—which must have surprised the Congressmen who passed the bill—with the result that fifty-five vacancies in the grade of captain, commander, and lieutenant-commander have been created, each retiring officer receiving the next higher rank on going out, and three-quarters pay of his new grade. Now this will, of course, please the big-navy boomers, who have been pointing out that the Japanese captains are much younger than our own, but it is a new departure for us to create a corps of pensioners, able-bodied, and nearly all in condition to enter business life. For instance, the thirty-eight lieutenant-commanders retired are between the ages of forty-one and forty-nine, presumably; therefore, at the maximum of their physical and mental ability. The United States is now to lose their services and pay them about $2,250 a year for the remainder of their natural lives. In some cases, under recent law, they will be reëmployed with full pay in what is practically active service. But the point is, that we are now following England's example in supporting a leisured class of comparatively young men, who have in some cases served their country only about twenty-five years.

Chairman Shonts of the Panama Canal Commission makes the welcome announcement that haste is hereafter to be made slowly on the Isthmus. Although the statistics of illness which he gives are much less serious than had been expected, and are hardly to be reconciled with the cabled reports, he none the less admits that the actual work of digging must, to a certain extent at least, give way to the sanitation of the canal zone and an improvement in the living conditions of the laborers. The latter are to have better and more hygienic homes, quicker transportation, and more time for recreation, even though considerably less dirt may fly in consequence. All this is very good news to those who wish to see the canal built in the best way possible. But where does it leave those responsible for the work on the canal, from the President down, since it was stolen from Colombia? It is the plainest proof possible that here is a case where the men who "do things" have blundered badly. Going ahead in our efficient American way is all very well, but the man who really accomplishes results surveys his field first and makes all his plans before digging away. The trouble was that the President wanted to show progress at the same time that the work of sanitation and preparation was going on and before the final plans had been adopted. Probably in the end it will be found that the headlong haste of the past year will necessitate a longer period for the completion of the canal than if the whole available force had been used in the work of cleaning up and constructing the necessary barracks, etc.

"Recommended to the mercy of the court," was the addition to its verdict of guilty made by the jury which convicted

Senator Mitchell of Oregon of performing services for a client from which he was debarred by virtue of his office. This may serve to save the aged Senator from going to jail, and may result in his being punished merely by a fine. Undoubtedly there will be great sympathy for Mr. Mitchell in Washington. He merely did what dozens of other Senators and Congressmen are doing all the time. It is a pity that in this case the conviction was secured on what is rather a technical point instead of on the direct issue of fact as to whether Senator Mitchell was or was not one of the land thieves Secretary Hitchcock is prosecuting so relentlessly. None the less, the conviction will do a vast amount of good, besides making a dozen or more Senators tremble in their shoes lest the public have further reasons for seeing in the Senate a resort for law-breakers as well as a "rich man's club." The spectacle of two of their kind, Burton and Mitchell, actually convicted will cause people to rejoice the country over that grafters in high political places are being caught up with. Furthermore, Mitchell's trial has given most valuable insight into the minds of such as he. It has been impossible to convince him that he did wrong; the whole trouble was that Secretary Hitchcock had a grudge of some kind against him and that his law partner betrayed him.

No one will blame Gov. Hoch of Kansas for expressing his keen disappointment at the judicial wrecking of the plans for a State refinery to fight the Standard Oil. He will even have sympathy when he says that, if he had been the Supreme Court, things would have turned out very differently. "If it is not Constitutional," he says with feeling, "it ought to be." The country at large will have to stifle its regret at not seeing the outcome of the great campaign in which the octopus was to be starved to death. One of the mistakes of the framers of the law now set aside was that they dwelt too much on its oil-refinery features and too little on its penitentiary features. This was seen from the very first, however, to be one of the essential weaknesses of the scheme. In order to be legal, the work of refining oil had to be done by convicts. Thus, as fast as the output of oil increased, the demand would inevitably arise for more prisoners. It would never have been possible to expel the Trust entirely except by inciting an epidemic of crime or else putting a large number of innocent men in durance. This thought may provide a little consolation for Kansas in these hours of bitterness.

Senator Depew's testimony before the State Superintendent of Insurance is a most fearful writing of himself down—not, as he himself put it, "a fool," but something more noxious. His account of how he earned his retainer of $20,000 a year was not even "genial"; it was incredibly impudent. He says that he "freely gave advice," though he has done that on all subjects, gratuitously, lo! these many years; shyly admits that he is "a master of corporation law," but puts us on the right track by stating that the money was paid him on account of "the position I had at the bar and *generally*." Everybody knows what is covered up by that word "generally." Mr. Depew was the most successful lobbyist of his day. He had an enormous political pull, and the Equitable management paid him for it just as they paid David B. Hill for his. Calling it a "retainer" deceives no one. What was bought, and what Mr. Depew sold, clearly appears in his own evidence. The Equitable loaned $250,000 to the Depew Improvement Company. A rash appraiser of the State Insurance Department thereupon fixed the value of the property covered by the loan at only $150,000. Then Mr. Depew was appealed to. What was he thinking of to let a Republican official give an Equitable loan such a black eye? So he "wrote a letter" to the Insurance Department asking for a reappraisal. Clearly, that is the kind of thing the Equitable hired him for. And he was not ungrateful. He was responsible for raising young Hyde's salary to $100,000—partly out of "sentiment," he admitted. And when the company got nervous about the loan to the Depew Improvement Company, he genially guaranteed them against loss. Asked whether that guarantee fixed any liability upon him, he blandly replied: 'As a lawyer, I don't think so, and I am informed by the counsel of the receiver that it does not."

John C. Bowdoin has just been convicted in the United States Court of Alabama for holding Raymond Rhoda in peonage. Both the men are white. Therein lies the great significance of the case. It disposes at once of the contention of Senator Bacon, in his argument before the Supreme Court, that the peonage prosecutions were simply part of a policy of race provocation. But here is a white man convicted of holding a white man to servitude, and it is said that it will not long remain the only case of the kind, since the United States District Attorney will prosecute, at the next term of the court, several other white men for holding white men in peonage. Hence it is clear that the law is impartially enforced. It is clear, also, that those patriotic Southern friends and champions of the negro are right who maintain that oppression of the black man is certain to be followed by oppression of the white. Suppressing the negro vote is only a preliminary to stealing elections from the white voters. It is but a step from holding colored men to involuntary labor to doing the same thing for whites. The spectacle of Bowdoin spending a year in jail for the crime of forcing a white man into peonage should be most salutary.

Judge Henry C. Hammond of the Superior Court of Georgia delivered a remarkable address before the Aiken, S. C., Law and Order League on the Fourth of July, in which he vigorously assailed the American habit of carrying pistols, and paid his respects to lynchers. "The concealed pistol," he said, "is strictly an Americanism" which leads "to man-slaying, to social disorder, and national disgrace." He admitted that there was no State in which this vicious practice was more common than in South Carolina, and that it was sufficient defence there for a murderer to assert that his victim put his hand on his hip-pocket. But he rightly dwelt upon the recent restraining laws passed by South Carolina as a very encouraging sign of progress. He declared also that the situation warranted "an amendment of the Constitution, the imposition of a prohibitive license on the manufacture and sale of pistols, or any other step that can drive them from off the earth." On the lynching question the Judge was equally sound, dwelling on the fact that, of the negroes lynched, only a small minority had offended against white women. Judge Hammond deserves the highest praise for saying also that "if we as a people are to survive in the tide of time, we must solve the race question by means of the intellect, not the passions; by justice, not injustice; by righteousness, not sin." We wish that these words might be put into the hands of every Southern juror, editor, and preacher.

Perhaps the most interesting fact regarding last week's announcement of a new $150,000,000 loan to be raised by Japan is the participation of Germany in bringing it out. At the outset of the war, German opinion expressed itself as unfavorably to Japanese credit as to the chances of Japanese victory over Russia. Change of sentiment in the one direction has brought change in the other. When the $150,000,000 Japanese loan of last March was in contemplation, Port Arthur had fallen, Kuropatkin's defeat was near at hand, and the Berlin bankers then first applied for the privilege of floating a Japanese loan. It was refused to them, although, according to general belief, their bid was higher than that of the Anglo-American syndicate to which the issue was awarded. This time, Berlin is permitted to have a share. The incident throws a curious light upon the relations of finance and diplomacy. In particular, it brings up a very odd question, which frequently

arises in these days of keen search by capital for high-grade investment—whether a Government which applies for a loan is asking a favor or conferring one. The answer would depend on circumstances. Bankers are not, for instance, scrambling for the privilege of underwriting new Russian loans, and our own Government had to visit the money market hat in hand during 1894. To some extent, this difference may be caused by the relative dearness or cheapness of the offered loan, as measured by its issue price. There has probably never been a more singular instance of a demand by investors to be allowed to lend than that of 1895, when China issued her loan to pay for the $140,000,000 war indemnity to Japan. The foreign offices of the various European States literally constituted themselves advocates of the special claims to subscription rights which the bankers of their respective countries professed. The dispute over the right to lend to China became fairly acrimonious. In the end it was necessary to divide the loan between England, Germany, France, and Russia.

In the seizure of Saghalien Island, Japan gains by right of conquest what she might have had to pay for under the peace settlement, and also scores the technical advantage of holding a portion of the enemy's territory before the treaty is negotiated. Of course, repeated acts of this kind while the plenipotentiaries are actually en route for Washington would seriously prejudice the whole affair; it is difficult to bargain when every day's dispatches may change the conditions of the transactions. On the other hand, the taking of Saghalien is on a different plane from, say, a general advance in Mantchuria. Since the defeat of Rozhestvensky the island has lain virtually defenceless, and its occupation by the Japanese was certain. Accordingly, its seizure now may fairly count merely as the clearing up of an arrearage, by making the fact of occupation correspond to a long-standing potentiality, and the affair should not necessarily interfere with the peace preliminaries. It does, however, point to the need of an armistice and to the awkwardness of treating for peace while hostilities are in progress.

The passing of the separation bill in France has been so much a matter of course that it will excite rather little interest, and even churchmen will accept the decision with relative equanimity, seeing that the Senate may not find it convenient this session to confirm the Chamber's action. Of the bill itself one may only say that it is more liberal than the preliminary discussion might have indicated. Throughout the debates, such veteran Radicals as Ribot have constantly held before the Chamber the danger of letting regulation of the Church run into oppression; and if these counsels of moderation have had rather little effect on the actual form of the law, they have at least reduced the bitterness of the agitation. The temper of the country on the whole matter has considerably changed, by as much, perhaps, as M. Rouvier's anti-clericalism is at once more perfunctory and more humane than M. Combes's. In the bill as passed, a considerable concession to the vested rights of the churches has been made in pensioning all stipendiary priests under the Concordat. In fact, enlightened Catholics can have but little just grievance against the form of separation except that the tenure of church buildings, which henceforth are to be let to religious societies only on short and terminable leases, becomes insecure, and that illiberal restrictions are put upon the accumulation of parish reserves and endowments. M. Rouvier and M. Briand, the sponsor of the bill, deserve some credit for keeping the measure well this side of persecution.

It was, to say the least, a most discourteous act for the German Chancellor to forbid M. Jaurès to speak in Berlin. The great Socialist orator was to have spoken, on the invitation of the Social Democrats, about the Moroccan dispute. It should be recalled that Jaurès has always advocated peaceful relations with Germany, that he has deprecated the sentiment of revenge for Alsace-Lorraine, and, in particular, that he was the severest critic of M. Delcassé's exclusive policy in the Mediterranean. In short, if Prince Bülow wanted a learned and moderate advocate of his policy of a general diplomatic understanding with France, he could hardly have chosen a better one than Jaurès. One may note, too, that M. Jaurès is one of the most potent Parliamentary figures in France, and that a refusal to hear him will, in the opinion of all moderate Socialists in France, amount very nearly to a national affront. Of course, Prince Bülow's note abounds in expressions of confidence and admiration, and bases the responsibility for his action, not upon any doubt of M. Jaurès's tact, but upon just suspicion of the German Social Democrats. In other words, the exclusion is a kind of œcumenical rebuke to international Socialism in the person of its distinguished representative.

What Germany gains by the adjustment of the Moroccan dispute is chiefly recognition of her standing in European councils. It is unlikely that the international conference which is to be called at Fez will result in any essential change. Europe collectively is by no means anxious to take charge of the African hornets' nest. Control by the European Concert will in the nature of the case be exercised by a delegate, and since England and Spain have already selected France for that duty, and Germany even, by the recent compromise, has admitted the especial interest of France in the premises, there can be but little doubt that the conference will end with France more completely entrenched than ever—as the mandatory of the Powers. Nothing that has been published on the matter fully explains Germany's readiness to go to the brink of war for so slight a matter. It can hardly be believed, for example, that so hazardous a tension was incurred merely on the off chance that a conference might reduce the pretensions of France and some way favor the ulterior ambitions of Germany. And if Germany has pushed the mere punctilio of recognition as a Mediterranean Power to the danger point, it would be a strange departure from her traditionally cautious diplomacy. The cause of German resentment must probably be sought deeper in some definite slight from M. Delcassé, the nature of which has not yet been divulged. As for the actual settlement with France, it is thrice welcome because it ends a most perilous much ado about nothing. Who is the gainer it would be difficult to say. Germany evidently salves her Imperial pride, but France supplies the unction at slight expense, since it is pretty certain that she can control the vote of the Fez Conference in favor of the Anglo-French Agreement.

The elections in Holland which led to the resignation of Prime Minister Kuyper resulted in a complete deadlock. The Liberals have a slight majority in the Chamber, but the Senate is strongly Clerical. Although the Social Democrats have not added to the small number of seats they held, they practically retain the balance of power, not only in the Chamber, but in the country. In Holland a majority is necessary to an election. If it is not secured by any candidate, there is a new contest between the two having the highest number of votes. In the elections of the 18th of June not more than twenty-five Liberals were elected, as against forty-six Ministerialists. The Social Democratic party had an independent candidate in nearly every district. In almost every case the second election was between a Liberal and a Clerical, and the uniform success of the former was due to the fact that the solid vote of the Social Democrats went to the Liberals. Perhaps the most important result of the election is that the danger of a return to protection, which was part of the Kuyper programme, has been averted. The great commercial and manufacturing cities have spoken with no uncertain sound in favor of the free-trade policy.

THE DISSOLVING CABINET.

Secretary Hay's lamented death has served to give the people a rather uncomfortable perception of the state of flux and comparative feebleness to which President Roosevelt's Cabinet has been brought. It would be unfair to say that it rivals the famous "Who-Who" Ministry for its unknown or negligible names; but one cannot but reflect on the great losses and the small gains. Attorney-General Moody has been well thought of for both character and ability, but he, too, is shortly to go. Taft undeniably carries weight. Secretary Shaw is not precisely an extinct volcano, but the lava of deficits and their deficient explanation is thick upon him, and he also is to retire. Of Metcalf and Cortelyou and Bonaparte, it is to be said that they have their reputations all to make in their respective departments. In a word, the Roosevelt Cabinet has to-day an unhappy resemblance to the Balfour Cabinet—it has lost its ablest members, and is making shift to get on with untried men who do not, at a glance, command the confidence of the country.

The importance of "the President's advisers" is peculiarly seen just now. That phrase is often used in a perfunctory sense. It may be true that most Presidents are "advised" to do just what they want to. One detects something too much of this in the advice given President Roosevelt. But if he is the docile, open-minded, and easily persuaded gentleman that Messrs. Root and Hay pictured him in their campaign apologia for him, it is highly desirable that his official family should be able and willing to instruct him in law and policies; while, if he is perhaps a trifle too quick on the trigger, a restraining hand would be even more useful. In a word, without disrespect to the President, the country would wish to see him surrounded with abler and stancher advisers than those who at present sit at the Cabinet table.

It is a very marked and positive quality of advice which a President of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament requires. Too often consultation between chief and Secretaries resembles the small boy's throwing of a ball against a brick wall. His opinions are simply flung back at him. And too many advisers are of the cynical mood of Goethe in saying that he was always ready to give advice, since he knew it would never be taken. A more vigorous and even fighting type of advice is what is needed on the part of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. He has to pass upon vast and intricate questions, involving law and Constitution and international relations, and ought to have at his elbow men who will point out to him the pitfalls lurking for unwary feet. And they should be men prepared to stand or fall by their convictions. They alone can make their influence truly felt, and magnify their office up to the real measure of its power and responsibility. It is well known in Washington, for example, that Mr. Roosevelt was once led to withdraw from a hasty course upon the stout protest of one of his Secretaries that the latter's resignation would promptly follow, with a public explanation of its reasons, unless the President reconsidered his first decision. We think that the real importance of the Cabinet in our system has been clouded of late. A tradition of "loyalty" to the President has grown up, which too much tends to degrade the Secretaries into echoes and adulators. But the truest loyalty of a Cabinet member lies in giving his chief unflinchingly both advice and frequent doses of what it is so hard for President or Czar ever to hear—to say nothing of acting upon it—the plain truth.

One temptation which may assail a man invited by the President to take a seat in the Cabinet he should resolutely beat off. We mean the temptation to think of the office as a stepping-stone to the gratification of political ambition. As a matter of fact, the Cabinet has come to be a poor nursing-mother of Presidents—nearly as much so as the Senate. Time was when the succession from the Department of State to the Presidency was almost established. We have changed all that. For forty-five years, no President has been taken from the Cabinet. Even Mr. Blaine could not break this latter-day precedent. It is said that Mr. Root thinks of attempting to do so—that he gave his assent to becoming Secretary of State upon a tacit understanding that he should be made party candidate for the Presidency in 1908. Supposing this to be true, it would be a mistake in every aspect. If Mr. Root, with his unquestioned ability, were to assume the State Department purely as a public service, with every thought of political reward not only put aside, but explicitly disavowed, his appointment would be hailed as one of high promise. On the contrary, if he were to sacrifice his profitable corporation practice solely out of ambition to become President *via* the Department of State, the result would be bad both for him and for the country. His taking office again would be robbed of that appearance of high disinterestedness which alone could dignify his course; while his acknowledged Presidential candidacy would awaken the gravest suspicions as to the kind of influence he would depend upon for success. Possibly, however, just as the President wanted a man in his Cabinet to explain to him the iniquity of railway rebates by experience and personal practice, so he may now, in his further plans for attacking wicked corporations, desire to have by him a counsellor expert in all their guile.

Mr. Root's acceptance of the State Department will at least make us consider our mercies. Loomis might have been promoted, we might have had Lodge. The new Secretary has ability of the highest order. Moreover, he must be aware that he will be looked to as a steadying force in an Administration too much blown about by every wind of doctrine.

THE DIPLOMACY WE NEED.

In many of the comments on the filling of Secretary Hay's office, there appears a vague and uneasy feeling that somehow American diplomacy must now enter upon a new phase and be of a new sort. Washington's advice on the conduct of foreign relations was well enough in its place, but Washington has been dead a very long time. The living present demands a thoroughly live and up-to-date diplomacy. The ancient ways of a home-keeping republic are made uncouth when practised by a self-conscious world-power. So runs the argument.

Now if this means only that the Secretary of State should be a man of large mould and fine capacity, we heartily agree. His post is one to employ the most substantial powers. It offers a high opportunity for patriotic service. The best men we have are none too good for the Department of State. But this is no new discovery. Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Webster, Marcy, Seward—such names suggest that even the dull generations which are gone had some faint idea that the Secretary of State might advantageously be a man of the ripest abilities. What is really implied, we fear, in the current talk about the need of a new American diplomacy is that the old was too slow, too scrupulous, too tenacious of good faith, to suit these rapid and resounding days. What seems to be wanted by many is a combination of the devilish sly and the recklessly daring.

It cannot, however, be too firmly and insistently borne in upon us all that the great qualities of the diplomat remain unchanged from age to age. Endow him with natural sagacity; assign him due discretion; enrich him with ample knowledge of the past and such a grasp of principles as will render him prescient of the future; then make him expert in the mere technique of his work, add to him a truly patriotic purpose, frank and clear truthfulness, and give him a steady and matured policy, and you have the sort of man to administer the State Department at any time or under any Administration. The fallacy of novelty should not entrap us in these matters. It is easy for us to think that our situation is something never before seen in the world's history, and therefore that it demands unprecedented methods of treatment. But in reality the possibilities of the political plot are about as limited as those of the dra-

matic, and about as much exhausted. In diplomacy, at all events, each new case simply calls for a fresh application of the old principles; and stainless honor, good faith, considerateness, and a careful observance of the law of nations are as much the armor of the diplomat to-day as they were in Washington's time.

We ought to dread rather than welcome the invention of novel shibboleths in our foreign relations. Mr. Hay himself was not altogether happy in proclaiming that the watchwords of American diplomacy are simply the Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine. Looked at close, this means the Golden Rule except in those cases where it is our interest to ignore or defy it. A good part of Secretary Hay's work consisted in protesting against Russia's doing unto us as we were doing to other nations. A Monroe Doctrine in Mantchuria we can at once see to be in glaring contradiction to the Golden Rule; but other Powers see it as clearly in South America. Another thing which every far-sighted Secretary of State will avoid is the construction of "corollaries" to the Monroe Doctrine. Too many of them have been produced in recent years, as out of Pandora's box. Let the Department of State stick to the main theorem, if it must, and shun every suggested "corollary" as it would the plague.

Manner counts immensely in diplomacy; and it is of the highest importance that our foreign affairs should be conducted as between gentlemen. Of course, the more brutal offences of the "shirt-sleeves" epoch will not now be repeated, but a better-mannered period has its temptations. It may not rant or hector, but can easily be fussy, meddlesome, restlessly and needlessly active. In the debate on a Queen's Speech in the 50's, Lord Stanley raised a laugh at Palmerston's expense by affirming that the "increased tranquility," of which the Government boasted, was due to the "increased inactivity of the Foreign Secretary." Diplomacy is, in fact, often most masterly when most inactive. To let things alone may well be the main resolve of a Secretary called to office at a time of great ferment and running after every new thing. And he will be wise also to steer clear of that "spendthrift verbosity" which Lowell found in so many of Seward's dispatches—that introduction of "paper money into diplomacy," which "bewildered Earl Russell and M. Drouyn de Lhuys with a horrible doubt as to the real value of the verbal currency they were obliged to receive."

But it is policy, after all, which dwarfs or determines all the rest; and it is the policy of our Government, in the great questions confronting it, which it is the most pressing business of the State Department to fix. Our indefiniteness is the greatest cause of complaint against us by foreigners in the whole matter of our position in the Orient. "What do you want? What are you going to do?" Those are the questions which they most eagerly ask. They perceive that we talk loudly, but are unable to make out our real meaning. And they cannot understand when they are told that neither our people nor our Government have yet worked out convictions or marked out a policy in all that business. It is a problem to which our diplomacy must immediately attend. We should at once put it beyond all doubt that we have no thought in the East except of peace, no desire for a foot of territory, no interest except equality of trade opportunities.

THE COTTON REPORT SCANDAL.

The nature of the scandal which has just been exposed in the Agricultural Department should fix attention upon the system which made it possible. Among the numerous indefinite and superfluous duties entrusted to that department of the Government, there is one task of great importance—the canvassing of the agricultural districts so as to obtain, each month, as accurate an idea as possible of the acreage, condition, and promise of the growing crops, and the publishing of this information in such shape as can best be understood by the general public. The reason for the work is plain enough. The farmer's management of his business depends very largely upon the size of the crop in the country as a whole. If, in the early planting season, he learns that an exceptionally great amount of land is being sown to one crop, he will be more likely to diversify his own. If he knows, in spring-time, that the country's winter-sown wheat is threatened with failure through bad weather, he will naturally devote particular attention to planting "spring wheat" for himself. At harvest time he can discover what his crop is really worth in market only through knowledge of the country's total production, as compared with other years.

The monthly estimates of the Department's statistical bureau, therefore, are primarily a safeguard to the farmer. They were all the more necessary for this purpose because firms with speculative connections in the markets had adopted a similar plan in their own behalf. Naturally, these "private estimates" were more or less open to suspicion because of such connections. Hence, as the brokers of the Produce and Cotton Exchanges enlarged and perfected their services, the Government was compelled to do the same. A dozen years ago most of the information on which the Department's monthly crop reports were based was gleaned from the farmers' gossip of country post-offices, and transmitted through the postmasters. This source of intelligence proving inadequate and frequently incorrect, larger appropriations were made for the Department, and it established a system of "township correspondents," "county correspondents," and "special field agents," embracing many thousands of experts, largely in the Government's pay. From their returns the monthly crop reports are compiled. They comprise, as published, an early estimate of acreage planted; a statement at the first of each month of the exact percentage of a perfect or average condition which would show the crop's status at the moment; and, at the season's end, an estimate of the crop as actually harvested.

These monthly estimates at once become of even more interest to the speculative markets than to the farmer himself. If the Government's July "condition estimate" on wheat, for instance, shows a heavy decline from that of June, the Produce Exchange buys wheat. On Monday week, when the cotton trade had been expecting a higher "condition percentage" on its staple than was shown a month before, the Government figure reported a slight decline, and the result was a rise of $5 per bale on bidding by the speculators. The motive of speculators, under such circumstances, in getting, if they can, an advance "tip" on the Government's figures, is obvious. The report on the "cotton leak," given out on Saturday by the Secretary of Agriculture, proves that such advance information has been sold to speculators by at least one high official in the Department's statistical bureau.

The question naturally suggested by this development is, how such "leaks" can ever be prevented. It has been declared repeatedly, by the heads of the Department, that they had already been rendered impossible. Secretary Wilson himself wrote to a Senate investigator, three years ago:

> "The position of the Department is absolutely unassailable, since, with regard to the more important crops, no approach to a definite estimate can possibly be made until within one or two hours of the time fixed for its publication."

Mr. Hyde, the chief statistician, who is not alleged to have been in any way connected with the scandal, has given out similar assurances. Both based their confidence on belief that the estimates from the several States were not brought together until the day when the full report was to be compiled and published. The result of the pending investigation proves that the Secretary and his statistical lieutenant were living in a fool's paradise; that, under their very noses, and at the moment when they were reiterating assurances that a "leak" was impossible, the associate statistician, Holmes, was opening field returns in advance of the day for the report, making his own compilation, telegraph-

ing results to New York speculators, and in some cases, it would seem, actually tampering with the figures.

The first conclusion which will be drawn from this revelation is that Holmes's superior officers have been neglecting their duties. Holmes did his work in the most bungling way imaginable, and was manifestly allowed free scope, without adequate surveillance, at the very time when the good faith of the Department's estimates was most seriously questioned. The next and equally obvious conclusion is that the methods of compiling the reports must be reformed, in the direction of absolutely safeguarding their secrecy. Secretary Wilson has issued an order—very belated, all things considered—in which he requires that important field reports shall be sent to him personally, and shall be kept by him sealed and in his safe until the day for their compilation. Precautions like these are absolutely necessary; but it is imperative also that the investigation which has unearthed Holmes, should be continued. A question of very considerable importance is whether the Government's own field agents have allowed themselves to provide duplicate information to the speculators. The suggestion, made in some quarters, that detailed estimates be abandoned and the Department's reports confined to general information as to the state of things, is more doubtful. It must be remembered that, if the Government were to abandon "condition estimates," it would leave the field to the "special experts" who have turned out as a rule, in past years, to have been merely clever agents of the speculators.

THE PUBLIC AND THE EXPRESS COMPANIES.

Every shipper of goods, on however small a scale, is constantly being called upon to decide the question, "Shall I send this parcel by express or freight?" In every-day life these, with the post-office, appear in the rôle of competitors for private custom, one offering cheapness to offset the other's quickness and convenience. It is, therefore, remarkable that at a time when the fairness of freight rates as fixed by private agencies has furnished one of the chief topics of political discussion, so little interest should be taken in the express service. In the July number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Prof. Frank Haigh Dixon brings together, as he says, "such information as can be gathered from existing sources" regarding the express business. The most striking thing about this compilation is the extraordinary meagreness of the data now available.

"Nothing is known of the amount of money invested in the business, or of the expense of conducting it," says Mr. Dixon. "Only in a few individual instances, under pressure from investigating bodies, have the contracts with the railways been made public. We know that under their contracts the express companies paid the railway companies for the year ending June 30, 1903, over $38,000,000, which represented from 40 per cent. to 60 per cent. of their gross earnings; but this is the sum total of our information."

As to rates, a principle of grouping is known to prevail, based largely on the hundred-pound unit, with a higher charge for especially valuable traffic, arbitrary schedules in certain instances, and in some quarters, especially in the East, an adaptation to meet the competition of the post-office. "These few facts," it is summed up, "give us no basis for judging of the method of computation of rates or of the reasonableness of express charges, either in themselves or in comparison with other lines of service." The surprising fact has been brought out in Government hearings that the companies themselves, in most cases, keep no accurate statistics as to the nature of their traffic; the failure to tabulate such information being explained on the ground that most of the contracts with the railways are based on the gross earnings or space occupied, instead of traffic handled.

It is hardly necessary to point out the contrast between this state of affairs and that which prevails regarding freight rates. The shipper pays about four times as much for the package delivered at the door in a neatly painted wagon by a man in uniform as for that dumped in the freight house by a man in shirt-sleeves. Yet the two have been carried over the same tracks, in cars owned by the same company. In the one case the carrier is compelled to publish the essential facts about its traffic and earnings; in the other, it makes no report to any authority whatever. The express company, in a word, "is being permitted to derive all the advantages of a common carrier, and to assume none of its obligations."

The Interstate Commerce Commission, at its organization, included the express companies among the common carriers required to file their tariffs, but, after strenuous objection from the companies, waived this point, largely on the ground that the intent of the law was not to embrace independent companies having only a contractual relation to the railroads. Since then the Commission has repeatedly asked definite authority to obtain such reports, but Congress has never granted it.

This matter is given increasing importance by the fact that the alliance between the railroads and the express companies is becoming closer. The railroads, whose traffic and rates are under supervision by public authorities, seem to be turning over certain lines of traffic to the express companies, whose charges are unrestricted. This is especially true of perishable commodities which demand speedy delivery. "There is no indication," says Mr. Dixon, "that the railways, except in the products of the packing and fruit industries, in which they have been prodded by the private-car owners, have any intention of developing this traffic and displacing the express service. Yet it is difficult to determine whether the railways are doing their full duty, without having some definite information regarding express traffic."

The community of interest between railroad and express company is shown by the impressive list of railway representatives on express-company directorates, and the corresponding array of express officials on the railway boards. Evidence of reciprocal ownership of stocks is also available, as well as proof that the companies hold one another's stock in considerable quantities. As to the purely nominal character of their competition, President Ingalls of the Big Four testified before the Industrial Commission that the express companies "manage their own business by making agreements. I should be sorry to have them put on the same basis as railroads, so they could not agree."

Certainly, the various reasons put forward for exempting the express business from Government supervision or compulsory publicity cease to have any force if the express company is to be merely the railroad itself under another guise. The reviewing of railroad rates—whether power of arbitrary charge goes with it or not—becomes a travesty if the railroad can deliberately turn over any portion of its traffic to the express company, which can charge whatever it pleases. And, similarly, the prohibition of direct combination between railroads can hardly be enforced if through these same express companies they can pool certain classes of traffic as they please.

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY IN RUSSIA.

To a critic who once complained that he found traces of Feuerbach's philosophy in the writings of William Black, the novelist replied that he had never heard of Feuerbach. However extravagant in this case the critic's supposition may have been, it is doubtless true that most writers unconsciously reflect in their work the prevailing philosophy. Philosophical ideas are like fashions which originate in the great world, and are afterwards imitated in little by all classes and conditions. They are like water poured upon the ground which finds lodgment in obscure places and at unexpected levels.

During the last one hundred years some such process of infiltration has been going on in Russia. When the history of the period from the reign of Nicholas I. to the present time is written, something will have to be said of a group of enthusiasts who were among the first to inject into the Russian mind the principles of Western philosophy. About the year 1835 the philosophy of Hegel was imported from Germany by the Muscovite Stankevitch. Previous to

that time the old Byzantine ideas had been dominant. It is true that a small minority had read with curiosity, but without fervor, the French philosophers of the eighteenth century; but the correspondence between Voltaire and Catharine II. shows how little impression had been made. The only radical opinions noticed in these letters had reference to the subject of religious tolerance; political abuses and agitation are almost unnoticed.

During the reactionary reign of Nicholas I. a few minds were attracted by the abstract and mystical philosophy of Schelling, which, however, had no political implications. It was only after the death of Hegel that germs of Occidental thought were planted in Russian soil, that were gradually to have important political results. At that time there were in Russia two opposing schools or parties. According to one, progress and higher civilization were indigenous, and the nation had to work out its own salvation. The other held that the ideal for Russia could be realized only by grafting upon the parent growth something foreign. The Hegelian propaganda found a chosen few hospitably inclined to the principles of German philosophy. From them proceeded, however, that tendency towards anarchy and nihilism which has had such profound and sometimes tragic results. At first sight, it seems strange that radical political consequences should have been deduced from such a system of thought; for the Hegelian philosophy, by its theological conservatism and its defence of monarchical institutions, has been regarded as a bulwark of the Prussian state. Yet its dialectical method of reconciling contradictions, through a higher unity, made three interpretations possible, represented by a Right, Centre, and Left. The last of these found advocates in Russia as well as in Germany.

The philosophical clubs of Moscow, in the period referred to, were one of the manifestations of a restless and often vicious society; but it soon became the fashion to discuss in all places and at all times the most obscure questions of the Absolute philosophy. This tendency found but little encouragement at the universities, where, during the reign of Nicholas I., students were admitted only by special favor of the Government. Yet German professors were beginning to be called to Moscow, and formed a nucleus for this life of discussion and fermentation. In the beginning the clubs were not seditious, but were instrumental in laying down the principles which have ever since guided the propaganda of anarchy. The interest of Stankevitch in German thought was chiefly abstract and metaphysical, but among his followers in the "Occidental" society it was far otherwise. The conservative Hegelianism which they received from the West, they soon exchanged for the ideas of the Hegelian Left, and passed from the vague idealism of the 'Encyclopædia' to atheism, materialism, and revolution.

It was not by Stankevitch nor even by his accomplished disciple Belinski, who was a critic rather than a philosopher, that Hegelianism was interpreted as a revolutionary doctrine. The most famous name in this circle is that of Bakunin. One thinks of him as a mad political fanatic rather than as a propagator of German doctrines; yet it was in the latter capacity that he first made his impression upon Russian society. Even where the members of the revolutionary clubs departed from the letter of Hegel's philosophy, they adhered to its spirit. If, on the one hand, they preached an extreme individualism—a counterpart of the Hegelian idea of self-realization—on the other, they had that broad view of nature and history which takes no account of the accidents of nationality and government. The inconsistencies, the hardships, and misfortunes of the world were neglected, because they had before them a political ideal which at any risk they sought to realize. Their radical conceptions may be said to have created anarchism as an anti-political theory, and as a system of practical ethics. For since the time when Bakunin left the army to expound Hegel to the young men of his group, his personality and teaching have been the inspiration of all anarchistic plots and nihilistic adventures. To him, more than to any other, the anarchists owe especially that atmosphere of romantic mysticism which has given them the character of a religious sect as well as of a political party. From this same coterie came also Ogareff and Herzen, brothers in misfortune, both originally idealists and mystics, steeped in the sentiments and theories of Schelling and of Hegel. They passed inevitably to the Hegelian Left—to its atheism and materialism.

It need not be added that this striking group of men were not suffered to carry on their propaganda without police interference. Some found a refuge in France and met congenial spirits among the followers of St. Simon and Proudhon; some were forced to give up their life at Moscow and retire to the southeastern provinces; some were sent to Siberia. It is interesting to notice that in so far as they were practical in envisaging politics, they fixed their hopes upon the communal organization of Russia. They rejoiced to see the day of the Zemstvo agitation; they saw it and were glad.

THE POPE TO THE ITALIAN BISHOPS.

Pius X.'s Pentecostal address to the bishops of Italy has been variously interpreted. Perhaps it may best be read in the light of the recent municipal elections at Rome, in which the Clericals united with Monarchists and Conservatives of all complexions and gave the Socialists a crushing defeat. Evidently, the pastoral letter of the Liberal Bishop of Cremona, urging the faithful to take part in local elections, must also be regarded as a practical application of the principles of the Holy See to the affairs of a single diocese. To be sure, it is no new thing for Italian Catholics to vote in municipal and provincial elections. The ban pronounced against the Kingdom of Italy by Pius IX. in the bull *Non expedit* simply forbade the sons of the Church to participate in Parliamentary elections. Local and municipal institutions preceded the siege of Rome, and have never been specifically under Papal reprehension. Practically, however, the devout have quite held aloof from the present régime, voting only when some matter of imperative interest was at issue. Particularly has this been the case at Rome, where the form of the imprisonment of the Pope and of the irreconcilable feud with the usurping house of Savoy has been rigidly maintained. Accordingly, it is a significant innovation when, at Rome, the partisans of the Pope-King vote side by side with those of Victor Emmanuel III.

Not unnaturally, the Italian newspapers have leaped to the conclusion that the *Non expedit* is a dead letter, and that the contention between the Vatican and Quirinal is in a way of solution. An examination of what the Pope actually said hardly warrants so optimistic a reading. His Holiness, speaking of the ban upon political activity by Catholics, observed: "Nevertheless, other reasons equally grave, founded on the highest good of society, which it is our duty to preserve at all costs, may require that, in particular cases, this law should be overlooked, especially when your venerable brothers [the bishops of Italy] recognize the strict necessity of the case for the good of the souls in your charge and the highest interests of your churches, *and when you ask for it*." Interpreted literally, this is not a peace measure. It merely admits exceptional cases in which believers may vote, and makes—and the point is important—not the individual Catholic, but his bishop, the judge of such necessity. Like many other Papal inventions, it is retroactive; in a sense it merely regularizes the pact, frequent in the last general elections, between Catholics and other conservative voters against the Socialists. The Pope simply admits in principle what has already been done in practice. On the other hand, one can readily conceive a process by which exceptional toleration of the monarchy may gradually become the rule, and some form of public reconciliation between the Papacy and the kingdom may be effected, on the basis, perhaps, of the Guarantees, and the annual subvention, which up to this time the Vatican has

steadily refused. In any case, the lifting by ever so little of the ecclesiastical blockade that has stood for a generation is by so much a stage towards reconciliation.

If this meant that individual Catholics were now to be free to do their duty as Italian citizens independently and loyally, it would be a most welcome consummation. Unhappily, this programme, which is that of the Christian Democrats, is explicitly denounced by the Vatican, and provision is made for a compact Clerical party captained by the bishops. No other construction can be put upon the words: "It is of some importance that the same activity, already laudably displayed by Catholics *in preparing with a good electoral organization* for the administrative life of the communes and provincial councils, should be extended to *similar preparation and organization for political* [*i. e.*, national] *life*." This means, if words mean anything, that the Pope recommends the preliminary organization of a national Clerical party.

Upon the dislocation that must result in Italian political life if a compact Clerical Centre sat at Montecitorio we have frequently remarked. Evidently such a disciplined force might readily hold a Parliamentary balance of power and make its bargains upon advantageous terms. It could immediately project into the Chamber of Deputies a large number of leaders of extraordinary political capacity and experience. We have held that such a body bound to a particular interest would have a most unfortunate effect upon the public life of Italy, and we still believe that if the *Non expedit* stands between Italy and militant Clericalism in Parliament, its relaxation will be chiefly deplored by that reigning house against which it was originally directed.

But of course it is a far cry from the recommendation of political organization, by the most unworldly of Popes, to the upbuilding of a political party like the German *Centrum*. The Pope and his bishops may well find it difficult to hold the Catholic voters to a Clerical programme. There is considerable independence of opinion between the Alps and the Tiber, and even in southern Italy distrust of the priest is a pretty general feeling, and one that would stand in the way of a Clerical propaganda. There is, then, a reasonable hope that the practical effect of Pius X.'s initiative may be the gradual distribution of the Catholics who so far have abstained from voting, among the various political parties of Italy. In a country essentially Roman Catholic, there will inevitably be a certain amount of political activity by the Church; it is desirable for the sake of the Church and State alike that such activity should be as limited as possible. The possibility of a party actively directed from the Vatican is a strong reminder that the present constructive enmity between the Vatican and Quirinal has its distinct advantages, and that it may be unwise to disturb too abruptly a highly illogical or even deplorable condition.

FORTY YEARS OF "THE NATION."

The Editor of the *Nation* had not intended to plant a stake on the completion of the fortieth year of this journal with its last issue in June. Least of all a personal stake. The temporal division of the day's work is what chiefly interests him, and always what is before rather than what is behind. Persistency, with him, is in the bone, and on this inheritance of nature he never thought to plume himself. His colaborers, however, would have it otherwise, and conspired to mark the term by a testimonial which they presented on July 6, the date of the very first issue of the *Nation* in 1865. An inscribed vase of great beauty was the visible token, and it was accompanied by a congratulatory note signed by more than two hundred of the *Nation's* staff, some equal veterans with the Editor. Had all this been done in a corner, it should so have remained—a matter among friends. But the utter secrecy observed in carrying out the enterprise having been followed by advertisement in the daily press, the Editor is reluctantly compelled to share the news with his own readers.

"You have made the *Nation*," runs the note, "for more than a generation the chief literary journal in America—the medium of the best criticism, and the mouthpiece of high intellectual ideals." Such has, in fact, been my aim, attended let others judge with what success. My disclaimer relates to the degree of individual merit implied. It is true that I put my hand to the plough with the initial number of the *Nation* and have never let go the ploughtail. It is true, also, that while the literary department was my especial charge, I participated from the beginning as a writer in the political conduct of the paper. What is needful to be pointed out is, that I came to the task an inexperienced youth, and at once entered into pupillage to a great writer and master political moralist, the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin, whom with admiring eyes I saw

"Mount in his glorious course on competent wing."

He it was that shaped the framework of the *Nation* and gave the informing spirit, and drew around him those liberal natures on both sides of the Atlantic who impressed a permanent stamp of authority, ideality, and scholarship on the paper. In the tentative days, Mr. Godkin was intimately counselled by Charles Eliot Norton, one of the indispensable founders of the *Nation*, and still one of its oldest as well as most valued contributors. It was Mr. Norton who penned the note of congratulation which I feel constrained to gloss with due remembrance of the makers of the tradition which it has been my privilege more or less independently for the past twenty-four years to uphold.

Long before the *Nation* had attained its majority, it had an entity identifiable with no one man. It drew its intellectual and moral support from a great body of enlightened and humane men and women, who became the *Nation* incarnate. I believe I can confidently appeal to the experience of subscribers and readers—readers always largely in excess of subscribers—in affirming that "a *Nation* man" stands for something definite in the social order, and that the paper furnishes a trusty bond of congeniality wherever strangers come together with no other introduction. This is a cheering thought for the Editor, but it should not lead him to confound his office of intermediary with the constitution of the real *Nation*.

The dedicatory inscription on the vase presented to me was written by Goldwin Smith, and speaks of the service rendered to my country by "forty years of able, upright, and truly patriotic work in the editorship of the *Nation*." Such a certificate from such a source is honorable indeed, and I can candidly profess to have been animated by patriotic motives in every line I have ever written for this journal. These motives I was born to, and they proceed from that larger outlook which my father (whose term of editorial labor I have now just equalled) expressed in his *Liberator* motto, "My Country is the World, My Countrymen are all Mankind." They imply not only freedom from provincial narrowness in human sympathy, but a right of clear vision and independent criticism of one's own people, one's own Government. I could ask nothing more than to be found to have derived also from my father the concomitants of his patriotism, "the modest spirit, the forthright and indomitable temper, heat," and the strong spurning of the vile, and the untrammelled word."

It does not enter into my purpose to review the fortunes of the *Nation* in its four decades, nor to discuss its still relative isolation among independent presses. It would but mar a festive occasion to contrast the high, all-embracing philanthropy to which the country seemed dedicated on coming out of the civil war—Lincoln's Gettysburg speech still ringing in our ears—with our present state of shattered republican ideals, our tyrannous subjection of "inferior" peoples, our all-prevalent militarism. Then, our American reliance was on the force of example, such as Coleridge, not yet disillusioned, anticipated from the French Revolution—

"And, conquering by her happiness alone,
Shall France compel the nations to be free."

Now, we have come down to compelling them to pay their debts and the usurious interest of revolutionary speculators, to govern themselves in accordance with our notions, and to yield the vineyard which we covet.

It remains to thank those who have united in a little-called-for, wholly unexpected tribute of personal esteem and affection, from the bottom of my heart. So long as strength endures, I shall endeavor with their aid to perpetuate a journal which has, I believe, no exact parallel in any other country, and whose service has ever been a service of love. It is mine, I repeat, only in name.

For the sake of the record, I will add that with Mr. Norton and with Mr. Goldwin Smith were associated Messrs. Charles Francis Adams, James Ford Rhodes, William Roscoe Thayer, Francis Philip Nash, Joseph Hetherington McDaniels, and Russell Sturgis; and, with a proper pride of fellowship, I append the distinguished list of those whose signatures were affixed to the congratulatory note—a bede-roll which the

stealth of preparation prevented from being as full as it might have been.

WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON.

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TAINE'S CORRESPONDENCE, 1870-1871.—II.

PARIS, June 28, 1905.

Taine was still at Orsay in April, 1871, writing almost every day to his wife, giving her whatever news he could obtain of the interior of Paris, which had become a "pandemonium." He informed her also of the temper of the National Assembly at Versailles. The programme of M. Thiers was still in force: union in the Assembly, reorganization of the national forces and of the administration, payment of the war indemnity, no discussion of the form of the future government.

"The moderate republicans themselves admit this. Louis Blanc, having proposed to the Left to ask for the definitive proclamation of the Republic, met with a decided refusal. The impression is that the Chamber is more united than it was at Bordeaux, the Deputies having made mutual acquaintance and being rid of the violent Reds. The impression is also that the present Chamber is less reactionary than the previous. . . . The Legitimists at Versailles, talking, reading, feeling the neighborhood of Paris, are more moderate, see better the necessities, are more politic. Almost all of them ask for the most extended liberties. The fusionists try to make the following compromise prevail: to frame the most essential fundamental legislation, the electoral, municipal laws, etc.; then, the edifice once constructed, to place at the head of the vault Henri V., supported by the Orléans, his heirs, ministers, and principal officers."

Such was undoubtedly the wish of the Legitimist party, which was in great force in the Chamber. The Orléans princes accepted the principle of fusion, and all the moderate Republicans were willing to accept it if they could be guaranteed a liberal constitution. Taine saw at once the difficulties of fusion. "My objection," he wrote, "is always the Clerical, Absolutist, Austrian education of the Duke of Bordeaux. They answer me that he would be kept in bounds by the fundamental laws and by the collaboration of the Orléans." He felt, however, that something had to be decided. "There are four parties in France; two at least must unite in order to offer resistance to demagogy and the Bonapartes, the dictatorship from below or from above."

It soon became evident that the insurrection of the Commune could not be vanquished in a week, so Taine went again to Tours; bombs were falling in Sceaux and Fontenay, and he was preparing lectures which he had to deliver at Oxford. I have heard Taine's letters criticised on account of the perpetual mixture in them of purely personal and often trifling remarks with considerations possessing general interest; it is to me one of their merits. They are perfectly sincere, they were not written for the public in order to produce an effect or to preach a doctrine. We find in them the real man, horrified at what was going on, waking, as it were, out of a long dream; a man of the study, fundamentally pacific, a believer in ideas; one who had been brought up, as all thinkers were till 1870, in admiration, almost worship, of German culture and German ideas; a believer also in liberty, brought face to face with war, invasion, and with the Communistic fury. His mind suffered a sort of revulsion. His conscientious, observing intellect could hardly absorb all the sensations which were troubling his rest. The letters are a candid avowal of his disappointments, his fears, his indignation; and I don't find it unnatural that this should take the form of disconnected descriptions and remarks, nor that these remarks should be mingled with all sorts of small family and personal matters.

Taine thought of establishing himself in Switzerland, in order to live there quietly, and to make only an annual visit to Paris; perhaps he could give lectures in Geneva, as Sainte-Beuve had once done. His first letter from England was written on the 20th of May, from London, where he saw Dean Stanley, Lord Houghton, Grant-Duff, Arthur Russell, Henry Reeve, Van de Weyer: "You may think that in London I have the spleen—it is a part of the local color. . . . I have the same impressions as before—a colossal industry, enormous wealth, paupers in rags, ignoble lanes behind sumptuous streets. . . . I promise myself only a single pleasure, which will cost little and be very simple: it will consist in not seeing the Exhibition." He dined with Grote, the historian, and his wife. "She is sixty-five years old, an economist, an orator, 'a stout woman in the whole sense of the word' [this is in English in the letter]." The husband would make, he says, a fine portrait for Van Dyck—very tall, with very marked features, seventy-five years old, a true gentleman, but who understands history, "à l'anglaise," only on the political side. He has written the history of Greece, and has never been to Greece; he cares nothing for places, or for the climate.

Taine learned in Oxford of the horrors of Paris, the burning of the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville; he was in the Library of the University when the librarian with a sort of compassion showed him the papers containing the dreadful news. "These men," he says, "are enraged wolves. And they used petroleum? What could have been saved from such flames? Never would the Russians have done as much. These brigands, who turn against monuments and masterpieces, place themselves out of hu-

manity's reach." There are notices in the letters of Pattison, the Dean of Lincoln, of Max-Müller, of Jowett, master of Balliol, "a Liberal who is near to Renan, who has written on Plato and Saint Paul," of Matthew Arnold, of Henry Smith. Taine notes all along what he called the "petits faits," his favorite method, which helped him to give a little life to what he wrote, but had the danger of inducing him often to generalize from isolated facts. At Jowett's house, he met Swinburne.

"His verses are in the manner of Baudelaire and Victor Hugo; a small, red-haired man in a frock-coat with a blue cravat, which contrasted with all the black coats and white cravats. He stiffens in talking, throws himself backward with a convulsive movement as if he had the delirium tremens. Passionately fond of modern French literature—Hugo, Stendhal—and painting. His style is that of a visionary in bad health, who systematically looks for excessive sensations."

Taine met also Miss Arnold, "a very clever girl," who became afterwards Mrs. Humphry Ward, and who has made a great and deserved reputation by her novels, 'Robert Elsmere,' 'Lady Rose's Daughter,' 'The Marriage of William Ashe.' Miss Arnold told Taine, who was wondering at the literary preoccupations of the ladies he met: "Everybody here reads, writes, or gives lectures; we must all follow the current. After all, it keeps us busy, and the library is so fine, so convenient." "She is not at all pedantic; it is the outflow of youth and of intellectual strength." But the critic does not forfeit his rights; he adds: "In all I read or hear, I see nowhere the fine literary sentiment, the gift or the art of understanding souls and extinct passions. They are chiefly learned or solid—for instance, Mr. Freeman, who recommences the Norman Conquest of Augustin Thierry."

On his return from Oxford, Taine recommenced his lectures at the École des Beaux-Arts, and began to collect in the National Library and in the National Archives the materials for the work which he published afterwards under the general title of 'The Origins of Contemporary France.' He abandoned his purely speculative and philosophical researches. As his editor says: "In presence of the ruin made by the war and the Commune, and of the perturbation of spirit amid the work of national reconstruction, it seemed to him that the hour of pure speculation had passed, and that the thinker, as well as the man of action, owed all his strength to his country." It seemed to Taine that the troubles of France during the whole of the nineteenth century arose from the too sudden rupture of French modern society with the traditions of the French race. The rupture was made at the end of the eighteenth century, by the Revolution; he undertook to describe in succession the Old Régime, the Revolution, the New Régime. It does not enter my plan to criticise here this great work. The method which Taine followed may be called the scientific method; the bare, minute, often fastidious study of facts. His facts are too often petty; but no fact seemed to him small if it threw a little light on the subject of his study. It must be confessed, however, that a certain want of discrimination, of proportion, is often felt, and that the reader's mind is often lost in the disorder of the data on which hasty conclusions are based.

During the summer of 1875, Taine remained on the shores of the Lake of Annecy. He established himself there again the next year, and bought of an uncle a house at Menthon-Saint-Bernard. Savoy became his favorite residence; he considered a great city like Paris or London not a permanent residence for a thinker; that he ought to go to the capital only in order to exchange and compare ideas with the intellectual élite, and to do his chief work in retirement. He spent nineteen years on his estate at the Lake of Annecy, working in his room most of his time, taking short walks in his garden and living in a sort of dream, surrounded by a very affectionate and intelligent family, as much devoted to his works as he could be himself.

He was induced to present himself to the Academy in 1875, but was defeated. The last letters of the volume of his correspondence just published allude to this academical campaign. The charm of correspondence is partly in its profuseness when the writer is a man of Taine's type. The editors were right in giving us the whole of this correspondence, and we can only hope that they will continue their work with the same care and conscientiousness.

Correspondence.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S VIEW OF THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In one of his cleverest short stories, Edgar Jepson represents the private secretary of an English premier going through all the earlier speeches of that high dignitary in order that something he is about to say may not conflict too glaringly with anything he has previously said. "Flappers" of this painstaking character should be included in the retinue of all our public men, particularly when they are given not only to oratory, but to large-scale literary production as well. Thus, one of Mr. Roosevelt's assistants might find the present moment opportune to remind him of certain comments on the office of Vice-President made in his 'American Ideals' no further back than 1897. At that time, when the buzzing of the Presidential bee must have seemed leagues remote from the bonnet of New York's strenuous police commissioner, Mr. Roosevelt wrote:

"The Vice-President . . . should be a man standing well in the councils of the party, trusted by his fellow party leaders, and able in the event of an accident to his chief to take up the work of the latter just where it was left. . . . One sure way to secure this desired result would undoubtedly be to increase the power of the Vice-President. He should always be a man who would be consulted by the President on every great party question. It would be very well if he were given a seat in the Cabinet. It might be well if, in addition to his vote in the Senate in the event of a tie, he should be given a vote on ordinary occasions, and perchance on occasions a voice in the debates."

So long as Mr. Roosevelt served in succession to President McKinley, his Secretary of State (under the act of 1886) occupied the place of heir apparent in our political system. Since March 4, however, there has been nothing to prevent the realization in part, at least, of the foregoing "American Ideal." No constitutional reason exists for denying Mr. Roosevelt the right to consult with Mr. Fairbanks informally as much as he pleases, or even to call him into the sessions of the Cabinet if he so desires. Doubtless Mr. Beveridge would condemn such action most vociferously, and an echoing clamor might rise as by magic from the fat corn lands of Indiana; but such opposition could base itself only on grounds of party or personal policy. As to giving the Vice-President a vote in the Senate on ordinary occasions, or "perchance on occasions a voice in debate," the matters is hardly so simple. According to Article I., Section III., Clause 4 of a document sometimes referred to still, in spite of the fact that it is near six-score years old, "the Vice-President of the United States shall be President of the Senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided." An unconditional negative surmountable only by amendment stands, therefore, in the way of giving the Vice-President a vote in the Senate on ordinary occasions. Mr. Roosevelt did not stop to consider this difficulty in his 'American Ideals'; but, even assuming it disposed of, a still more troublesome question arises. Equal representation in the Senate, as one of the great compromises of the Constitution, is specifically exempted from amendment in the ordinary manner by Article V., which provides that "no State, without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate." Doubtless quite a number of our States would be disinclined to allow Indiana at the present time, or any other State in the future, three votes and voices to their two in the upper house of Congress. But, after all, as the Honorable Tim inquired: "What's a little thing like the Constitoo-tion between frinds?" Perhaps when Mr. Roosevelt has acquired the treaty powers of the Senate and otherwise extended the scope of his office at the cost of the legislative and judicial branches, he will divide with Mr. Fairbanks. There will be more to divide then, anyway. B.

Ithaca, N. Y., July 7, 1905.

TURKISH TALES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your review of the book called 'Told in the Gardens of Araby' contains several statements which need to be rectified. Kúnos published ninety-eight Turkish folk-tales in the original in two volumes (Budapest, 1887-89), and a Hungarian translation of *a few of them* in a separate volume (Budapest, 1889). The latter has been translated into English by Nisbet Bain (London, 1896). The Hungarian savant published twenty-five additional Turkish folk-tales in the original in the volume entitled 'Mundarten der Osmanen' (St. Petersburg, 1899). The statement that Kúnos collected his tales in Anatolia was refuted long ago, and is contradicted by the title of his recent volume, 'Türkische Volksmärchen aus Stambul' (Leyden, 1905). It contains a German translation of fifty-one tales. A collection of fifteen fairy tales has been published in Stambul, under the title of 'Crystal Palace.' The original of the tales published by Kúnos has such a Stambul flavor about it that I do not see how your reviewer could have mistaken it for Anatolian Turkish. A specimen of

the latter has been given by Kúnos in his 'Mundarten der Osmanen,' p. 408. O. T.

June 16, 1905.

[Our critic's only point of correction—apart from bibliographical expansion, which seemed unnecessary in our Note—appears to be that those tales are not from Anatolia, but Stambul. In this he may quite possibly be correct; Kúnos's last volume (Leyden, 1905), to which he refers, has not yet reached us.—Ed. Nation.]

SHAKSPERE, BEN JONSON, AND PLINY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your excerpts from Professor Sonnenschein's article, in your issue of June 29, with accompanying comment, will have added interest if you permit me to direct attention to a brief anonymous contribution in *Baconiana* for January, 1904, which until now has been quite ignored. Therein it is shown that the brief Epistle Dedicatory of the First Folio, signed by Heminge and Condell, is a close paraphrase of the preface to Pliny's Natural History! Of the nine parallel passages there adduced, the eighth is as characteristic as any:

From the First Folio.	*From Bohn's Translation* (1855).
Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approch their Gods by what meanes they could.	But the country people, and, indeed, some whole nations, offer milk to the Gods, and those who cannot procure frankincense substitute in its place salted cakes, for the Gods are not dissatisfied when they are worshipped by every one to the best of his ability.

It is important to add that while there was an English translation of Pliny extant as early as 1601, absolutely no resemblance can be detected between this and the Heminge and Condell Dedication. It remained for the translation in Bohn's Library edition (1855) to disclose the remarkable resemblance. Malone long ago suspected that this dedication was really the work of Ben Jonson, and some few critics have agreed with him.

Baconiana not being easily accessible to American readers, it may be stated that there is a bound file at the Astor Library: shelfmark. 544 C. Chas. A. Herpich.

New York, July 7, 1905.

Notes.

Harper & Bros. will publish directly 'Love's Cross-Currents,' a novel by Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready 'Model of a Motor Car,' with an historical sketch and brief description of the working parts, by Hugo Güldner, with superimposed colored charts.

The first part of a work of great value and equal labor, viz., the 'Corps de Droit Ottoman: Recueil des Codes, Lois, Règlements, Ordonnances et Actes les plus importants du Droit intérieur, et d'Études sur le Droit Coutumier de l'Empire Ottoman,' by George Young, second secretary of the English Embassy, has appeared from the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde) in three volumes; Part 2 will appear during the present year in four volumes.

We read in the ninth annual report of the Free Library of Philadelphia, that the late Secretary Hay permitted his eulogy of President McKinley "to be printed in Moon embossed type," in response to many requests from the blind for a Life of McKinley. Mr. Hay, of course, consented, and defrayed half the cost of printing. Some who recall that eulogy may think this a case of the blind leading the blind.

The Englishwoman who writes under the pseudonym "Vernon Lee" has always displayed a peculiar talent for topographical description, that most difficult art. In her latest volume, 'The Enchanted Woods' (John Lane), she has collected some thirty brief essays, or, rather, sketches from her notebook, all of them descriptive of the moods that are inspired by certain surroundings in the soul of the passing wayfarer. She is an insatiable traveller, but her impressions are not such as might occur to any tourist of imagination who should find himself, say, at Arles, "where the Rhone stagnates," or at the shrine of the Black Madonna on the top of Monte Mucrone, or motoring through the quiet villages of Surrey. Vernon Lee, when she sets out to record her encounters with the divinity of a place, the *genius loci*, puts in every descriptive touch with a light hand, and implies that all this sunshine and romance, or, if you turn the page, all that chill gray dreariness with which she can invest some out-of-the-way corner of Italy or France or Spain, is wholly subjective—a matter of a "dull, bad temper" one day, or on the next of a genial enthusiasm due to fine weather. But a gift of expression and an imagination easily kindled are less uncommon than that other fascination which Vernon Lee can secure for such essays as these. What gives the book a permanent value is her thorough knowledge of the literature, the art, and the architecture of these countries in whose remote corners she has from time to time made her home. The possession of so much solid knowledge would tempt most persons to a display of pedantry, but from this danger Vernon Lee is happily saved by a genuine sense of humor and a capricious turn of mind.

To the increasingly voluminous but not always reliable current literature dealing with immigration, Mr. J. D. Whelpley's 'Problem of the Immigrant' (Dutton) is a distinctly useful contribution. The problem has been studied too much as a national, not to say a "parochial," one. Hence there has been a tendency to forget that other countries besides our own are grappling with the question, and that the problem of immigration has its correlative problem of emigration for those countries which we glibly talk of as anxious to dump their citizens upon us. Mr. Whelpley presents the problem convincingly as essentially international. As he clearly puts it: "The emigration movement from one country is the immigration movement into another, or perhaps a dozen others. . . . Emigration has unquestionably become an international affair, and, until it is so treated, complications and evils resulting therefrom can be only partially and quite ineffectually controlled by each nation acting for itself, independently of all others." No better evidence could be produced of this fact than the legislative provisions and regulations governing the movement of population enacted by various governments in Europe and America. Mr. Whelpley has rendered a great and much-needed service in making accessible those of Continental countries. His summaries seem excellent and correct. The observations and brief discussion with which he accompanies them are illuminating and to the point. The book lacks all that sensational taint which mars much of the work of some of our more or less amateur sociologists. It proceeds from a scholar who has taken pains to collect trustworthy data before attempting to give even a conservative opinion on a difficult and complicated subject.

Miss Gertrude Bacon, herself well known as an aeronaut, has produced 'Balloons, Airships, and Flying Machines' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The whole story having been already told a thousand times with every imaginable device of sensation, her problem was to make a brief thousand and first recital not wholly uninteresting, without resort to any other means than those that are strictly germane to the history of airfaring. The tiny volume that has resulted is a little triumph, due to a bright, fresh mind drawing from the headwaters of information ideas that sparkle with genuine interest in the subject, which is allowed to run on in its own natural babble. Just as an ordinary observer who stands up with some effort against the pressure of a high wind, and descries far up in the blue a balloon hurried along in a still more tremendous gale, is apt to forget that, to the balloonist himself, he seems to be in a dead calm—the spectator, indeed, finding it hard to think of such a thing—so the plainest narrative of a balloon trip told strictly from the able airman's point of view, in perfect equanimity, never mounting into any purple clouds, never soaring above any reader's head, but sticking to the *terra firma* of plain fact, makes a far stronger impression upon the imagination than in any other style it ever could. That was a discovery exhibited by Miss Bacon's father in his 'By Land and Sky'; and the daughter has caught a little of his charm. The illustrations are particularly well chosen, and several of the most vivid and telling are quite new. We do not know whether the "Crossing the Channel" (p. 46) is so or not; but the frontispiece certainly is.

Another little book of the same "Practical Science Series," entitled 'Radium Explained,' by Dr. W. Hampson, is not so fortunate an attempt. It is largely taken up with an attack upon the electronal theory of matter and with preparations for that attack. Now that theory, bright though its prospects certainly are, is very far from being proved, and it is quite a legitimate object of attack. But unless its opponent has a clear understanding of the theory of electricity, his argument will make wearisome wading; and this is the first fault of the present book. Its further fault is that it undertakes to solve this profound problem on a basis of common sense. Now common sense, rightly interpreted, has nothing at all to say about electricity, which ought to be left to specialists; and the attempt to drag common sense into the question can amount only to abandoning the study of experimental

phenomena and to engaging in cloudy talk about words and phrases. Dr. Hampson, however, is not alone in his ill-managed argument. Professor Dolbear, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for July, takes up a similar line of discourse, and so have others done. All these writers say that "electricity" consists in a particular variety of energy; but they do not tell us what they use the *word* electricity to denote. If it means, what physicists and others usually mean by electricity, a *charge* of electricity, then, as Sir Oliver Lodge well remarks, to say that electricity consists in energy is very much like saying that a glass of water is composed of energy. But the question of the truth of the electronal theory is not a question of words—it is a question of how a certain laboratory experiment will turn out whenever we may be able, literally or virtually, to perform it.

Perhaps the most interesting point developed in Dr. Burton-Fanning's 'Open-Air Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis' (Chicago: W. P. Keener & Co.) is the superior curative power of outdoor over indoor air, even when the apartment appears to be thoroughly ventilated. That there is such a difference, experience demonstrates. A distinct superiority in intractable cases is gained by placing the febrile consumptive in the open air in lieu of close to an open window. Why that is so, is not yet determined. Dr. Haldane has shown that there is no difference between the percentage of carbon dioxide or of oxygen in the two situations. It is true that occupied rooms always contain bacteria, and, although these are probably non-pathogenic in the ordinary sense when the apartments are kept ventilated and dustless, it may be that they play some part in the tubercular process. The outer air alone is devoid of such organisms, and perhaps that barrenness is a determining condition. Another suggestion is that air in motion has a particular influence upon health, as is hinted in the exhilaration of rapid passage through the air, or in that of certain winds. On the contrary, there are times, notably within the tropics and in dense forests, when the unconfined aerial ocean is really stagnant, and even healthy animal life becomes depressed. For many years general sanitation has increased the expectation of life for the tuberculous, and now the appreciation of an absolute indulgence in open air (and, we may add, residence upon a dry soil) regardless of other climatic conditions, as always advantageous and frequently essential, is growing among physicians and laity alike. Paul's τὸ πνεῦμα ζωοποιεῖ has a double significance.

The third part of Dr. Pope's 'Handbook of the Ordinary Dialect of the Tamil Language' (H. Frowde) needs no special notice. It worthily complements the grammar and exercises already reviewed in these columns. The subtitle, "a compendious Tamil-English dictionary," might mislead one searching for something more complete than a vocabulary of ninety-eight 12mo pages.

'Le Grand-Duché de Berg,' by Charles Schmidt (Paris: Félix Alcan), is a minute documentary study of the German principality formed by Napoleon in 1806 for the benefit of his brother-in-law, Joachim Murat. The chapter on economic conditions is particularly good; and the book as a whole, though not likely to interest the general public, may be commended as one of the best studies of Napoleonic administration yet published.

There is a very pretty piece of antiquarianism in the current issue of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. Miss Mary Farwell Ayer discourses on the South Meetinghouse, Boston, 1669-1729, with an illustration of it, long lost to sight, which she discovered on a map in the British Museum beneath a pasted-over engraving of the later edifice. The Rev. Hiram Francis Fairbanks reports progress in the endeavor to trace the English pedigree of our Presidential Adamses, and promises more detail hereafter.

Part I. of the fifth volume of Mr. Edward Wilson James's *Lower Norfolk County Antiquary* (Baltimore: The Friedenwald Co.) presents unusual variety, and shows the sources of social and political history to be far from exhausted. Numerous slave-holding censuses are given, and in that for Princess Anne Co., 1830, we read (among the whites), "Jesse Dawley, F. B. [free black], & Father & Brother Wm."—that is, as the editor explains, he probably owned these relatives as Fanny Fuller, F. B., listed among the blacks as following the condition of her husband, "probably owned her husband," but not her son Arthur, enumerated with her. Africa Griffin, F. B., owned his wife. There were 1,950 slaves to 581 owners. Further on is a list of "Lord Dunmore's *black* banditti," viz., the slaves run off aboard the *Dunluce* and *Dunmore* by Virginia's last Royal Governor in May, 1776. They at least bore the names of F. F. V.'s, and were thus distinguished by their owners on recovering them later.

In view of the many conflicting reports as to the fate of the great historical library of Theodor Mommsen, it is some satisfaction to learn that the entire collection has been presented to the University of Bonn by a lady who does not desire her name to be revealed.

After considerable agitation in official circles, the University authorities in Vienna have finally agreed to admit a woman to the teaching corps. Miss Dr. Elise Richter delivered a "Probevorlesung" in the philosophical faculty, and is now a privatdocent. She discussed the Spanish drama "Celestin," dating from the sixteenth century, which shows in its plot a remarkable resemblance to "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Richter did not venture to argue that Shakspere based his plot on the Spanish.

The Russo-Indian problem, in which Lord Kitchener's recent note of alarm has awakened a fresh interest, was discussed by Sir Thomas Holdich at a meeting of the Central Asian Society. His belief, based on personal observation, was that England's strength in Asia was greater than the majority of Englishmen were disposed to admit. In India the prestige of the British Government was supreme, resting on a conviction that the inevitable dispositions of Providence had arranged that England should rule India. This prestige was greatly strengthened by the sentiment for Queen Victoria. In the wilds of the Central India jungles, and in Tibet also, he found that she was regarded as still living—an incarnation exerting a beneficent influence. Referring to the alleged danger from a Russian invasion, he called attention to the fact that the natural fighting material in India was at least double that of Russia, and that a call to arms to meet a foreign invader would be responded to almost with enthusiasm. He concluded with a plea for a good understanding with Russia in Asia, and the linking up of railway systems which would promote international commerce and would at once outflank all the complications of Afghan and Persian policy.

The Asiatic Society of Japan continues its creditable record of publication by issuing the initial portion of volume xxxii., containing a sketch of the life of Kwazan, the penname of N. Watanabe. This man was one of the "morning stars" of the great Reformation of modern Japan, and one of those inquiring spirits whom the Yedo bureaucracy could not wholly suppress. In the days when the Japanese people were fenced in both as to their bodies and minds, and allowed neither departure from home nor access to foreign thought, Watanabe persevered through the Dutch and the native interpreters in knowing of the world at large. When over thirty, after first seeing a Mercator's projection of the globe, he joined that party of "Dutch scholars," or seekers after Western learning, who were continually under suspicion and often under persecution by the Shogun's Government, because they were in favor of opening the country to foreign intercourse. These Dutch scholars formed two parties, named after different districts of Yedo, one studying medicine only, and the other history, geography, and literature, with the desire also of having Japan fortified against Western, and especially Russian, aggression. Watanabe, born in 1794, was the traditional poor scholar. When, in 1837, the American ship *Morrison* appeared off the coast of Japan, he wrote the book 'Dream Story of Genji,' which had a profound influence on thinking men. The far-seeing daimio of Echizen, who was afterwards the first to engage foreign teachers, urged that the Japanese castaways brought by the American ship *Morrison* should be allowed to land and the captain receive audience, but the other daimios opposed the plan. The translator, Miss Ballard, relying on the Hakluyt's Society's publication, seems to be ignorant of the American literature on this subject, especially the writings of Dr. S. Wells Williams and the book, by Mr. C. W. King, owner of the ship, on the 'Voyage of the *Morrison* and *Himmaley*.' In the end, Watanabe, ever under suspicion of the Yedo bureaucrats, thinking that his mere existence was an obstacle to the advancement of his feudal lord, opened his bowels in true Japanese style. It was not until 1870 that his reputation was cleansed by official pardon and a gravestone set up. In 1891, when his admirers erected a memorial, the Mikado's Government sent its contribution of 100 yen. The Marquis Ito has repeatedly eulogized him as a shining patriot. An interesting translation of a Japanese treatise on the Art of Preparation for War, with the tactics modelled on goose lines, fish scales, and stork-wings, is also translated in this number by Mr. R. J. Kirby.

The reorganization of the Wistar Institute of Anatomy of Philadelphia, which is now going on, promises much for the interests of that science. Its new advisory board consists of some of the most distinguished anatomists of the country; their first work has been to appoint to the chair of neurology Professor H. H. Donaldson,

who now holds the corresponding position at the University of Chicago. For the coming two years, Professor Donaldson will continue to lecture at Chicago for part of the year.

Two travelling scholarships, of the value of $1,500 each, have been established at the University of Paris for women who intend to become teachers.

Mr. Jacques Reich meets the interest of the hour with one of his large-scale etchings, the portrait of John Paul Jones, after Charles W. Peale's painting in Independence Hall. We are unable to make an immediate comparison between the two works, but Mr. Reich's aptitude for seizing a likeness is well established, and we have no doubt that he has produced an effigy in which reliance may be placed. Alertness is the main characteristic of the hero's face as here shown; the mouth is more amiable than firm. Jones is in cocked hat and the full naval costume of his rank. Mr. Reich's address is No. 2 West Fourteenth Street, New York.

—The presence of the vacation season is reflected strongly in the contents of the July *Scribner's*. Ralph D. Paine, Katharine Holland Brown, James B. Connolly, Sophie Jewett, and Arthur Train are the story writers. Augustus C. Buell introduces an interesting historical document brought to light by the publication of his History of Paul Jones, a narrative by John Kilby, quarter-gunner of the *Bon Homme Richard*, written down from memory in the year 1810, and now in the possession of Judge Wilbur J. Kilby of Suffolk, Va. The events recorded extend from 1776 to 1780, and, in spite of the lapse of thirty years, Mr. Buell finds in the narrative not a single error in any vital matter which can be tested by other evidence. Beatrix Jones contributes an article on Le Nôtre and his Gardens, illustrated by E. C. Peixotto, while Benjamin Brooks describes the little-known Tamalpais hill region of California. In the "Field of Art," Frederic Crowninshield reviews favorably the work of the Fine Arts Federation of New York through the nine years of its existence.

—The fourth of Mr. Howells's London papers in *Harper's* deals with the spots of particular interest because of some special connection with American origins, such as the Church of All Hallows, Barking, in which William Penn was baptized, and to which the headless trunk of Laud, persecutor of the Puritans, was carried from Tower Hill; the Church of the Danish St. Olaus, from whose parish Priscilla Mullins came; and St. Saviour's, in whose parish John Harvard was born. In strong contrast with the wanderings of Mr. Howells in old London is a floating trip down New York harbor, with James B. Connolly as the pilot. Mr. Connolly has found the one phase of beauty in his subject the view of the harbor from below at close of day. With atmospheric conditions just right, however, we doubt whether the rapid flashing into view of electric lights, after the sun has gone, can equal in splendor the effects produced by the last half-hour of a winter's sun. Herbert Jackson Hapgood, writing of "The Search for Men," maintains that the rewards for exceptional skill and ability were never so rich and so numerous as at the present day. Incidentally, Mr. Hapgood accepts and passes on the ignorant misconception that "civil service" means a hard and fast method of regular promotion according to seniority, by which a competent and energetic man must necessarily be kept out of the place which needs him, merely because there happens to be a lazy and incompetent man ahead of him on the payroll. If Mr. Hapgood would take the trouble to learn the difference between the civil service and the merit system of appointment and promotion in that service, he might learn at the same time that the main object of that system is to make it possible to get the right man for the place and increase the chances that this possibility will be used.

—The anomaly of leaving the great express companies outside the scope of our interstate commerce legislation forms the subject of the opening paper in the *Atlantic*, as appears in our comment elsewhere. Chester Holcombe considers some of the results of the Eastern war, now that the outcome, in its main features, may be safely discounted. Primarily, the attitude of dictation heretofore dominant in all dealings of the great Powers with the Orient must be dropped once for all. The right of Japan to protect China in self-defence must be fully recognized, now that she has demonstrated the possession of the power as well as the right. Mr. Holcombe regards the reluctance of the Chinese to accept new ideas from the West as largely the result of the offensive, dictatorial attitude of those through whom these ideas came. As to the building of railways and telegraph lines, "superstitious objections, such as disturbance of the graves of ancestors, . . . were almost wholly fictional, empty substitutes for the real reason, which the high ideal of courtesy possessed by the Chinese would not permit them to state frankly." One turns with some interest to a discussion of large fortunes, by the head of the department of political economy in the University of Chicago, but nothing is found beyond the commonplaces that the builders of large fortunes frequently take but a small fraction of the wealth which their managerial ability creates, that some rich men are bad and others good, some large fortunes honorably acquired and some dishonorably, some wisely spent and some harmfully, etc., with no more positive suggestions for the removal of admitted evils than that we should "work all together for a higher standard of morals and character in the person who controls the power of wealth."

—The discussion of the new A. L. A. cataloguing rules is contained in the June *Library Journal* by Mr. Charles Martel of the Library of Congress, who writes about "Common Nouns in German: Why they need not be capitalized." There has been much opposition to the use of lower-case initials for German nouns in the printed cards of the Library of Congress, and Mr. Martel presents a short summary of the historical aspect of the question. The first orthographist who discussed the use of capital initials was Johann Kolross, in his 'Enchiridion,' printed in 1530, but he confined their use to the first word of a sentence, proper names and the name of God. The use of capitals for all common nouns became more and more common, however, and it is now incorporated in the Prussian school law; protests have been raised from time to time, and the consensus of opinion among German linguists is opposed to initial capitals. Mr. Martel gives a list of some fifty works, selected at random from books in the Library of Congress, in which lower-case initials are used for common nouns. They are all linguistic works, however. The Library of Congress has repeatedly asked the opinion of competent authorities on the subject, and has received "many and emphatic" endorsements of its present practice. Mr. Martel quotes one, by Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard: "I should consider it decidedly a retrograde step if the Library of Congress were to abandon its excellent practice of printing common nouns in German titles with a small initial letter." The historical and theoretical reasons against capitals may be very strong; the practical reason for their use is none the less very strong, to wit, that, in the vast majority of books printed in German, capitals are used, that the official code of orthography calls for them, and that cataloguing is hardly the proper medium for orthographic innovations, especially in the case of foreign languages. It would seem that the cataloguer might follow the usage of the books catalogued.

—An exhibit of women's work such as has confronted one from time to time in the great expositions, has usually been in the nature of a demonstration, and conveyed a tacit challenge. It is as though the organizers of the exhibit had said, in so many words, "Here are the pictures that we have painted, the statues that we have chiselled, the buildings of which we are the architects, the colleges at which we receive the most advanced education of the day. Who shall look on all this and still deny that we are the equals of men in the affairs of art and the intellect?" Few intelligent women can have left a "Woman's Building" without a sigh for the present, however it may have inspired her with hope for the future. The very existence of such a building must seem to her an admission of a truth that is ignored in feminine oratory. But there has been held recently in Paris, under the auspices of a daily paper, an exhibition of women's work which every woman could inspect with pride and without a qualm. It was held in a "Palais de la Femme," a "Woman's Building," but there was no implication of rivalry with men. It was a demonstration of woman's achievements as ministering angel, and there at any rate she has always been on firm ground. A recent number of the *Réforme Sociale* contains only a partial account of the four hundred "œuvres sociales" that were represented at the "Palais de la Femme." Charitable Paris is, it seems, feminine Paris. Cities, and the degradation and sordid life of cities, are the work of men; women, like the Prayers in the Iliad, follow behind to heal.

—What impresses the reader of the long list of good works and the exhibition of their machinery in Paris is, that the aim, probably unconscious, of all this effort and initiative of the Frenchwoman as a ministering angel has been the preservation of the home, the safeguarding of the family. The central exhibit, and the centre of interest for the crowds that thronged the building, was a model dwelling for the

artisan. That was a sort of altar round which were grouped all the other "œuvres" or good works. But it is not the comfort of the workman himself that is the aim of all this social service. He must be attracted to home life, diverted from drink, persuaded to thrift, because it is his child on whose health and morals the future of France depends. There are in Paris alone sixty-six independent societies managing day-nurseries for the children of the poor, the *crèche* where the child is fed and tended while its mother is at work. From the moment of his birth when the society whose function it is provides the mother with the necessary garments, the *layette*, every need of the early years of the child of the poor in Paris is met by the helping hand of some organization of women bent on seeing it safely through that difficult period. For the child's sake the mother must be kept free from tuberculosis as the father must be dissuaded from drink. The women of France exhibited the records of twenty charitable institutions for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis. Prevention rather than cure seemed to be the watchword of the exhibition, and the "works" of actual relief were in the minority compared with those of nourishment and preservation. But the cycle of feminine charity closed at last with the exhibits of ambulance work, and foremost among these the work of the Red Cross; woman coming behind to heal more obviously here, though not more literally, than in her mission to the slums.

—Dr. William Barry's 'Ernest Renan' (Charles Scribner's Sons), a very attractive little volume, forms one of a series of "Literary Lives," edited by W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D. A life of Renan, the arch-heretic and apostate of his day, sympathetically written by a Roman Catholic theologian and professor, is a literary curiosity. By "sympathy" we mean here an apparently honest attempt on the part of the biographer to grasp the personality of his subject, and to describe his work as its natural outcome. The biographer of Cardinal Newman could hardly fail to bring these two diametrically opposed characters into comparison, and in fact Dr. Barry loses no opportunity to show the error of Renan's method by contrasting it with what Newman did under circumstances alleged to be similar. The fault in this rather taking comparison lies in the assumption that the minds of the two men could ever really have worked in the same way. If we could trust Dr. Barry, both were driven into the maze of rationalism, from which Newman freed himself through the essential greatness of his truly Christian intellect, while Renan, for lack of this same saving intellectual quality, sank ever deeper into the slough of infidelity and finally of moral indifferentism. The thesis is cleverly maintained, and the book, in spite of its obvious dogmatic purpose, is interesting throughout. Like a clever controversialist, Dr. Barry gains the sympathy of the reader by bringing out all the winning side of the great literary artist before he turns the corner and reveals him as the victim of his own brilliancy, stranded on the barren shore of an empty rationalism.

POLLARD'S CRANMER.

Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation (1489-1556). By Albert Frederick Pollard, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

It was fortunate that the volume of the "Heroes of the Reformation" series devoted to Cranmer could be intrusted to such competent hands as those of Professor Pollard of University College, London. Already, by his studies of Henry VIII. and England under Protector Somerset, and by his articles in the Cambridge Modern History and in the Dictionary of National Biography, Mr. Pollard has shown himself a careful student of the English Reformation. He has to bear with the other authors of the present series the burden of its somewhat oppressive title. It is bad enough to have to suit one's self to the requirements of any serial publication; but to supply "heroes" in just sufficient quantity to fit into the publisher's scheme is more than could be expected of editor or writers. This demand, to make a hero of Thomas Cranmer, has evidently weighed upon Mr. Pollard's scholarly conscience. He indicates his responsibility in the preface; he returns to it in the closing chapter, and all through he allows it to appear at frequent and suitable intervals.

The book is an apology, but it must be confessed that, in view of the conditions of the literature of the English Reformation, hardly any other attitude is possible except that of denunciation. It is safe to say that there is no point in the whole movement, from the early years of Henry VIII. to the last years of Elizabeth, which is not a matter of bitter controversy. The very essence of the Reformation itself is the subject most violently discussed. Anglicans and Roman Catholics are united only in their determination to see no connection between earlier religious opposition in England and the separation from Rome. The Anglican is fiercely determined to magnify all the elements of ecclesiastical continuity, and to minimize all doctrinal divergences. The Catholic is bent upon bringing out every personal incident, such as the characters of Henry and Queen Mary, the greed of a hungry nobility, the corrupting influence of Lutheran preaching, and the beneficent administration of the pre-Reformation Church. The historian who is clear as to the demands of his science has to steer his way between these hopeless conflicts. If he is bound to have no thesis to prove, he is none the less compelled to think and to act under the rule of certain principles, and to give account of these frequently to himself and to his readers. Such principles Mr. Pollard has, and he lets us know from time to time what they are.

For example, he believes in a law of continuity more profound and more effective than the mere persistence of institutional forms, and he is persuaded that the Reformation in England rested upon a demand of the English people, going back to John Wicliffe. "It must not be forgotten," he says, "that the English Church in the sixteenth century assimilated little that had not been taught by the English Wicliffe." He quotes from Dr. Rashdall's sketch of Wicliffe to show that this is true, not merely in general, but in the essential details of both doctrinal and institutional change. That Government took the lead in these changes does not alter the fact that they represented on the whole the sentiment of enlightened Englishmen, and that this sentiment was a growth, rooted in a persistent though latent Lollardism

Another principle which Mr. Pollard lays down is the often-neglected rule that an historical event or an historical character is not to be judged in the light of subsequent events. It sounds a truism to say that no one can see into the future; and yet no canon of historical judgment is more often violated than this. We are, therefore, bound to remind ourselves again and again that those who guided the exceedingly complicated movement of the English Reform were always feeling their way in the dark from one step to the next, without a clearly defined policy, and without any assurance as to the kind or amount of support they were likely to receive. That, if any, is Mr. Pollard's leading idea. By it he explains the many contradictions in the action of the Government, not only of Henry, but of Edward and Mary as well. Here is found the key to his admiration for Henry the king in spite of his clear vision as to the—shall we say limitations?—of Henry the man. The man's lustful desire takes its place with the King's assertion of power, to make up his case as the defender of English right and English rule as against all comers.

Here is, of course, an echo of Mr. Froude, and it is refreshing in these days to hear a careful scholar venturing openly to praise that much berated champion of an unpopular figure. Mr. Pollard is not blind to the extraordinary freaks of "froudisme," but he frankly admires the equally remarkable grasp of an historical situation which of itself caused a sort of blindness as to details. His presentation is the more effective because it is so free from mere partisan passion. His chief interest is in the English Constitution, its definition, its continuity, and its defence. He cannot remind us too often that this is not even primarily a religious matter. Religion and politics could not in the sixteenth century be even thought of as divorced. The only question was as to their mutual relation. The Roman system had insisted on making the State subordinate to religion; now men were determined that, so far as England was concerned, the position should be reversed. Henceforth the State was to fix the character and the limits of religious practice. It was not a question in any one's mind of independence, but only of a change of masters, with such gains as that change might bring. That the King's lust for pleasure and for power gave the occasion for asserting the royal right with unprecedented energy is not denied; but, and here comes in another of Mr. Pollard's historical principles, the test of soundness in any great historical movement is to be found in its permanence. If the English Reformation had gone no deeper than Tudor lust and Tudor obstinacy, we may be quite sure that it could never have stood the test of Marian savagery and Stuart frivolity.

We have taken this line of comment because it is the line followed by Mr. Pollard in his treatment of Cranmer. His apparent dread of writing a hero-book has led him at times to somewhat obscure his central figure. At every stage he lays down for us the conditions of action and the canons of judgment, and then shows us how Cranmer fits into the situation. Like his royal mas-

ter, Cranmer is shown to us as a consistent opportunist: consistent, in that he had a clear view of evils ecclesiastical and an unwavering desire to amend them; opportunist, in that he was ready to utilize every turn of the political game for his great end, even though it cost him the appearance of consistency. He lent himself to Henry's schemes, especially to the Divorce—which Mr. Pollard carefully explains was not strictly a divorce—because he saw in this way the best promise of doing the things he thought best worth doing. He accepted the Royal Supremacy as likely to open the way to changes in practice that seemed to him desirable, and he went with the King in his prosecution of religious innovators in order that he might make it as little of a persecution as possible. All this sounds, of course, quite different from being the pliant tool of a half-mad despot; and yet the fact remains that he did the King's will, and had to bend himself almost double in the doing of it.

To make Cranmer's case better, Mr. Pollard goes as far as he can in justifying Henry's actions; but it is a pretty hard strain on our credulity if we must believe, even on Mr. Pollard's showing, in the belated scruples of the King's conscience as to his marriage with Catherine of Aragon, or in the wonderfully prompt twinges that beset him as to his marriage with Anne Boleyn because her sister had been his mistress. It is going pretty far into the realm of prophecy to say: "Had she [Jane Seymour] lived, she would have saved Henry and the English Church from the serio-comic episode of Anne of Cleves, and from the tragedy of Catherine Howard." So long as Cranmer was on hand, there could not have been any difficulty in finding ways to dispose of Jane Seymour, if the royal fancy had flitted in any other directions, or if religious politics had seemed to make this desirable. So easily workable a conscience as this of Henry might well serve Cranmer's turn, but it can hardly command the sympathy of Mr. Pollard's twentieth-century readers.

The most convincing portions of the book are those which treat of Cranmer's positive contributions to the Reformation, especially his work on the two editions of the Book of Common Prayer and the English Bible. In both these permanent achievements Cranmer's qualities of adjustability and compromise came into play. They were tasks requiring great nicety of verbal selection, and the widest learning, so that the choice might offend as few partisans on either side as possible. In the case of the Prayer-Book, the problem was to supply a ritual in the vernacular for all the people of England; for we have to remember that no party was as yet ready to face the alternative of a divided or an independent Church. The ritual must avoid the extremes of Catholic doctrine, such, for example, as transsubstantiation, but it must equally avoid all question as to the "really" supernatural method and effect of such sacraments as it chose to recognize. That Cranmer succeeded in this attempt is proved by the persistence of his ritual practically unchanged until now. So with the English Bible. Mr. Pollard shows very clearly that the real question here was no longer whether the English people were to have a Bible of their own, but whether this English Bible should or should not reproduce, according to the best light of modern scholarship, what was in the originals. This had been the crime of Tyndale—that he had tried to make a really scientific translation; but Mr. Pollard shows that the first authorized version in England was largely based upon Tyndale's work, and that it was Cranmer who succeeded in getting it approved by Henry. In a word, the picture of Cranmer we have here is that of a serious, learned, and conscientious reformer, concerned before all else in carrying out certain definite measures, and willing to overlook all other considerations. It is not precisely an heroic figure; by the side of Thomas More it dwindles into insignificance. And yet, if we compare the constructive value to England of Cranmer's work with that of More, it appears infinitely greater.

The supreme test of character came to Cranmer, as it did to More, when he and the Government were no longer in accord. Mr. Pollard here again resorts to general principles, and does what he can to explain his hero's wild recantations of everything he had professed during his long life. Psychologically we may agree with him that Cranmer was no weaker than any one of the repentant recanters from Peter to Galileo, but the same psychological law was upon More and Latimer and Ridley and Huss—whom Mr. Pollard includes in his list of momentary apostates—and these men gladly faced death rather than dishonor. The heroism of Cranmer's end must always be obscured by the thought that he would have avoided his fate if he could by a craven infidelity to himself.

Mr. Pollard writes pleasantly, with a clear arrangement of his subject, and a fair sense of proportion. Occasionally he presumes too much knowledge on the part of his readers, as, for instance, though he often refers to the Six Articles of 1539, he nowhere tells us what they were. The illustrations, mainly from contemporary prints or portraits, are of the same order of excellence which has marked the other volume of this series.

VEBLEN'S BUSINESS ENTERPRISE.

The Theory of Business Enterprise. By Thorstein Veblen. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

This inquiry into the nature of business enterprise differs, the author tells us, from other discussions of the same general range of facts in respect of its point of departure, or point of view, which is that given by the business man's work. "This choice of a point of view is itself given by the current economic situation, in that the situation plainly is primarily a business situation."

What, then, is this "current situation"? It is the modern industrial system, the characteristic features of which, and the forces by which it dominates modern culture, are the machine process and investment for a profit. Not all industry is carried on by machinery, but in some industries the machine process is paramount, and they dominate the rest. Nor is all industrial activity "carried on by the rule of investment for profits, but an effective majority of the industrial forces are organized on that basis. . . . Those elements in the industrial world that take the initiative and exert a far-reaching coercive guidance in matters of industry, go to their work with a view to profits on investment, and are guided by the principles and exigencies of business." This language we interpret to mean that the "business man," especially the business man "of wide and authoritative discretion," controls the whole field of industry.

In spite of the oracular manner in which these propositions are enunciated, it is difficult to find anything original in their point of view. It is probable that Adam and Eve sewed their fig leaves with some kind of a needle and thread, and endeavored to diminish the sweat of their brows by the use of natural forces, as soon as they were turned out of the Garden. Some philosophers have even distinguished man as an animal using tools, or machines, in order to supply his wants with less pain than he felt when he depended on his muscles. In this propensity, it has been suggested, may be found an explanation of the "view to profits on investment." Capital is itself a tool; it consists literally of tools; and it is employed to obtain a greater satisfaction than would be obtained without it. This gain in results is essentially profit, and the mental state of the capitalist who makes a new investment is like that of the farmer who buys a new plough. It is preposterous to contend that the desire of profits is a modern phenomenon. Before the days of Solomon men were busied in buying, and selling, and getting gain, and Adam Smith had reason for asserting the existence of a natural propensity to barter.

As we read further, however, we find that the "machine process" means more than the use of machines. They are mistaken who suppose that one mechanical process has no relation to another. There is a "running maintenance of interstitial adjustments," and an "unremitting requirement of quantitative precision," which lead to a "gradual pervading enforcement of uniformity," a "standardization" of tools. Men have discovered that when rails are laid four feet eight and one-half inches apart, the axles of cars must have a corresponding length; that it is necessary to have rivets fit rivet-holes; and that shoes and clothes must be made with reference to the dimensions of typical human beings. Trains are operated according to time-schedules, and the traveller must plan to start at a specified minute. All this is true enough, and it is also true that the demands of consumers are to a great extent so uniform that supplies can be produced of a correspondingly uniform character. In this production, too, there must be great uniformity in the services rendered by laborers, in the quantity of muscular force which they exert, and in the time during which it is exerted.

But this is only one view of the situation. Middle-aged people can remember when illuminating gas was a luxury, and when most households depended on candles and whale oil; when there were few railroads and no tramways. Comparatively young men can recall the days when, so far as light and power were concerned, electricity was a mere curiosity of the laboratory. It is true that the fundamental wants of mankind are uniform. We shall always hunger and thirst, and crave warmth when we are cold, and light when it is dark. But in supplying the means for gratifying these de-

sires, the extent of diversification has been prodigious. Invention and improvement proceed with incredible celerity. Myriads of men are doing the same thing day after day; but there are thousands who are incessantly contriving new methods of doing these things, and that which they have done is but earnest of what they shall do. It is easy to talk of the "industrial detriment suffered from any derangement of the accustomed working relations." As a matter of fact, such derangement is both the cause and the necessary result of industrial progress. To "disturb industry" has a bad sound; but it is what intelligent capitalists and intelligent workmen are constantly striving to accomplish, to the great advancement of human welfare.

The impression no doubt prevails that the "machine process" is unfavorable to the existence of independent craftsmen. We hear so much of colossal industries that we are prone to believe that most workmen are gathered into great factories, and that the use of machinery results in "a standardization of the workman's intellectual life in terms of mechanical process." Mr. Edward Atkinson, who has a knack of bringing out facts ignored by the public, has recently investigated the industries of the city of Boston, and tells us that small establishments are predominant, and that the number of independent craftsmen is large and increasing. The distribution of electrical power is favorable to this process of dispersion, and we cannot admit that the use of machinery, even as a part of a comprehensive process, has the moral effects here attributed to it. We must have evidence before we accept the statement that "it is a matter of common notoriety that the modern industrial populations are improvident in a high degree, and are apparently incapable of taking care of the pecuniary details of their own life." This dictum is applied "not only to factory hands, but also to the general class of highly skilled mechanics." We need proof that "the modern workman cannot advantageously own a home." When such premises are assumed, any one can draw startling conclusions.

In order to take what it is not unfair to call the sensational view of modern industry, it is necessary to contrast it with earlier conditions. We must confine ourselves to mentioning a few of the propositions here advanced. In former days the business man had in view not profit, but a livelihood. The modern business man does not stake "his values on the dimly foreseen conjunctures of the seasons." (Publish it not in New York, tell it not in the streets of Chicago!) What he wants to do is to make money; his predecessor wanted to make goods—"an unsophisticated productive efficiency was the prime element of business success." The interests of the modern business man are dissociated from the interests of the community; he loves to fish in troubled waters. "Honesty is the best policy" was the maxim in the past, but it does not apply in the present. Nowadays, true depression in business is not caused by crop failures; for twenty years business has been in a chronic state of depression. Fortunately, depression is not such a serious matter, for the volume of business and the quantity of production may increase nearly as fast as in good times.

We have space for but one more of these illustrations of the "assertatory method." Some have maintained that production is increased by the use of credit; but, according to our author, they are mistaken. "Borrowed funds do not increase the aggregate industrial equipment." Borrowers do not offer full security; lenders accept assets which are not liquid. Loans on stocks, goods, and real estate represent "nothing more substantial than a fictitious duplication of material items that cannot be drawn into the industrial process." "It is a business truism that no banking house could at a moment meet all its outstanding obligations." Probably the conception which the author is trying to express is that debts are not to be counted in estimating the wealth of the community. But to say that borrowed funds do not increase industrial equipment is to ignore the function of credit. Some men have more funds than they can use; others have less; and funds productively used, as compared with idle funds, are a positive addition to wealth. The fact that all the debts of the world cannot be paid on a moment's notice, is of no more consequence than the fact that the great cities would be brought at once to starvation if all the railroads ceased their operations, or that all the cars in the country would not begin to hold the passengers if everybody wanted to ride at the same time.

Although borrowed funds do not increase the industrial equipment, continues our author, they cause the capital employed to be overrated "by the amount of the aggregate deposits and loans on collateral," and this overrating swells the business capital. Capital and credit extension are not distinguishable; capital is equivalent to capitalization. "Trading, under the old régime, was a traffic in goods; under the new régime there is added, as the dominant and characteristic trait, trading in capital." This means trading in "securities," or what is known as gambling in stocks. The "business men," or managers of corporations, if they are shrewd, as they commonly are, will aim to manage the affairs of their concerns with a view to making money by causing the prices of their stocks to fluctuate, not with a view to the welfare of the properties under their control. These business men are not truly speculators; they deal in "sure things"; they are "insiders"; it is the property of outsiders which they bandy about. According to this theory, business consists in watering stock, in capitalizing intangible assets, in "unloading" on the public, in wrecking corporations, and in combining and reorganizing them.

That much "business" of this kind goes on is known to a public that reads of "frenzied finance." But the evidence is insufficient to support the theory that such finance is typical of modern business. Stock-jobbing is on a vaster scale than ever before, but the wealth and the legitimate trade of the country have enormously increased. Many rich and unprincipled men are prominent, but this was probably true when Tyre and Sidon flourished. There has never been a golden age of commercial morality; in the good old times men were quite as unscrupulous and dishonest as now. There are, proportionately, as many producers trying to give buyers their money's worth, as many managers trying to do well by their stockholders, as many bankers trying to supply sound securities to their customers, as ever there were. Such a theory as is here set forth may impress the readers of sensational magazines; but it is a travesty of economics, and an unjust aspersion of our business morality. It may affect the imagination of the half-educated by its ponderous platitudes, its obscure and complicated presentation of simple ideas, even by the barbarisms of the author's style. It may apply to certain notorious phases of modern financial activity; it fails in its assumption that these phases are typical of modern business.

The Royal Academy of Arts: A Complete Dictionary of Contributors and their Work from its foundation in 1769 to 1904. By Algernon Graves, F.S.A. Volume I. Abbayne to Carrington. London: Henry Graves & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1905. 4to.

This is an admirable labor, generously executed; to be fully appreciated only when we learn that it reproduces but a part of fifty manuscript volumes by the indefatigable compiler, embracing also the catalogues of the early Society of Artists and the Free Society of British Artists, the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colors, the Grosvenor Gallery, the New Gallery, "and various minor public exhibitions." Each volume will have prefixed to it a portrait of one of the successive presidents of the Royal Academy (here, Sir Joshua in a rather poor mezzotint), and blank leaves following each letter for use in continuance by any one so minded. The exhibitors, of course, are not wholly British. Rosa Bonheur appears in this section, along with the Americans E. A. Abbey and Eugene Benson. Women enter on equal footing with the men from the beginning; we have observed 1773 (painting), 1778 (miniature), 1799 (wax), etc. There are two columns of Anonymous, with and without initials. Where portrait subjects are anonymously designated, Mr. Graves identifies as he is able, and in this he has to some extent the aid of Horace Walpole, whose annotated catalogues he has had the privilege of using. The addresses of the artists are copied from the catalogues, and there are truly Bohemian changes in some instances. This is no small service. The price is given if advertised. The titles are repeated in full up to 1800, and what this sometimes means is evidenced in the case of Sir George Beaumont's canvas of 1799:

"Portrait of Elizabeth Woods of Creeting Hills, Suffolk, born of respectable parents in the year 1710, and now living. This singular character, having been by degrees deprived of the greatest part of her house, rather than quit possession, persevered in residing with her two daughters in the remaining ruins, an open chimney and an oven, that served as their storeroom and wardrobe, having nothing to defend themselves from the weather, in a high and bleak situation, but a screen of bushes, which they shifted according to the direction of the wind. Here they lived sixteen years. At the time this sketch was made, the humanity of the neighbors had added a slight shed, and they are, at present, protected from the inclemency of the weather."

This is a true Wordsworthian situation for poetic moralizing, and a real literary

interest is evoked by finding in the exhibition of 1810, by the same artist ("Beaumont, Friend!"), "A Storm—Peel Castle," which was to inspire one of the gems of English verse:

"I was thy neighbor once, thou rugged Pile!"

Another literary interest emerges in connection with W. A. Barron's "Stoke Church," 1775, since Walpole notes: "With Mr. Gray's tomb, now at Strawberry Hill." For if we turn to Mrs. Paget Toynbee's current edition of the Letters, we read in that to Gray's biographer, the Rev. William Mason, of May 7, 1775, from Strawberry Hill (vol. ix., p. 195):

"I have been at all the exhibitions, and do not find that we are got an inch nearer Raphael than we were. . . . My brother has given me the view of Gray's tomb and churchyard, very prettily done, and inspired by Gray's own melancholy. I have hung it here in my favorite blue room, as a companion to Mme. de Sévigné's Hôtel de Carnavalet, and call them my Penseroso and Allegro."

Walpole's annotations are numerous in the case of H. W. Bunbury, and are both critical and laudatory. The art did not solely engage him. Of Jacob Bonneau he remarks that this painter was famous for singing broken English like a Frenchman.

One useful result of this catalogue is in showing how art ran in families, as in that of Bone, which carried on enamel painting in generations ranging from 1781 to 1851. But, of the thirteen artists bearing this name that might have been included in the National Dictionary of Biography, only three actually appear (at least in the index). This comparison, extensively carried out, would afford a pretty picture of the permanent and the transient in Royal Academy reputations.

Antarctica: or, Two Years amongst the Ice of the South Pole. By Nils Otto G. Nordenskjöld and Johan Gunnar Andersson. Macmillan. 1905. 8vo, pp. xx., 608. Maps and illustrations.

At the International Geographical Congress of London in 1895, one result of the increased interest in the Antarctic region was a plan for its exploration by the co-operation of European nations. As this finally worked out, England, Germany, and Sweden took part. To the first was assigned the investigation of the tracts south of the Pacific; to Germany, those south of the Indian Ocean; and to Sweden, the lands and seas lying south of South America and the Atlantic: It was proposed that the several expeditions should leave Europe during the summer of 1901 and spend the following season at some fixed station in the Antarctic region, thus affording a series of comparable meteorological and magnetic observations by which some general ideas of the Antarctic conditions might be had; in addition to such geographical data as might be obtained.

It was no small matter to gather in Sweden from private sources the funds necessary for such a distant expedition. Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, son of the late illustrious commander of the *Vega* expedition, by unwearied exertions and the aid of others interested in Polar work finally succeeded, though in point of equipment the Swedish expedition could not vie with those of England and Germany under Governmental patronage. The vessel selected was the *Antarctic*, which had already been used on several previous expeditions. The vessel was in charge of Capt. C. A. Larsen, well known as the first discoverer of fossils in the Antarctic lands and for his explorations in that region in 1892 and 1893. Nordenskjöld planned to have his party landed and for the vessel to withdraw, and, under the direction of Dr. Andersson, to engage in scientific work outside of the icy region, until the time came for the party to be relieved. Dr. Andersson, on account of other engagements, could not join the expedition until the return of the ship to the Falkland Islands after landing the wintering party.

The expedition was planned to leave Sweden early in the autumn of 1901 for the South Shetlands, and thence to the partially explored lands already known through the investigations of the *Belgica* expedition and the voyages of Larsen. Somewhere in this region the winter quarters were to be established, where Nordenskjöld and six others would remain. The ship would then return to the Falklands and Tierra del Fuego to spend the season in scientific work there and in the vicinity of South Georgia. On the return of spring, the wintering party was to be called for, the summer spent in energetic scientific work, and the return to Sweden accomplished by the spring of 1903. Somewhat similar plans were laid out by the two other expeditions.

The Antartic summer of 1902-03 proved, however, the coldest, and the ice conditions the worst, ever known since explorations began in that part of the world. The German expedition succeeded, at the very last moment, and, by the most extreme exertions, in extricating itself from the ice and returning home. The English expedition was icebound and obliged to remain for a second year. When the *Antarctic* reached the vicinity, it was found impossible to penetrate even as far as the Swedish wintering station. Those who read the reports of the *Belgica* expedition will remember that their explorations chiefly comprised new lands on either side of a strait, now known as the Gerlache Channel, extending in a northeast and southwest general direction, south of the South Shetland Islands. The lands to the northwest of the channel were chiefly rather small islands, while those to the southeast comprised the continuation of Graham Land, Danco Land, etc., which the explorations of Larsen had shown to form a peninsula, or a range of large islands connected by a continuous ice-cap.

The *Antarctic* reached the extreme northeast end of this peninsula, where the channel named after the ship separates the former land from the Joinville group of islands, connecting the sea to the northward with Erebus and Terror Gulf to the south. As it seemed impossible to force the ship through the ice between this point and the wintering place, Dr. Andersson and two companions were landed with a sledge and supplies at a point called Hope Bay, whence it was thought they could reach the station over the ice; while the ship proceeded to the eastward, hoping to find sufficiently open water to work her way through the pack in that direction. Dr. Andersson's party reached Vega Island about half way to their destination, when it became evident, from the broken condition of the ice with leads of open water, that they could not hope to reach the wintering station. So they were obliged to turn back, and make such provision for wintering at Hope Bay as their outfit permitted.

Meanwhile, the ship proceeded to the east and south, where she was nipped in the ice, crushed, and sunk, leaving Capt. Larsen and his party on the floe, from which, by great exertions and after no little peril, they succeeded in reaching Paulet Island, the southeastern of the Joinville group, where they were obliged to winter without being able to communicate with either Andersson or Nordenskjöld. Fortunately, the seals and penguins afforded a sufficient supply of fresh meat, and blubber for fuel, so that each of the parties was able to pull through the winter without serious difficulty, if with little comfort. On touching at Buenos Ayres to complete their outfit in 1901, the party, at the request of the Argentine Government, had been augmented by Lieut. J. M. Sobral, of the Argentine navy, who proved an excellent and agreeable comrade. During the winter of 1902, in company with Sobral, Nordenskjöld made a sledge journey over the ice to the base of the peninsula of Graham Land, where a latitude of 66° south was reached in about longitude 62° west. This was the extreme southerly attainment of the expedition.

When the vessel did not arrive at the time due, Nordenskjöld's party prepared itself for the second wintering. In the month of October a sledge expedition was again undertaken, this time along the eastern shores of the peninsula in a northerly direction, resulting in the discovery of a large channel between Ross Island and the mainland. More unexpected and remarkable was the encounter with Andersson and his comrades, who had been working southwesterly from their wintering place, and who returned to the main station with Nordenskjöld. On the 8th of November, 1903, the explorers were gladdened by the arrival of the *Uruguay*, a relief ship fitted out by the Argentine Government, under the command of Commodore Julian Irizar, who, with unequalled audacity, had brought his unprotected iron vessel into the very jaws of the floe at Seymour Island. Full of the excitement of preparations for immediate departure, no man slept that night. About eleven in the evening the miraculous happened. Larsen and five companions arrived from Paulet Island! They were as men risen from the dead, since no one had heard anything of ship or men for a year, and even their whereabouts, if living, was a matter of the purest conjecture.

The embarkation; the rescue of the remaining members of the expedition at Paulet Island, diminished only by a single death; their successful return and triumphant reception at Buenos Ayres; the journey home and their enthusiastic greeting on arrival—for these we must refer the reader to the work itself. The story is vividly told, and the quaint English of the translator rather adds to than detracts from the reader's enjoyment and interest. The scientific results will form a series of separate reports. Besides the coöperative set of comparative magnetic and meteorological observations for two years, and the additions to geographical and zoölogical knowledge, the most important result of the expedition is the discovery of a rich

Jurassic fossil flora, a still richer cretaceous marine fauna with numerous ammonites, and, finally, tertiary remains, including bones of a fossil penguin much larger than any now living. These collections will give us some idea of the evolution of Antarctica, and its bearing on the distribution of life in the southern hemisphere, a matter of the highest interest.

The illustration of the work is excellent; the index and maps are all that could be asked. The leader of the expedition has solved the ever-present problem of how can a man write a book on the polar regions, after all that has already been printed, which shall contain anything fresh and interesting; and we tender him on this, as on other accounts, our respectful congratulations.

A History of the United States. By Edward Channing. Volume I. The Planting of a Nation in the New World. 1000-1660. The Macmillan Co. 1905. Pp. xi., 550.

The appearance of a new historical work, however elaborate, is no longer an unusual event, nor is it always, indeed, an important one. A generation of specialists, harvesting monographs by the cartload, has taught us to look with suspicion upon the scholar who does not early choose and forever assiduously cultivate his own small plot, or one who ventures to write the whole history of his country in extended form with the ideals of a man of letters and the conscience of a scholar. Half insensibly we have been led to suppose that such works were to be replaced by manuals, dictionaries, and coöperative histories, which already have begun to appear in more than sufficient numbers. When, therefore, in the face of present tendencies, a first-rate scholar proposes single-handed to write in eight octavo volumes the history of America, the appearance of his initial volume is indeed significant.

For some time it has been clear to scholars that most works on American history are open to two fundamental objections. We have regarded ourselves as a chosen people, whose history, being self-determining, contains within itself its own sufficient explanations; with minds fixed upon our supposed present greatness, we have endeavored to explain events by their results rather than by their causes. With a sure grasp of his subject, Professor Channing has fixed upon the reverse of this as his guiding principle. "I have considered the colonies as parts of the English Empire, as having sprung from that political fabric, and as having simply pursued a course of institutional evolution unlike that of the branch of the English race which remained behind in the old homeland" (Preface, v.). "The guiding idea of the present work is to view the subject as the record of an evolution, and to trace the growth of the nation from the standpoint of that which preceded, rather than from that which followed" (Preface, vi.).

The satisfactory realization of these two principles constitutes the distinguishing characteristic of the first volume. That the author has not treated the colonies in isolation is clear at every point; better still, he has not scrupled, where it seemed needful, to make English or Continental conditions the point of departure, touching upon the colonies, as it were, incidentally. This is especially the case in dealing with the events preceding the settlement of Virginia, to which nearly a third of the whole volume is devoted. We do not know of a better brief discussion of the discovery of America, nor any so good of the intimate relation between the English-Spanish commercial rivalry of the sixteenth century and the English colonizing enterprises of the seventeenth. To Professor Channing the "Genesis of the United States" means primarily the economic conditions in England that led certain classes to seek the New World, and the "Beginnings of New England" are to be found in the rise of seventeenth-century Puritanism—a movement, we are reminded, that was mainly social, and sharply distinguished from Elizabethan separation. Likewise, the chapter on "The Colonies in 1660" is an attempt to indicate the extent to which frontier conditions in New England and the South had already differentiated the institutions of the New World from those of the mother country.

The other principle which has guided Professor Channing, while a well-recognized canon of historical method, needs to be more rigorously applied to the study of American history. Hitherto, students, with some notable exceptions, have too intently regarded the colonies as embryo States. With the great American "experiment" in mind, Virginia becomes, for one writer, the "First Republic"; with the Declaration of Independence sticking in the fringe of consciousness, another readily finds that Massachusetts had already begun the Revolution in the seventeenth century; a third, entertaining preconceived theories of sectionalism, perceives a profound significance in the words "Puritan" and "Cavalier," and is ready to trace the origin of the civil war to the opposing religious and material motives that actuated the settlers of New England and the Southern colonies. Professor Channing, on the other hand, has been content to elucidate what went into the colonies, trusting to find in that the sufficient explanation of what ultimately came out of them.

The most striking result of the rigid adherence to this method is that the political institutions of the colonies are dismissed with a brief, though often a discriminating, treatment. The analysis of the colonial charters is of the slightest; the origins of local government are barely suggested; the persistence of the Virginia Assembly after the overthrow of the charter is assumed, but not traced out in any detail; the evolution of the Massachusetts government from the company is summarized in masterly fashion, but in the briefest possible space. It is significant, perhaps, of Professor Channing's attitude that no use is made of Professor Osgood's special studies of the charters, and no more than a mention here and there is made of his recent volumes, though the fact that they appeared only recently may have made any real use of them impossible. For Professor Channing the colonies were primarily commercial, and incidentally religious, ventures, but in no important sense were they political societies. That they ultimately became important political societies, he will as a matter of course admit; but meanwhile it is unhistorical to ascribe to them a political quality which was apparent only after the event. Such, at any rate, is the point of view of Professor Channing as we understand it; and such undoubtedly is the true point of view. Nevertheless, we feel sure that when the eighteenth century is reached, it will be necessary to analyze the charters and the governmental organization of the colonies much more carefully, in order to exhibit effectively the real character of the Revolution. That, however, can doubtless be done more conveniently in a subsequent volume.

Professor Channing, it is needless to say, has not written his history "from the sources," in the strict meaning of that phrase; it would, however, be a serious mistake to infer that the present volume is not a work of very excellent scholarship. The bibliographical notes at the close of each chapter reveal a comprehensive and discriminating mastery of the sources of the subject. The footnotes, while not extensive, are always adequate, and make it obvious that the secondary accounts have been tested and checked at every point by careful study of the original material. The most enduring impression which Professor Channing's work leaves upon the mind, in this respect, is, indeed, the sense of mastery. One nowhere feels that the subject has been "read up"; one never fears that the author is in danger of being submerged in his material. Nor, fortunately, does excellence of scholarship in this case involve the necessity of slovenly English. Professor Channing's style, if it does not intoxicate, at least does not weary. It follows the subject; it permits one to tell the exact truth. The narration moves easily along, without haste and without rest, devoid of ornament, but not without its quiet humor at times, or now and then a biting epigram. Dramatic opportunities are often suggested (*cf.* pp. 105, 110), but the author resists the temptation, if, indeed, it is a temptation, to make much of them. Everything considered, it is a style excellently adapted to an extended and scholarly narrative of the nation's life.

There are many things in this volume which call for particular mention. It would be a pleasure to comment on the sane reaction from Mr. Brown's deification of the Virginia Company, the independence of judgment exhibited in dealing with Roger Williams and Rhode Island, or the disinclination of the author to make use of technical jargon. There is no "reversion" to the Germanic mark; there is not even an "expansion" of Massachusetts. The very excellent account of Spanish exploration, the minimizing of the difference between "Puritan" and "Cavalier" colonists, the very suggestive discussion of Puritanism—these, also, did space permit, would furnish food for the reviewer. But to do justice to the book it is necessary to read it, and that is undoubtedly what all students of American history will do while awaiting the subsequent volumes, which, we may hope, will appear at intervals not too greatly separated.

Rome. Painted by Alberto Pisa. Text by M. A. R. Tuker and Hope Malleson. London: Black; New York: The Macmillan Company. 1905.

The present book on Rome must be considered chiefly on the merits of its colored illustrations, which are for the greater part

well chosen as subjects, and treated in a picturesque manner, although, as in most instances of the three-color process, there are many failures in the rendering of the delicate tints of sunlit skies, masses of blossom, and other detail. It is evidently the broadest and more definite effects and the simplest treatment which are most telling in these reproductions, and the artists who work for the series should take into consideration the shortcomings of the process. Besides the monuments of Rome, its gardens and villas, its churches and cloisters, all more or less well known, Alberto Pisa has given very characteristic views of the Roman Campagna from Tivoli, and Anticoli, and Subiaco, and interesting bits of mediæval houses in those ancient towns, besides many drawings of the Sagro Speco, the monastery of Saint Benedict at Subiaco, and types of bird vendors, gleaners, peasants, beggars, well known to the traveller as constituting the local color and much of the actual charm of the Eternal City.

To write anything new or significant about Rome is no easy task, so many books have exhausted the subject from every point of view. The present writers skim lightly over the indispensable chapters of its historical aspect, from its origin down to the present time, deriving their data from authoritative sources; but the reader will find their own personal impressions formed by long years of sojourn in Rome of greater interest, for their experience seems to have extended through three papacies, during which time they had opportunities of becoming acquainted with the different classes of the Roman people, and of studying the Roman question in a liberal and detached spirit. In the estimate of the development of the Italian character, our authors note that feudalism, scholasticism, the spirit of chivalry, and Puritanism—four factors which had so much to do in the making of political, intellectual, and moral life in other European countries—never left any impress on Italy, too radically democratic to tolerate feudalism, too open-minded to be attracted to scholasticism, and too self-interested and irresponsible to follow the chivalry of the Frank or the Puritanism of the Anglo-Saxon. Gebhart esteems the greatest Italian gift as "le sens très vif des réalités," a vivid hold on the real, shown in their freedom from hypocrisy and hatred of shams, their desire to see things exactly as they are, recognizing the crudities of sense without concealment, and never establishing lofty ideals too far above them for attainment. Italian development was not on the side of character and conduct, but purely intellectual; to quote our author:

"Italian civilization is imperialistic and social, not individualistic. There is a greater sense of public decorum (as distinguished, however, from private decency) than among us, and more sacrifice of the individual to society. One consequence of this is that there is less of that eccentricity which is the individualism of the poorly endowed; less personal initiative; less enterprise, and nothing of that spirit of adventure which is the Anglo-Saxon's romance."

In quite recent times we are told that it is usual for Italians to attribute their political difficulties to the individualist spirit; but it is rather the want of cohesion and egotism which is at fault.

On the other hand, family life holds a more conspicuous place in Italy than elsewhere. The sacrifices which Italian parents make for their children are considerable, and breed in return a feeling of devotion and reverence which continues through life. One sees in Italy the sons of noble families, with their wives and children, living under the same roof, each having separate apartments in the family palace, all contriving to live under the supremacy of the head of the house. An Italian father cannot alienate his property by leaving it to a stranger; his sense of obligation to those he brings into the world necessitates his providing for his sons equally.

The book under review gives a very graphic account of the street life of the Roman people, domestic service and its difficulties, the Roman nobility and their idiosyncrasies, the relations of the Italian court and the Vatican, and the Roman question in all its phases. All these matters are treated of in a free and easy style, without any pretensions to finality of judgment or complete accuracy; but it seems difficult for English people, however broad-minded, to test foreign countries and their ways by any standard but that of their own. Hence comparisons which become wearisome, though, in this book, strange to say, they are generally unfavorable to the Anglo-Saxon race.

Tuskegee and its People: Their Ideals and Achievements. Edited by Booker T. Washington. D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

Externally, the work of Mr. Washington in the present volume is limited to a fifteen-page introduction. Though his name appears on the cover and title-page as "editor," he expressly disclaims any such editorial revision as had been intended, since the preliminary work of his executive secretary, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, had been so well done as to leave nothing more necessary. And yet the reader will close the book with the impression that in a very vital sense Mr. Washington has written it all. It is the distinctive mark of a great educator that his impress upon the mind of a really intelligent pupil is a powerful element in the thinking of that pupil for ever after. A group of seventeen autobiographical sketches, contributed to this volume by Tuskegee graduates in as many different callings, furnishes just so many striking proofs that, by this test, Mr. Washington is a great educator. The spirit of Tuskegee is in them all, and a most excellent and hopeful spirit it is.

We are told by some that the inevitable result of the work of this institution is simply to fill its students with self-conceit and unfit them for the lowly positions in life to which their racial inheritance naturally assigns them. There is hopeful enthusiasm in each of these brief autobiographies, but it would be hard to point out any unmistakable traces of the pompous self-conceit which a little learning does sometimes give to a small nature, whether wrapped in a black skin or a white. And the hopeful enthusiasm is abundantly justified. Here is a negro boy almost at the very bottom of the scale in the necessaries and apparent opportunities of life. By some mere accident the name and work of Booker Washington come to his ears and waken a desire for something higher than his present state of existence. Penniless, ignorant of the very names of the most elementary studies which he is to pursue, utterly untrained in the ordinary decencies of life, he finds his way to Tuskegee, is put into the night school because he must work with his hands by day in order to pay his bills; finally saves up enough to get into the day school, gets habits of neatness, thrift, self-reliance, and self-respect from his surroundings, and goes forth at last to plant the seeds of all these good things in some benighted neighborhood of his own people, where he sees the seed taking root, growing, and bearing fruit after its kind all around him. Why shouldn't he be hopeful and enthusiastic? Such is about the typical career that each of these seventeen sketches pictures to the reader, and every one of them so stamped with the brand of sincerity that only the wilfully blind can fail to see. And yet this is the very work that some people are telling us is going to spoil the negroes, unfit them for their part in life, and make the race problem only harder to solve than before! We wish that every intelligent person in the land, black or white, might read these autobiographies. No better philanthropic work could be done than the free circulation of two or three of them in tract form by hundreds of thousands.

It is a common thing to charge the negro with laziness and shiftlessness as a distinct and pronounced racial characteristic. The work of Tuskegee raises a question right here. In the early history of the Middle West, when few of the boys who might possibly be interested in college education had wealth, college after college was founded on what was called the manual-labor system, that ambitious young men might be able to get an education and pay their way at the same time by their earnings. In every such case the system speedily broke down, college farms and shops were disposed of, and other ways to help the needy were devised. From the very start Mr. Washington has been able to make manual labor by his students, for their immediate support as well as for the purpose of learning some way to future earning, a distinctive and highly successful feature of his school. Perhaps the laziness and shiftlessness of which we are prone to complain is not racial in its origin at all, but merely the result of discouraging and demoralizing conditions for which the white portion of the people is far the more at fault, and which it should be quick to aid in removing, now that a negro leader has so clearly pointed out the way.

The misconception that Mr. Washington regards mere manual training as all that any negro really needs, or is fit for, is emphatically dealt with in his general introduction:

"The danger, at present that most seriously threatens the success of industrial training, is the ill-advised insistence in certain quarters that this form of education should be offered to the exclusion of all other branches of knowledge. If the idea becomes fixed in the minds of the people that industrial education means class education, that it should be offered to the negro because he is a negro, and that the negro should be confined to this sort of education, then I fear serious injury will be done the cause of hand training."

The race needs leaders of its own blood, he insists, in all the higher walks of life, and must have its colleges for the training of those leaders as well as its industrial

institutes for the great mass of those who are to follow industrial pursuits.

Those who have a practical interest in the maintenance of this great work will find a brief and plain statement from the treasurer as to its resources and needs. Few realize the immense proportions to which the institution has grown. Its annual expenses are now about $150,000, so that the endowment provided by Mr. Carnegie and others covers less than one-third of the necessary disbursements. On the present scale, about $84,000 must be made up each year by special contributions from individuals and charitable organizations. It is needless to say that it takes an immense amount of energy to keep up the steady flow of so large a stream of income from such a source. Two million dollars should be added to the endowment, in order that this energy may be devoted more directly to the work itself. Any one who reads the autobiographies in this volume and learns just what personal contact with the leader means to the students of Tuskegee, will feel at once that it is not right that he should be compelled to absent himself so large a part of the time in order to secure financial support. We shall be much surprised if the circulation of this remarkable volume does not work a change in this respect. It is an unanswerable argument against the critics of the Tuskegee movement in particular and of the education of the negro in general.

Following the Sun-Flag: A Vain Pursuit through Manchuria. By John Fox, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The creator of 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,' who is under bonds to write entertainingly, satisfies those bonds in this story of incompleteness. Desirous to see war, and too young for the shock of arms in our rebellion, he failed in his attempt to inspect the carnage in Manchuria, notwithstanding that other observers, who patiently played the game, finally absorbed as much as was good for them He does not take kindly to the fact that in seven months he saw many interesting conditions, but not those that he started out to see. His gravest, and a fairly just, complaint is, that the Japanese authorities not merely procrastinated, but prevaricated. He charges that they held certain correspondents in Tokio for weeks and months, by giving them to understand that they should make themselves ready for immediate departure, with no intention of letting them go. It may be that the correspondent was less important in the eye of the General Staff than in his own; that the General Staff had in mind a definite point in the campaign before he was to be trusted with the troops, and the campaign may have been delayed; possibly, as one star differeth from another star in glory, to the acute Oriental eye the personal equations of all the visitors were not identical. Certainly we have seen that correspondents were at the crossing of the Yalu, the very earliest passage of arms. We do not defend duplicity, but Eastern exigencies may have required an exaggeration of Eastern ways. It is this want of frankness that was the fly in Mr. Fox's ointment, and he found all through the Orient a painful contrast to his more familiar Cumberland mountaineers.

Barring that, we have attractive sketches; no finished picture, but the impression left upon strange eyes by glimpses of our almost antipodal friends. There were amusing and provoking episodes in our author's contact with officers after he did get into the field (but not on the firing line), notably one with a graduate of Yale; the ordinary surprises and discomforts of camp life for a novice, interesting to the victim, but of no earthly concern to others; a white horse with a weak back; an obstinate donkey, a damaged bicycle, an attentive servant. But it is hardly worth while to travel half around the world to make a record of these. The best reading is of the rhythmical click of the wooden getas,

Kara-ko, kara-ko, kara-ko!

whose notes on the stone platforms he finds to be F and D in F minor; of the charming maid of Miyanoshito; the pathetic story of the Eurasian Kamura-san; and a memory of the "opal dream"—the Inland Sea. The two new items that we glean are, that "the height of the Japanese school children has increased three inches within the last ten years in the schools where the children sit in chairs instead of squatting on the floor" (p. 60), and that "many hundred young Chinamen are going over to Japan to get a military training. And yet, according to some observers, there is nothing doing in China—even on the part of Japan" (p. 185).

Mr. Fox in disgust left the field before the battle of Liao-Yang.

Sociological Papers. Published by the Sociological Society. Macmillan Co. 1905. 8vo. pp. 292.

Foundations of Sociology. By Edward Alsworth Ross. Macmillan Co. 1905. 12mo, pp. 410.

"The Sociological Society was instituted [in London] in November, 1903. . . . Its aims are scientific, educational and practical. . . . It prosecutes its work by the means customary to an efficiently organized learned society." We commented last year upon Mr. Galton's brief paper on "Eugenics," a new name for an old study. It was first given at a meeting of this society, and is contained in this volume. The contributions by other members of the Society are well enough, but they evince no laborious research in producing them. The ideas of the essay called "Civics" by Professor Patrick Geddes (not the philologist) appear to us to be, as the Germans say, quite too "schematic," and too heavily loaded with misplaced imagery. One of the best papers is by Dr. Westermarck; but it really needed nothing beyond an ordinary acquaintance with men and women and some reading of books of travel to remark, what (with illustrative facts) constitutes the sum and substance of the piece, that a man's having a legal right to sell his wife or put her to death is no proof that the influence of women is *nil* (quite the other way, we should say); nor is this proved by the whole business of agriculture being in their hands. The one real addition to knowledge that the volume contains is by an outsider, Mr. Harold H. Mann. It is a minute account of life in the purely agricultural village of Ridgmount, where the population numbers 467, and where a large and increasing proportion of the land is the property of the Duke of Bedford. The fullest statistics are given of every imaginable kind, and the individual circumstances of about one family out of every five are described. That is certainly a way of working from which some definite results may be hoped for. At any rate, it shows one indispensable qualification for valuable scientific work.

The interest of the volume is not confined to the papers; for the discussions that followed the readings are reported. In this way nearly eighty different speakers and writers have contributed to the publication, which has a curious interest for an American by showing what sort of timber goes to the construction of an English sociological body, and how English ways of working together differ from American ways. For example, Dr. Karl Pearson, who is not a member of the Society, seems to have attended the second meeting simply for the purpose of hearing Galton read his paper on Eugenics. There is no sign of his having had any *arrière-pensée.* But when he arrived, he was invited to take the chair, which would hardly have happened in this country; whereupon he accepted the honor, which an American would have avoided if it was going to oblige him to declare, as Professor Pearson did publicly declare, as soon as Mr. Galton had done reading, that he disapproved of the existence of such a society *in toto.* He said: "Frankly, I do not believe in groups of men and women who have each and all their allotted daily task creating a new branch of science," and continued for perhaps twenty lines of our columns in this vein, without any mitigation of his condemnation. Every man of science—certainly of any exact science—will say that there is a world of sound sense in the sentence we have quoted, abstractly considered. But, not to mention that (as a vague idea, at least) sociology is *not* a new science, Professor Pearson ought to have seen that the question was not whether the gentlemen and ladies who should join the Society were likely to be so very highly scientific, but whether they would not themselves, in the first place, get much good out of the meetings, and whether, in the second place, they would not create a centre of light and warmth that would surely radiate wholesome influences through the community. "If it adds to their satisfaction," he should have asked himself, "to tell themselves that they are members of 'an efficiently constituted *learned body,*' as their prospectus phrases it, will there be any harm in that at all comparable with the good that is likely to come of it?" When he went on to say that "the history of each great branch of science" shows that it was the creation of some one great man, he simply showed how impromptu and inconsiderate his speech was; for while some of the lesser divisions of science have so taken birth, such great sciences as astronomy, biology, chemistry, electricity, and the like were rooted in the observations of many men who had even less notion of scientific method by far than has the average member of a social-science association of to-day.

The very handsome volume has the appearance of being printed in six or seven different sizes of type, and we have been unable to guess why one man's remarks are printed in quite tiny letters and another's very prominently. We remark that an editorial from this journal appears in

type several sizes larger than that of its original dress, and that Professor Pearson is not reduced to quite the smallest type, such as individuals like M. Rodolphe Dareste de la Chavanne of the Institut de France, Prof. Andrew Seth Pringle-Pattison, Dr. Shadworth Hodgson, etc., have to content themselves with, while Mr. Victor V. Branford's rather tedious reply to Pearson appears in the very biggest letters, far beyond what are accorded to the President of the Society, the Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L., etc. Mr. Branford is the secretary.

That there are social sciences—the natural history of religion, economics, political science, the science of human heredity—there can be no doubt. Whether or not there already exists a general sociology apart from the social sciences, is a question too vague to be answered. It is certain that many writers, Dr. Lester Ward, Tarde, Stuckenberg, Lilienfeld, Letourneau, Kovalewski, Benjamin Kidd, Giddings, Alfred Fouillée, Roberty, De Greef—to name promiscuously a few out of many—have worked more or less intelligently in the direction of such a science, although with considerable variety in their conceptions of what it is to consist in. Professor Ross's volume is an endeavor of considerable force in the same direction, and may be particularly recommended as easy to read, brief, comprehensive, and introducing the reader to most of the conceptions of value. The author is a pretty close adherent of the views of Ward, and attributes a more exclusive importance to the conscious desires of individuals than the psychologists would generally admit. The book's greatest fault is the fault of most books on the subject that are now appearing—that of undervaluing work which is too abstract to meet the conditions of a real practical problem; a spirit which would have effectually prevented the development of physical science. It is worth mention that the phrase "race suicide" was first used in one of the papers which make up this heterogeneous volume.

Au Japon et en Extrême-Orient. Par Félicien Challaye. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905.

Among recent books of travel in the Orient, this little volume strikes a refreshingly independent note, as of one who describes what has been not only seen but studied. The author during two years (1889-1901) made his tour as *boursier de voyage* of the University of Paris, and his special quest was to examine European civilization as it reappears in the Orient. Modern Japan (with acknowledged debts to Chamberlain's 'Things Japanese'), Indo-China, Batavia, and India are here subjected to a scholar's scrutiny from this particular point of view. M. Challaye points out that the Europeanization of Japan is not, as is often maintained, a general superficial effect. It is profound as far as it goes, but (and this is the author's chief contention) it is voluntarily limited. The Japanese have willed to accept European influence in certain respects; in others they have opposed and still oppose that influence. They still preserve the essential quality of their ancient civilization. The material life of the people, as expressed in home, furniture, clothing; the sentimental life, the customs, the habits, art and religion—these have scarcely been affected by Europe, and the islanders do not choose to have them Europeanized. Military science, tramways, electric lights, European clothes—these they make use of as tending to make themselves respected abroad. At heart they care for none of these, and as the Japanese with relief doffs his European dress the moment he can, so would he doff all the European innovations, and remains at heart true to old Japan.

A chapter on Vladivostok is rather amusing than instructive. The author, being "suspect," was not permitted to land at all, and the pith of this narrative lies in the naïve expression of personal abuse and indignation at being thus treated. A Frenchman, ally of Russia, not allowed to visit a Russian port? Abominable! But the author has his consolation. He is "proud to endure a little of the persecution which crushes free spirits in Russia." The chief word of interest, however, is a saying of Liebknecht to the author: "He repeated to me several times that Germany is essentially agreeable [*doux*], simple, and liberal; that Prussia alone is cruel, tyrannical, military, because it is in origin more Russian [*id est* Slav] than German."

Mr. Scheltema's recent letter to the *Nation* on archæology in Java is, as it were, here extended into an essay, 'De Batavia à Tosari,' which includes a comprehensive study of the ruins of Boro Boedoer. Here, too, M. Challaye has something fresh and interesting to say in regard to the administration of the country:

"Even if one has quite a different idea of what ought to be the relations between the *métropole* [Holland] and the colony, one can but admire in several regards the sagacity of their polity. More than any other people they have respected local custom, . . . they have resisted the temptation of direct administration. . . . The European in power tries to preserve the appearance of a native government administered by natives. . . . The experience of the Dutch in Java . . . proves eloquently the superiority of a simple protectorate over an unintelligent, complicated, tyrannical, and expensive direct administration."

There is, perhaps, less that is striking in the essays on India, partly because of the way the subject is treated; "Some Men" and "Some Cities" are chapters likely to be sketchy. But even in the most discussed topics the author is not commonplace. Where has the relation between the Hindu's lack of historical sense and lack of national sense been better expressed than in these words: "Ils ne peuvent acquérir l'idée d'une nationalité distincte, puisqu'ils ne savent rien de l'histoire de leur pays: l'histoire est aux peuples ce que la mémoire est aux individus, la condition de la personnalité"?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Church of Christ, The. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 net.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1905.

The Week.

The President has concluded to send a special envoy to Caracas to study the rights and wrongs of the asphalt claims on the spot. In a matter complex and involved in international recriminations, it is very important that the United States should be right. Naturally, Mr. Calhoun's investigations will touch chiefly the case of the Bermudez Company, whose asphalt deposits have been seized by the Venezuelan Government *pendente lite*. A side line of inquiry, but a fruitful one, will be a possible connection of the Bermudez Company with the recent Matos rebellion. But a close reading of the charter of the company would perhaps abridge this part of Mr. Calhoun's labors. If it should turn out that the company has by its organic deed cut itself off from other appeal than to the Venezuelan courts, then any activity in its behalf by our State Department would be impertinent and offensive. On this point Mr. Calhoun can doubtless inform himself without going to the tropics in the dog days; but if he follows up the whole asphalt matter, and incidentally collects what evidence comes his way about ex-Minister Loomis's commercial activities at Caracas, he will have enough to keep him reasonably in work.

On the same day when Mr. Roosevelt was assuring the Long Island doctors that the Panama Canal must and would be a great success, and affirming that snarling and criticism by good men or skulkers from the front would only lead to better and better plans, he was visited by two labor leaders on behalf of the eight-hour law. Mr. Gompers is quite certain that, even if the statute does not apply to Panama, the principle does, and should be lived up to. The President was, of course, most friendly to the labor men; indeed, he is the bosom friend of every laborer, black, white, or yellow; but he diplomatically had to withhold his decision in the case. The law would add such a very considerable sum to the cost of the canal that the President may well hesitate about granting this favor to the labor men. And if this one were given, where would Mr. Gompers and the others stop? Incidentally, Mr. Gompers wanted to know whether the President's recent orders in regard to the treatment of the educated Chinese entering our harbors meant a lowering of the bars before the coolies. Here the President was on safe ground: so long as the exclusion law is on the books, he can safely say that it will and must be enforced; at the same time there is nothing to prevent his holding the votes and sympathy of the Portland Chamber of Commerce by writing to it how earnestly he hopes to see a thorough overhauling of our Chinese relations by Congress at its next session.

The blameless Panamans are said to be delighted at the combination of Governor and Minister in Mr. Magoun, and evidently it is in the direction of simplicity that within a single cranium should reside our policy both in the Canal Strip and in the Republic of Panama. Thus, the Governor may consult the Minister with only such ceremony as self-respect exacts in a man's dealing with himself, and one may not doubt that a certain continuity of policy will result. On the other hand, one might hold that it is a severe test of human nature to play alternately the potentate and the mere agent. In the course of an evening stroll, Mr. Magoun, without warning of any sort, may stride into autocracy and again veer into subordination. Suppose some time when he returns from an inspection of the Strip he forgets that he has put off the Governor and resumed the Minister. This is a contingency which the liberty-loving Panamans must be prepared to face, and they should certainly provide Mr. Magoun with an official "flapper" to remind him which he is. But the complication possibly eludes so obvious an expedient. The city of Panama is, we believe, in the canal strip for canal purposes, but off it for all other concerns. That is, Mr. Magoun, when he contemplates "the ditch," appears to be Governor of the capital to which he is accredited as Minister, whereas when he turns from the flying dirt to the consideration of the President of Panama, he becomes Minister solely. Clearly, if Mr. Magoun should ever be guilty of confusion of thought or of mere absent-mindedness, the result might be serious for the braves of Gen. Huertas.

To commission Special Junior Ambassador Loomis "to make an investigation of the business methods of the various diplomatic posts of the United States in Europe," as President Roosevelt has done, is enough to make a Rough Rider's horse laugh. Loomis's own business methods have been only partly investigated, but enough was uncovered to make men hold their noses. Apparently, however, the President has not the faintest idea of the disgust with which the country received his exculpation of Loomis. He showers honors upon him as if his character were as white as the driven snow, when all that the people can see is the driven whitewash. It is said that the State Department wishes to devise means of keeping our representatives abroad better posted in the current American diplomacy. But this is the last thing that Loomis should think of stirring up. Our diplomatic agents might be set on seeking information about Loomis himself, and the result could only be to make his welcome cold, even though bearing the President's commission.

Secretary Bonaparte has given his predecessor, Paul Morton, a black eye in the matter of the Charleston navy-yard scandal. The facts are perfectly clear. Two young civil engineers, W. G. Walker and F. R. Harris, made it very uncomfortable for the New York Continental Jewel Filtration Company by insisting that its work at the navy yard be up to the contract standard. Secretary Bonaparte is satisfied that the company finally went to work to secure the removal, through political influence, of these vigilant inspectors, apparently taking the ground—with many another contractor—that Government work may be just what you please to make it. When the political influence reached that master of railroad rebates, Paul Morton, he at once acquiesced in the company's wishes and issued an order removing Lieuts. Harris and Walker from their posts and transferring them elsewhere. Mr. Morton thus served notice on the entire navy that, when it came to standing by honest inspectors or easy-going contractors, the latter had the support of the Department. Secretary Bonaparte at once perceived what a demoralizing effect upon the whole navy this action would have, and has now promptly reversed it in an opinion which should make Paul Morton hang his head, and President Roosevelt wish that he had not been so hasty in adjusting wings and a halo to his beloved, but not regretted, ex-Secretary of the Navy.

If the new Secretary of State shall use as vigorously descriptive language in his state papers as he did on Tuesday in advising Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia to prosecute the ring rascals, the country is in for some rare reading. To speak of the Philadelphia rottenness as a "stain which a corrupt and criminal combination masquerading under the name of Republicans has put upon her," is to use words which fit the case precisely. It must have required some courage, too, when Mr. Root reflected that Matthew Quay, whom, at his death, the President called a loyal friend, and Boies Penrose, the present United States Senator from Philadelphia, whom Mr.

Roosevelt consults on all matters Pennsylvanian, were more responsible for Philadelphia's degradation than any one else. In all this moral uprising, Penrose has been shielding Durham and his kind; his office has been their headquarters, his advice at their service. Towards the cause of decency he has been dumb or hostile, and all the while his adherence to Durham has been used to make the machine's tools believe the national Administration is on the side of the ring. This is no longer possible now. The prompt arrest of Durham and his accomplices, paralyzing as it will be to the politicians, will have no greater effect than Mr. Root's denunciation, his excommunication of them on behalf of the national leaders of their party, and his desire that they be given up to the law even though the regular prosecuting authorities refuse to do their duty.

President Hadley was the inventor of the ostracism cure for corrupt plutocrats, and the epigram has come home to roost in the genial presence of Senator Depew on the Yale Corporation. To be sure, Mr. Hadley has subsequently explained that ostracism is to be applied considerately—one must not always affront the Greeks of modern finance when they bring gifts; but, in view of Dr. Depew's transactions with the Equitable, recently exposed in the testimony which Superintendent Hendricks collected but did not publish, the junior Senator from New York appears to offer the broadest kind of a mark for academic disapproval. As a borrower from the society of which he was both director and legal counsel, he displays, let us say, a carelessness in money matters about as tall as the Chapel Street elms and as broad as the Yale campus. Moreover, as an offender against good sporting ethics, Dr. Depew deserves the thoughtful scrutiny of all Yale men who are solicitous of the honor of their alma mater. No Yale man of our acquaintance loves a welcher, and the borrower who verbally makes himself responsible for a loan and later observes that so informal a promise is without legal weight, comes pretty near the definition of a welcher. On many grounds, Depew's only possible future function at Yale should be that of a shrinking and silent alumnus.

The quarrel between that Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Massachusetts Republican politics, Mr. Eugene N. Foss, and Lieut.-Gov. Guild, the party's avowed candidate for Governor, will bear some explaining. Mr. Foss, who has added to the sin of a firm belief in the principle of reciprocity, the heresy of doubting the divine inspiration of all our tariff schedules, has demanded that Gen. Guild renounce the endorsement of the Home Market Club, which he received a few days ago. He has quoted Gen. Guild's own words, written so recently as April of this year, to show that the Lieutenant-Governor and the Home Market Club can never agree. "Gen. Guild," says Mr. Foss, "has leaped away over the Home Market Club bars by stating flatly that the test of protection should be, not, 'Is a duty demanded?' but, 'Is a duty needed?'" Thereupon the reciprocity champion asks how it is possible for the Home Market Club's secretary, Col. Clarke, to say, in an interview on the Governorship situation, that he did not "believe Gen. Guild's ideas on reciprocity are very different from those held by the Club," or to add: "I don't believe he [Gen. Guild] would be willing to sacrifice one industry for the sake of another. Anyway, as Governor he will have no chance to do it." The progressive Guild of April, thinks Mr. Foss, has been tamed, and it may be necessary, in order to give independent Republicans a chance to express themselves, to enter the race for Governor himself. Meanwhile, Gen. Guild maintains an eloquent silence, and the Douglas Democracy is correspondingly cheered.

It is safe to say that if such testimony as that in favor of Justice Hooker which was given on Thursday by his fellow judges of the Supreme Court, had been offered in a case coming before any of them, or Hooker himself, it would have been ruled out as irrelevant. The issue which the Legislature has to try is not whether Justice Hooker impressed Justice Miller as "fearless, conscientious, and able," or whether Justice Gaynor thinks him "a fine judge and a fine man," but whether he was guilty of certain specified acts. If he was, he should be removed from the bench, notwithstanding the fact that his brother Hirschberg things he has "adequate legal capacity," and that Justice Jenks holds him, "so far as I have seen, entirely honest in his conclusions." All this is as little to the point as is the opinion of that great legal luminary which emits the light reflected from the effulgent Odell—we mean the Newburgh *News*—that the Legislature is bound to declare Hooker's ermine to be without spot or blemish.

The action of the Executive Committee of the Western Union directors in ordering that racing news must hereafter be transmitted only from one regular office to another is a step forward. At the same time it is a confession that the reforms of a year ago were not thoroughgoing. The racing public has still had before it the spectacle of a special operator sending from a special instrument news of value only to gamblers in this city and elsewhere, and the City Club and the Goddard Society must be pardoned if they continue to be skeptical so long as the Western Union retains in its employ the very men who supervised the illegal service, entered into an illegal arrangement with Capt. Goddard himself, and were habitually associated with the gamblers in order to do business with them. While this state of affairs continues, there must remain considerable question whether the Western Union directors are thoroughly supervising their business, and whether their president is wholly aware of what is going on within its own building. So much is clear: if the Western Union seeks to justify itself on the ground that it is the victim of wire-tappers and conscienceless persons who steal its news and telephone messages, the answer is that it is bound to safeguard racing news precisely as it does the business given it by the public.

In Indianapolis has arisen again the question of the obligation of a voter who takes part in a direct primary to support the candidates there nominated. The Republicans, a fortnight ago, adopted the direct-nomination plan in place of a city convention, and ex-Mayor Bookwalter was successful by a small plurality in a count that presented some suspicious features, inasmuch as more Republicans were recorded in the primary than were previously supposed to exist in the whole city. Mr. Bookwalter received a decisive defeat when he sought reëlection three years ago, and presumably the Republicans who voted against him this time entertained the same objections to him as a majority of all the voters had then. Yet his followers are now vehement in insisting that, having been defeated within the lines of their own party, the anti-Bookwalter men are under the strongest moral obligation to support him at the polls. The answer to this is that the direct primary has changed the ordinary voter from a mere endorser of nominations made theoretically by his representatives, practically perhaps by a boss, to the status of a convention delegate. Now dissatisfied convention delegates have not only never relinquished the right to bolt, they have usually taken the lead in any dissenting movement from the party. Experience has sometimes seemed to bear out the paradox that American voters are more disposed to oppose a ticket which they had a hand in making than one imposed upon them by sheer party authority.

By a decision of the United States Circuit Court, the agreement made by a group of the more prominent publishers not to sell books to retailers who cut the "net price," is declared an unlawful combination; and the attempt to enjoin the

corporation of Macy & Co. from selling below the concerted price is declared to be an attempt to force an agreement unlawful in itself upon those who are not even parties thereto. This decision, which seems likely to be confirmed even if an appeal is taken, pretty well annuls the famous compact to maintain a level retail price for all copyright books. First the attempt to cut off the supplies of the bargain-counter places failed; now an injunction is refused in terms attacking the publishers' agreement itself. We can see that the publishing houses which are concerned in the decision had a real grievance, having suffered from the general "dumping" of books as a kind of advertising feature of department stores. It is evident that they thought they were working towards a desirable comity of the trade. Something may be said, also, for the desirability of safeguarding the old-fashioned bookstore from the competition of the new-style book shambles. But these were all more or less sentimental considerations, and not the subject of legal remedy. Publishers cannot hope to escape either the pains of competition or the penalties of combination in restraint of trade, and the old-fashioned bookshop has to suffer the test of other small business. So far as it represents markedly superior intelligence and taste it will continue to find a place in the sun.

One of our contemporaries raises the question whether, after all, the Fourth of July is more dangerous than other days of the year. It suggests that, while a very great number of persons usually engaged in safe vocations or in school spend that day playing with high explosives, this is partly compensated for by the workers in extra-hazardous employments who have a day off. It is not possible to determine this point with absolute accuracy, but some data are available that bear upon it. The census of 1900 gave the total number of deaths in the United States for that year as 1,039,094. But most of these are classified under special heads, ranging from measles to old age, which would not be affected by the Independence Day celebration. The deaths from "all other causes" number 258,166, which must include both the fatal accidents in dangerous trades and the Fourth of July mortality. This averages about 707 per day, Sundays and holidays included. The Chicago *Tribune*, which makes a speciality of such statistics, after waiting due time for tetanus cases to develop, put the death roll traceable to last year's celebration at 468. The figures for this year are larger than those for the corresponding date last year. In either case there must be many unrecorded. We thus have about seven-tenths of an average day's miscellaneous death-roll directly accounted for by fatalities peculiar to Independence Day. Since railroad and steamboat accidents, homicides, suicides, hunting and fishing mishaps, and all the host of similar calamities not only continue, but are probably more frequent than usual on this holiday, it seems clear that the day's bad eminence is deserved.

Mr. Peary seems to have proved that the brave, besides deserving the fair, can find the way to the pockets of our millionaires, and no one will begrudge him his good fortune. He has been a model explorer, modest, scientific, humane, and courageous, and he thoroughly deserves his success in getting the ship and the means for what ought to be a successful dash for the Pole. No vessel which has entered the Polar Seas has been better equipped, and none has had a commander of more varied Arctic experience. And if anything else is needed to achieve success, it is furnished by his naming his vessel the *Roosevelt*. The elements themselves will now give way. Seriously, the best thing about Mr. Peary is that, while anxious to reach the Pole first for reasons of national vanity, his is at heart a scientific quest meant to enrich human knowledge. When one thinks of some of the aimless, ill-judged, and improperly led expeditions now floating around the Arctic, it is a pleasure indeed to wish Mr. Peary and his *Roosevelt* well, as the leading geographers and scientists the world over are doing. At the same time, we sincerely hope his experiment will be the last by sea. The advent of the dirigible balloon is near enough to make us ready to be patient with our ignorance till the problem of the Pole is attacked from the air.

The auguries of peace in the East are distinctly brightened by the substitution of Witte for Muravieff as Russian plenipotentiary. It is not simply that the former has openly declared the folly of the war with Japan. He is a man of peace because he is, primarily, a man of finance and commerce. Just as M. Rouvier, with his financial training strong upon him, started back aghast at the thought of war with Germany, to the edge of which Delcassé had brought France, so Witte, if he had been in power, would doubtless have found a way to satisfy Japan and avoid a war which has put back Russia, financially and commercially, at least a generation. A skilled financier is the last man to be taken in by the transparent fallacy that "war is good for trade." As Witte can see that the war has already thrown down a large part of the commercial edifice which he was largely instrumental in erecting, he may be counted upon to do his utmost to prevent the conflict from going on needlessly and entailing absolute ruin.

M. Delcassé's interview in the *Gaulois* displays strikingly the defects of temper which brought his remarkable career to an inglorious close. He repeats his belief that the German intervention in Morocco was merely a bluff, which, if it were, he should not say; and he discusses with appalling frankness the chances of a naval war between Germany and allied France and England. It is evident that his mind was not upon a diplomatic settlement of the dispute, but upon humiliating Germany, to effect which he was ready to go to the point of war. It is clear also that his mind was not even on France, but on certain large visions of a new European balance. He was willing to ignore the frightful sacrifice France must make on land for success on the sea. A man in this mood may be competent to write a treatise on sea power; he certainly is not in a mental condition to conduct the foreign affairs of a nation that desires peace. In short, M. Delcassé had indulged in Russophilism and then Teutophobia to a dangerous degree, and there was nothing to do but to substitute a cooler head at the Quai d'Orsay. That after M. Rouvier has, by a rather nominal concession, knit up the breach with Germany, M. Delcassé should improve the occasion by using rash words, only emphasizes his discomfiture. It is a curious and inexplicable matter that one of the greatest diplomats of our times should so signally lack the capacity for enduring adversity.

One might wish that King Oscar had complied with the request of the Storthing and nominated one of his sons to the crown of Norway, but this would have required an almost superhuman magnanimity; in fact, it is doubtful if the request was made on any other than a complimentary basis. Failing a Norwegian King of the house of Bernadotte, the suggestion of Prince Charles of Denmark is attractive. It would be a pity if a Scandinavian throne should fall to any of the miscellaneous minor royalties of Europe. With a king of Danish stock, Norway would resume an historic affiliation, and, obtaining the fullest confirmation of her independent status, would be free to enter a Scandinavian alliance. This, in case of a break-up in Russia, would probably include the Grand Duchies of Finland. But, waiving such speculative considerations, it is highly desirable that the uncertainty in Norway should be ended, and, in order to facilitate a Scandinavian compact, a liberal monarchy would be preferable to a Norse republic. From many points of view it is likely, then, that Prince Charles will be chosen. It is improbable that King Oscar of Sweden, who has given a magnificent example of philosophy and practical wisdom in the entire difficulty, will now oppose so excellent a consummation.

THE STATE AND INSURANCE.

Counsels are, as usual, divided on the question of what action the State should take in connection with the Equitable scandals. As usual, too, the politicians are ready to play their tricks. Apparently, Mr. Odell thinks to restore both his moral and his political prestige, and incidentally do Gov. Higgins a mischief, by insisting that the Legislature step in to cure all the ills of insurance companies. There is the customary confusion and working at cross-purposes, and, rising above all, a great clamor that something be done.

One point ought to be kept clear—the difference between investigation and legislation. We think that the Governor is quite right in opposing any new insurance legislation at present. We are not yet ready for that. It will have to come in time; but more light, more deliberation, more careful study of possibilities and consequences, must first be had. To urge the enactment of fresh statutes in the present extra session would be folly. No good could come of hasty legislation, and it might do the great harm of preventing well-considered action later on. The intricate problems connected with the safeguarding of insurance are the last things to be submitted to the perspiring legislators in a July session at Albany.

It is, however, another question whether an investigating committee should not be appointed at once. While there are some obstacles to such a course the arguments for it are strong. The proceedings of a joint committee of the Legislature would have to be public. There could be no more of the mysterious and secret hearings such as, in the event, have done so much to discredit Superintendent Hendricks's inquiry. If ever there was a case for publicity the Equitable's affairs constitute one. Compulsory publishing of itemized accounts would alone have made some of the Hyde milking of the company impossible. As the situation stands to-day, there is no salvation except in making a clean breast. That was not enforced by the Insurance Department; it could be by a legislative committee. Witnesses would have to answer full in the public hearing, or else plead that to reply to questions would incriminate them.

Much more important than this, an investigation by the Legislature could be made more complete and drastic than that of the Insurance Department. The net of a legislative subpœna would catch many a fish that slipped away from Superintendent Hendricks. For example, Mr. Harriman could be called and made to produce that syndicate agreement which, Mr. Hyde testified, he refused to give to that much-wronged gentleman. Mr. Ryan could be summoned, and would doubtless hail the opportunity to explain minutely his intentions regarding the Equitable stock of which he holds the controlling interest, but concerning which his benevolent plans have not been precisely stated. It might even be desirable to give Mr. Root a chance to detail the work he did for the Equitable in 1901 and 1902, when Secretary of War, and for which he was paid, in the former year $10,000, and in the latter $25,000.

Quite apart from such personal trails, which a committee might follow to advantage, there are questions affecting the practical management and the investment of funds of insurance companies, upon which an investigation should threw needed light. How else, in fact, are we to prepare for the corrective legislation that is needed? To thresh out the whole matter by a committee inquiry would be of more direct value than any amount of debating at Albany. What is to be the law affecting directors? Is the present statute, which, literally interpreted, would shut out the most competent directors, to be relaxed or made even more rigid? What regulation of investments by insurance companies is the State to undertake? Do we need fresh enactments to prevent an Insurance Trust, or such financial control of several companies as will enable their vast assets to be used in gigantic railroad speculations? These are but a few of the topics to which an investigating committee might address itself.

We are not of those who credit "the State" with supernatural wisdom. To be informed that a business is "regulated by the States" does not of itself carry conviction to our minds that it is well regulated. The lamentable failure of the Insurance Departments of New York and other States to discover the Equitable crookedness, though they solemnly made successive examinations, is not a powerful argument for extending State functions of that kind. Integrity is a better bulwark than the most stringent statute. Dishonest men who evade one set of legal requirements will manage to get around or secretly violate the new ones. If the business and financial world is infected by a spirit of unscrupulous over-reaching and by morals which admit no test but the goldsmith's scales, it certainly cannot be exorcised by an enactment of the Legislature. Still, it is plain that the State may rightly be asked to do much. Besides prosecuting and punishing criminal financiers, it can lay their entire proceedings bare. A legislative committee can throw its searchlight upon the dark corners of the Equitable iniquity, bringing out what yet remains in the shadow, and perhaps lay the foundation for further criminal processes. Moreover, it can draw out the best legal and financial opinion as to those remedies which it is within the power of the State to apply. Instead, then, of letting everything go over till next January, simply because no wise legislation can be had till then, we should be glad to see an investigating committee soon put to work. It would at least keep public interest alive, showing the people that they do well to continue being angry, and so prevent that consummation which in some quarters appears to be devoutly wished for—a forgetting of the whole scandal, and a quiet settling down as before.

IS GRAFT THE RULE?

President James J. Hill, when asked recently if he thought the recent disclosures of rottenness in the Equitable and other corporations indicated "a low moral tone in commercial circles," took refuge in a proverb: "Water cannot rise higher than its source." What truth Mr. Hill intended to convey, must be looked for at the bottom of his well. The question put to him, however, is one which thoughtful and honest men are asking themselves all over the land. Is it true that "they all do it"? Are those cynical apologists for the Equitable infamies right who contend that Hyde and Alexander and Depew were only doing what other men in similar positions are doing all the time—the only difference being that the latter are too wise to fail out and permit the truth to come to light? Is graft the rule in American business?

That it is at least much more prevalent than they have been ready to admit, we think the most wall-eyed optimists must now concede. The probe has turned up too much too easily. What yet lies beneath we may suspiciously exaggerate, but there must be a great deal. Eminent criminals usually reflect only in a heightened degree the evil spirit of their day and community. When case after case of graft leaps to the light, we cannot be blamed for inferring that there are many others undiscovered. Nor can we blame foreigners for drawing the most damaging conclusions. It is probably the truth to-day that the United States is regarded abroad as crowding Turkey and Russia hard for the championship in corruption. At all events, Japan is now entitled to smile at the homilies which we have directed at her on the need of a higher commercial morality!

But while we will not deny that the evidence of the existence among us of business dishonesty on a fearful scale is strong, we do not believe that it is so universally pervasive as some in their haste have alleged. The secret commission, the betrayed trust, the "rake-off," the doctored records, the "divvy" among financiers very much in the spirit of that of successful burglars, the buying of business, the "legal expenses" which cover a multitude of sins—all are too common, beyond a doubt, and terribly demoralizing, yet they cannot absolutely honeycomb the commer-

cial world. We say this, not out of dogged optimism, nor from a comfortable but delusive conviction that such things simply cannot be in this country, but because we do not, in fact, see commerce and banking fall into a decayed heap at our feet. It was Dr. Johnson, we believe, who said that the devils themselves could not all lie to each other and cheat each other, for, if they did, "hell could not subsist." So we maintain that graft cannot taint absolutely all American business, for, if it did, business could not go on. There must be enough good faith and fidelity and spurning of bribes and hatred of thieving to make, on the whole, a balance on the side of business morality, else business could not longer subsist.

But, to go back to the question submited to Mr. Hill, commercial morality may be low without being fatally debased. And it is our business to look the hard facts in the face, not saying piteously, as Carlyle said certain people do to unpleasant truth, "Thou art not that way, but this way." For one thing, we are bound to admit that corrupt politics has too much had its root in private corruption. Grafting is not first learned in the public business. The opportunities there may be greater, and detection more difficult; but the spirit of getting rich quick at the expense of others and in defiance of the rules of morality, is not confined to the departments at Albany or Washington. In this sense, too, people have the kind of government they deserve. And it is unfortunately true that political reformers are to be deprived hereafter of one argument that they have used. They have urged that "business methods" be applied to politics. But imagine the sneer with which spoilsmen will now ask, "Do you mean Equitable methods?" This, however, simply makes the need of reform broader and deeper. We have got to make business men honest before politicians will be honest; to see to it that the fountain is cleansed before we expect the water to be sweet.

People speak of the "deplorable revelations," but we must be careful what we deplore. That the facts exist is lamentable, but their disclosure is nothing to groan over. It is rather a thing to be hailed. Let us know the worst. Let the diseased bones be laid bare and made ready for scraping. If some great reputations are nothing but whited sepulchres, give the country a sight of the foulness within. If the death's-head of dishonest greed has all the while been a guest at our boasted banquet of "prosperity," it is well, and only well, to let the people have a good look at its grinning jaws. Anything is better than lying complacently asleep in a fool's paradise. These revelations of unsuspected scoundrelism are searching the foundations of our national character. If there are enough men among us who can first give the answer of a good conscience that they are not condemning in others what they allow in themselves, and will then arm themselves with scourges for the backs of offenders high or low, in office or in private life, we shall succeed in putting to flight the army of grafters, and, having recovered our own self-respect, may win back again the respect of the civilized world.

PENNSYLVANIA'S STATE CONSTABULARY.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, at its last session, passed a law which should be of great interest to the entire country, since it creates a mounted State constabulary for the purpose of preserving peace and order in the rural districts of that commonwealth. State policemen there have been before, notably in Massachusetts, where, however, the system failed. There, the force was not mounted, resembled in its organization that of the cities, and was mainly designed to overcome the negligence and corruption of the local police, particularly with reference to enforcement of the liquor laws. Closely analogous to the new Pennsylvania constabulary are the Texas Rangers, who have performed remarkable service in preventing local disorders, in policing districts laid waste by flood or fire, in running down bandits, as in the Garcia raids of 1891, and in patrolling the Mexican border. Of their value to the State there has never been any doubt.

Pennsylvania as a State has peculiar police problems, not merely because it contains large and wild mountain tracts, but because of the labor problems connected with its vast iron and coal industries. As a result of the great strikes of the past fifteen years, the State has paid enormous bills to its National Guard, which has done more field service by far than the troops of any half-dozen other States. For a time its militia spent almost every other summer in camp. Their work, rather faulty in some respects, during the coal strike of 1902 will be readily recalled. These conditions, with the notorious lawlessness in certain counties, might of themselves have suggested a mounted State police of sufficient size and mobility to control a strike outbreak, at least during its incipiency. But the chief motive behind the Pennsylvania departure is a different and perhaps a less creditable one. Ever since the coal strike there has been very considerable feeling, particularly among the labor unions, against the coal and iron police, a semi-public body supported by the great companies simply because the State had no constabulary, and the local communities were too poor or too inefficiently organized to do their own policing of the masses of foreigners within their boundaries. Much of this feeling is to be condemned—indeed, there were many cases of shocking maltreatment of coal and iron policemen by the strikers; on the other hand, there may well have been unnecessary retaliations on the part of the police. At best such a system is a makeshift, certain to lead to dissatisfaction and trouble. Hence the new constabulary law states distinctly that the men are intended, besides acting as forest, fire, game, and fish wardens, "as far as possible to take the place of the police now appointed at the request of the various corporations."

It is, of course, impossible that this should be done immediately, for the law carries with it an appropriation of only $425,000, and prescribes that there shall for the present be only four troops, comprising each a captain, a lieutenant, five sergeants, and fifty men, or a total, with the attachés of the Superintendent of State Police and his deputy, of about 230 men—obviously too small a body to be other than experimental. The Superintendent is to receive a salary of $3,000, his deputy $2,000, each captain $1,500, and each lieutenant $1,200. Sergeants are to be paid $1,000, and privates $720 a year, and no one is to be appointed to the force until he has passed a physical and mental examination, based upon the police standards of Philadelphia, in addition to which the candidate must be of good moral character, able to ride, and between the ages of twenty-one and forty years. It is a happy augury for the efficiency of this new body that Gov. Pennypacker has appointed as Superintendent Capt. John C. Groome, for years an officer of the historic Philadelphia City Cavalry, a man of means and position, who may be expected to be impervious to political influences. His headquarters are to be in Harrisburg, and he has already announced that he aims to make his little battalion as efficient in its way as the Canadian Mounted Police, which is certainly an admirable model.

If this experiment is successful, as there is every reason to believe it will be, Pennsylvania's action should be imitated by many other States, particularly in the South. One need not recall that Italy and Spain suppressed brigandage and lawlessness by their rural constabularies to see that a system of mounted police is precisely what the South and West need, particularly to suppress lynchings and assaults upon the person in the unpoliced country districts. The sheriff's posse is little fitted to deal with modern conditions, and, in the South, at least, the militia has too often, as at Statesboro, shown itself a weak reed to lean upon. Militarily inclined as the South is in many respects, its militia is small and poorly officered, and has few opportunities for drill and discipline. Some of the money spent on it could well be devoted to a system of patrols for country roads, which, if directed by the proper men—West Pointers, for instance—

would soon pay for itself in increased security, better conditions for rural business, and a decreased expense for the pursuit and confinement of criminals. Being a State force, such a body would be far less subject to local influences than a militia company, for instance; and whenever a Southern Governor really wanted to punish lynchers, he would have a force which would not only fire on a mob, but would run its members to earth as well. Even in New York there could be found plenty of use for such a constabulary, if only to act as a check upon the State officials charged with such duties as those of maintaining order and enforcing the laws relating to the sale of liquor. What Pennsylvania is attempting on such a small scale is a recognized institution in most European countries, and is nowhere more efficient than in Egypt. It is truly singular that the experiment has so long been delayed.

THE PALATE VS. THE EYE.

The story is told that some years ago a Pacific Coast salmon packer learned that there was an excellent market for canned fish among the negroes of the Gulf States, and undertook to secure a share of this trade for his own product. An experienced salesman was therefore sent to Louisiana. He, on finding that canned codfish was the staple, saw an easy task ahead of him. He explained to the shop-keepers how much richer and more toothsome his salmon was, and they accordingly laid in a stock and recommended the goods to their customers. But it appeared that the codfish with which those same customers were familiar had the habit of turning rusty when old. Red flesh had with them come to mean unfitness for food. The buyers opened the cans, found the contents red, threw them away, and refused to buy any more. The skilful salesman's further efforts were unavailing. But there is taken among the high-grade salmon an inferior fish known as "dog salmon," which the canners had previously thrown away. Its flesh is coarse and fat, but it is white, and, what is more, stays white indefinitely in the can. So the canner, whose first attempt had failed, began to put up "dog salmon" for this same trade. He labelled his goods, "Warranted not to turn red with age," and was rewarded by well-deserved success in the places which would have none of his high-grade wares.

Whether this story is actually true or not, there is a very important moral in it. It is that there is no use trying to make people eat anything that does not conform to their ideas of what viands should be. A Government pamphlet on "Consumers' Fancies," emanating from the omniscient Department of Agriculture, and credited to George K. Holmes, chief of the Division of Foreign Markets in the Bureau of Statistics, eloquently enforces this lesson. Here are rapidly run over most of the commoner whims relating to the appearance of articles for the table. Thus, brown eggs sell for a higher price than pure white ones in Boston, while New York and San Francisco prefer the white; butter colored to suit Chicago's taste would be too pale for that of Washington, and not nearly dark enough for New Orleans. And, in a long list of the most familiar articles, the consumer demands a color or appearance which, not only is no indication of quality, but is actually absent in the pure natural product. Catsup made from tomatoes is not a vivid red, and must be made so, in very many cases, by dyeing. Cider as it drips from the modern mill is almost colorless, but the buyer, remembering that the old-time cider and vinegar were brown, demands that the new wear the same color. The maker meets the demand with caramel. Whiskey is in similar case. As it comes from the still it is white, and the darker color results only after it has been stored in a charred barrel. This tone can be given to white or undercolored whiskey by means of burnt sugar. Prunes are dipped in glycerine and logwood, walnuts bleached with sulphite, because people believe that they ought to look as nature never intended they should. Obviously, the refusal of the public to buy the "real thing" just as it comes is the greatest imaginable incentive to adulteration and fraud.

But short of these actually fraudulent practices, the unreasoning preferences of the consumer work to his own detriment. Take the single example of fruits. In none of the homelier departments of life, perhaps, is there so much bewailing of the good old days. The apple, peach, plum, pear, cherry of our forefathers has been succeeded by an insipid pulp. Yet the cause for this, or at least one of the important causes, can be readily traced. Look, for instance, at the system of marking which prevailed at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. In judging apples, 15 points were given to size, 15 to color, 15 to form, 20 to freedom from blemishes, and only 15 to taste. In peaches, 25 points were counted for quality to 75 for appearance; in pears and plums the same. The quality of cherries counts for 20 points, though the mere item of "stems" is worth 15. In the scoring of grapes, again, 80 per cent. is on qualities that appeal to the eye, to only 20 that concern the palate. The fruit-grower rightly values the awards made at a world's fair, or even a horticultural show, or a county fair. To say that such and such a variety of fruit had taken first prize would generally be regarded as the highest recommendation. Yet if our markets are filled with showy but tasteless fruit, the reason is not hidden.

The talk about Mr. Burbank's seedless apple is in point here. As soon as this discovery—or, rather, rediscovery—became known, people caught at it with enthusiasm. They cracked jokes on the "Ain't goin' to be no core" order; they promptly predicted the complete disappearance of the apple with seeds; they wondered how soon the seedless sort would become cheap enough to buy; they organized companies to raise it, and sold stock to the unwary. The only thing they did not do was to inquire what the new fruit tasted like.

The conclusion is inevitable, moreover, that as city life becomes the lot of an increasing number, and our population gets farther from the soil, this ignorance of an insistence on qualities properly unimportant will be heightened rather than otherwise. Starting from our days of dietetic simplicity and virtue, the proper and logical course should have been to insist on keeping up absolutely the flavor and wholesomeness of every product, while encouraging such efforts at attractiveness as caused no deterioration in the other line. As things have turned out, our only hope seems to be in in praying for such improvements in flavor and wholesomeness as will not interfere with the all-essential externals.

THE CRISIS OF INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION.

SYDNEY, June 19, 1905.

If Dr. Victor S. Clark, whom President Roosevelt last year commissioned to report on the working of industrial arbitration in New Zealand, had continued his voyage to Sydney on the steamer that brought him from San Francisco, he would have found in the neighboring State of New South Wales a system in active operation that would have challenged a still closer scrutiny. He would have found being administered a statute in which the characteristic principles of the New Zealand act are unflinchingly carried to their logical issues. He would have seen a court where the president, with remarkable perspicacity, has still further developed those principles by his decisions, and has aimed at building up a code of industrial law as Lord Mansfield built up a code of commercial law; and where two lay assessors have shown equal independence and acumen in asserting the rights of the employers and the claims of the employed. He would also have observed the court daily assailed by a running fire of destructive criticism that left no single feature of the act unscathed.

Had he visited Australia a year later, he would have witnessed a very different state of things. He would have found the whole imposing structure of State industrial arbitration in ruins. At the end of the term of three years for which he was appointed, the president has refused to enter on another term. His reasons for taking this are no mystery. The profession he belongs to is all but unanimous against the act. The chief justice has denounced it as an invasion of the liberty of the subject. The Court of Appeal in the State and the High Court of the Commonwealth have taken a

vindictive pleasure in reversing the judge's most characteristic decisions. The society that he moves in is savagely contemptuous. The press is implacably hostile. To continue in office would be to sacrifice his peace of mind. But that is not all, nor the worst. The statute requires that the president of the court shall be chosen from the judges of the Supreme Court. But no judge of the Supreme Court can be induced to accept the invidious position. Nor can a judge be appointed *ad hoc*. Fourteen years ago, after a colonial escapade, the Privy Council decided that no new judgeship could be constitutionally created till the Legislature had voted a salary for it. There is, therefore, no loophole in that direction. The court, as the president admits, is "in a state of suspended animation." It no longer sits. The men cannot strike, for that is now an indictable offence; the masters dare not lock out, for that also is a misdemeanor; and neither can appeal to a court that has virtually ceased to exist. We are reminded of an English parallel. Forgetting the existence of Mr. Goschen, Lord Randolph Churchill rashly imagined that, by merely resigning his office, he could bring the Salisbury Ministry to its knees. Using the same simple but (this time) effectual procedure, Mr. Justice Cohen has undesigningly brought industrial arbitration to a deadlock.

To what is it owing that the favorable auguries that attended the inception of the system have been mocked and the sanguine forecasts of its success have turned to disappointment? To one thing exclusively. It has been perverted from its original purpose of being a method of conciliation in industrial crises, and converted into an instrument for the minute and detailed regulation of all the industries in the colony or State. The design of the New Zealand or mother statute we know on authority. In 1894 the author of the bill asked the House of Representatives to legislate in order "to prevent that class of labor disputes which cause loss or danger to the community—loss to those concerned, and danger inasmuch as they may arrest the processes of industry." The act came into force in the following year. Three years only of its operation sufficed to open the lawmaker's eyes. In 1898 he wrote that the act was in danger of being ridden to death. Three years more passed away, and the head of the Ministry that carried the bill was aroused to mingled anger and alarm by the avalanche of litigation that it had brought down on the colony. He made a strong protest against the continual summoning of employers. Repeating the words of his own Minister of Labor, he said that the men were riding the act to death. They were keeping the community in constant turmoil. A stop, he sternly intimated, would have to be put to the incessant litigation, or it would disgust both masters and men, and excite a revulsion of public opinion. One after another, in New Zealand as in New South Wales, every industry in the colony has got up an "industrial dispute" and presented a case on which the court is bound to adjudicate. A court that was expected to sit only in emergencies is kept perambulating the colony, and deciding suits from one end of it to the other. It was created to redress only such intolerable grievances as would have led to a ruinous strike or a dangerous lockout, and it has been insensibly dragged into regulating all the conditions of every industry. Initiated as a system of industrial arbitration, it has been distorted into a system of State industrial regulation. The reader of the official reports is astonished to see page after page filled with minute prescriptions, relating to wages, time, apprentices, conditions of labor, and modes of work, drawn up by a judge, an employer, and a workman, of whom the lawyer might not be the most ignorant of the particular industry. No more pungent example could be given of the truth, first enunciated by Machiavelli and reiterated almost to wearisomeness by Spencer, that the course political innovations will take cannot be foreseen or their effects measured in advance.

The means have been as much perverted as the end. The author of the New Zealand act expressed the belief that the voluntary institutions it sanctioned or created would suffice for settling the great majority of industrial disputes. This is clearly the ideal to be aimed at, but it has never been even temporarily realized. After maintaining a struggling existence for seven years, the New Zealand boards of conciliation were practically superseded in 1902 by an amending act permitting suits to be carried straight to the court of arbitration. In none of the Australian States have the boards been brought into existence. Conciliation has disappeared from the system, or has never been introduced into it. Industrial agreements remain. They are the bequest of the motherland to her colonial offspring. The greatest industries in England are now governed by a method of collective bargaining that regulates their conditions down to the minutest particular. They would realize the individualist's ideal if they were provided with that legal sanction which an influential minority of the royal commission on labor recommended some years ago. It is provided by the New Zealand and the Australian acts. These statutes confer on industrial unions the power to make collective agreements. A union of employers and a union of workers may form compacts for a period not exceeding three years that shall be binding in law and enforced like a decision of the court. Masters and men meet in conference, and their agreements "are arrived at after prolonged discussion on the give-and-take principle." Once they are arrived at, the court shows the utmost unwillingness to disturb them, conscious of its inability to appreciate the succession of compromises that led up to them. Unfortunately, the conclusion of an agreement is an exception and the hearing of a dispute the rule. In New South Wales only eighteen agreements were filed in about as many months, while forty-six disputes were set down for hearing.

How far from conciliation or the amicable settlement of differences are the thoughts of the labor leaders appears from the battle that rages around the cornerstone of the statute—the so-called preference to unionists. The controversy first broke out in New Zealand, where the judge of the court of arbitration ruled that, in employing or dismissing workmen, an employer must prefer unionists to independents. An appeal was made to the full court, which condemned the principle by the mouth of the chief justice, but confirmed the ruling on the ground that unions alone and not individuals had a standing before the court. The Legislature promptly placed the matter beyond the reach of litigation by enacting that the court was authorized, should it think fit, to give a preference to unionists in any industry. The Premier of New Zealand is now urged to make preference compulsory by statute. He provisionally declines to take that extreme step, but asserts that the colony should be "educated up to" that ethical elevation. The New South Wales law has from the outset unequivocally authorized, but not required, the court to concede preference. The interstate arbitration bill that wrecked two Ministries in the Commonwealth, and hangs like the sword of Damocles over the trembling heads of a third, at first followed the lines of the New South Wales act. Then an amending clause was proposed permitting preference to be granted only when it had been definitely ascertained that a solid majority of the workers in any industry approved of it. The Labor Ministry fell in opposing the amendment, which was carried by the scanty majority of two. The struggle has been transferred to the civil courts. Some months ago the court of arbitration in New South Wales held that an employer is not justified in engaging non-unionists without applying to the employees' union to learn whether competent union labor is available. It also held that it "had power to direct that a non-unionist seeking employment shall, as a condition precedent to his obtaining it, agree to join the union within a specified time after his engagement." Both of these developments have been set aside by the State Court of Appeal. A few weeks ago a puisne judge in Queensland (where State arbitration has not yet been introduced) awarded heavy damages to a non-unionist who had been deprived of work by a union. Yet there is nothing new in the labor contention. The statute only gives effect to an old practice. For many years employers have been granting a preference to unionists. Without it, the president of the court declares, unionism is at an end. Accordingly, preference forms a part of almost every award. The effects of the provision are not doubtful. (1) In any trade where a preference is legalized, "workmen in that trade," says the registrar of the court, "must either join a union or be in danger of starvation." (2) A non-unionist cannot obtain legal redress. "It is only as a member of an industrial union," he adds, "that a workman can apply to and be represented before a court." The president holds that no employer has been injuriously affected by the preferential clause. Perhaps not; will he say as much of the employee? Not only is the workman driven into the union, but he becomes a member of a political organization. He must contribute to the parliamentary expenses of the political candidate selected by the union; and he is liable for levies made in support of strikes in other States. He is no longer a free agent—and that in colonies which are largely populated by independent workmen who left the old country to escape from the tyranny of the unions.

Even these *Vehmgerichte* might be tolerated if the system of which they are the base thus gained its chief end—the suppression of strikes. To all appearance it has done so in New Zealand, where there have been no strikes since its inception; but then, except a gigantic strike in sympathy with Australia, there was none before. It has

been otherwise in New South Wales. Here have been lately as many as eleven strikes in the short space of seven months—most of them, it is true, in connection with that coal-mining trade which is the cockpit of industrial contention all the world over. When a twelfth broke out a few months ago, the authorities considered that it was time to set the law in motion. A number of representative delinquents were selected and prosecuted. The prosecution issued in a fiasco. Some of the cases, on a technical pretext, the magistrate refused to send before the jury. Others the jury threw out. The crown prosecutor then abandoned the rest.

Criminal prosecution is evidently futile. An offending employer can be at once brought to his senses by a heavy fine of £500, while a workers' union goes scot-free because its funds cannot be got at or because it has no funds. To imprison the offenders in many a strike would much more than fill the gaols of the State, and to imprison a few would be to make martyrs of them. Effective against the masters, the system is powerless against the men.

This is only a part of the price the employers have to pay for industrial peace. The charge made against arbitration, as it is being administered in New Zealand and New South Wales is, that it is taking all businesses out of the hands of their owners and vesting them in a court of law, which thus virtually controls the entire industrial organization of the State. Need we wonder that, in the execution of this stupendous undertaking, the courts have completely broken down? Four years ago it was stated that the boards of conciliation in New Zealand were a year behind with their work, while the Court of Arbitration was hopelessly in arrear. The New South Wales court is still more congested. Some of the unions have waited two years and a half for their cases to be heard, and many have had claims pending for two years. In despair the president announced that in future the court would confine itself to questions of time, wages, preference to unionists, and the application of "the common rule." It has not availed. At this moment sixty-three cases stand on the roll for hearing, and a representative of labor has computed that, at its recent rate of progress, the court will consume thirteen years in overtaking them.

Do not these instances at once show the error that has been committed and point out the path of reform? The more strenuous opponents of the act clamor for its immediate repeal; its more judicious critics demand only that it shall be allowed to lapse when its term of probation has come to an end. Let no man expect to witness either consummation. The conquests of the Australian democracy are inalienable. The English divorce act was carried in the teeth of a determined Opposition led by Gladstone in a series of impassioned speeches. Does any one believe that the divorce procedure will ever be excised from British jurisprudence? Had that court, instead of dealing only with cases that have come to "suppuration point," attempted to regulate the matrimonial relations of all England, it would have made the same mistake as the courts of arbitration at the Antipodes. Let these refuse to adjudicate on any industrial dispute save such as would inevitably lead to a lockout or a strike, and their business will be reduced to manageable dimensions, while masters and men will agree to settle all other differences between themselves. J. C.

Correspondence.

GOETHE ON BLOOD-AND-THUNDER FICTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While browsing lately among Goethe's "Sprüche in Reimen," I came across the following epigram, which brought back to me an extremely interesting review that appeared some time ago in the *Nation*, wherein the tendency of the modern historical novel, with its wholesale adventures, and thrilling murder and robber stories, was severely criticised, and to which a recent article in the July *Atlantic*, "The Mob Spirit in Literature," likewise points:

DEN VEREINIGTEN STAATEN.

Amerika! Du hast es besser
Als unser Continent der alte:
Hast keine verfallene Schlösser
Und keine Basalte.
Dich stört nicht im Innern
Zu lebendiger Zeit
Unnützes Erinnern
Und vergeblicher Streit.
Benutzt die Gegenwart mit Glück,
Und wenn Eure Kinder dichten,
Bewahre sie ein gut Geschick
Vor Ritter-, Rauber- und Gespenster-Geschichten.

This, feebly translated, runs as follows:

TO THE UNITED STATES.

America! thou farest better
Than our Continent of ages:
Thou hast no ruined castle, no weather-beaten prison cages.
In the present thou livest,
And carest not, nor givest
Needless thought to the past,
Or things that do not last,
Enjoy the present, and if in time
Thy children take to writing prose or rhyme,
God save them from writing much
Of tales of knights, robbers, mysteries, and such.

Goethe is said by his biographers to have written most of these "Sprüche" during his first Italian visit, 1787-8, some ten years after the Declaration of Independence. His mind then was evidently full of hopefulness for and admiration of the new political, but apprehensive of the new literary, republic. It is as though this seer had foreseen, more than a hundred years ago, the sorry spectacle which some of the modern novels present, and warned us against it.—Respectfully, W. T.

St. Louis, July 15, 1905.

DR. J. L. A. BRANDES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last month, the hospitality of your columns being extended to me for a few remarks on "Archæology in Java," the subject necessarily led to my speaking of Dr. J. L. A. Brandes as the moving spirit of the present activity in that field. Though I was informed of his intention to ask a year's leave to visit Europe, principally for the sake of recuperating his health, which had suffered lately, the news of his death (at Batavia, Java), received by the last mail from Holland, was very unexpected. Doubtless the news will be of interest to the *Nation's* readers, and may be supplemented by a brief notice of his lifework in the short space allotted him (he died at the age of forty-eight).

Born in Rotterdam, he graduated at Leyden, as a pupil of Professor Kern, and in 1884 got an appointment to Netherlands India for the "study of the native languages" as a Government official. Very soon, from his special training and inclination, he felt attracted to the deciphering of old inscriptions and manuscripts, and to investigations connected with the history of the old Hindu monuments, and I well remember his delight when receiving, in 1886, copies (*Abklatsche*) of some inscriptions I had made for him on the Diëng plateau. As curator of the collection of manuscripts belonging to the Society of Arts and Sciences at Batavia (*Bataviaasch Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen*) and representative in Netherlands India of the Royal Institute at The Hague (*Koninklyk Instituut voor de Taal-, Land- en Volkenkunde van Nederlandsch Indië*) he gathered and examined a good deal of material, and the results of his labors may be found in the Proceedings of the above-named learned societies.

After the annexation of Lombok, Brandes was sent thither for the purpose of saving such of the treasures in literature, architecture, sculpture, and other branches of art as survived the devastation of the island during a cruel, obstinate war. Some time before, after the death of Dr. van der Tuuck, he had been sent to Bali for the purpose of taking possession, in the name of Government, of the scientific estate left by that most distinguished, most erudite, but most eccentric linguist; and it is a matter of great regret that this tremendous mass of material, collected and, to a certain extent, put in shape for a standard dictionary of the Balinese language, now lies unused, practically shelved, the almost gigantic labor of a lifetime spent in conscientious research helplessly thrown away—unless the future produces a similar scholar of the right kind, willing and capable of taking up the work where Van der Tuuck left it.

The principal work of Brandes, during the latter part of his life, with the exception of some publications relative to the topography of ancient Batavia, was done on archæological lines, for the preservation of the Hindu monuments in the island of Java. His influence as president of the archæological commission was set forth in the *Nation* of the 15th of June, and may be further traced in the printed results of his investigations regarding our Hindu antiquities, the first volume of which (and the only one published so far) treats more especially of the Tjandi Djago. Earlier, he wrote the *Nagarakretagama* and the *Pararaton*, or the books of the Kings of Tumapel and Madjapahit, besides an index to the *Babad Tanah Djawi*.

Representing Government at the Congress of Orientalists in Hanoi in 1902, he drew attention to many points of resemblance between the architecture of the old monuments in Java and Bali on the one hand and in Indo-China on the other, while his studies had led him to the opinion that the old Hindu civilization which came to Java from the continent, first centring in the middle of the island, gradually spread east and west—most intensely to the east.

Altogether, however much he accom-

plished, Brandes gave promise of infinitely more, on the basis of ever-widening views, ripened by restless investigation within strictly defined scientific limits, A sober-minded, yet enthusiastic scholar of the old school, preferring solid knowledge to brilliancy, his untimely death must be counted a great loss. J. F. SCHELTEMA.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., July 13, 1905.

A REPUDIATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been called to a publication calling itself "The Bibliophile Library of Literature, Art, and Rare Manuscripts," and bearing the imprint of "The International Bibliophile Society." My name is used as one of the editors.

I wish to state emphatically that I have never been engaged by any International Bibliophile Society to edit any such "Library." I have the honor of being president of the Bibliophile Society, the publications of which are distributed *only* to members. It is not in any way a mercantile association; it consists of five hundred of the most enthusiastic book-lovers in the country. On its Council are men like the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge and Prof. William P. Trent of Columbia University. Through the courtesy and unselfish zeal of one of its Western members, it has been enabled to issue an unprecedentedly valuable series of books of literary and historical interest, such as 'Major André's Journal,' Marat's 'Lettres Polonaises,' and the like. The so-called International Bibliophile Society is apparently trying to trade on the reputation which our society has legitimately won. Its methods, as frequently brought to my notice by friends, are fraudulent and outrageous, and I have been advised to bring a legal injunction against their persistent use of my name, the only shadow of an excuse for which is the fact that, some years ago, I outlined a plan and helped to compile the "International Library of Literature," which was published by Merrill & Baker. The plan, embodying a combination of topical and chronological arrangements, thoroughly educational in character, was at one time attributed to Dr. Garnett, who promptly repudiated its authorship, and joined with me in a protest against having his name in any way associated with this same pseudo-International Bibliophile Society, though he is an enthusiastic member of the genuine society.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE, July 12, 1905.

Notes.

The Saalfield Publishing Co. of Akron, Ohio, will publish directly a 'Life of Edwin M. Stanton,' by Frank A. Flower, with many illustrations.

Eleven years ago the house of Hachette in Paris, on adding Pascal's 'Pensées' to its "Collection des Grands Écrivains," solicited subscriptions for a phototypic facsimile reproduction of the manuscript original preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which proceeded from Pascal's relative, the Abbé Louis Périer. This hodge-podge is a scrapbook of an exasperating kind, in which recto is sacrificed to verso in pasting, and vice versa, yet with nothing put out of sight or lost. The undertaking involved not only the facsimiles, but a word-for-word transcription—not, however, in the orthography of Pascal's time, but in that of the present day, for purposes of mere comparison. Over this part Professor Léon Brunschvicq has presided. The form of this splendid reproduction is folio. The facsimiles are absolutely untouched. There will be some appendices, notably an unpublished letter of Pascal's to Huygens, January 6, 1659, preserved at Leyden.

The German South Polar expedition in the *Gauss*, to which we made reference in our recent notice of the Swedish 'Antarctica,' is about to have its historian, viz., in the person of its chief, Erich von Drygalski—'Deutsche Südpolar-Expedition 1901-1903' (Berlin: Georg Reimer; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The work is generously planned, and will appear under the auspices of the Imperial Minister of the Interior, in ten volumes of text and three of atlas, not to be completed till 1912. The text illustrations will number 1,400.

From the same New York firm we have parts vii. to xii. of the handy and excellent 'Meyers Hand-Atlas,' already described in these columns as passing into a third edition. The South Polar regions occur in the present instalment, as also the North Polar. Among novelties we remark a map of Kiao-chau Bay, one of Argentina, Chili, Bolivia, Uruguay, and Paraguay, others of Morocco, Algeria and Tunis, of the coast of Ukraine, the environs of Rome, etc.

The second volume of Luther S. Livingston's 'Auction Prices of Books,' in English and American salesrooms from 1886 to 1904 (plus some earlier quotations), comes to us from Dodd, Mead & Co. It extends from Dickens to La Peyrère. Here one may observe Rossetti's four-part *Germ* germinating in market value to $410, to $675. Here is Fielding commanding $200 for his 'Amelia,' as against $345 for Franklin's 'Catalogue of Choice and Valuable Books' and $565 for his 'Poor Richard.' For Gray's 'Elegy' $740 was none too high; but his 'Six Poems' of 1753, with manuscript insertion, towered to £400. Some modern contrasts are presented in the case of Edward FitzGerald, who goes not beyond £31 for his 'Salámán and Absál,' and of Kipling, who fills a large space, with a climax of £400 for his 'Schoolboy Lyrics.'

The tourist season is certainly appropriate for the bringing out of a new edition of George Borrow's 'Wild Wales,' as has been done by John Lane for his "New Pocket Library." It bears on every page the stamp of the eccentric author, and is interested alike in the people, the language and scenery—in scholar gypsy fashion. There are more than 700 pages in the chunky little volume, but the chapters are brief and the conversations and descriptions fascinating. Whether bound for the principality or for quite another outing, one cannot go amiss in slipping 'Wild Wales' into his bag and into his pocket.

Dr. Hyslop's 'Science and a Future Life' (Boston: H. B. Turner & Co.) is, like the little book by M. Sage, which we noticed last year (No. 2040), an attempt to popularize and condense the evidence buried in the Society for Psychical Research's voluminous reports on Mrs. Piper's trances, for one of the bulkiest and most detailed of which Dr. Hyslop was himself responsible. He has added to his extracts some sensible comments and a careful comparison of the telepathic and the spiritistic explanation, the latter of which he prefers. His style is hardly suited to forward his purpose of interesting the general public, while for those who are acquainted with the primary evidence the most noticeable feature of the book will probably be a remark in the preface, that "it is high time that investigations of this kind should be endowed, as are many others of less importance." A very true and timely remark, no doubt, if men were reasonable or really desirous of knowing; but does not the curious fact that nowhere has there ever been endowed any research of the organized and sustained character which has elsewhere wrested secrets from reluctant nature, strongly suggest that mankind has never really desired scientific knowledge of their post-mortem fortunes? And there certainly exists a strong prejudice against knowledge, the exact nature of which is well worth examination. Its study might be commended to our psychologists, who themselves share it so extensively that they should be able to pronounce upon it at first hand.

Dr. Elkin's 'Hume' (Macmillan) is a clear and careful study of the relations of the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' Book I., to the 'Inquiry concerning Human Understanding,' which should prove decidedly useful to all who concern themselves with the great but elusive thinker who shares with Plato the distinction that pedants of all ages have never been able either to fathom him or to leave him alone. Dr. Elkin comes to the conclusion that the 'Inquiry' shows no real changes in Hume's philosophy, and improvements only in minor respects (such as the treatment of belief and instinct), while the only omission which can plausibly be ascribed to a change of heart concerns the discussion of the self. But even here we do not know what, if anything, Hume would have put in the place of the view which, in the appendix to the 'Treatise,' he reaffirms even while professing to discard it, and are left uncertain how far his confession of failure is to be taken as sincere. Dr. Elkin, it would seem, both here and elsewhere, inclines to take his author too seriously; he does not allow sufficiently for the impishness of Hume and his genius for innuendo, whereby he insinuates his most deadly and devastating doubts in the disguise of a modest disclaimer of certainty or a frank confession of dissatisfaction. On the other hand, Dr. Elkin has avoided the common pitfall of making Hume out an absolute skeptic, though he might have laid even more stress than he does (pp. 131, 134) on the aspect of Hume which redeems his theoretic skepticism, viz., his recognition of action as the great source of certainty. It is this side of Hume which has been most neglected in the past, but is most likely to come to the fore in the future, because it makes him one of the forerunners of modern "pragmatism." Not that it will be possible to interpret Hume into a pragmatist any more than to reduce pragmatists to Humians: his delight in playing the *enfant terrible* was too great, and his contempt for current metaphysics and theology too strong,

to permit him to apply to them the practical test of truth he admitted into "politics and natural philosophy." And so his philosophy will always remain a psychological puzzle of the highest order.

The Royal Library of Berlin is to be rebuilt. The scaffolding is already up, and the structure is to be one of the most imposing in the city. New rules and regulations are to be in force; indeed, they will be introduced in the old building pending the completion of the new. The University professors are up in arms against these rules, and no wonder, for they greatly restrict their privileges. Heretofore, as Fritz Mauthner remarks in the Berlin *Tageblatt*, these professors have looked on the Library as practically their private property. They have been allowed to take out as many books and keep them as long as they pleased, and they have abused this privilege shamefully. Mommsen was a partial exception. When he was reading up on a subject, he would go to the Library and have mountains of books piled up before him, but would take home only those he really needed for more careful perusal. These, to be sure, he often kept an unreasonable time. Mauthner knew one professor who always felt insulted when asked to return a book he had taken out. He never had fewer than a hundred at a time, and kept some of them longer than two years. Such abuses are to be curbed by the new regulations, which, while still permitting books to be taken out, require their return within three weeks, under penalty of a fine, and without the privilege of renewal. Mauthner sees the comic aspect of the indignation of the professors. They allege that they alone deserve to be considered, because of the importance of their learned researches; he retorts that 99 per cent. of their learned treatises are simply compilations from various other books, and not worth the paper they are printed on.

The arrest of national physical deterioration is the object of a League for Physical Education and Improvement established at a meeting held last month in the Mansion House, London, at the invitation of the Lord Mayor. The movement, which is on strictly non-political and undenominational lines, and is furthered by many prominent persons, including the Lord Chief Justice and the Bishop of Ripon, is to stimulate public interest in the physical condition of the people throughout the kingdom, and to start organizations for physical health and well-being wherever none exist. Territorial branches are to be formed in the various towns and parishes, to see that instruction is furnished in the laws of health, the nurture and care of children, the methods of domestic and personal hygiene and of cooking and housekeeping. Physical exercises and opportunity for open-air games will be provided for both boys and girls. The medical profession is strongly represented among those who favor the purposes of the League.

The responsibilities of citizenship are being realized by Frenchmen, said M. Paul Sabatier in a lecture recently delivered in London, as never before, and a profound change in the national character is being brought about. One indication of it is the institution called "L'Union pour l'action morale," whose moving spirit is M. Paul Desjardins, and whose members are men of the most opposite opinions, priests and anti-clericals, Jews and anti-Semites, believers and free-thinkers, who meet and discuss subjects affecting the public welfare, such as the separation of Church and State, with deep earnestness and perfect courtesy; proof of a mysterious and very powerful sap working in society. After a reference to the Abbé Loisy and the remarkable spectacle of the conscience of all Europe impressed by that simple priest, M. Sabatier gave a short sketch of the work of Deherme, a compositor, who had brought powerfully before the public the necessity for the cooperation of ideas. He concluded with the statement that thought in France at the present time was at once free and profoundly religious.

The first "Lehrauftrag" for journalism in connection with any Continental university has recently been given in Zurich. The editor of the *Post*, of that city, Dr. O. Wettstein, has for three semesters been delivering lectures in this department as privat-docent, and the Government has now officially appointed him a teacher in this branch, more specifically on the history, the law, and the technic of journalism. This "Lehrauftrag," of course, does not yet establish a university chair of journalism, but an associate professorship (*ausserordentliche Professur*) is looked for in the near future.

The International Medical Publication Association, in its recent meeting in Berne, discussed chiefly the author's rights in medical journals. It was declared desirable that a medical savant should not simultaneously publish his researches in different languages, but should issue the authoritative text only in his native tongue and have all other publications of it appear as translations. It was further decided to issue an international bibliography of medical publications. As the American medical press had hitherto not participated in the work of the Association, it was invited to join. The next congress will be held in Lisbon in April, 1906, with the Spanish Minister of Education as chairman.

The Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale will hold its twenty-seventh convention in the third week in September in Louvain. The chief subjects of discussion will be copyright and the interpretation of the laws in reference to literary products and works of art. Special attention will be paid to the condition of affairs in America in this respect. The Germans in particular are dissatisfied with our copyright law, and in Louvain the *pièce de résistance* is expected to be a paper on the special literary relation between Germany and the United States, by M. U. Osterrieth.

The Government of Saxony is adding its influence to the propaganda for the elimination of foreign words from the business language of Germany. Quite recently an eminent judge, Dr. Foertsch, published in the *Deutsche Juristen-Zeitung* a characteristic discussion of the "Sprache der Juristen, der Gesetze, der Geschäftswelt." This warm plea for purely German instead of foreign words and expressions the Saxon Ministry has sent to all the commercial schools of the kingdom, asking for the cooperation of the teaching corps in the crusade. The circular declares that there are 70,000 foreign terms used by Germans for nearly all of which good native terms may be found; it also cordially commends the Allgemeiner Deutscher Sprachverein, which leads the purist movement in the Empire, and urges the commercial schools to "sharpen the linguistic conscience of the coming generation of business men."

Dr. Arthur L. Frothingham, jr., who is the first American elected a corresponding member of the Société Nationale des Antiquaires de France, an honor recently conferred upon him, has resigned his professorship of ancient history and archæology at Princeton University in order to devote himself wholly to original research and writing. Although his home will continue to be in Princeton, he will spend much of his time abroad studying the monuments, and he has planned a number of books on art and archæology, two or three of which are already in hand. His work during the past year in France and Italy has been warmly appreciated by foreign archæologists, and he has contributed articles to the *Revue Archéologique*, the *Mélanges*, the *Monuments Piot*, and to the publication of the Società dei Cultori di Archeologia Cristiana.

A correspondent writes us: "I have been watching for some notice in the *Nation* of the death of Dr. Washington Matthews. Among American ethnologists he ranked not lower than second. Without the horizon of genius to put him on a par with Bandelier, he had a distinction all his own. In all American history, no other one man has known so intimately much about any aboriginal tribe as Matthews did. His studies of the Navajo are the most exhaustive thing of their sort in all our anthropology. He was an extremely modest man, without the gift of popularity, either in his writings or in his intercourse. Of an extremely sweet and unselfish disposition, and much beloved by those who knew him, there was not a bit in him of self-seeking or pushing to the front. He accepted, with a whimsical patience, but with his eyes open, his latter-day function as the original source from which a hundred "popularizers" built up notoriety for themselves, without credit to him. He was a real martyr—using that abused word without abuse—both to his duty as an army surgeon and his duty as a scientist; and the great mass of accurate and intimate research that he has left to us will always remain among the chiefs of the corner in our scientific edifice. I do not feel easy that such a man should be forgotten in his death by the *Nation*."

—The second and third volumes of Mr. Worthington C. Ford's edition of the 'Journals of the Continental Congress' (Washington: Government Printing-Office) follow hard upon the first, and present in general the same commendable characteristics. The fact that the two volumes carry the record only to the end of 1775 shows how greatly the business of the Congress increased as the organization of colonial resistance developed. The text of Mr. Ford's edition continues to follow the original manuscript of the journals, but important variations in a second manuscript copy from September 5, 1775, which was made the basis of the printed editions, are noted. Comparison with the printed copies shows hardly a page without some change of either fact or phrase. It would doubtless have been a useless labor to note all these variations, but we still think that it would have been

worth while to point out the more important of them. We note a single instance by way of illustration: under date of December 4, 1775 (vol. iii., p. 402), we have the entry, "*Resolved*, That the committee, to whom the accounts and application from the colony of Massachusetts for a sum of money [were referred?], be upon their request discharged from farther service on that account." Mr. Ford adds the footnote, "The reason given was the want of proper vouchers, which prevented action." As the authority for the note, which Mr. Ford does not indicate, is apparently the printed journal (edition of 1777, vol. i., p. 278), that fact would seem to have been worth mentioning. As a whole, however, the editorial work calls only for praise. A useful appendix to volume iii. is John Adams's notes of the debates from September 23, 1775, to October 30. The bibliography is also continued, with promise of a collation of the printed editions.

—While most of the new matter in Mr. Ford's edition is, naturally, of minor importance, a number of the restored entries are of prime significance. We have, for example, numerous resolutions regarding the distribution of troops or the development of plans of defence, such as those of May 25 and 26, 1775, for the defence of the Hudson and the organization of the New York militia. The full text of the letter from the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, asking advice regarding the assumption of civil control of the province and urging Congress to assume control of the troops throughout the colonies, is given, as is the resolution of Congress, June 19, promising indemnification to Charles Lee "for any loss of property which he may sustain by entering into their service." The instructions of June 20 to Washington, as commander-in-chief, and those of June 27 to Schuyler for the defence of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and, if he thought proper, the invasion of Canada, together with the report of a committee, December 23, on the same subject, are restored. An interesting item is the resolutions of July 28 on saltpetre, which were not entered on the journal, but appeared only in a pamphlet on the manufacture of saltpetre issued by Congress. Other significant restorations or insertions are Jefferson's drafts, with Dickinson's suggested changes, of the declaration of the causes and necessity of taking up arms; Franklin's proposed articles of confederation, July 21, different from the trade propositions submitted by him on the same date, though the two are commonly printed together; trade propositions probably submitted by Richard Henry Lee at the same time as those of Franklin; Jay's report on trade, October 2; instructions, of the same date, to a committee appointed to confer with Washington at Cambridge; resolutions of November 10 appointing two commissioners to investigate the state of public opinion and the military resources of Nova Scotia, and authorizing Washington to seize or destroy supplies, ships of war, etc., in that quarter; a letter of November 29 to the colonial agents in England; instructions, December 15, for the committee which was to sit during the recess of Congress; and a report of December 23 on supplies needed by the army. It is an interesting commentary, also, on the exigencies of the time, that practically all of the numerous resolutions regarding gunpowder were omitted from the published journals.

—We imagine that the names of Hakluyt and Purchas are as much honored in America as they can be in England, for, though with us no learned society has yet taken its name from either of them, their zeal for preserving the records of exploration gives them title to grateful remembrance on the shores of the New World. Not long since James MacLehose & Sons of Glasgow brought out an excellent reprint of Hakluyt's 'Principall Navigations,' and we have recently received from the same publishers two instalments of 'Purchas his Pilgrimes.' The whole work as reprinted will consist of twenty volumes in large type, embellished by many facsimiles. A new and enlarged index will also be a strong feature of the work in its Scottish guise, the old five indexes of the original being replaced by a more detailed and systematic register. A brief introduction prefixed to the first volume confutes the notion that Purchas died in poverty brought on by his too great enthusiasm for the publication of travels. As is well known, he had been preferred to the living of St. Martin's, Ludgate, more than twelve years before the date of his death. Anthony à Wood is responsible for this along with many other legends. "By the publishing of which books," he says, "Purchas brought himself into debt, but died not in prison as some have said, but in his own house (a little while after the king had promised him a deanery)." As a matter of fact, the will which Purchas drew up shortly before his death shows that he had considerable property. The confusion seems to have arisen from a statement which Purchas himself makes regarding certain obligations he was led to undertake through the death of a brother and his fraternal piety in taking under his care four orphan children. But this incident occurred seven years before his will was drawn, and in the meantime his affairs seem to have improved considerably. It is at least pleasant to know that this genuine enthusiast did not die in want, although another myth now goes to join those regarding the indigence in old age of Belisarius and Botticelli. Another fact of some interest relates to the contrast between Purchas's fondness for the literature of exploration and his own sedentary habits. For, as he says, "least Travellers may be greatest writers—even I, which have written so much of Travellers and Travells, never travelled 200 miles from Thaxted in Essex where I was borne."

—The Cambridge University Press, through the Macmillan Co., adds to its contributions to Latin scholarship the first volume of a new edition of Cicero's 'Tusculan Disputations,' a text upon which, as a whole, English-speaking Latinists have had little to offer, the Orelli edition of 1834 and T. K. Arnold's translation of Tischer and Sorof being the only English successors to the work of Davies, whose first edition appeared in 1709. Mr. Thomas W. Dougan, the present editor, has simply elaborated lectures prepared in the course of his duties as professor of Latin in Queen's College, Belfast. Through the discovery of numerous errors, however, in the *apparatus criticus* provided by existing editions, he has been led into an extended examination of the manuscripts, going through no less than thirty in careful detail, and testing some fifty more on the basis of their readings in chosen passages. His edition, therefore, offers substantial help in the constitution of the text, whatever may be one's judgment as to his choice between competitive readings. On Cicero's sources for the work Mr. Dougan is content to set forth in brief the conflicting surmises of former scholars, committing himself to nothing more positive than the statement, for instance, that he finds no evidence that in sections 56-65 (book i.) Cicero may not have derived the basis of his arguments from Posidonius. As is so often the case with English editions of the classics, the commentary is burdened with continual grammatical explanations and aids to translation so elementary in character as to be utterly out of keeping with the supposed purpose of the book. Does any student far enough advanced to have even a faint comprehension of the deeper problems considered need to have an explanation of the ablative in the phrases *multis post annis* and *egressus Porta Capena*, or to be told that *etiam maiora molior* means "I am aiming at greater things"? It should be assumed that one who cares to pay several dollars for a Cambridge or Oxford edition of an ancient classic has already acquired some ability to deal with the simpler questions of its form and meaning. Mr. Dougan is right in his estimate of Cicero's natural aptitude for a career in letters rather than in oratory or statesmanship, but to speak seriously of his youthful "Aratea" as a model of style for the great poem of Lucretius is to go far beyond what is warranted by the nature and number of the similarities which have been pointed out.

—The beginning of the end of the great 'Catalogo Generale' of Italian publications, 1847-1899 (Milan: Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is now clearly in sight with parts 30 and 31 which break off with U. As respects Italian authors, we observe that Tasso, filling three and a half columns, is a live classic; and the patriotic Tommaseo covers well and voluminously each part of the period embraced in this Catalogue. Among foreigners, neither Turgeneff nor Tolstoy figures as largely as might have been expected. Tolstoy's 'War and Peace' was not translated till 1891, but his later productions have been followed up. Thiers's 'Consulate' was retranslated in 1888-91. Eugène Sue has kept on the scene ever since 1847, and his 'Mysteries of Paris' found an issue in 1891, his 'Wandering Jew' in 1895. Of Taine, on the other hand, nothing has been taken over but two fragments from his 'Notes on England.' Swinburne has been neglected save for his lines to Landor and those on Siena. Herbert Spencer could not complain of his treatment. The explorer Stanley found favor in the peninsula. A tenth edition of Gulliver appeared in 1898; there have been four editions of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.' R. L. Stevenson has been a sealed author to the Italians apart from 'Treasure Island.' Sudermann is much in vogue; Sybel has not been in evidence since 1874. Even Swedenborg is returned to in 1890. "Timothy Titcomb," whose pseudonym is not suspected by the editor, succeeds in placing one work, his 'Letters to Young People,' but no more; and that choice was made in 1891. Of classic authors we re-

mark a growing interest in Tacitus. Nearly as many of his titles bear date of the nineties as all that preceded in four decades; and the nineties show twice as many as the eighties.

—One of the least clearly understood productions of Goethe's early career—and not a few of these are somewhat obscure—are the fragments of his 'Wandering Jew.' Not only is it difficult to determine what the underlying conception of Goethe's treatment of this legend was—if, indeed, there was any such fundamental conception—but the individual fragments themselves offer many puzzling problems of interpretation and arrangement. No commentator thus far has done so much to shed light upon these problems as Prof. Jacob Minor in his recent book, 'Goethe's Fragmente vom ewigen Juden und vom wiederkehrenden Heiland' (Stuttgart: Cotta), which may well be called a model of searching literary analysis. Indeed, this book is much more than a commentary on Goethe's poem; it is an important contribution to the intellectual history of the eighteenth century. Professor Minor makes it abundantly evident that Goethe, in selecting this legend as a thread upon which to string his observations on the religious and ecclesiastical conditions of his time, fell in with a long and widespread literary tradition. Not only Ahasuerus and the Saviour revisiting the earth were in the eighteenth century frequently made witnesses and critics of the affairs of modern Christendom, but there existed, in Spain, France, England, and Denmark, no less than in Germany, a large popular literature of theological satire in the form of fictitious travels and adventures. A careful analysis of these religious novels, such as the anonymous 'Die Peripatetiker des 18. Jahrhunderts,' the 'Menoza,' by the Danish pastor Pontoppidan; 'The Spiritual Quixote,' by Graves; 'Sophien's Reise von Memel nach Sachsen,' Nicolai's 'Sebaldus Nothanker,' and others, and a comparison of these with the theological satire of Goethe's poem, form the most conspicuous part of Professor Minor's work, and demonstrate beyond doubt that every one of the points on which Goethe's satire lingers, belonged to the most widely and eagerly discussed religious topics of the time. It is a pity that the question as to the way in which Goethe was to bring artistic unity into this mass of miscellaneous satire, and particularly as to the way in which the two central characters of the story, Ahasuerus and the Saviour, were to be brought face to face with each other, must largely be left to conjecture.

WUNDT'S PRINCIPLES OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Principles of Physiological Psychology. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the Fifth German Edition (1902) by Edward Bradford Titchener. Vol. I. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

When, in 1862, two years after Fechner's 'Psychophysik,' Wundt emerged from the physiological laboratory with his 'Beiträge zur Theorie der Sinneswahrnehmung,' students in this country there were who saw in the little volume the harbinger of a new science of experimental psychology; and the next year their hopes seemed to be crowned in the same author's 'Vorlesungen über die Menschen- und Thierseele,' concerning which, by the way, it had better be noted that, like other of Wundt's books, it has lost most of its original flavor in a second, reconsidered edition, and that the English translation represents this later edition. Without this explanation, the sensation it first caused would be incomprehensible. Its readers heard in it the promise that the new science should keep pace with the other strictly experimental sciences, and should quickly outstrip all those sciences (more numerous then than now) in which experimentation had not become practicable. Alas, to-day we are forty years wiser, and a chilling shade settles on hearts of enthusiasts of the sixties who now compare the advance that psychology has achieved—indisputable, but how modest!—with the unheard-of leaps that every other science has performed, be it an experimental one or not. Since 1860 the foundations of pure mathematics have been reconstructed; exact logic has been developed; physics has gained an optico-electrical theory, and radically new conceptions of molecular forces have been established; organic chemistry has followed out the doctrine of the aromatic compounds, and has been enriched by the doctrine of the unsymmetrical carbon atom; in its inorganic division the classification of the elements has been laid bare, the group of helium-argon elements has been added, and Mme. Curie has pronounced her magical "Open, sesame!" Besides all that, a new and more scientific kind of chemistry has been opened up. Biology has been equally revolutionized; astronomy has its new astrophysics, and geognosy has kept pace with the other sciences. Even on the psychical wing, linguistics, ethnology, archæology, the history of high antiquity, have all found and matured new methods. In short, there is not a science that has not left psychology lingering in the rear; and the burning question of to-day is, why this should be so? Who will diagnose the malady of psychology?

It has been remarked that, at present, there is nothing which for the psychical wing of science fulfils that function which the science of dynamics fulfils on the physical side. Everybody knows what that function is. Every attempt to explain any phenomenon physically consists in first proposing some hypothesis as to the existence of designated dynamical conditions from which, according to the principles of dynamics, phenomena such as have been observed would take place, and then going on to put the hypothesis to the test of making it the basis of predictions concerning untried experiments.

Now it is a circumstance most significant for the logic of science, that this science of dynamics, upon which all the physical sciences repose, when defined in the strict way in which its founders understood it, and not as embracing the law of the conservation of energy, neither is nor ever was one of the special sciences that aim at the discovery of novel phenomena, but merely consists in the analysis of truths which universal experience has compelled every man of us to acknowledge. Thus, the proof by Archimedes of the principle of the lever, upon which Lagrange substantially bases the whole statical branch of the science, consists in showing that that principle is virtually assumed in our ordinary conception of two bodies of equal weight. Such universal experiences may not be true to microscopical exactitude, but that they are true in the main is assumed by everybody who devises an experiment, and is therefore more certain than any result of a laboratory experiment.

The sort of science that is founded upon the common experience of all men was recognized by Jeremy Bentham under the name of *cenoscopy*, in opposition to *idioscopy*, which discovers new phenomena. But long before Bentham's day the situation was sufficiently understood to set up a movement in the more enlightened countries to supply the psychical sciences with an analogous analytical foundation. The innumerable grades in the distinctness of thought prevent us from assigning dates, but one may say that the idea is struggling to the light in Locke's 'Essay' of 1689, and that its development was the best fruit of the eighteenth century. It moved in Italy, in France, and especially in Scotland. The analytical economics of Adam Smith and of Ricardo were examples of it. The whole doctrine in its totality is properly termed the Philosophy of Common Sense, of which analytical mechanics and analytical economics are branches. That Pragmatism of which so much has been said of late years is only an endeavor to give the philosophy of common sense a more exact development, especially by emphasizing the point that there is no intellectual value in mere feeling *per se*, but that the whole function of thinking consists in the regulation of conduct. All this it is most needful to comprehend in order to assign to Wundt his proper rating in the history of philosophy.

The 'Physiological Psychology' is Wundt's most imposing and monumental work, but no man of science will call it his *chef-d'œuvre*. That rank can be accorded to one production alone, his 'Untersuchungen zur Mechanik der Nerven und Nervencentren,' of which the first part appeared in 1871; the second, which is less fundamental, but perhaps not less important, having been delayed by accidental causes until 1876, after the first edition of the 'Physiological Psychology' had appeared. Four traits of the 'Mechanik der Nerven' command admiration. One of them is a natural gift; two are results of scientific training; and one is a moral virtue. The gift is an astonishing sagacity about nerve-physiology—a subterconscious susceptibility to the noeto-meteorological premonitions of a hail-storm of evidence that, when it bursts, will be cold, hard, and cutting enough.

Of the two scientific perfections the more striking is the mature prestudy of the methods that were or might have been pursued in the investigation. The other is the vigilant scrutiny of all details of the phenomena, especially of such as, being unlooked for, might easily have been overlooked. But the most admirable trait of all—that self-respecting quality of Wundt's which no foibles can obscure—is his genuine anxiety to correct the opinions which he at the time entertains, and to cast away his most brilliant theories the instant the dicta of experience seem to be against them—a quality in which he so contrasts with all the metaphysical charlatans and self-admirers and with every other quintessential extract of littleness. Wundt's great service to man, aside from that special research described

in the 'Mechanik der Nerven,' has consisted in teaching the students of cenoscopy the beauty of those virtues upon which the students of idioscopy, especially those on the physical wing, have always insisted —virtues that will necessarily result from any well-considered desire to know the truth. That such service has been Wundt's undoubtedly remains true, notwithstanding some lapses.

But the work of which Professor Tichener is publishing his translation is not to be classed as a performance of idioscopy, and little given is idioscopy to expressing itself in big books. It is not a work of heuretic science of any kind. It is a product of that useful industry of collecting, arranging, and digesting the deductions of mathematics, the analyses of cenoscopy, and the discoveries of idioscopy—a service of which the Germans have assumed the burden, and which, as being the "systematization of knowledge," they as well as the general public are too apt to mistake for the business of science. From the date of the publication of this work, Wundt has turned a corner in his career, and has pursued a course not determined by the intrinsic affinities of his previous work. His principal publications (aside from revisions and from papers in his periodical *Philosophische Studien*) have consisted in an extensive treatise on logic, another on ethics, and a 'System der Philosophie.' These are subjects to which the majority of their devotees have been led by a desire to settle their beliefs about God, freedom, and immortality. But students of science are a good deal given to thinking that high theory is more apt to lead men wrong than right about religion, while religion has never done theory more good than harm. The doubts which impelled the few men of science who have been led to any thorough study of philosophy have almost always been concerned with the limits of trustworthiness of scientific results. But Wundt has never entertained any such general doubts. He explicitly says that whatever is not based upon the results of the special sciences has no real basis at all. He makes no exception in favor of dynamics, on the truth of which all his own work reposes. But, for him, common sense is nothing but an imperfect kind of science; and it is remarkable that his physiology recognizes no very fundamental difference between the functions of the cerebral cortex and those of the organs at the base of the brain. To the question what could have been Wundt's motive in putting himself forward as a leader in philosophy, for which he had never displayed any genius, but rather the reverse, the answer to which the study of his writings must lead is that the results of experimental psychology, meagre though they be as compared with those of other sciences, so dazzled the imagination of Wundt as to make him think that that study alone must be set up as the queen of the sciences, and prompted him to try to prove that logic, ethics, and philosophy could be securely based on that special science.

Wundt's philosophical publications have not met the acclamations that he undoubtedly at first expected; nor can it be said that the two scientific merits above mentioned are here one whit better exemplified than in the general run of second-rate philosophical treatises of the time. They rather fall below that average. In the matter of the deliberate preselection of methods, for example, one will not often meet with anything weaker than Wundt's admission that it seems self-evident that metaphysics should not be made to depend on the results of special science, while defending himself by saying that, having come to philosophy from physical science by the route of experimental psychology, it is natural that he should be unable to pursue philosophical investigations by any other method than that which his own sequence of study suggested to him. ("Ship ahoy!—Where are you bound?" "For the port of Philosophy." "Then why, in Heaven's name, are you sailing on that course, Captain Wundt?" "Well, the truth is, this is the way the vessel was heading at the time it occurred to me to make that port.") Other equally gross departures from the two scientific ideals could easily be pointed out. Whether or not, if Wundt had possessed any analytical strength, it would have been possible for him to imagine that he could base such matters as dynamics, geometry, and arithmetic upon his physiological experiments, or whether in that case he could have failed to perceive the value of the pragmatist analysis in binding together nerve-physiology and psychology, must remain matters of opinion. But, unfortunately for his good fame, there exist departments of logic upon which he has touched that no more fall within the marches of opinion than does the principle of the lever or the doctrine of limits; and here he simply places himself where Hobbes placed himself by his attempts at reasoning on exact subjects; and those who, nevertheless, talk of Hobbes as a "great logician" will be free to entertain the same opinion of Wundt—and of Lord Timothy Dexter.

As for the 'Ethics' and the 'System of Philosophy,' we shall simply say that no person of discrimination would prove that quality by ranking them among works of the first order. We say no more, because such deviations from a great career are too unpleasant to contemplate. Of course, even in the 'Logic' there are brilliant chapters; it could not be otherwise, their author having achieved such things as he had, though in a distant field. As to the 'Physiological Psychology,' there will probably be no break in the unanimity that it is the most important monument of the new experimental psychology. Professor Titchener's translation has been eagerly awaited for long years. He explains the delay in his preface. It appears that he has made three complete translations of the work which have twice been superseded by revisions of the original. He is himself of opinion that his third is the least good of the three, but one does not see how that could possibly be. His unusual skill in making agreeable English of a faithful rendering from disagreeable German had already been proved—a psychological accomplishment which Oxford training, the experience of the psychological laboratory, and practice in this very thing have perfected. It is not comprised in the verbal expression. Unerring judgment has been exercised in the editing both of the present volume and of others. The author's slips, if not too numerous, have to be corrected, with or without mention, according to circumstances. Whether the lettering of diagrams shall continue to represent German words or not, whether or not bad figures shall be replaced by better ones, etc., are questions about which the least talent for judging wrong would have betrayed itself if it had lurked in the translator. The present volume, the first of three, includes only the first and perhaps the most interesting of the six divisions of the original work. It relates to the subject in which Wundt's opinions have the greatest weight; and it is a subject whose practical corollaries will be obvious to every reader—"the bodily substrate of the mental life."

CUTLER'S LYNCH LAW.

Lynch-Law: An Investigation into the History of Lynching in the United States. By James Elbert Cutler, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

As we write, the morning paper reports, among other minor happenings, that a mob last night broke into a Georgia jail, lynched a white man and three negroes accused of murder (their guilt at least doubtful), and three other negroes, apparently on general principles. As usual, the sheriff refused to give up the keys until he was told that it would be expected; presumably, as usual, the mob included "some of our best citizens."

This episode once for all decisively disposes of several of the most familiar assertions with regard to lynching. First, a white man was killed as well as negroes—lynching was not, therefore, a penalty become necessary in order to maintain race supremacy; the charge made was that of murder, and had nothing to do with violence to women; the mob hung men who appear to have been guilty or suspected of minor offences, so that it has not a kind of last appeal in protection of life; there is no evidence that there would have been any trouble in securing a proper trial and conviction of all the criminals by the regular process of the courts. The affair was simply a variant of the English sportsman's inspiration, "What a beautiful day! Let's go out and kill something."

Inferences from a single case prove little, but the careful study of Dr. Cutler not only confirms such obvious generalizations, but for the first time furnishes a body of authentic material from which to draw more far-reaching and important deductions. In his preface, Dr. Cutler acknowledges his indebtedness to the generosity of Mr. Albert Matthews, whose researches into the origins and early instances of this practice are well known to readers of the *Nation*. It is not every scholar who for years has made such a subject his special interest, yet will cheerfully put his material at the disposal of a later writer. That early material has been supplemented by Dr. Cutler's own researches, and he has worked out for himself the question of lynching in the half-century before the civil war, and also the awful growth and spread of the practice during the past forty years. Dr. Cutler devotes an interesting chapter to the origin of the term lynch-law, and comes to the conclusion that "at some time between 1780 and 1817 the term Lynch's law became a localism in Virginia in the region of the James River. By the year 1819 it had

spread as far West as Indiana, and by 1828 it had become still more widely used, but had not superseded all other terms for the popular administration of justice." He is convinced that the name is derived from Col. Charles Lynch, sometimes also called Judge Lynch, who set up a summary tribunal for the trial and whipping of Tories during the Revolution. The practice itself is traced by Dr. Cutler back to the middle of the eighteenth century. He has, however, left untouched a field of inquiry which may prove profitable, namely, the Spanish methods of offhand execution; it is well known that the Spanish Hermandad in the fifteenth century seized, whipped, and executed malefactors right and left. Indeed, they had a regular system of binding the criminal to a post ("which shall in no wise have the form of a cross"), when the archers were to "use his body for a target, and shoot arrows into his body until life shall naturally become extinct." Is there here some distant prefiguring of the chivalrous practice of riddling a dead body with balls which is so frequent an accompaniment of orthodox lynchings?

The next stage of Dr. Cutler's investigation relates to lynch law from about 1750 to about 1830; and he shows that lynching usually went no further than whipping, or whipping and banishment. In this discussion a few references are made to the punishment of negroes; to that list might be added the dreadful instance related by Hector St. John Crèvecœur, of the negro exposed in a wooden cage, his eyes picked out by birds, for the crime of killing his master. In the chapter on lynch law from 1830 to 1860, Dr. Cutler successfully dispels the conventional statement that there were neither rapes nor lynchings in slavery times, which Page, in his 'The Negro, the Southerner's Problem,' thus expresses: "No one will deny that the crime of rape was substantially unknown during the period of slavery, and was hardly known during the first years of freedom: it is the fatal product of new conditions." Dr. Cutler has discovered, between 1830 and 1840, six cases of this crime by negroes against white women, in all of which the criminals were duly tried and executed; from 1850 to 1860 five were executed for the crime, and twelve were lynched, of whom four were burned at the stake. He shows further that in 46 cases of negroes who had killed owners or overseers, 26 were executed, of whom eight were burned at the stake, and that there were also numerous lynchings of white men. Professor Burgess says that only one abolitionist lost his life on account of his doctrine, but Dr. Cutler has collected numerous instances of whippings and hangings or shootings of abolitionists by Southern mobs. Another important line of evidence goes to show how lynchings in this period extended upon the Western frontier and into California. The reviewer has before him a tabulation showing, between 1823 and 1860, 56 indubitable cases of lynchings of negroes and white men, and the list could undoubtedly be much increased from the files of Southern newspapers.

Another delusion with regard to lynching is that it sprang up on account of the lawlessness of negroes in Reconstruction times. Mr. Page is convinced that violence to women "is due to two things: first, to racial antagonism and to the talk of social equality that inflames the ignorant negro, who has grown up unregulated and undisciplined; and, secondly, to the absence of a strong restraining public opinion among the negroes of any class." What are the facts as shown by Dr. Cutler's laborious researches? That by the summer of 1867 the Ku-klux Klan was transformed into a body of regulators, which continued after the dissolution of the Klan in March, 1869; that the lynchings in that period averaged about fourteen a year, were distributed throughout the Union, and that more white men were lynched than negroes. The undoubted increase in the use of this method of dealing with criminals is therefore demonstrably not dependent especially upon the crimes of negroes, and still less upon the most serious crime which they could commit. Indeed, it was not until 1882 that the number of instances attracted such attention that newspapers began to tabulate them; and the terrible truth is, that there is an authentic record of 3,337 persons lynched in the twenty-two years from 1882 to 1903, or an average of 150 a year, the largest number being 235 in 1892 and the smallest 97 in 1902. Dr. Cutler has taken great pains to analyze the reasons for the lynchings, and in interesting tables has worked out the relation of lynchings to the months of the year, to color, to sex, etc.; and he is able to show that the total number of lynchings for rape (about seven hundred) is only one-third of the total number of lynchings of negroes; that about seventy white men were lynched for the same offence in the South; that not till about 1890 did the number of negroes lynched exceed the number of whites lynched; that 40 colored and 23 white women were lynched; that among the minor offences for which human beings were deprived of their lives by a raging mob were swindling, elopement, jilting a girl, colonizing negroes, throwing stones, making threats, slapping a child, refusing to give evidence, giving evidence, and bad reputation. He shows further that the circumstances of these acts of mob violence have grown more and more revolting, till they have reached the point of the deliberate and wilful murder, with the most horrid tortures, of a negro woman, whose sole crime was that she was the wife of a man charged with rape and tried to escape with him. And after carefully considering the alleged justifications and defences of the system, Dr. Cutler concludes that "the lynching of negroes in recent years can be justified on no other ground than that the law, as formulated and administered, has proved inadequate to deal with the situation—that there has been governmental inefficiency"; and, still more cogently, that, "in the last analysis, lynch law in this country is without any justification whatsoever." He characterizes the excuse urged for lynching in a very significant phrase, in itself an argument: "Let past crime be met with present crime in order that future crime may be prevented."

The last chapter of the book deals carefully with the question of remedies, and some remedy must be found or the practice will make still farther inroads into the West and North, where the systematic and sometimes hired assaults upon non-union laborers are closely akin, in spirit and effect, to the worst lynchings. Mr. Page, in his book on the negro, is sure that most of the lynching would be stopped if the negro reprobated rape; he overlooks the fact that the same crime is not prevented by any degree of public sentiment acting on white men North or South; and it is evident from Dr. Cutler's researches that lynchings would go on, and will go on, irrespective of that particular crime. Apparently, the first remedy necessary is more backbone on the part of prison officials; if the mob knew that the only way to get a prisoner was to kill the sheriff, and, still more, if they knew that he would sell his life dearly, three lynchings out of four would stop before they began. Nothing has done so much to shock the country and to convince it that the whole community (at least in Georgia) sanctions lynchings, as the criminal behavior of the militia who stood by and let prisoners be lynched under their noses at Statesboro, and this in a State which for more than ten years has had a law making it a penitentiary offence to lynch any citizen "without due process of law." Dr. Cutler analyzes the legislation of several States upon this subject, and points out the sorrowful fact that such laws appear to have little or no effect upon the lynching spirit, and that it seems almost impossible to obtain the conviction of a lyncher in any State. In fact, within a few months, a brutal whipping of a man and woman in Marion, Massachusetts, led to prosecutions in which the jury obstinately refused to convict.

Another suggestion, which Dr. Cutler ascribes to Justice Brewer, is that the right of appeal in criminal cases be taken away; this is closely akin to a remedy which as Dr. Cutler shows was actually practised in slavery times, namely, the establishment of extra-judicial tribunals for the summary investigation and punishment of crimes of peculiar atrocity. Such tribunals, composed of men of standing, would go as far as any machinery toward ascertaining the facts, and would remove the excuse, which Dr. Cutler proves to be ill-founded, that without lynching the criminal would escape altogether. Dr. Cutler's panacea is the slow rise of a more intelligent and humane public sentiment; as the negro becomes more valuable industrially, there will be less inducement to extinguish members of his race, and officers of the law will do their duty better. It seems a tedious waiting. Dr. Cutler has done much to solve the problem by his laborious, careful, and candid study of the question, which has already made him the leading authority upon a dangerous social disease.

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

It has happened more than once that a literary life has been cut in two by some great event or great misfortune—a reversal of all the man's interest and hopes. Such a reversal is likely to bring with it, as in a Greek tragedy, a sharp recognition of a side of life that had been ignored before, and with that a recognition of the man's self. But for few men can the change without and within have been so complete as for Oscar Wilde. Before his trial and imprisonment, he was a man interested almost wholly with the decorative side of life. He could write a good comedy, as was proved by 'Lady Windermere's Fan,' and a poor novel (since a novel that is an allegory is bound to be poor), as was proved by 'Dorian Gray.' His essays, 'Intentions,' glit-

tered with epigrams and may safely be called brilliant, since that epithet implies that they might have been really good if the ideas had been as likely to wear as the style. As for the famous epigrams and paradoxes, Mr. Shaw has since demonstrated what can be done in the same line by a playwright whose philosophy is not merely that of an æsthete.

Whatever one may think of Oscar Wilde's prose (and a style such as his will always disarm the critic), we are quite sure that no one who cares about Greek literature will ever manage to read his poems through. A subjective treatment of the Greek myths by a modern poet is bound to disgust any one who knows how they were handled by the poets of Greece. Of course it can be tolerated here and there, but it must be extremely well done. No one resents Wordsworth's longing to live in closer harmony with nature, to be—

"A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

But who would have respected Wordsworth as a man or a poet if all, or nearly all, his poetry had sounded this note? No poet, if he wishes his poetry to seem sincere, should forever be telling us that he was born too late, that the Spirit of Beauty has vanished from the vulgarized earth, that personally he would have been more at home with Dryads and the "Huntress Dian" and Helen of Troy.

"Spirit of Beauty, tarry yet awhile,
They are not dead, thine ancient votaries.
Some few there are to whom thy radiant smile
Is better than a thousand victories.
. . . There are a few
Who for thy sake would give their manlihood
And consecrate their being. I, at least,
Have done so, made thy lips my daily food,
And in thy temples found a goodlier feast
Than this starved age can give me."

So sang this London æsthete, whose favorite walk was Piccadilly, and his home a house in Chelsea filled with bric-à-brac. "Eh bien!" exclaims Nordau, "une promenade avec un soleil à la main est-elle aussi inspirée par le besoin de beauté?" Oscar Wilde was not the first nor will he be the last to flatter himself that the naturally Pagan soul is starved by the Philistinism of modern life whereas it would have been perfectly at home in violet-crowned Athens. The illusion might be forgiven one who really believed that the Greeks persistently wore fresh flowers, dreamed only of beauty, and were wholly unmoral. The Greeks of whom we know anything, who were not pure fictions of the poets, were, for the most part, serious, sad, hard-working men. No race was ever more appreciative of art; but, after all, they thought that the highest compliment they could pay to a poet was to elect him a general. No poetry was ever more didactic than theirs. Would any one of them have agreed with Oscar Wilde that a sense of color is more important for the development of the individual than a sense of justice? What would Sophocles, who "saw life whole," or Euripides, or Menander with his care-lined face, have made of a late-Victorian æsthete? Athens, too, even in her best days, had her degenerates, but she was not proud of them, and did not encourage them to become conspicuous. As for the Anacreontic temperament, which is quite another story, it was as rare in Greece, we may be sure, as the temperament of Tom Moore in our own age. The truth is that when a modern poet sighs for Pagan surroundings, and Helen, and the Spirit of Beauty, what he really craves is not the "ringing plains of windy Troy," nor yet the busy streets of Athens, but the land of the lotus-eaters and the Islands of the Blest—places that never existed. Oscar Wilde's poems are often pretty enough, with their endless lists of flowers, their river-gods, and brown-limbed shepherds and fisher boys, and the inevitable sorrows of Philomela. But purely imitative poetry never lives long even when the poets imitated are Greek, and Oscar Wilde had not the genius to make the echoes his own, or originality enough even to refrain from reflecting the Victorian poets, when he did not reflect the Greek.

So much for the writings of Oscar Wilde before his imprisonment. So far he had appealed to no emotions save the æsthetic, and had been accepted as the apostle of a certain sort of culture. To the last he had an exaggerated idea of the position that he had secured.

"I was a man," he says in 'De Profundis,' "who stood in symbolic relations to the art and culture of my age. I had realized this for myself at the very dawn of my manhood, and had forced my age to realize it afterwards. Few men hold such a position in their own lifetime, and have it so acknowledged. . . . With me it was different. I felt it myself, and made others feel it. Byron was a symbolic figure, but his relations were to the passion of his age and its weariness of passion. Mine were to something more noble, more permanent, of more vital issue, of larger scope."

This exaggeration of the rôle that art plays in life, this megalomania with regard to the rôle one has filled one's self, is, however, one of the few expressions in the 'De Profundis' that the reader would wish away. But it is written with perfect sincerity. To the last, Oscar Wilde was a *cultivateur du moi*, incapable of an objective point of view; but surely if a man may be forgiven egotism at all, it would be in such a work as this. Nothing is more pathetic than the egotism of 'De Profundis.' Its writer hoped that when, after two years' imprisonment, he should be free to work again, he would be able to recreate his "creative faculty," and assert himself as an artist: "If I can produce only one beautiful work of art, I shall be able to rob malice of its venom . . . and to pluck out the tongue of scorn by the roots." As far as we know, he lived to write only the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" and the 'De Profundis,' neither of them a great work of art, and both inspired by his captivity.

"I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.
. . . . . .
Ah, happy they whose hearts can break
And peace of pardon win.
How else may man make straight his plan
And cleanse his soul from sin?
How else but through a broken heart
May Lord Christ enter in?"

These verses from the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" are the keynote of the 'De Profundis.' After the first months of rebellion and resentment, it seemed to the prisoner that he had been born into a New Life, since he had learned to eat his bread with tears. "To have become a deeper man is the privilege of those who have suffered. And such I think I have become. . . . I have a right to share in sorrow, and he who can look at the loveliness of the world and share its sorrow, and realize something of the wonder of both, is in immediate contact with divine things, and has got as near to God's secret as any one can get." Thus it was that he found in Reading gaol a greater treasure than any of the pleasures that he had to renounce, the treasure of humility. Before his punishment he had walked on the sunny side of life, cared only to look into the shallows, and, like the sunflower which for a brief period was the badge of his foolish followers, had declined to turn his face towards the shadow. That is the chief reason why all that he wrote has the air of something desperately incomplete, the tediousness that always lies in wait for the work of a *poseur*. Such a man as he had been, might have come out of gaol with the airs of a fallen Titan or put on the armor of flippancy and followed his old bent like Casanova. He would then have remained the most unpleasing figure in the literary history of our times. What he accepted in the end was not the judgment of men, for his individualism was never shaken; but he faced his own ignorance, learned through suffering, and proved the truth of Plato's contention that punishment may cure the soul of evil. That contention could never be true of the mere sensualist. Written from the depths, this last confession (for it is a confession rather than an apologia) is one of the most painful and touching, as it is one of the most sincere, of all self-revelations, and will go far towards setting Oscar Wilde's memory right with the world for which he affected to care so little.

Die Interpolationen in der Odyssee: Eine Untersuchung. Von Friedrich Blass. Halle, 1904. Pp. 306.

The question as to the composition of the Homeric poems seems no nearer a settlement now than half a century ago. Wolf, in 1795, thought that he had shown by external evidence that the Iliad and Odyssey owed their unity of composition, as works of art, to a commission of poets appointed by the Athenian monarch Pisistratus, in the sixth century B. C. Then, following internal indications, Lachmann, in 1837, divided the Iliad into sixteen independent lays. Third, Kirchhoff, in 1869, was believed to show how the Odyssey grew, by gradual accretions, from an original poem of 1,200 lines to one of more than 12,000 verses. For many years the defenders of the essential and original unity of the poems were hardly allowed the right to an opinion on the subject. The beauty of the poems was declared to lie in the independent lays, not in their composition as great wholes, in spite of the authority of Aristotle, who declared the Iliad and the Odyssey to have poetic unity in a far higher sense than any of the other Greek epics which we have lost. But now one of the most learned scholars and incisive critics of Germany appears with an able and very readable book to prove that if about one-sixth of the Odyssey is removed, as added by later and less skilful workmen, a poem remains which is not only charming in its brief narrations, but also of extraordinary beauty and ingenuity in its plan.

Blass is no *Doctorand*, seeking a reputation by a paradoxical thesis; on the contrary, he is one of the sanest Greek scholars of the world, who has shown himself master of an unusually wide field of learning. He has edited most of the works of the Greek orators with great skill, and his editions of the recently discovered 'Constitution of Athens' and poems of Bacchylides have had a wider sale than any others. His revision of the first two volumes of Kühner's voluminous Greek Grammar and his own Grammar of New Testament Greek have shown his familiarity with grammatical problems. He has written important treatises on palæography, epigraphy, hermeneutics, and the pronunciation of Greek —indeed, his work on the last subject stands alone in its field, for learning and sound judgment. For the study of the Greek Testament he has provided more help and stimulus than any philologist before him since Lachmann, who died more than half a century ago, editing the Acts of the Apostles with a philological commentary, and three of the gospels with critical apparatus. In his edition of the Acts he showed conservatism, it is true, in composing for this a Latin commentary, and in advocating the Lucan authorship of the whole.

The existence of a great poem seems to Blass to be good ground for the inference of a great poet. We may as well believe, he thinks, in the existence of a many-headed hydra as in many poets of genius working together in the composition of the Iliad and the Odyssey—of which poems the action covers only two periods of six or seven weeks—while all the rest of the broad field of epic poetry was cultivated by poets of so much less genius, grace, and power that their works have disappeared. We must accept Aristotle's judgment as to the lack of unity in the so-called Cyclic Epics, and also the statement of Proclus that these were read chiefly because of the myths which they contained. Much Greek literature has been lost which we should be glad to have, and fashions in literature obscured the judgment of the ancients as to what was worth preserving; but, on the whole, the sifting process of time saved for us what was best in Greek literature, and we need not suppose the lost "Little Iliad" to have been the equal of our Iliad. Theocritus stands higher as an artist since the tombs of Egypt yielded a papyrus copy of Herondas for comparison with him, and the flight of the "Theban eagle" seems more glorious since scholars have recovered some of the poems of Bacchylides and Timotheus. The story of the redaction of the Iliad and Odyssey by the commission of Pisistratus, Blass characterizes as absurd. The worth of tradition as opposed to conjecture has recently come to honor, and he declares it high time to apply to the criticism of Homer the principles which are followed in the treatment of other authors. We have no more *à priori* right to pull to pieces the Homeric poems than those of Horace and Juvenal. The impossibility of reconciling the chronology of the Odyssey, in the length of the visits of Odysseus and Telemachus, is freely recognized; but this chronological confusion is perceived only by one who takes pencil and paper and makes a calculation, which no one of the bard's hearers would have done. It is not half so obvious as the disregard of the element of time in some Attic tragedies. The logical consistency required by a hearer is not the same as that demanded by a reader who possesses a verbal concordance and can turn forwards and back in order to examine the perfection of junctures. In the "Œdipus at Colonus" of Sophocles, Theseus is clearly the ruler of Athens, but who is at the head of the Government in Thebes, whether Eteocles or Creon, is uncertain. Similarly, in the "Antigone," Creon appears at one time as a new ruler, but at another as having been long in power. Blass declares the unity of composition of the Odyssey to be more perfect than that of any other work of Greek literature of like extent. If we are to say that any inequalities in the composition of the 'Republic' of Plato are to be explained by the fact that the author was engaged in this work for many years, and did not write it with one impulse, why cannot the like be said of the author of the Iliad? Why should a stricter unity be required of the Odyssey than of Goethe's "Faust" and 'Wilhelm Meister'? If Goethe is right in his principles, then we should not make such criticisms on the Iliad and Odyssey; and if Aristotle is right, then we may adopt his view of the unity of the Homeric poems. No reasonable objection can be raised to the theory of the composition of such poems in the early ages of Greece, now that archæological excavations have brought to light the evidence of the existence of such magnificence of architecture in Greek lands in still earlier ages—palaces in which these poems might fitly have been sung. In later times, in the age of free states, when the whole community formed the audience, the people could come together only on festival occasions, and only parts of the poems could be recited at once. That the uncle of Herodotus, Panyassis, at the beginning of the fifth century B. C., is said to have composed a "Heraclea" of 9,000 verses, is not unreasonable, if we suppose that in his time at Halicarnassus the Carian court was much like the Ionian courts of the ninth century B. C.

In the Homeric poems, Blass does not follow Gottfried Hermann in recognizing pre-Homeric, Homeric, and post-Homeric elements. The work of the Homeric poet he considers incomparably more important than the rest, but he recognizes some passages as the work of revisers (*diasceuasts*) and continuators, and others as due to rhapsodists and other interpolators, who from one passage altered and added to another, down to the ordinary copyists. The Odyssey is thought by our author not to have suffered so much as the Iliad from common interpolations; in the first six books of the Odyssey no passage of a dozen lines in length is allowed by him to be an interpolation. The explanation for the better condition of the Odyssey is found in the greater popularity of the Iliad. That the Iliad was more read than the Odyssey in ancient times is indicated not only by the fact that the manuscripts preserved in our libraries are three times as numerous for the Iliad as for the Odyssey, but still more distinctly by the greater number of fragments of papyrus manuscripts of the Iliad recently found in Egypt, and by the pre-Alexandrian citations of the Iliad, occupying 44 pages in Ludwich's 'Homer Vulgata,' while less than 10 pages suffice for the corresponding citations from the Odyssey. The Greek scholia on the Odyssey are far less important, too, than those on the Iliad; but this is due largely to the inferior manuscript tradition. The Iliad, being more popular, was more subject to revision and interpolation. Thus, the Odyssey, as more nearly in its original state, is chosen by Blass as the basis of his work on Homeric interpolations. As was to be expected, he follows the Alexandrian scholars in rejecting all of the twenty-fourth book and about half of the twenty-third book of the poem. He rejects, also, about one-third of the eleventh book, which tells of the visit of Odysseus to the realm of Hades. But of the first book he rejects only forty-six verses, or about one-tenth of the whole, and of the sixth book only eleven verses, or about one-thirtieth. Evidence for the rejection of verses and passages is found in their omission in the early manuscripts, in their forming repetitions or interruptions of a clear connection, and in their causing inconsistencies in the story. Care is taken to avoid subjective judgments —such judgments as have made ordinary Homeric criticism chaotic—as to the fitness or grace of the lines in question.

The book is pleasantly written, and contains a large number of important suggestions for the criticism and interpretation of Homer. That it will convert the world of scholars to his views, probably the author himself does not expect, but it will give aid and comfort to many who, in spite of all difficulties, are fain to believe in the essential unity of the Homeric poems.

English Embroidery. By A. F. Kendrick. London: G. Newnes; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

This very useful book abounds in historical data as to the production of the finest examples of embroidery in England, where this art especially flourished during many centuries. Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne in the seventh century, mentions the skill Englishwomen displayed in embroidery; and in 747 there is record of an admonition to nuns, from the Council of Clovesho (Cliffe at Hoo), to spend more time in religious exercises than in the weaving and embroidery of robes. From chronicles of the Middle Ages we gather that not only priestly vestments were the work of nuns, but coronation robes and mantles were embroidered in convents—for instance, King Edgar's mantle, presented to the monks of Ely and transformed by them into a cope (956-978), and the coronation robe of this same king, which he gave as an altar decoration to the Abbey of Glastonbury. The monastery of Croyland was presented with the coronation mantle of Witlof, King of Mercia, in 833, and had two precious vestments given by King Harold. The shrine of St. Cuthbert at Chester le Street was especially rich in gifts of church vestments and properties through the bounty of King Athestan.

The women in England had in the feudal ages little to employ their time but spinning, weaving, and sewing; they had ample leisure to develop great skill in embroidery, and must have found in this art a means of expressing their artistic proclivities. Even royal ladies distinguished themselves: William of Malmesbury tells how Edith, Queen of Edward the Confessor, embroidered the King's rich robes, worn at festivals; and in later times Catherine of Aragon, Mary Tudor, Elizabeth, and Mary, Queen of

Scots all occupied themselves with needlework. The portraits, of different periods, which remain to us show how profusely costumes were adorned with needlework of every description. From very early times kings and ecclesiastics were buried in their robes and vestments, and this custom has happily preserved to us many precious fragments of archæological interest.

The designers of the subjects for embroideries are supposed to have been the monks and the clergy. They were most familiar with the legends of the saints and with ancient history. Archbishop Dunstan is known to have designed for such work and to have been himself a skilled handicraftsman. We are told that the names of men famous for their needlework have survived from the Middle Ages, but one cannot identify any special work in England done by them. The immense multitude of vestments produced appear in the inventories of cathedrals and parish churches; and although a great quantity have been destroyed, some at the Reformation, some for the precious materials in them, a great many still remain, in museums, in cathedrals and churches, as well as in private collections. The great reputation of "opus Anglicanum" in embroidery has been sufficiently demonstrated by the many fine vestments found in Italy and Spain bearing unmistakable signs of their English provenance. Many of these were offerings from English kings to the Pope, and distributed by him among his churches. We read of a "pluviale de opere Anglicano" from Edward I. to Pope Boniface VIII.; also of a cope sent by the Queen of Edward II. as a present to the Pope. Many are the records of royal gifts of vestments to cathedrals and churches. When monasteries were suppressed in Henry VIII.'s time, ecclesiastical work was less in demand; existing examples found their way abroad. Embroidery from that time served chiefly for personal adornment in England.

Some of the characteristics of the "opus Anglicanum," Mr. Kendrick tells us, are, notwithstanding its defects of disproportionately large heads, staring eyes and hair sometimes blue or green, and weak perspective, its great dignity of religious feeling, both in the figures and in the design. The treatment of the faces seems to have been very special, and affords convincing evidence as to the nationality of the work. In speaking of this characteristic Mr. Kendrick says, concerning the faces:

"These are generally worked in a kind of spiral, starting from the centre of the cheek; the effect is afterwards emphasized by the pressure of a heated iron instrument of rounded form. There are other characteristics which will be seen to be very usual in this 'opus Anglicanum' of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The bearded figures generally present a shaven upper lip, and the foreheads are abnormally high and broad. The hair and beard are often of an unnatural color. Birds are frequently represented. . . . As regards architectural details, twisted or interlaced columns are not uncommon, and a leopard's head with protruding tongue—somewhat resembling the mark used for English silversmiths' work—is often found, sometimes taking the place of a capital. A peculiar foliated lion's mask occurs in several examples. In foliage the favorite types are the vine, oak, and ivy—especially the first. A great fondness is shown for the seraph or cherub on the wheel, borrowed from the vision of Ezekiel. Such angelic figures form a prominent feature in English embroidery from the thirteenth century to the sixteenth. It is natural, too, that English saints should be often represented. Among them St. Thomas of Canterbury and St. Edmund, the King and Martyr, occur most frequently."

The Syon cope is considered one of the finest examples of English work; it dates from the latter half of the thirteenth century, before the monastery at Syon, near Isleworth, was founded for Bridgetian nuns. It was given to that institution in its very beginning, and, on the dissolution of monasteries, the nuns carried their cope with them in their wanderings in Flanders, France and Portugal, and back to England in 1830. It was acquired in 1864 for the South Kensington Musuem, where it now remains. This cope is elaborately worked on linen, completely hidden by designs in gold and silver thread and silks of various colors. The ground is covered with quatrefoils in red with gold outlines interspaced with green. Each quatrefoil contains a picture from Holy Scripture; in the intervening spaces are three hierarchies of angels—also, two figures, one a layman, the other a cleric, each bearing an inscribed scroll now unfortunately illegible. The cope has further been shorn of three apostles out of the twelve. The orphrey, morse and outer border were later additions made from a stole and maniple which are covered with shields belonging to families of the neighborhood of Coventry, so that Dr. Rock, an eminent authority on these points, supposes the cope and orphreys to have been embroidered near that town.

The Madrid Museum possesses a very similar cope of nearly the same period of English work, in which the barbed quatrefoils are united by coiling dragons in the design. At Anagni, near Rome, there are in the treasury of the Cathedral some very ancient English embroideries, given by Pope Boniface VII., where, on the dalmatics, the martyrdoms of St. Thomas of Canterbury and King Eadward II. are represented. The splendid Ascoli cope acquired some time ago by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and so generously presented by him to the Italian Government recently, on the representation that it had been stolen, is another example of this English work of the best period (1270 and 1330), and is remarkable for its great beauty of color.

An altar frontal belonging to Steeple Aston in Oxfordshire made from pieces of a cope of the early fourteenth century, is considered by connoisseurs a fine example. Interlacing stems of oak and ivy joined by foliated masks enclose the pictures of the martyrdom of saints and heraldic lions. On the orphreys, angels playing musical instruments are mounted on horseback, an original presentment of celestial messengers. The ground of silk must originally have been red, but is now faded to buff; the embroidery is in gold thread and colored silks.

The book contains many excellent photographic illustrations and some color plates of interesting examples. The decorative quality in the early English designs is very remarkable. In some instances it resembles Byzantine convention in its simplicity and directness of line. Mr. Kendrick does not go into actual stitchery, but treats of embroidery from its historic and decorative side. It is seldom that a book on a special subject is so interesting and readable throughout.

The Bank and the Treasury. By F. A. Cleveland. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

This volume, considerable parts of which have already appeared in various journals, attacks the problem of providing a more "sound" and "elastic" system of "current credit-funds" for the United States. The author believes that ordinarily too narrow a view is taken of the subject. On the one hand, the advocates of "assets-bank-currency" look upon the problem as a mere question of providing a safe and elastic banknote system; while, on the other, the friends of Government issues think that all difficulties will be solved by the issue of Treasury notes. Both groups of currency theorists, he says, fail to grasp the real needs of the situation, because they do not comprehend the truth which this volume presents, viz., that "our financial superstructure rests on two distinct and widely separated pillars—the Independent Treasury and the Commercial Bank," each of which has "its own burden and responsibilities." For Mr. Cleveland, therefore, the currency problem of the United States resolves itself into the establishment of proper relations between the bank and the Treasury.

After some introductory remarks about commercial banking, the author sketches briefly the history of our present currency system. At most points inadequate, these chapters not infrequently are positively misleading. Mr. Cleveland gives his readers to understand, for instance, that "the civil war occurred at a time when banking ideals had come to be well crystallized, and when the necessity for a common currency had come to be generally felt." That the country had suffered so much from unsafe banking that the need for national control ought to have been recognized, is undoubted; but to imply that anything save the conditions produced by the war could have led to the adoption of a national-banking system in 1863, shows complete unfamiliarity with the temper of our people at that time. Misleading, too, is the statement that for forty years the American banking system has been "entirely divorced from money-issue functions, except as an agent of the Government for the conversion of bonds into demand notes." It may be well enough to speak of the issue of national-bank currency as a conversion of bonds into demand notes; but the notes find their way into circulation through the ordinary banking operations, so that the divorce of the issue of money from commercial banking is far from complete.

The author next proceeds to criticise schemes for the issue of banknotes against general assets. He contends that they disregard the facts, that our present system has "grown out of American conditions," and that the systems which work well in other countries would not necessarily operate satisfactorily in the United States. All this has been heard before. We can at least concede to the author that there does not seem to be an overpowering popular demand for the introduction of general-asset banking into the United States.

Mr. Cleveland strongly believes that in any changes that may be made we should

not break with the past, but reshape or patch up existing institutions so as to make them work as well as they can. He does not think that the Independent-Treasury system should be abolished, or that this can be done until the Government retires its demand obligations. He suggests certain directions in which he considers it desirable to exercise stricter control over the operations of the banks in order to prevent them from straining their credit unduly, and believes that, with a few other changes, the existing banking system would meet nearly all reasonable requirements for soundness and elasticity. He would, however, allow greater freedom in depositing public moneys with the banks. But if that should be done, the reader will wonder why the author should then desire the continued maintenance of the Independent Treasury. In fact, the instructed reader will find not a few things in the book that will arouse his wonder—a wonder, too, not always mixed with the admiration to which the Greeks thought wonder akin.

King Leopold II.: His Rule in Belgium and the Congo. By John de Courcy MacDonnell. With 40 full-page plates from photographs, genealogical table and map. Cassell & Co. 1905. 8vo. Pp. viii., 391.

The sketch of the political and social history and international relations of Belgium under the present rule, contained in the opening and closing chapters of this book, will be found by some readers interesting and suggestive. The bitter contest between the Liberals and Catholics over the secularization of education, which was the main issue of the first part of Leopold's reign, is briefly described with a strong Catholic bias. A more detailed account is given of the rise of the Socialist party, and the consequent various legislative measures, the development of the coöperative societies, and the introduction of industrial training, to which the growth of the kingdom in wealth and intelligence during the last twenty years is largely due. Leopold himself gave a great impulse to this mutual-aid movement by his request to the Chambers that the two million francs to be expended in celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession should be devoted instead to the foundation of a Fund for Injured Workmen. An evidence of the early inculcation of the value of thrift in the Belgian mind is the significant fact that in 1904 the deposits of 369,779 school children in the savings banks were a little over two million dollars (10,042,430 francs).

The main object, however, of Mr. MacDonnell is to tell once more the story of the origin and progress and methods of government of the Congo Free State, and to refute the charge that Leopold has not fulfilled the pledges made under the Berlin Act. In these chapters we find nothing new, but simply a repetition of the statements and arguments of the previous defenders of the present régime. The State is asserted to be "the most successful of the civilizing governments of this age," and its detractors are actuated wholly by motives of envious greed. To our author's charge that a hatred of Belgium is being actively fomented in England, a sufficient answer is to be found in the resolution adopted at a meeting of the Congo Reform Association held in London on June 7, 1905—a resolution offered by Sir Charles Dilke and advocated by the chairman, Sir Harry Johnston—"inviting the Belgian people (upon whom no aspersion was cast) to take up the administration of that State as a national task." The animus of Mr. MacDonnell's criticism of the Protestant missionaries in general for their mental weakness, their cheap sentiment, and the small results of their labors, is to be found in the assertion that they "are, as a rule, fomenting hatred of their rulers amongst the natives." The charge that their motives are either jealousy of the Roman Catholic missionaries or "the desire to see the country in the hands of English-speaking people" needs no refutation. As was to be expected, the laudations of the King for his unselfish interest in the negro and his unexampled generosity in the sacrifice of his private means to carry out his cherished purpose of civilizing Central Africa are numerous and extravagant. The illustrations are portraits and scenes in Belgium and Africa.

Oxford Silver Pennies from A. D. *925 to* A. D. *1272.* By C. L. Stainer. Frowde.

This, the latest volume of the Oxford Historical Society, is a study in numismatics. From its name we are bound to class it, first of all, as belonging to the literature of coinage; but, for the close of the Dark Ages, silver pennies are good historical material, when considered in the light of their geographical distribution, and even during the period which runs from the Conquest to the death of Henry III. they are not without their value. Mr. Stainer writes as one who would make a contribution to English history rather than to the antiquarian literature of Oxford; and that he has succeeded in illustrating a number of important points, no one can doubt who has read his introduction. The local coinage of Oxford is not unique in character, nor does Mr. Stainer claim for it any very remarkable features. Certain numismatists have gone so far as to style the Oxford mint a rare one, but it has not even this claim to distinction. In the great Colchester hoard, 5,096 pennies were from London, 4,122 from Canterbury, 457 from St. Edmundsbury, 247 from Winchester, 153 from York, 100 from Lincoln, and, after a gap of seven towns represented by places like Northampton, Exeter, Carlisle, and Durham, Oxford comes in with twenty-one examples. In the Eccles hoard of over 5,000 coins, the proportion is about the same.

But pennies mean very little in themselves, and need to be placed in line with the national annals by some one who knows history as well as numismatics. Mr. Stainer's study of Oxford money is rendered fruitful by his familiarity with the exchequer system at large, and his quickness to perceive the chief points of contact between local and national coinage. The same conclusions which he reaches concerning the development of the Oxford mint, might very well have been reached by an exhaustive study of pennies from Lincoln, Thetford, Cambridge, Dover or Lewes. The essential thing is that some one should have taken the pains to hunt down, catalogue, describe, and interpret the silver money of any English town of the period from Athelstan to Edward I. The distribution of these Oxford coins shows how widely they circulated, and throws a certain side light upon the extent of trade during the tenth and eleventh centuries:

"They have been scattered far and wide, thrown by the sea on the Isle of Skye, found in Ireland, unearthed in Rome, frequently discovered in Scotland or on the shores of the Baltic. Even at home they have been grubbed up by children, clenched triumphantly in little fists and thrown about as buttons."

Mr. Stainer devotes a good deal of attention to the position of the moneyer and the attitude of the crown towards him, but his most emphatic point relates to the existence of local coinage as affecting the national system. Properly speaking, every local mint was a royal one. "From the times when the archbishops' names disappeared from the obverse of their silver pennies, royal control became complete. There was no such thing as a private mint except in the lawless times of King Stephen." Wherever one finds a town or a magnate striking a local coinage, it only means that for convenience or by way of distinction the crown has granted this special privilege. Mr. Stainer's essay is scholarly and readable and fully illustrated.

Ireland in the New Century. By the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett. Dutton & Co.

The author of this book is vice-president of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction in Ireland. For many years he devoted himself and his fortune to promoting agricultural coöperation, and to his efforts is due the creation of the Department over which he presides. He was a Unionist member of Parliament for eight years, and one of the implied conditions of the post he holds is that he should have a seat in Parliament. His attempts on two Irish constituencies have, however, failed, and it is unlikely that he would be successful anywhere else. The Unionists object to him because he has allied himself in his cooperative schemes with Nationalists; and the Catholic clergy and the Nationalists, because he has frequently stated that he hopes, by turning the attention of the people to practical schemes of industrial activity, to divert their minds from the chimera of home rule, and counteract the "anti-economic" influence of the Catholic religion. His zeal for the coöperative movement is shown by the fact that his entire official salary, $5,500, has, from the first, been given wholly to the Agricultural Organization Society which he founded and managed before taking the official and paid post he now holds.

If it were not for the personality and official position of the author, his book would not have attracted the attention which it has in Ireland. It is dull, labored in style, pedantic, and egotistical. It might be considered impertinent for an official paid by the public taxes to write a book, the main purpose of which is to explain to the people who pay him their defects of character and temperament. The strongest Irish quality he thinks is "the craving to be understood," and his purpose is to explain the Irish people to themselves, to "concentrate thought on social and economic problems," to expound a practical programme of life and work, to wean the Irish from the "obsession of politics."

Sir Horace Plunkett writes of himself as the apostle of a new movement, as if no one before him had ever thought seriously on Irish problems, attained a "philosophic insight" into Irish character, or had the moral courage to tell the Irish what their defects of character are. Much space is devoted to enumerating the motes in the eyes of the Catholics, who are "apathetic, thriftless, almost non-industrial, and wanting in moral fibre"—offensive and useless platitudes. If Ireland could have been regenerated by such lectures, she would have been so long ago, for a perennial torrent of such advisory literature issues from the English press in the shape of books, pamphlets, and newspaper articles.

In an epilogue to the last reprint of his book, Sir Horace claims that his offence is the grave one of having criticised his countrymen, and that they cannot bear criticism; that his readers have failed to grasp his meaning, and to appreciate the exact purpose he had in mind when he decided to write this book. It is not criticism (to which the Irish are well used), but the manner and tone of the book which have given offence. Sir Horace holds an important office controlling the annual expenditure of about one million dollars because he is a party politician himself; but his advice to his countrymen is not to be troubling their heads about politics or Irish history. A non-Catholic, much of his book is given to criticism of the Catholic religion, the Catholic clergy, and the Catholic people. His "economic sense" has been offended by their profuse expenditure on churches, convents, and, incidentally, on schools under control of the Church; but he seems unaware of the fact that it was the class to which he belongs that took for themselves or else wrecked churches and educational institutions which once belonged to the Catholics; and for years prevented the Catholics either building churches or establishing schools. Are they never to supply the gaps and restore the ruins effected by Anglo-Protestant intolerance and barbarism?

As an unofficial missionary of coöperation, Sir Horace received the hearty support of the Catholic clergy and many prominent and earnest Nationalists—among others, of John Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party. But on the issue of this unfortunate book Redmond wrote:

"I at one time entertained some belief in the good intentions of Sir Horace and his friends, but recent events have undeceived me; and his book, full as it is of undisguised contempt for the Irish race, makes it plain to me that the real object of the movement is to undermine the National party and divert the minds of our people from Home Rule, which is the only thing which can ever lead to a real revival of Irish industries."

This is no misrepresentation of the tenor of the book, for early in his career as a Unionist politician Sir Horace described the movement he was promoting in very similar terms. This ill-advised manifesto, then, has very much diminished the author's influence for good, and has alienated many of his staunchest supporters.

Christianity in Modern Japan. By Ernest W. Clement. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. 1905.

Professor Clement, author of a Handbook of Modern Japan, here attempts a survey of the moral forces which are now in full energy in Japan. The new man in the Mikado's Empire has an ever-widening horizon of ideas and ideals. As he entered into that full realization of national unity which necessarily came from outside pressure, he raised the cry of "Japan for the Japanese!" His second ideal is "Japan for Asia!" The third, which has been shaped especially since the new treaties went into effect in the summer of 1899, is, "Japan for the world!" The first ambition was merely a national, the second was an Asiatic, the present is an international or cosmopolitan Japan. Very curiously, "one of the most conservative institutions in Japan is the Department of Education, which often fails to keep pace with the general progress. It falls to the discredit of this department of the Government that the reactionary spirit lingers there longer than in most other places." In this judgment of the author, few foreigners familiar with the educational problem in Japan will fail to acquiesce. On the other hand, it is hard to see how it could be otherwise while the Government and nation have been so absorbed in material progress and military energies.

In his twenty-one chapters, which are appropriately illustrated with good half-tone pictures and reinforced with map, bibliography, index and tables, Professor Clement surveys his subject historically as well as descriptively, telling of preparation, foundation, popularity, reaction, and revival. He treats first of the various phases, Greek, Roman, and Reformed, of Christian work. He then discusses special themes, lines of enterprise, literature, education, and the philanthropic and sociological movements, pointing out also the great contrasts between 1853 and 1903. It would be difficult, we think, to handle the subject in a more liberal-minded manner. The Principal of the Duncan Baptist Academy in Tokio shows that the Roman Catholic Church throughout the East is noted for its splendid charities, and is doing more to care for the helpless, aged, and infirm than all the Protestant bodies combined. Occupying a relatively modest place in the work of publication and of education, she takes nevertheless the first rank in works of charity, spending about $50,000 on her twenty-one orphanages, and looking after the sick in the hospitals without regard to the rank or social condition of the patients. All the work of the Greek Catholic or Russian Church centres in every respect around one man, Nicolai. Coming to Japan in 1861, as Chaplain of the Russian Consulate in Hakodate, he made himself master of the language and literature of Japan, so that his preaching was singularly powerful. In Russia he raised the funds for erecting the white marble Cathedral of the Resurrection in Tokio, which is probably the most imposing structure in Japan. The building operations covered seven years, and the edifice cost nearly $100,000. A man of amazing labors, Nicolai at seventy takes little or no vacation. He has himself trained up most of his priests and pastors, many of whom, educated in Russia, are now engaged largely in ministering to the Muscovite prisoners and teaching illiterate Russians to read and write their own language—for the military prison schools of Japan are conducted on a plan somewhat different from those at Andersonville or Elmira. The manner in which the Greek Church Christians in Japan are taught to be strenuous in patriotism, while the Japanese Government guards from harm the Tokio cathedral night and day, is the best commentary on the words of Premier Katsura: "I sincerely hope no one will be betrayed into the error of supposing that such things as differences in race or religion have anything whatever to do with the present complication."

Professor Clement devotes one chapter to religious liberty in Japan, showing how thoroughly the present Government has put into liberal practice the constitutional provision for freedom of conscience. In a special interview had in 1905 by the author, the prime minister reiterated with emphasis his assurance that the constitutional provision is to be justly enforced. The most serious inroads upon national traditions, customs, and dogmas are made by the work of the Reformed or Protestant churches, which aim at nothing else than reconstructing, on a higher moral plane, the entire life of the people. The proofs that this is being done in language, in art, in social life, in political and social conceptions, are overwhelming. "Liberty," a term practically absent from the vocabulary of the old Chinese world of ideas, is now well domesticated in common speech. In books and newspapers, "quotations from the Bible are often used in the same way as are extracts from Japanese and Chinese classics and Buddhist scriptures." In a long and very valuable appendix, printed in the same type as the body of the work, Professor Clement shows that he clearly understands the similarity between the situation, or the "conflict," as Ulhorn calls it, in the ancient Roman and the modern Eastern world. The true improvement or "conversion" of the Japanese nation must be by evolution rather than by revolution.

While the tables of statistics are not only very full, but perhaps the latest and most complete, it must be remembered that the very best work by aliens for the making of the new Japan was done in those apparently hopeless years between 1859 and 1872, when the supposed fruitlessness of the work was proverbial. In literary proportion and breadth of view and in keenness of insight, this book is a model. It is all the more likely to be permanent in its influence because of its cool, judicial temper.

The Diseases of Society. By Dr. F. G. Lydston. Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1905.

Under this figurative title is discussed the very complicated problem of the causes and treatment of vice and crime. The attempt to cover so many conditions (correlated, it is true) is unsatisfactory. As monographs the parts are incomplete, and the whole is neither sufficiently unified for the ordinary reader, nor clearly cut for the student. Nor is the style attractive. Some common views are set aside and others are maintained in a way that is not persuasive; for while the soundness of a doctrine does not depend upon its popularity, sarcasm and invective rarely are good substitutes for analysis and argument. "In general the town 'conscience' is keener than the city conscience, because opportunities for concealment are less," and temptation is "not so abundant and potent as in great cities.

Human nature is fundamentally in no wise different in small communities, but the inhibition of fear of detection is greater" (p. 338). This is a roundabout way of saying that one is less apt to do wrong in the presence of those whose good opinion he desires. The author assumes "that normal man is naturally disposed to vice and crime," and that "the higher, or altruistic, social instincts of man are distinctly artificial," and then notes twenty distinct factors which especially induce the social diseases to which we are prone (pp. 90, 91). Conspicuous among these are the elemental passion, inebriety, heredity, and example, to which the unjust dispensation of the law, the lawlessness of capital and labor, and misapplied charity are contributory. It is better to enumerate than to analyze them here.

The trend of criminology is to emphasize physical asymmetry, especially of the skull, as a mark of the degenerate; and the degenerate is liable, if not certain, to develop into the criminal. A chapter, and an interesting chapter, on "Types of Criminals," meaning the physical types, is copiously illustrated. Doubtless aberrant brains are frequently housed in irregular crania, but it would hardly be safe to use the fitting machine of the fashionable hatter as a detective apparatus. The very singular indentations and gibbosities there displayed over a single cranial plane indicate that very few heads are entirely regular and shapely, but the bumps and the hollows need not be the insignia of vice any more than of genius. Moreover, to the tolerably observant eye, many of the faces here pictured suggest neither the homicides nor the other criminals to whom they belong. Some vices brutalize expression; but bias towards breaches of the moral law is not always clearly written on faces not hardened by frequent perpetration. It seems particularly true that those in whom there is a tendency to lapse from what is commonly regarded as the preëminent virtue, give no sign, before habitual indulgence, that may be read through the mask of convention, or indeed may be observed in the yet immaculate youth. How much less may one foresee the future forger, burglar, or murderer?

Dr. Lydston disapproves of capital punishment, which, he insists, is rarely deterrent and is liable to inflict irreparable injustice, and in this country is unequally administered because of the diversity of State laws. He advocates the indeterminate sentence, with a caution as to its application to occasional criminals, and especially to those who commit financial wrongs. He holds up Elmira as typifying the method by which the criminal is to be reformed if at all; and he commends the sterilization of the habitual criminal. Any one who is willing to inflict a life sentence, or to execute a wrongdoer, should look without disfavor on the prevention of procreation by those who are such a prolific source of hereditary physical disease and moral distemper. Or is there an inalienable right to infect society by the constant injection into it of recruits who, in the nature of the case, will almost certainly multiply ancestral vices?

Iowa: The First Free State in the Louisiana Purchase, 1673-1846. By William Salter. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905. Pp. 289.

The History of Negro Servitude in Illinois, and the Slavery Agitation in that State, 1719-1864. By N. Dwight Harris, Ph.D. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1904. Pp. x., 276.

Indiana: A Redemption from Slavery. By J. P. Dunn, jr. New and enlarged edition. (Commonwealth Series.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Pp. xii., 506.

The three books above named have very little in common, save that they deal with a group of Western States territorially related, and centre to some extent in the slavery question. They all reveal the difficulty of telling the history of what is essentially only a geographical expression. While the history of the West is of great importance for a right understanding of our national development, there are some phases of that history which can be satisfactorily dealt with only by ignoring State lines altogether. Antiquarian or statistical studies readily lend themselves to the choice of a definite district; but the history of parties or of movements that were the outgrowth of national conditions cannot be considered to any purpose from the point of view of the particular State.

The difficulty in question has been experienced in an acute form by Mr. Salter, whose interest in Iowa arises from the fact of a lifelong residence in that State. In order to make even a small volume, he has found it necessary to go back to the period of discovery, and a third of the book is devoted to a sketchy account of the history of the Louisiana Purchase before active settlement of the Iowa region began. The beginnings of settlement, Indian wars, changes in the Territorial organization, and the final admission of the Territory, furnish the subjects for the remaining chapters. Mr. Salter has read most of the secondary accounts, and the story is told in a style that is clear, but without distinctive merit of any kind. Neither new knowledge nor original treatment of old information is in evidence. The book can be of little use to scholars, but doubtless is of some value for the general reader.

Mr. Harris's book is a cross between a scientific study and a popular narrative; it is, in fact, a popularization of work done for the degree of doctor of philosophy in the University of Chicago. The first five chapters, together with chapter viii., constitute a rather careful and valuable study of servitude in Illinois. The author has searched the newspapers and the public records, State and local, with great diligence, and the result is a brief, clear account of the status of the colored race, from the first introduction of slavery until the civil war. In a word, the conclusion of Mr. Harris is that the Northwest Ordinance did not put an end to slavery in Illinois. Under the form of indentured service, the "peculiar institution," in all but name, continued to exist, in Territory and State, for over half a century. The rest of the book is devoted to the rise and growth of slavery agitation in the State. Almost necessarily this part is unsatisfactory. The development of that agitation was wholly independent of State lines, and inevitably the narrative degenerates into a mere popular account of national parties during the two decades previous to the civil war. Had the author made a study of servitude in the entire Northwest territory, or had he made a careful statistical study of party votes by counties in Illinois, the result would have been more profitable.

Mr. Dunn's 'Indiana' is a revised and enlarged edition of the original, which appeared some fifteen years ago in the "American Commonwealths" series. Of revision there is very little. The book, so Mr. Dunn assures us, has in the main stood the test of criticism. The few corrections that have been made are indicated in the preface. The "enlargement" consists of an additional chapter of about fifty pages, entitled "The Growth of the Commonwealth," which deals with the history of Indiana since its admission as a State, the original edition having been confined wholly to Indiana as a Territory. Whether this addition was a concession to criticism or not, it hardly improves the work. If there was a certain incongruity, considering the title of the series, in confining the original work to the Territorial period, it was, nevertheless, as it stood, an excellent account of the history of Indiana Territory in its relations to the growth of the nation—a fact which was exactly indicated by the subtitle. In its present form, the work presents the still greater incongruity of a book purporting to cover the whole history of Indiana, of which one-tenth is devoted to the State and nine-tenths to the Territory. On the whole, therefore, the present edition is neither better nor worse than the original, and its value is already so well known to scholars as to need no additional comment.

Œuvres Complètes de Flavius Josèphe, traduites en Français sous la direction de Théodore Reinach. Tome troisième: Antiquités Judaïques, Livres XI.-XV. Traduction par Joseph Chamonard. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1904.

This volume covers the period from the decree of Cyrus (537 B. C.) to the completion of Herod's temple (19 B. C.). The edition is brought out by the Société des Études Juives, which employs learned historians and antiquaries as well as good literary writers. The translation is excellent; but for the reference to the Greek text and its various readings, in the footnotes, the reader would hardly ever think of his having a translation before him. It is certainly a great improvement over the heavy style of Whiston, even to a man of English speech with only a book knowledge of French.

Théodore Reinach, in the main a Greek antiquary, who has spent many years in Hellas and on the island of Crete, directed the translation; which means that he chose between the many, often wide, divergences of the manuscripts, and occasionally offered a bold emendation. He also wrote most of the footnotes, and in these he criticises less the errors or guesses of the copyists, through whom the text has come down to our day, than the credulity, the slovenliness in the use of material, sometimes also the falsifications and inventions, of Josephus himself. As M. Reinach does not profess to be much of a Talmudic scholar, he allowed others to write most of the notes in which the statements of Josephus are compared with passages in the Talmud.

Earlier editors and critics have long since rejected many of the finest stories in this part of the 'Antiquities' as lacking all basis of historical truth—such as the wonderful account of the seventy sages rendering the Jewish Laws into Greek for the Library at Alexandria at the Egyptian King's command—a tale which Josephus copies almost literally from the forged letter of Aristeas. No one can read the account of Joseph the taxfarmer with his elder sons and his youngest son, Hyrcanos, without being strongly reminded of the 'Arabian Nights'; the find of a great treasure of silver by a Hasmonean king in the tomb of David reads like a clumsy invention. Mr. Reinach also rejects both the Jewish and the Samaritan stories about Alexander the Great, as Josephus tells them, and holds that the Macedonian king never saw either Jerusalem or Samaria. He denies, or strongly doubts, the genuineness of decrees, proceeding from the Roman Senate or from Greek cities, in which the Jews as a nation are named as allies, or in which the rights of citizenship are conferred on Jews living in Roman or in certain Greek settlements. In fact, Josephus himself confesses that Greek authors of his time dispute the authenticity of such documents. What is much worse, however, Josephus assigns to some such decrees the wrong time and the wrong subject—for instance, a Roman senatus-consultum which is meant for Hyrcanos the First, he refers to Hyrcanos the Second. But Josephus has been treated critically for a long time—for instance, by Scaliger in the sixteenth century, by Selden in the seventeenth (in his 'Successio Sacerdotum), and by others down to Wellhausen late in the nineteenth, and Niese in the twentieth; and many of Reinach's predecessors thought no better than he of Josephus's value as a truthful historian.

It is a genuine pity that even the plainest facts in Jewish history between the decree of Cyrus and the revolt of the Hasmoneans, a period of 369 years, should, save for a few scanty and perhaps untrustworthy notices in Ezra and Nehemiah, be so much of a blank that the Talmudic tradition shortens this period by nearly 200 years. Even the line of the high priests cannot be made out; nay, as to the time when the greatest of these dignitaries, Simon the Just, wore the mitre, the authorities differ by as much as fifty years. The great Pharisaic sages who figure in the Mishnah as the heads of the Sanhedrin, are, barring two names, not mentioned by Josephus; not even Simeon ben Shetah, the kinsman of Queen Salome, who brought his party back into power. Thus the two sources of Hasmonean history, Josephus and the Mishnah, are rather in conflict than in harmony. And there is hardly any chance that anything like the Egyptian papyri or Babylonian clay tablets will ever be dug up to throw the light of contemporary writings on this or any other period of Jewish history.

With all his defects, Josephus is worth reading. Let us hope that this eminently readable French version will inspire some British or American society to bring out a comparable version in English.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Bain, F. W. A Digest of the Moon. Putnams. $1.50.
Balmforth, Ramsden. The New Testament in the Light of Higher Criticism. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Banks, Enoch Marvin. The Economics of Land Tenure in Georgia. Columbia University Press.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. Peace, and Other Poems. John Lane. $1.50.
Benson, E. F. The Image in the Sand. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
British School at Athens, Annual No. X. London: Macmillan & Co.
Browning, Oscar. Napoleon, The First Phase. John Lane.
Chapman's Bussy d'Ambois and The Revenge. The Belles-Lettres Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Clifford, Ethel. Love's Journey. John Lane.
Dealey, James Quayle, and Lester F. Ward. A Text-Book of Sociology. Macmillan Co. $1.30.
Dehérain, Henri. L'Expansion des Boers. Paris: Hachette & Cie.
Deutsch, Leo. Sixteen Years in Siberia. Translated by Helen Chisholm. Dutton. $2 net.
Dowson, Ernest. Poems. John Lane. $1.50.
Dunmore's War, 1774. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites and Louise P. Kellogg. Madison (Wis.) Historical Society.
Glasfurd, A. I. R. Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle. John Lane.
Goddard, Pliny Earle. The Morphology of the Hupa Language. Berkeley: University Press.
Gonne, C. M. Hints on Horses. Dutton. $2 net.
Gordon, Julien. Poems. London: Sidney Appleton.
Hancock, H. Irving, and Higashi, K. The Complete Kano Jiu-Jitsu. Putnams. $4.50 net.
Harris, Charles. Pro Fide. Dutton. $3 net.
Hazlitt, W. Carew. Man Considered in Relation to God and a Church. London: Reeves & Turner.
Heller, Otto. Studies in German Literature. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Fool Errant. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
History of All Nations. Vol IX., by Hans Prutz. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers Co.
Home, Gordon. The Evolution of an English Town. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Holmes, Edmond. What is Philosophy? John Lane.
Hume, Martin. Spanish Influence on English Literature. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hutchinson, Horace G. Two Moods of Man. Putnams. $1.50.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1773-1776. Edited by John P. Kennedy. Richmond, Va.
Kenny's Hotel Directory. 50 cents.
Kramer, Stella. The English Craft Gilds and the Government. Columbia University Press.
Lane, M. A. L. and M. All the Year Round. Part IV.: Summer. Boston: Ginn & Co. 35 cents.
Levasseur, E. Elements of Political Economy. Translated by Theodore Marburg. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Livingston, Luther S. Auction Prices of Books. Vol. II. Dodd, Mead & Co.
London, Jack. War of the Classes. Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
MacMurray, Charles A. Special Method in Language. Macmillan Co. 70 cents.
Marsland, Frank. Occupation in Life. Chas. E. Fitchett.
Morley, Margaret Warner. Butterflies and Bees. Vol. II. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70 cents.
Mottoes and Badges. Translated by W. S. W. Anson. Dutton. 50 cents.
Murray, Grace Peckham. The Fountain of Youth. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.60 net.
Mussey, Henry Raymond. Combination in the Mining Industry. Columbia University Press.
My Garden in the City of Gardens. John Lane.
Nansen, Fridtjof. Norway and the Union with Sweden. Macmillan Co.
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Saint Catherine of Siena. Translated by Vida D. Scudder. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Schoenbach, Anton E. Ueber Lesen und Bildung. Graz: Leuschner & Lubensky.
Sebring, Arad Joy. Girdle of Gladness. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Retold by Alice S. Hoffman. Dutton. 60 cents net.
Smith, F. Berkeley. Parisians Out of Doors. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50 net.
Sonneck, O. G. Francis Hopkinson and James Lyon. Printed for the Author.
Tadhkiratu 'l-Awliyá. Edited by Reynold A. Nicholson. London: Luzac & Co. 18s. net.
Thwaites, Reuben G. France in America. Vol. 7. Harpers. $2 net.
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

The Week.

An extra session of Congress is to be called for November the eleventh. The regular session convenes on the first Monday in December. It is safe to predict that there will be more than "a constructive recess" between these two sessions, for our M.C.'s are not to be done out of their mileage a second time. Exactly what useful purpose is to be served by such a hurried session it is hard to say. It will, indeed, enable President Roosevelt's defenders to urge that when once he has expressed his determination on a public matter he does not "flinch." Originally, Congress was to be summoned in September. Then the bright October days were thought more suitable. The final decision to call together our lawmakers in the middle of November serves to keep the President's promise to the ear. In the extra session the activity of our Federal Legislature will have to be brisk indeed to keep pace with the questions they are to consider. Before making "the dirt fly" at Panama, it must be ascertained whether a sea-level canal or a lock canal is desired. The question of rebates and other railroad legislation must be mooted. And now we hear that the leisure of Congress will be occupied with discussing the proposal of Federal supervision of insurance. The kind of legislative mill that will grind out laws on these three subjects in a working time of about two weeks will deserve the name of "doing things."

President Roosevelt has stood by another friend in trouble, and appointed John McMackin consul at Georgetown, British Guiana. As Commissioner of Labor in this State, Mr. McMackin took the duties of his office so lightly that, when his term expired, charity workers and others interested in the condition of laboring men protested against his reappointment. They alleged and proved that he failed to enforce the laws, and was particularly negligent in the matter of illegal child labor. Gov. Higgins thereupon refused to name McMackin for another term. This was, of course, tantamount to a certificate of inefficiency, which seemed to Mr. Roosevelt to qualify McMackin admirably for a consulship. We appear to be unlucky in our consuls at Georgetown. The retiring official, Mr. G. H. Moulton, had some unpleasant things said about him in the Georgetown *Daily Chronicle* of June 23. He seems to have been indulging in a little extra-consular business, *à la* Loomis, and sued in the courts for a contingent fee of $5,000. The suit was dismissed with costs. In its comments on the case, the *Chronicle* said that it was "inconsistent with the function of an officer in the service of a great country like the United States . . . that he should be at liberty to exact commissions." It added that, as a result of Mr. Moulton's too keen eye for private business, "the consul leaves the colony with a reputation far different from that which he enjoyed only a few months ago."

What is there in the air of Caracas that sets so many United States officials wild to make money? We had a little while ago the evidence of the way in which the President's friend Loomis, when Minister there, was hot after a little matter of one-seventh of $10,000,000 as contingent fee, and now comes a friend of the friend, Consular Agent Dolge. The story of his hopeless mixing up of official duty and private money-making would seem incredible had not Mr. Dolge himself certified to its truth. His more than infantile innocence about the whole affair is the most amazing part. "Yes, yes; I am putting the United States coat-of-arms on my laundry; I am dabbling in this business and pushing this concession, but what of it? I admit it all, but what next?" What ought to come next is action by the State Department. It is not strange that, after the Loomis coat of whitewash, we should have Uncle Sam's coat-of-arms on a Venezuelan laundry, or any other scheme of an official "on the make"; but surely the authorities must see that this kind of thing cannot go on. Mr. Dolge has made it ridiculous.

In strict logic it would be hard to find a reason for getting rid of Statistician Hyde from the Department of Agriculture that does not apply likewise to Secretary Wilson himself. If the sins of subordinates are to be visited upon their superiors, the process can hardly be stopped short of the executive chiefs. But newspapers in the West, and especially his own State of Iowa, have been prompt to rally to Mr. Wilson's defence. "He has been at the head of a department which annually expends $5,000,000," says the *Register and Leader* of Des Moines, "in the interests of an occupation that annually produces $5,000,000,000, and in that length of time [eight years] has made it the greatest scientific organization in the world." As a matter of fact, the discovery of graft in that department was unexpected. If ever a Cabinet officer took pride in his work, Secretary Wilson did. If any Washingtonian had been asked six months ago—or to-day, for that matter—what high Government official was most closely bound up in his duties, he would have been likely to answer, "James Wilson." A practical farmer, as well as a former professor of agriculture, he followed the various activities under his charge with understanding and sympathy, while, as for experience, he has already surpassed in service all but three of the men who ever sat in the Cabinet room. But he did not see what was going on under his nose in a service which, as Mr. Hyde truly says, was "always under fire," and therefore a special object for executive vigilance. That his proper pride in his work should have grown into inability to see what was wrong in it, is what he has personally most to regret in the present scandals.

The feature of the national reciprocity conference, called to meet in Chicago on August 15 and 16, which is attracting serious attention, is that the movement originated in the West. Bodies like the Illinois Manufacturers' Association, the Board of Trade of Chicago, the National Live Stock Association, the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas, and other similar organizations have joined in the call for the convention. A special point is made, too, of the fact that the men who are doing most to render it successful are not politicians. Most of them are Republicans, however, who have long since lost their superstitious awe of the Dingley tariff. Of course, the packers and stockmen are urged to seek reciprocity because of the attitude of Germany, which threatens, after next March, to exclude practically all American meat, as well as breadstuffs, from her markets. But the dairy interests also want to know why Central America, Cuba, and the West Indies prefer to take butter from the Netherlands, and the fruit raisers of Maryland are anxious to find out the reason for their poor foreign trade. Driven from Massachusetts, boycotted by China, punished by Germany, and now held up by the Middle West as a throttler of trade, the stand-patter has but one refuge left—the Senate. Perhaps, in time, the Senate, too, will cease to be a glorified Home-Market Club. Mention of this body, by the way, reminds us that we did Lieut.-Gov. Guild of Massachusetts unintentional injustice last week. He has not sought to conceal, nor has he abandoned, his old attitude towards reciprocity.

It is a lingering death that the Chicago teamsters' strike has died. Though actual dissolution did not occur until Friday, the case had been so long adjudged hopeless that for weeks the news

of it had been treated as of secondary importance. What this prolonged conflict has cost to both parties is almost past estimating. The city of Chicago has had to spend far more than it could afford for special police protection; the loss of business to the firms affected has been enormous, and the loss of wages to the men called out—the simplest item to compute—is a staggering sacrifice. But the teamsters' strike deserves to be long remembered as the perfect type of all that is erratic, futile, and discreditable in unionism. It was a sympathetic strike for the benefit of workmen in a non-allied trade, who did not want it. Waiving that, moreover, the garment workers supposed to be benefited numbered only a score, while four thousand teamsters stopped work. Violence and venality, too, in their worst forms were disclosed while the strike was in progress. Such a strike could not and never did have public sympathy, and it rightly ends in ignominious failure. Credit belongs to the authorities who—in spite of early paltering and weakness—did preserve order and protect street traffic, making the issue certain. As it is, there is a most impressive lesson for all decent workingmen of the dangers that lie in crazy, truculent, and unprincipled leadership.

Union labor in Chicago has had a taste of the medicine which some of its zealots have been dealing out to the "scabs." An effective "wrecking crew" made things lively for a time on Sunday week at an election of the Chicago Federation, tearing up the ballots, smashing the furniture of the hall, and beating one of their own leaders into insensibility. The full accounts of the affair furnished by the Chicago newspapers have a familiar look. Michael Donnelly, president of the Butchers' Workmen Union, was to be "done up." The "wreckers" were stationed at the door. As Donnelly entered, a slung-shot laid him out, then eight pairs of boots began to beat a tattoo on his ribs. The election officials had already been locked up in a side room, their ballot-boxes smashed and ballots destroyed, and, when Donnelly had been attended to, his assailants escaped unhindered and apparently unrecognized. President Dold of the Federation says that he cannot "imagine the motive for such a disturbance"; and President Shea of the Teamsters' Union calls it an "outrage." Why should Mr. Dold be astonished? Is he not familiar with the testimony of men, like the notorious Driscoll, who have admitted that hired ruffians are kept on the pay-rolls of those who would use the unions for their own ends?

John Mitchell's somewhat impressive reminder to the convention of Mine Workers at Scranton on Wednesday week that their contracts with the coal operators expire on April 1, 1906, is anything but comforting to the coal-burning public. For eight and a half months more the truce is to last; at the end of that time the mining regions will go back to the same conditions that existed in previous years. What is alarming to the country at large is the preparation which both sides are making for a long and bitter fight. We have recently had shrewd estimates of the depth of the Union's war chest, while, on the employers' side, as Mr. Mitchell said, "on every hand stockades are being built. Places are being filled with every available pound of coal." That both sides are preparing for the worst does not, of course, necessarily mean that it will come. It may be doubted if any outside intervention could this time avert a conflict and the terrible suffering which it entails on the innocent public, and we may be in for a renewal of that continental squeeze which was on the point of collapsing when President Roosevelt intervened in 1903. Now, it is more than hinted, anthracite and bituminous unions will pull together.

The New York Legislature has decided, at Governor Higgins's instigation, to institute an immediate inquiry into the life-insurance business in this State. The Equitable's one hope of future growth is to have itself officially declared disinfected and purified. As for the other companies, particularly the Mutual Life and the New York, they have suffered by the general distrust of insurance methods created by the Equitable revelations. People are everywhere scrutinizing insurance propositions and cross-questioning agents as never before. The shortcomings of Superintendent Hendricks, the conspicuous omissions from his report, the general belief that important Republican politicians besides Mr. Depew are gravely involved, the wobbling of the Governor, have all made a very bad impression, especially beyond the borders of the State. This is only heightened by the dismissal of the Controller of the Equitable and the failure to trace the mysterious loan of $685,000 which, until recently, seems to have stood upon the books of the Mercantile Trust Company. The legislative investigation means that light will be thrown into every dark corner; that the public will be acquainted with every step taken and every question put to the witnesses, who certainly should include every person in any way connected with the scandal.

Mr. McAdoo's calling upon the colored people of the riotous district in this city to surrender their weapons is a step in the right direction. But they are entitled to inquire why they should be compelled to disarm, and not the riotous white people around them as well. After the testimony of ill-treatment of the negroes by the police given last week by various apparently trustworthy witnesses, Mr. McAdoo ought to initiate without loss of time a searching investigation into the whole trouble. Here is where an advisory committee of citizens might render him much greater service than by telling him what officers to promote and what to pass by. It must not be forgotten that the fierce riots of three years ago were largely due to scandalous police brutality. This was conclusively proved at the time by the City Club, but no policeman was punished. So far as the whites are concerned, the best-informed white student of the negro population writes us as follows: "If only the white people don't get off scot free! They are much the more aggressive, particularly those on West End Avenue." But Mr. McAdoo seems to have jumped to the conclusion that the negroes are to be held responsible without further inquiry. If the whole affair does nothing else, it ought once more to call the attention of social workers and philanthropists to the low condition of both whites and blacks in the district between Sixtieth and Sixty-fourth Streets and between West End Avenue and Tenth Avenue. Here is a field for missionaries which ought to be taken in hand by the leading churches of the city.

Ex-Secretary Lamont's premature death is a distinct loss to the Democratic party, of which he has been of late an eminently wise counsellor. A quiet, unassuming man, he was none the less possessed of exceptional ability, and he fairly earned the Secretaryship of War with which Mr. Cleveland rewarded him for most devoted service when the ex-President took office the second time. In that position Mr. Lamont made an excellent record. We are inclined to believe that political influence was at a greater discount in the War Department during his incumbency than during any other recent Administration. Many of the reforms carried out by Secretary Root were suggested or asked by Mr. Lamont in his annual reports. But Congressional interest in the army had not then been stimulated by the war with Spain and the scandals of the Alger régime. Hence it was left to another to achieve the reforms Mr. Lamont desired. The appointments to generalcies and other important offices made during Mr. Lamont's incumbency bore extremely slight traces of the personal and political favoritism which has been the rule since. Modest and clean-handed personally as he was, Mr. Lamont was as far removed from the Paul Morton and Loomis type of latter-day statesmanship as he was from the George Fred Williamses and Altgelds on the Democratic side.

Senator Cullom's plans in his coming campaign for reëlection are as praiseworthy as they are novel. In a word, he proposes to build up organizations in every Illinois county without employing Federal officeholders to lead them, or, contrariwise, appointing their leaders to Federal office. What the Federal officers will find to occupy their time in the future, if the Cullom plan spreads, is hard to conjecture; but, at all events, this rash disregard of precedents by a distinguished septuagenarian is so remarkable as to need explaining. It is, in effect, a confession of the great potency of the outcry against the "Federal crowd" which was raised in so many Western States last year. The services of a compact body of lieutenants, well paid by the national Government, are obviously valuable. But the patronage-dispensing oligarchy of the Senate has come to be more and more distrusted. La Follette, in the State next door to Illinois, made most artful use of this feeling against Senator Spooner's faction. In Illinois, it has been abundantly demonstrated, by Mr. Deneen's nomination among other things, that the Federal influence is by no means all-powerful. Senator Cullom is simply confessing this when he begins his canvass, not as the head of an "organization," but alone as a public servant asking approval after many years of service.

From Viscount Hayashi's interview, obviously in retort to M. Witte's, it appears that both are willing to see the war go on unless the terms of peace are favorable. There is too much of this sort of talk. It is perfectly understood that when the plenipotentiaries exchange ideas at Portsmouth, there will be a wide gap between bid and asked, but meantime there is no use in anticipating and perhaps compromising the inevitable bargaining by vague controversy. Viscount Hayashi's rather scornful observation that Europe must remember the Japanese are not angels, must rank with Salisbury's cynicisms. The reminder, for that matter, was hardly needed. Nobody supposes that the Japanese are angels, but it is believed that they are cool heads and will enter the Peace Conference with a very clear idea of the purposes of the war. It is understood that, aside from the obvious motive of natural defence, a desire for prestige and recognition as a civilized Power lay behind the Asiatic campaign. The admiration of the civilized world Japan has already abundantly earned; it remains now to get the good will of the world. To obtain not only prestige, but friendship, Japan can afford to pay something. From this point of view, to show magnanimity to Russia would require not an angelic host in the Foreign Office at Tokio, but simply an enlightened expediency in control. Japan is at the parting of the ways: it remains for her to choose her rôle. To play the ruthless conqueror now will involve her in burdensome military expenses for an indefinite period, whereas every seeming advantage sacrificed for the sake of peace will be soon repaid by savings in the military budget.

Agreement at the first session of the conference could occur only by a miracle. That the envoys should meet with radically divergent views and by reciprocal concessions gradually approach an understanding, lies in the very nature of the case. Nothing that has yet been said indicates more than the normal difference of opinion at the present stage of the transaction. Nor is there any disturbing force in the somewhat pathetic plea of China to be admitted to the conference, for that plea—respectable as is the desire of a patient on the operating-table to be consulted as to the extent of the proposed amputation—can hardly be granted. To admit it would only complicate matters already difficult enough. The circular note from the Yamen to the Powers is merely notice that China will not necessarily be bound by such disposition as Japan and Russia may make of Chinese territory. From the principle that any Mantchurian settlement will require a supplementary agreement between China and Japan, no one will seriously dissent.

The "inspired" account of what Emperor William would say to the Czar, in their Baltic Sea interview, was shrewdly put out by the German Foreign Office. Nor does the keen prevision it evinced convict the Emperor either of lack of alert self-interest or of hard-headed common sense. It is not to be supposed that a Hohenzollern has any strong hereditary sympathies with movements making for a democratic participation in government; yet it may be readily surmised that William would counsel his imperial brother in Russia to "grant reforms" purely on the ground of an intelligent preference for a limited monarchy rather than a revolutionary, not to say a chaotic, republic on Germany's eastern frontier. The Kaiser is also officially credited with intending to say that "the German Government is interested in having the neighboring country peaceful and prosperous, for it is towards the Russian Empire that Germany's manufacturers look for great trade expansion in the future." This last dictum runs counter to the economic philosophy of the man in the street. That wise individual is commonly given to wagging his head when war is declared, and prophesying good times for neutral nations.

Mr. Balfour's defeat on an amendment concerning the Irish Land Commission was not in the nature of a snap vote. The division was taken after protracted debate, and there were nearly four hundred members in the House. It is clear that the best efforts of the Government whips were unable to offset the defection of the Irish members. What a Government beaten by a majority of three in a vote on supply shall do is largely a matter of taste and expediency. Several courses are open: the rebuff may be accepted silently as of slight importance, or the clause may be resubmitted to Parliament. On the other hand, a defeat on so prominent a point of Ministerial policy as the Land Act is by no means to be minimized. It is, at the best, a clear indication that the elaborate programme of Irish conciliation has failed utterly, and that the Government can be put in peril whenever Mr. Redmond's group chooses to take the necessary pains. Lord Rosebery, in June, 1895, went out on a similar rebuff. On a vote to reduce the salary of Mr. Campbell-Bannermann, Secretary of War, several of the Radicals refused to support the Government, and the censure was passed by a majority of seven in a small House. Campbell-Bannerman's resignation was followed by that of the Ministry. This well-remembered incident has not shaken Mr. Balfour's resolve to stomach the mishap and stick to office and he is already stretched on Mr. Redmond's rack.

A resolution of the coalition majority of the Hungarian Diet proclaims a political state of siege against the Fejervary Government. All patriotic Magyars are exhorted not to pay taxes or render military service, and local officials are told to disregard the orders of the national administration. Thus the party, though justified in attacking the constitutional standing of the Premier, is taking steps that may lead to secession. The situation is so serious that it seems likely that the King must withdraw Fejervary's "business" Cabinet, and reopen negotiations with the Kossuthists. Then the majority must either agree to a government on constitutional lines, or remain in the present attitude of semi-revolutionary impotence. No serious observer believes the time is ripe for an independent Hungary, and it is highly important that the energies now expended in fighting for the "word of command" and for fiscal independence should be directed to a frank and thoroughgoing revision of the organic alliance between Austria and Hungary. Evidently so difficult a task cannot be undertaken until the present passions have quieted. It will strain the great personal resources of Franz Josef to find a *modus vivendi*, and turn the present revolutionary current into channels of constitutional revision.

A RENOVATED ERMINE.

It was urged in Judge Hooker's interest that his proposed punishment was heavier than his offences made fitting. Peccadilloes, it was said, should not be treated as if they were capital crimes. But it was really not the extreme penalty of the State Constitution that was invoked against Judge Hooker. He might have been impeached, under Article VI., Section 13. In that case, judgment might have extended to "disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honor, trust, or profit under this State." But the mere process of "removal of judges," provided for in section 11, carries with it no such disqualification. It is, in fact, precisely that milder form of punishment which was so much desiderated last winter in the Swayne impeachment at Washington. If Congress had been able merely to remove Swayne, as the Legislature might have removed Hooker, it is quite possible that the Federal judge would not have escaped. And if Judge Hooker had been simply removed, there was nothing to prevent him from immediately seeking reëlection. But he was not removed, and still many newspapers are railing at him. They speak of him as if the failure of the Legislature to remove him had not put his character, and his fitness for the bench, in an entirely new light. This seems to us perilously near displaying contempt of court, which, in this case, we ought sedulously to conceal, as the lawyer said. Moreover, it is to show disrespect to the majesty of the law. The State has resorted to the legal process laid down in the Constitution for removing corrupt or unfit judges. Hence, clearly, the fact that the process failed in the instance of Justice Hooker, proves beyond a peradventure that he is neither corrupt nor unfit.

For note the impregnable legal status which Judge Hooker now enjoys. He can hold his head high. He is in the same category, legally, as Dick Croker, who killed a man but could not be convicted of murder. He is, again, in the enviable position of Nan Patterson, who went forth a free and proud woman because the jury could not make up their minds that she was a proved murderess. On the very day that Judge Hooker got his unequivocal vindication, Congressman Williamson received a similar one in Portland, Oregon. The latter was tried for land frauds, but only ten of the jury voted to convict him. That was not a Constitutional verdict of guilty, just as the 76 votes for the removal of Judge Hooker did not make up the Constitutional two-thirds; and both Williamson and Hooker are, therefore, innocent men in the eye of the law. Some impatient readers may exclaim with Sir Walter Raleigh. "That is to make the law a toy. I stand on the fact." But they should remember that Raleigh was, nevertheless, beheaded, and should take warning against speaking ill of the law or its ministers.

In legal effect, Judge Hooker is now an ornament to the bench. His brother justices will be delighted to sit with him. They will not feel like drawing aside lest contamination spread from him to them. His ermine is now, legally, as spotless as Jay's. It has been put through the legislative renovator, and, though it may smell of chlorine for a few days, and look a little "spotty" to a keen eye, that will all soon be forgotten, and the judge will resume, with the *Judicious* Hooker, his praise of that law which is the mother of our peace and joy. His brethren on the bench, who testified that they knew nothing of the offences with which he was charged, but that they considered him a "fine man and a fine judge," will be able better than most of us to appreciate the legal nullity of the fact that 76 members of the Assembly voted for his removal. If 24 more had voted the same way, the Supreme Court judges would have recoiled in horror at an unworthy colleague; but the Constitutional number not having voted, they know that absolutely nothing stands against him on the record, and that he is as much entitled to the respect and honor of his fellows as any criminal about whom a jury has disagreed. Yet with this legal aspect of the matter so clear and beyond dispute, purblind newspaper writers are lugging in extraneous considerations of public policy and morals!

For our part, we will not add to the ungenerous allusions to Judge Hooker's past. That is all sponged from the slate. He is made an upright judge by the fact that a majority of only 9 voted in the Assembly that the evidence proved him crooked. We have had too much innuendo directed against the judiciary not to rejoice when a suspected judge comes off so triumphantly as Justice Hooker. He may hereafter hold court in perfect legal security—even greater than that of the English judge who thanked God that he could not be removed except by the action of both Houses of Parliament. Judge Hooker may preside over the trials of grafters and political corruptionists with a good (legal) conscience. He may writhe inwardly as the testimony takes a turn unpleasantly parallel to his own successful "beating of the law" and his procurement of the appointment of debtors and dependents and relatives, but outwardly he may take his stand on the law with the heroic pose of Shylock himself. "The Legislature did not remove me, did it? Then what are you talking about?"

There has been so much confusion about the exact legal effect of the Hooker trial that we have thought it desirable to be thus precise. It is, indeed, difficult to be patient with those who are urging irrelevant matter. They allege the deep sense of injury and disgrace which the people of this State feel; but that is purely *aliunde*. They affirm that no self-respecting lawyer will appear before Judge Hooker if he can possibly avoid it. We reply, that is not *ad rem*. They point to the grave political consequences; show that Odell and his tools intervened to save the day for Hooker, and ask what will be the effect on the Republican party of the demonstration that it cannot keep even its own judiciary clean. But there ought to be another Gallio to drive such irrelevant objectors from the judgment-seat. All this is beside the mark. The desired removal of Judge Hooker could not be had. In the noble words of the Republican leader of the Assembly, the Legislature said to him: "Go and sin no more!" With that high title to the confidence and esteem of the public, Judge Hooker once more takes his place upon the bench.

ENGINEERING CONDITIONS IN THE NAVY.

The explosion of the *Bennington's* boilers, in the harbor of San Diego, recalls vividly Admiral Melville's warnings before his retirement from active service. He declared that he had seen torpedo boats, cruisers, and battleships laid up with injuries "due to careless and ignorant handling of costly machinery"; that the engineering situation had grown very critical; that too much reliance was being placed on the warrant machinists, and that a special engineering school for some of the younger officers was imperatively needed. On the other hand, Rear-Admiral Rae, the present chief engineer, is a firm believer in the amalgamation of line and staff, although realizing the need of more engineering experts. Just what condition the navy's engines are in, no layman can satisfactorily determine. Reports of speed trials strangely conflict. Some experts advocate a return to the days of special engineer officers, instead of requiring every line officer to be an engineer as well as a master of gunnery, a navigator, and a tactician. When Prof. J. A. Ewing, the Director of British Naval Education, visited this country last October, he made a special study of this question, and in an official report has declared that the amalgamation scheme was successful, citing as its most enthusiastic adherent "Bob" Evans. It would seem as if the *Bennington's* accident should now furnish a reason for getting at the real facts by means of a commission of naval and civilian experts.

Meanwhile it behooves us to examine carefully into the engineering system which has prevailed in the navy since the passage of the act of 1899 amalgamating the engineer officers, who had

existed separately from the first introduction of steam in the navy, with the line officers, whose sole duties up to that time had pertained to the navigating and fighting of their vessels. A desire on the part of the engineers for rank and command was largely responsible for the change—the root of the trouble being really social. The engineer officer felt that, although a graduate of Annapolis and a gentleman, he was ranked with locomotive engineers and the men who run dynamos. He was aggrieved that his title suggested an oil-can and overalls, while his classmate walked the deck in natty uniform and absorbed pretty nearly all the praise and glory.

This friction between the line and staff might have been still going on had it not been that the powerful aid of Theodore Roosevelt was invoked, with the result that the engineers were abolished and transferred to the line in 1899. From that time on, the obnoxious titles disappeared, and there was nothing in his rank or title to show whether Ensign Smith was a watch or division officer, or spent his time in the engine-room. But it was not long before Rear-Admiral Melville and others began to worry and to doubt whether the American naval officer could be made an all-around genius, or at least an expert in ordnance construction, in gunnery, in torpedoes, in navigation, in infantry tactics when on shore, and finally a master of the art of steam engineering. It was soon noted that this radical departure was not imitated in foreign navies, and that the mercantile fleets of the world had no thought of amalgamating their navigating officers and engine-room personnel because of the Washington experiment. Moreover, it speedily became apparent that the newly created class of warrant machinists, that is, the engine-room non-commissioned officers, was assuming the burdens laid down by the trained engineer officers. They were required to furnish, on sea pay of from $1,200 to $1,800, the technical information and practical experience needed to run the engines, while the commissioned officers assigned to engine-room duty "bossed the job." It next developed that good warrant machinists were very hard to obtain; they preferred civil positions to the restrictions of the navy, and this is particularly true of the torpedo-boat service. Meanwhile, in the six years since the passage of the act, the number of trained engineers has sunk from 181 to about 120, and, of these, 57 are permanently assigned to engineer duty on shore only.

It is true that some effort has been made to remedy these conditions, notably by planning a post-graduate engineering school and by selecting certain young officers to specialize in engineering questions precisely as others are detailed to specialize in ordnance questions. It is arranged, also, that when certain men of engineering aptitude have rearched the grade of lieutenant-commander they shall be assigned to permanent engineering duty. But what is this but an effort to train engineers like those amalgamated, without giving them the obnoxious titles?

In the *Bennington's* blowing up while at anchor, we see several results of the system, to which we would call especial attention. When this vessel was at sea in 1897—two years before the line and engineer amalgamation—she carried two trained engineer officers, Chief Engineer John K. Barton and Assistant Engineer Emory Winship. The former had then had twenty-three years of active service subsequent to his graduation as a cadet engineer in 1874; his assistant, Mr. Winship, had been only a year out of Annapolis. But when the *Bennington* blew up on Friday, the officer in entire charge of the engines was Ensign Charles T. Wade, who was graduated from Annapolis in 1902, just three years ago. Since he went to sea in 1900 he has served on the *Wompatuck*, a tug; the *Manila*, a station ship; the *Yorktown*, a sister ship of the *Bennington*, and, since December last, on the latter vessel. We do not know if Ensign Wade had been only on engineering duty since 1900, or whether he has been a line officer part of that time. But if the former is the case, and if it should appear that he is the smartest officer out of Annapolis in years, we still cannot understand why a youth not yet twenty-six years of age should carry the responsibility given in 1897 to two officers, one of whom had had twenty-six years of engineering duty and who was then forty-four years old. To make the matter worse, there appears to have been no warrant machinist on the *Bennington*, but only machinist mates, who are paid from $40 to $70 a month. Secretary Bonaparte himself ought to find out why the *Bennington's* engines were in charge of an ensign of twenty-six. If the Personnel law is at fault, it cannot be repealed too soon; it will have cost sufficient lives in all conscience. And if, as seems to us, the wise step is to return to the good old methods of the merchant marine, why, let us all set about inventing titles for our engineer officers which will satisfy them—and their wives. We would suggest the simple English designation of Staff Captain, Staff Commander, and Staff Lieutenant, if an engineer must be made to smell sweeter by another name.

NAVY PROMOTIONS.

At just what age an American naval officer should attain the rank commensurate with the command of a battleship or a fleet, is a question which never ceases to agitate naval circles. The recent Japanese victories have started the discussion anew. The Mikado's battleship and cruiser commanders, it appears, are, either by accident or design, in the early forties. Hence the all-important lesson of the campaign in the East is that we must have younger and more aggressive captains, carefully selected among their comrades because of their preëminent abilities and virtues. At least, this is the opinion of the navy maniacs who see our liberties lost if we do not have exactly their number of battleships, with crews and officers as ready to go into action as Togo's men when Rozhestvensky's fleet came in sight.

Paul Morton, typifying in himself the man who rises quickly to important executive positions in civil life, was deeply impressed by this argument. He dwelt with horror in his last report upon the fact that, while our battleship captains average fifty-seven years, in the German and English navies the average is forty-eight years, and in the Japanese fleet forty-five and three-quarters years. Of course, Mr. Morton did not take the trouble to point out that both the German and Japanese navies are recent creations, in which promotion has been very rapid by reason of sudden expansion, and that these conditions are in considerable measure of a temporary character. In the British fleet a determined effort is made to have young captains, which is rendered somewhat easy because many men of means and title enter the service and resign after some years, and there is no public objection to carrying on half pay a large number of men in perfect physical and mental health in order that their juniors may be pushed ahead. In the American navy the resignation of any line officer above the rank of lieutenant is practically unheard of, and the men who have private means are remarkably few in number. Hence retirements for age (sixty-two years) or for physical disability were practically the only means of creating vacancies in the upper grades until, under the Roosevelt Personnel law, a certain number of retirements of healthy and vigorous men was authorized in order to bring about additional promotions.

But even this does not suit the men who, like the present Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, foresee an even greater age in officers obtaining command rank, owing to the delayed promotion of the lieutenants and lieutenant-commanders who were badly blocked during the years from 1870 to 1900. Rear-Admiral Converse would compulsorily retire within a few years all commanders at fifty, and all captains at fifty-five; but neither he nor any other officer shows the slightest regard for the taxpayer's pocket in discussing this matter, or stops to inquire whether the example already set of retiring capable men to make way for their juniors is not a per-

nicious example likely to be followed in the army and the civil service. But, waiving all Treasury considerations, is it really established that an officer, to be a good commander of men, must be a captain by forty-five or fifty?

Writing on this whole question in the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, Lieut. R. H. Jackson affirms that we have to-day excellent flag officers at fifty-seven and fifty-eight. If we look back into our naval history we find, of course, some dashing young heroes of the Cushing and Flusser type. But Farragut was sixty when the Civil War broke out; Porter was fifty when he ran the Vicksburg batteries; Dupont was sixty when he attacked Charleston, and Goldsborough fifty-seven when he took Roanoke; and we are of the opinion that they did their work in a pretty satisfactory manner. John A. Winslow sank the *Alabama* when fifty-three. Coming to more recent events, the people of this country were pretty well satisfied with Dewey's and Sampson's captains at Manila and Santiago, and with these officers themselves. Yet Dewey was sixty-one and Sampson fifty-eight. Of their captains, Gridley was fifty-three, Lamberton fifty-five, Wildes fifty-five, Chadwick fifty-four, Coghlan fifty-four, Clark fifty-five, Philip fifty-eight, Cook fifty-five, Evans fifty-two, Taylor fifty-three, and Higginson fifty-five. Now, not one of these men broke down physically during their long service in the tropics, and every one did his duty well. Yet if the modern theory had prevailed prior to 1898, most of them would have been on the retired list, or they would all of them have been rear-admirals, and, therefore, only one or two would have taken part in the actual fighting. Moreover, the greatest advantage of having these men as commanders would have been lost—namely, their previous war service, every one of them having taken part in the Civil War and being therefore a veteran.

This showing of itself, it seems to us, exposes the alarmists who would adopt with naval officers the policy of churches with ministers who have reached the "dead line" of fifty. So far as the theory of promotion by selection is concerned, we are glad to see signs of a revulsion of feeling against this pet doctrine of President Roosevelt, just as there is a similar reaction in the army against a proposal fraught with grave danger to both services. Thus, Capt. E. B. Barry, Lieut.-Commander W. I. Chambers, Lieuts. R. H. Jackson, I. H. Gillis, and H. O. Stickney have all come out against it in the last *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*. Nothing else was to have been expected; in a republic like this it will be impossible to bar out political or other influences if men are to be advanced for special reasons. The real remedy is the weeding out of the lazy, the indifferent, or the worthless.

Promotion by seniority, it must not be forgotten, worked well in 1861 and 1898, when selection was undreamed of. Moreover, no lawmakers or naval theorists can ever fix the age when any given man is at the height of his powers, mentally and physically, or when the falling off begins. Nobody attempts this in civil life, where some of the responsibilities are fully as great as those of a battleship captain. One man will do his best work at forty, while his classmate does not ripen fully until fifty, and some men, like Abram S. Hewitt, have performed splendid service after seventy. Finally, a naval officer is particularly in need of wisdom and judgment. Human experience teaches that the best counsellors of nations have not been tossed aside arbitrarily at fifty-seven or sixty-two.

THE SHIPPING TRUST.

Annual reports of the International Mercantile Marine Company—more familiarly known as the "Shipping Trust"—have from the first attracted special attention because of the remarkable circumstances in which that company had its origin. The undertaking may be fairly described as the climax of the wild promoting craze of 1901. Two principles seemed at that time to have been definitely accepted in certain financial quarters: one, that the virtue of mere combination of rival companies was such as to warrant any recapitalization which should bring it about; the other, that a new era in finance had opened, which rendered needless any attention to the teachings of history. The Shipping Trust was projected with a view to raising money enough to buy up the transatlantic mercantile marine at whatever price its owners should demand. Starting with such a plan, and with the American public seemingly eager to lay boundless sums of capital at the most daring promoter's feet, it is not strange that the purchase was effected. A period of unusual prosperity in the trade was drawing to an end; the foreign owners of the White Star, Leyland, and Dominion Lines were perfectly well aware that the end was near. Europe's industrial "boom," which had crowded the ships with freight, was already collapsing; the Boer war, which had drawn heavily on competing tonnage to provide for army needs, could not continue more than a few months longer. At just this juncture came the American syndicate with bids so extravagant that the foreign owners were literally staggered. They sold, on their own terms, mostly for cash; the two American companies were acquired through exchange of their own shares for the stock of the Shipping Trust; $100,000,000 stock and $50,000,000 bonds were marketed through a syndicate with the life-insurance affiliation usual in those days, and the "deal" went through.

This is history; now for the sequel. The Mercantile Marine report for the calendar year 1903, published last July, showed $355,000 earned over and above the interest on outstanding bonds. On July 18 the statement for 1904 was issued, and showed that earnings failed by $2,039,150 to meet fixed charges. It is undoubtedly true that last year was a peculiarly trying period in the ocean trade. It was so, however, for reasons which might have been readily foreseen in 1901, and which doubtless were foreseen by the English owners who sold out to the Shipping Trust. No monopoly is possible, or ever was, in the ocean highway; and at the very time when the outlook for new business was growing doubtful, a wholly unprecedented volume of new shipping was being poured out from the yards. What has happened would have been inevitable even without such contributory incidents as the decline in this country's wheat export trade these past two years. Other seasons will undoubtedly ensue more favorable to profits on transatlantic lines; but they will serve as slight apology for the extraordinary promotion scheme of four years ago. The only reassuring fact about this experiment, as about others which came to grief in 1903, is that the Trust's discredited securities point the moral of 1901 so plainly that it will be a good many years before such projects will again get a hearing with the investing public.

President Ismay's comment on the year's results draws attention to some peculiar influences in the ocean trade conditions of the period which ought to be fairly weighed. Whether they do or do not throw a more roseate light on the future of this combination, whose $100,000,000 stock has never earned anything, and which failed by $2,000,000 last year to earn the $3,800,000 annual interest on its bonds, a study of the causes of this remarkable showing ought at least to clear up the question of an ocean steamship Trust. The truth is that the American combination, which tried, by brute force of money, to dominate rates and traffic on the transatlantic highway, has thus far served only to intensify competition. The Cunard Company, which refused to join the combination, at once became an aggressive rival; it was sustained by the British Government, which naturally favored the one large line that remained available as a naval reserve when the international Trust absorbed the others. But this was the least of the new combination's worries. It was confronted, even before its incorporation, by the competition of the compactly capitalized German lines—a serious source of danger to an enterprise loaded down in the beginning with a mountain of watered stock.

The Mercantile Marine started out by paying tribute to these German companies. An absurdly one-sided agreement between them and the Trust was made, which kept the Trust's boats out of German ports while only nominally restricting the German lines. A very similar contract made the syndicate pay to the German lines a 6 per cent. subsidy on one-fourth of their stock, while in return the German companies were to pay to the Trust one-fourth of whatever dividends were declared on their own stock. If the German lines paid no dividends, the Mercantile Marine got nothing; but the Germans still got their 6 per cent. subsidy. This extraordinary arrangement was explained in the contract as planned "to enable each of the contracting parties to have a direct interest in the business of the other." One detects a faint aroma of the lately much-celebrated railway "community-of-interest." It was part of the hodge-podge economic theory of the day. As a matter of fact, the German lines always paid less to the Trust, on this altruistic contract, than the Trust paid to them. But this was not all. A year ago these same German allies undertook to drive the Cunard Company out of a long-established business of soliciting immigrants to America through agents on the Continent. A rate war ensued; third-class Atlantic rates came down from $27.50 to $10; as Mr. Ismay remarks, this left the Mercantile Marine "no alternative but to make corresponding reductions in rates to maintain its position in the trade." So the matter stands to-day; the result having been the fall of the combination's net receipts for 1904 to 45 per cent. even of the previous year's poor showing, and to 30 per cent. of the figure confidently predicted at the time when the Trust was floated.

The question naturally arises, is this collapse of profits in 1904 a passing incident, or does it argue permanent danger to the enterprise? In either case, why were such possibilities overlooked when the security-manufacturers of 1902 took the ill-fated project in hand? To the second question we know of no answer save the overpowering financial delusion of that day. The first and foremost proposition was to sell the stock of such undertakings; how this was done, with "underwriting syndicates," with a prior claim on the vast accumulations of insurance policyholders, and with a fit of temporary madness on the part of the investing public, every one knows. Only two considerations were then alleged which appealed, even for an hour, to intelligent minds. One was the chance of a huge subsidy gift by the United States Government; the other, a vague and intangible idea that somehow, when the "magnates" controlling the Mercantile Marine should also control all the railways running inland from the coast, such mutual arrangements could be made between land and water lines as to shut out rival ocean carriers from effective competition.

Both these arguments very shortly turned out to be completely hollow. If the Subsidy bill, so ardently pressed by the Trust's foremost agent, Senator Hanna, had ever had any possibility of enactment, that possibility vanished when appeal for it meant, not assistance to a struggling industry, but a gift of public funds to an enormously wealthy Trust, for the sole purpose of enabling it to pay dividends on watered stock. From so monstrous a proposition, even the former supporters of subsidies naturally shrank. And the theory of a joint monopoly of land and sea transportation lines has been shattered even more effectually. There are competing transcontinental lines as there were before the days of "community-of-interest" and "holding companies," and their competition is possibly more bitter now than it was then. One can imagine what would happen on the land if a single group of these railways were to attempt an exclusive offensive and defensive alliance with the ships of the Mercantile Marine. Of what would happen on the sea, this year's experience of the Shipping Trust gives a sufficiently plain hint. We suspect that there remains, for that huge water-logged combination, simply the recourse usually left for companies which have misused the money market and over-capitalized delusive hopes. Its business will have to be managed on exactly the lines employed before the promoters laid their hands on the constituent companies. As to its capital, the officers may as well make public confession of the blunders of 1902, and set to work reorganizing.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE OLIVIERS.

PARIS, July 12, 1905.

The inedited correspondence of Sainte-Beuve with M. and Madame Olivier has just been published, with an introduction and notes by M. Léon Séché. Much interest is necessarily attached to all that concerns Sainte-Beuve; his reputation as a critic is not on the wane, but increases every day; his 'Causeries' will remain one of those books which can be read over and over again; they are a real monument of the literature of the nineteenth century. His judgment on every subject of which he treats may be considered definitive.

It was well known to all the friends of Sainte-Beuve that the Juste Oliviers played a considerable part in his life, and that he was in very intimate relations with them from 1837, the date of his first journey to Switzerland, to 1869, the date of his death. For family reasons, the Oliviers always refused to publish the letters which they had received from him. They only allowed M. Jules Troubat, Sainte-Beuve's secretary, to use some of them in 1876. Who were the Oliviers? Olivier was born October 18, 1807, at Eysins, a small village in the canton of Vaud. He was of French origin; his family had settled in Switzerland during the wars of religion. His parents were peasants, but educated peasants, who gave him a good education. He showed at an early age much disposition for literature and poetry. He came to Paris during the Romantic period, and made there the acquaintance of Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and Sainte-Beuve. He relates in his journal:

"Encouraged by the friendly reception of certain men of letters to whom I had been recommended, I resolved to triumph over my timidity and pay a visit to Sainte-Beuve. I arrive at No. 19 in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs. I ask for M. Sainte-Beuve. An old lady [his mother] appears at a window, and, after some objections, she screams: 'Sainte-Beuve, are you in?' I see a face behind a litle window. The staircase is shown to me. I knock; a young man opens—it is Sainte-Beuve. I tell him that I came by the advice of a journalist, whom I name. This recommendation was not very powerful. 'C'est un très bon garçon,' answered he. . . . The conversation turned on the literary questions of the day, and afterwards on Geneva and the Genevese, of whom Sainte-Beuve had known several. M. Sainte-Beuve does not always end his phrases; he throws them about and does not seem to care for them to the close. This gives his conversation a jerky character. . . . As for his exterior, I will add that he is of middle size and that his face is not very regular. His pale, round head is almost too big for his body. His nose is large and ill made; his eyes lucid; . . . his hair reddish and very abundant. . . . In short, Sainte-Beuve is not handsome, not even passable. However, his face has nothing disagreeable about it, and even ends by pleasing."

After the Revolution of 1830, Olivier returned to Switzerland, where he became professor of history at the Academy of Lausanne. He addressed to Sainte-Beuve in 1835 a volume of poems, 'Les Deux Voix,' with a letter in which he invited him to make him a visit. We have Sainte-Beuve's answer to this amiable offer. Juste Olivier was already married to a very distinguished person, Caroline Ruchet, who belonged to one of the best families of Vaud, and who had been his collaborator; she had had a hand in the publication of 'Les Deux Voix.' Two years afterwards, Sainte-Beuve accomplished his project of visiting the Oliviers. He had a double reason for leaving Paris: it was the time of his rupture with Victor Hugo, of which the causes are well known, and, his mind having turned to a new channel, he was meditating a long study of Port Royal and the Port Royalists. Switzerland was a not inappropriate place for severe study, as well as a suitable asylum for one who had gone through a dangerous moral crisis.

Sainte-Beuve remained some time at Aigle, as the guest of the Oliviers. He prepared there the first outlines of the lectures which he proposed to give on Port Royal. He had long been collecting documents of all sorts for the work. There was some difficulty in obtaining for this subject the approbation of the Council of State and of the Academic Council; there was always a little jealousy of foreign lecturers, and the subject seemed rather special. The lectures lasted six months, during all of which time Sainte-Beuve remained the guest of his friends. He found with them what he had never had—a home, and the pleasures of domestic life. Madame Olivier was no ordinary woman: she was handsome; she was

a person of character; she had received from nature, Sainte-Beuve once said, the organization of a Roman. Doudan, who was a good judge and whose correspondence is so charming, loved in her a mixture of candid simplicity and great superiority of mind.

In 1843, Olivier bought the *Revue Suisse* and asked Sainte-Beuve to send him Parisian *chroniques;* and the offer was accepted on condition that these chronicles should not be signed. Sainte-Beuve called them his poisons. "It is quite true," says the editor, "that they bear the trace of his little jealousies and of his little dislikes. He used his wit chiefly against his former Romantic friends, against Victor Hugo and Vigny." These anonymous chronicles add nothing to the reputation of Sainte-Beuve, but sometimes explain enigmas. Sainte-Beuve was, in fact, a very mixed character; it is difficult to imagine that the author of the verses which he wrote at the time of his passion for Madame Victor Hugo was the same man who wrote the admirable volumes on Port Royal. The collaboration of Sainte-Beuve with the *Revue Suisse* lasted three years—as long as Olivier directed it. He was forced to abandon its control in 1845 after the revolution which took place in the Canton of Vaud, and went to Paris to settle there definitively. He undertook to conduct a boarding-school. Sainte-Beuve presented him to Marmier, to George Sand, to Madame Desbordes-Valmore, to Madame Récamier.

Juste Olivier seems to have been a marked victim of revolutions. That of 1848 was a great blow to him, and he thought for a moment of emigrating to the United States in company with Sainte-Beuve. He remained, however, in Paris, where a professorship was given him in a school of administration founded after 1848. In the meantime Sainte-Beuve went to Liège to give lectures on Chateaubriand, which were afterwards published in book form. Juste was what the Italians call an "infelice." The school of administration was suppressed; he had to give private lessons, and finally to work as a proofreader in the printing-office of one of his compatriots. Sainte-Beuve's relations with Olivier and his wife had suffered a change, which the former attributes to his great work, which "forbade all worldly or even friendly relations." Juste Olivier gives another version of the growing coldness. He intimates that Sainte-Beuve had changed all his views on religious matters. "He once exclaimed that I should have no more to do with Methodists [the Oliviers had very Methodistic ideas]"; and when his friend recalled to him so many fine religious pages in his 'Port Royal,' he said to him that it was all a play of his imagination. He added that he had never forfeited his freedom of mind. In fact, Oliver had ceased to be his "conscience"—such was the name he had once given him.

After a period of long coldness, they met at the funeral of Madame Desbordes-Valmore, their common friend. In a moment, the ice was broken. Sainte-Beuve took Olivier in his carriage, which followed the hearse, and said to him: "We will not revert to the past, but we will again be like the fingers of a hand." Two years before his death, October 21, 1867, Sainte-Beuve sent to Olivier the last edition of his 'Port Royal,' with these words: "To whom can I better offer these volumes than to you, the prime author of the circumstances in which the work could be born?" This is also what gives a peculiar interest to the correspondence just published. It was through the Olivier household that Sainte-Beuve was drawn into the atmosphere of Methodism, of serious and pure Christianity, which was the essence of Jansenism. This Jansenist experience had a lasting influence on Sainte-Beuve; he did not always conform his conduct to the Jansenist ideal, but his intellect, which was of the highest order, always bore the effects of the teaching of the purest minds of the seventeenth century. The correspondence cannot be analyzed; all its charm is in its minuteness and, to a great extent, its looseness. I will therefore not even give extracts from it, and will simply recommend the reading of it to such of Sainte-Beuve's admirers as wish to be completely acquainted with his versatile mind and the development of his remarkable individuality.

Correspondence.

A LABOR ARMY FOR THE PANAMA CANAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The fact that disease is rife on the Isthmus of Panama is becoming generally known, and is evidently responsible for an increasing difficulty in securing competent clerical assistance and efficient labor in sufficient quantity. Unless prompt measures be taken, the work will suffer in the same manner as it did under the French. In spite of engineering incompetence and of gross misapplication of funds, the fact remains that the French company would have made an appreciable impression upon the Isthmus, in the form of work done, but for the insurmountable difficulties which it then experienced in maintaining an adequate force of laborers. The West Indies, Africa, and the Far East were drawn upon in vain. The mortality was so frightful that the efforts to suppress the truth did not prevent a knowledge of the terrible conditions existing on the Isthmus from reaching the commonest workmen in foreign lands, deterring them from risking their lives at Panama. It seems that conditions under American administration promise to be little, if any, better.

The negro is, more nearly than any other people in the world, racially indisposed to contract those diseases which most readily attack men engaged in hard labor in the tropics. Of other races only occasional individuals are immune; some cannot withstand tropical influences at all; while a fair proportion can render efficient service for a period, if under proper control as to food, drink, rest, and labor. Acclimatization is probably never accomplished. What we call acclimatization consists in an adaptation of habits to tropical conditions sufficient to maintain a fairly vigorous healthfulness, or the state in which resistance to maladies everywhere is greatest. It is largely a matter of white corpuscles. Malaria can be prevented; or, if contracted, can be cured, when not complicated with other diseases. Yellow fever to a certain extent is preventable, but there is a limit to the efficiency of measures of prevention under such circumstances as those attending the employment of a vast horde of ignorant and intractable laborers engaged in the work of excavation and construction in tropical swamps and jungles. Smallpox can be eliminated with comparative ease. But hepatitis, with its large train of concomitant ills, is the great tropical ogre, against which no prophylactic charms will completely and unerringly prevail. All northern races are predisposed to it in the tropics. Sooner or later, with rare exceptions, all men not of tropical ancestry will succumb to it. The only remedy is to leave, and to do so promptly. Seldom can a permanent cure be effected while the patient persists in tropical residence.

But by careful diet, careful avoidance of chill, ample rest, and abstention from every form of dissipation, the evil may be deferred. These are conditions requiring the direction of men of knowledge and experience, and, to be made effective, absolute obedience to prescribed regulations must be enforced. Persuasion will not accomplish it, and fear is not enough to prevent men taking the risk of infraction of hygienic laws. The only effective agent is military discipline, extended over laborers enlisted under oath of obedience to officers whose orders will touch every act of their lives. Our board of army surgeons is the proper group of Government officers for establishing a suitable system which would insure reasonable protection to the lives of those enlisted for such service. Under such a régime, the guarantee of at least partial immunity from the most aggravating predisposing causes of the worst tropical maladies would inspire confidence, and immensely facilitate the recruiting of efficient labor. It is relatively easy to determine by a medical examination whether a man is probably predisposed constitutionally to the great tropical disease, and unfit subjects could be rejected, thus lessening the future difficulties of hospital service, and forestalling a crippling of the working force in the field.

The building of an Isthmian Canal is of such importance to our nation that we cannot afford to go on in the steps of predecessors whose methods were demonstrated to be wrong, if better measures can be adopted. Every other problem connected with the piercing of the Isthmus sinks into insignificance beside this of providing a sufficiency of brawn and muscle to drive and supplement the mechanical devices, which alone will not do the work. Men we must have, men in good physical and mental health, not afraid of death lurking in every shadow, not given over to dissipation through abandon, as so often happens in communities exposed to an ever-present danger from disease.

It may be an innovation to suggest enlisting laborers under a military system for digging a canal, but it is surely as rational to enlist an army to conquer a great route of commerce by sanely regulated industry as to enlist soldiers to do the work of national defence and to break down foreign walls and wills for national expansion.

Courtenay De Kalb.

July 8, 1905.

SPECIAL ASSIZES FOR SPEEDY TRIAL OF A NEGRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A few weeks ago, in examining some papers in the Massachusetts Archives at the State House in Boston, I stumbled on a document which is of importance to those interested in the history of lynching in this country. As the document reached Dr. Cutler too late to be incorporated into his work on 'Lynch-Law,' reviewed in the *Nation* of yesterday, perhaps you will think it worth preserving in your columns. The document is dated August 26, 1734, and is taken from the Council Records, ix., 538:

"Forasmuch as London (a Negroe Man) is imprisoned in His Majtys Goal in Boston for a Rape committed on the Body of Sarah Clark, and the Time appointed by Law for Holding the Court of Assize and General Goal delivery for the County of Suffolk is at a great distance, and the keeping him till that time will occasion great charge and may hazard his Escape.

"Advised and Consented, that a precept be made out to the Justices of the said Court to hold a Special Court of Assize and General Goal delivery, for the Trial of the said London as soon as may be conveniently."

Albert Matthews.

Boston, July 20, 1905.

HOT BREAD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The negro question may be settled, the results of the war may be forgotten, but there is one subject that will forever absolutely divide the North and the South—hot bread. You may travel up and down the whole of Europe, and never be asked to eat hot bread; you cannot find a hotel in the North where there is not good cold bread to be had, mostly French; but in the South, hot bread three times a day is still the universal form in which the cereal grains are consumed. It is purely a Southern invention; it may be considered the South's contribution to the foods of the civilized world, and no doubt it will be clung to as long as time endures. Even the border cities are faithful to it. A European who had to be careful of her digestion, looking for a *pension* in Washington, made inquiries, in a general way, as to the character of the table, and in every instance the answer began: "We have five kinds of hot bread for breakfast. . . ." In Baltimore you may find a fine hotel (the Stafford) where absolutely nothing but hot bread is to be had for breakfast, in spite of the fact that they get a delicious French bread later in the day. We are reminded of this subject in connection with an editorial on race suicide in a late number of the *Woman's Medical Journal* (Chicago). The writer mentions incidentally that the median age (that is, the age which exactly divides the population into halves), twenty-three for the whole country, is higher in the North Atlantic and Western States than in the South Atlantic and Southern States, and says: "This fact indicates that, with all the severity of Northern winters, followed by inclement springs, the climate at the North is more favorable to health than is that of the Southern States, with all their mildness." But it is seldom safe to conclude anything from statistics, and in this case it may well be questioned whether it is not hot bread that is responsible for the too early taking off of the population in the South.

P. Q. R.

THE NORDENSKJÖLDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A reviewer in the last number of the *Nation* refers to Dr. Otto Nordenskjöld, author of 'Antarctica' and leader of the Swedish Antarctic expedition, as "son of the late illustrious commander of the *Vega* expedition." He is his nephew. Prof. Adolf Nordenskjöld had two sons: Gustaf, who died in 1895, and Erland. Gustaf Nordenskjöld visited this country in 1891 and investigated the pueblo regions of Colorado; the results of his investigations were embodied in a volume entitled 'The Cliff Dwellers of Mesa Verde,' published in Stockholm in 1893. Erland Nordenskjöld has visited both South and Central America, and published several contributions to American archæology. Otto Nordenskjöld took part (as leader) in an expedition to the Straits of Magellan in 1895-1897, and has described the journey in a volume in Swedish entitled 'Fran Eldslandet,' as well as in a volume of scientific results: 'Wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse der Schwedischen Expedition nach den Magellansländern 1895-1897.' He also visited Klondyke a few years ago.

A. G. S. J.

Chicago, July 17, 1905.

Notes.

A Life of Farragut, by John R. Spears, is next in order of the "American Crisis" series of George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

On the first of May last began the initial year of the Paris Société des Textes Français, whose object is "to reprint texts published in the last four centuries, and to print for the first time inedited texts of the same period." The President is Prof. Gustave Lanson of the University of Paris. The annual subscription is ten francs, life payment two hundred francs; entitling members to the annual output. Accuracy is the prime aim, but with increased support criticism may be attempted. Those who wish to join should address the general secretary, M. Huguet, 30 rue Guilbert, Caen (Calvados). The treasurer is M. Roques, 4 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris.

In Dr. Thwaites's series of reprints, 'Early Western Travels, 1748-1846' (Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.), James's 'Account of an Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains'—commonly known as Long's, from the commander, an appointee of Calhoun's when Secretary of War—has just reached its conclusion in a fourth volume. This is a very animated and well-written narrative, and an authoritative source of information about the Indian tribes encountered on the journey.

Since we last reported on the handy "Biographical Edition" of R. L. Stevenson's Writings, a dozen volumes have been added to the previous total. The typography is clear, and each work has a brief introduction from Stevenson's widow.

Taine's 'Voyage aux Pyrénées,' Balzac's 'Une Ténébreuse Affaire,' and De la Landelle's 'Une Haine à Bord' are among recent numbers of the "Oxford Modern French Series" issued by the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). These, as we have before had occasion to remark, are unpretentious yet not unattractive volumes.

Misses Porter and Clarke's commendable reissue of the Shakspere First Folio (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), with reinforcement of notes, introduction, glossary, variorum readings, and selected criticism, proceeds with "Hamlet." This makes a compact little volume of 339 pages, and we do not wonder that the growth of material has led the publishers to raise the price hereafter, which is still moderate.

Mr. James Bryce's 'Studies in History and Jurisprudence,' published four years ago, has been made a subject of excerpt for a thin volume on 'Marriage and Divorce' and a thicker (pp. 341) on 'Constitutions' (New York: Henry Frowde). The six essays of the latter collection embrace the discussion of Flexible and Rigid Constitutions, the Action of Centripetal and Centrifugal Forces on Political Constitutions, and the concrete examples of Primitive Iceland, the United States Constitution as Seen in the Past, Two South African Constitutions, and the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia. It need not be said that this group contains highly profitable reading, even in the chapters which are now purely historical. That on Australia foresees the importance of the labor questions without picturing such an approach to domination as we are now witnessing, with results strikingly set forth last week by our correspondent at Sydney. We are sure that the American public which will appreciate these volumes would have preferred a more elegant make, American though it be.

Farmer and Henley's 'Slang and its Analogues,' filling seven volumes, has been usefully abridged to one, 'A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English' (London: Routledge; New York: Dutton). Whether anything has been added or not is not stated; the latest date of reference that we have observed is 1884, but Kaffir, in the sense of mining share, appears. Jingo is of course here; and leading political Americanisms like Barnburner, Carpet-bagger, Gerrymander (with careful noting of the hard *g*). Granger, and Mugwump, with Molly Maguires, are to be found correctly defined. We miss the Canadian legislative term of postponement of a measure, Hoist. The curious will find under Screwed two columns of synonyms for "drunk," besides those under other designated heads. The printer's work has been well done.

Comparatively few remain of those who in childhood were delighted by the early editions of Harriet Martineau's tales for children—'The Crofton Boys,' 'Settlers at Home,' 'Feats on the Fiord.' Such, and we hope many of the rising generation, will welcome a charming edition of the last-named, lately, by Dent & Co., added to their series of "Temple Classics for Young People." It is beautifully illustrated. We trust the favor it will meet with will induce the publishers to complete the series of Miss Martineau's tales in the same form.

The *Archæologia*—the tracts of the London Antiquaries (Burlington House)—are justly styled miscellaneous. The last number (Second Series, vol. ix.) contains matter to suit most lovers of antiquity. The classical historian cannot fail to be interested in the excavations at Caerwent (Monmouth-

shire), the Romano-British Venta Silurum, or in the discovery on the site of Newgate of yet another portion of the Roman Wall of London. The lover of architecture for itself will find more to attract him in Mr. Hill's paper on "Some Post-Visigothic Churches in Spain," or in that of Mr. St. John Hope on the west front of Wells Cathedral. The virtuoso will be glad to read what Mr. Waller has to tell him of the "Hauberk of Chain Mail" and its conventional representations, or, still more fascinating, Mr. Dalton's account of one of the treasures of the British Museum, the famous Crystal of Lothair, with its scenes from the story of Susannah and its inscription, in somewhat doubtful Latin, "Lotharius rex Francorum fieri jussit." Last but not least, the student of mediæval manners and customs or of the development of trade and commerce, not to mention the lawyer and pedigree-hunter, will find valuable information in "Some Chancery Proceedings of the 15th Century" and the "Records of the Manor of Durringdon," by Mr. Trice Martin and Mr. Kirby.

It will doubtless be remembered by many readers of the *Nation* that the year 1904 was signalized by two exhibitions of Sienese art —the one in Siena itself, the other in London, under the auspices of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. In connection with these, a valuable book has just been published by the Commissione Senese di Storia Patria, under the title of 'Arte Antica Senese,' in two volumes, consisting of an aggregate of nearly 500 pages, and containing more than 180 excellent illustrations, many of which it is quite impossible to obtain elsewhere (Siena: L. Lazzeri). To students of mediæval Siena the names of the writers of the various articles are of themselves a sufficient guarantee of the uniform excellence of the work; while the list of the contents will show the extent of the ground which has been covered. It is, in fact, a book which no one who is interested in Sienese art, in any of its branches, can afford to do without. The respective section titles are: The Architecture of Mediæval Siena and of her Ancient Territory, by A. Canestrelli; The First Master of Sodoma, by R. H. Hobart Cust; Sano di Pietro and Messer Cione di Ravi, Count of Lattaia, by L. Zdekauer; The Works of Two Old Sienese Painters at Borgo Sansepolero, by E. Franceschi-Martini; Simone Martini and Petrarch, by P. Rossi; The Art of the Wood-Carvers in Siena, before the Statute of 1426, by V. Lusini; Giovanni da Siena, by C. Ricci; The Communal Palace of Siena, by F. Donati; Sienese Art at Pisa, by F. Lupi; The Monte dei Paschi, and the Works of Art therein Contained, by N. Mengozzi; The Cathedral of Massa Marittima—The High Altar, the Work of the Sienese Flaminio del Turco, by L. Petrocchi; and The Goldsmiths of Siena and their Works, by A. Lisini.

The learned librarian of the Arnamagnæan collection of manuscripts in the University Library of Copenhagen has just finished the "Palæographic Atlas" of whose beginnings we had occasion to make mention a year or two ago. The Commissioners of the Arnamagnæan Fund issued the first (Danish) section in 1903, and the second (Old Norwegian-Icelandic) now makes its appearance. Together with the catalogue of the manuscripts contained in the Arnamagnæan collection (published in 1894), and that of the Old Norwegian-Icelandic manuscripts in the Great Royal Library of Copenhagen, etc. (published in 1900), these two volumes of reproductions aggregate an apparatus for the study of ancient Scandinavian booklore and chirography of which any nation, literature, or author might well be proud. The size of the present volume corresponds closely with that of the former—37 folio phototype plates—and there are reproductions of 53 manuscripts and documents. We have here renderings of the most famous treasures of Old Norwegian-Icelandic literature, such as the 'Grágas,' the fragment of 'Kringla' (the chief manuscript of Snorri's Lives of the Norwegian Kings), the Codex Regius of Saemund's Edda, Odd's Olaf's Saga, 'Fagrskinna,' King's Mirror, 'Laxdoela,' 'Njála,' etc. Owing to the richness of the extant material, it was impossible to embrace in this volume such a span of time as is covered by the Danish section; it ranges from about 1150 to 1300. The editor has prefixed a brief but interesting introduction dealing with the origin and development of the art of writing (in Latin characters) and spelling in Iceland and Norway, a subject which can now be studied at first hand and in chronological sequence. The Carlsberg Fund, a Danish institution somewhat similar to the Carnegie Institute here, has generously promised the editor to defray the expenses of an additional Old-Norwegian-Icelandic section carrying the work down to the fifteenth century.

The English Garden City Association, whose efforts are directed against overcrowding in large cities and the consequent depopulation of the rural districts, have good cause to congratulate themselves on the progress of their scheme. It consists in the developing of new industrial and residential towns surrounded by belts of agricultural land; the unearned increment being retained in each case for the benefit of the inhabitants after payment of 5 per cent. per annum on the capital. The first step towards practical realization was taken, in 1903, when a joint-stock company (The Garden City Pioneer Company, Limited) was started with a capital of £3,000 000 to develop an estate of 3,850 acres situated between Hitchin and Baldock. During the last two years, building, road-making, and other operations have been carried on with vigor, applications for small holdings and for residential and factory sites have come in with greater and greater frequency, and there is reason to think that, before the close of 1905, the first Garden City will have risen on what a short time back were only the open fields of Letchworth. The exhibition of Cheap Cottages, which is to be held on the estate from the end of July till October, may be counted on to add to the popularity of the undertaking, and to increase still further the demand for sites.

Still another movement for the promotion of physical education in England is a memorial addressed to the Government by the Anthropological Institute, and signed also by Lords Roberts and Avebury, Sir William Ramsay, and many headmasters, praying that an anthropometric survey, a register of sickness, and an advisory committee may be established without delay. Should these measures be adopted it will be known with certainty whether the physique of the population at large is improving or deteriorating. It will also be possible, by comparison of the physique with the environment, to ascertain the influences which are bringing about the changes of physique. The data supplied by the survey will enable the advisory committee, consisting of experts and representatives of Government departments, to arrive at conclusions on which important legislative action can be founded.

Lord Cromer, at a dinner recently given in his honor in London, said that he believed four conditions were essential to the uniform and steady progress of Egypt. The first was that they should not be in a hurry; the second, that Egyptian affairs should be kept out of the dangerous swirl of British party politics. His third condition was that, while every reasonable occasion should be taken to profit by any real aptitude the Egyptians might show for managing their own affairs, great care should be observed in urging Western ideas on the country before the people were ripe to assimilate such ideas. The fourth and last of his conditions was that Egypt should continue to be governed in the interest of the Egyptians themselves. Our administrators of the Philippines would do well to consider carefully this lucid statement of the most experienced and successful of Western rulers over an Eastern people.

Evidently a reaction is setting in among German educators against the tendency, so pronounced during the past ten years, to ease up the work in the secondary schools on the plea that it is too heavy. Repeatedly the Emperor himself has in a very positive way exerted his influence in favor of this tendency. Recently voices of weight, coming from the schools themselves, affirm that this policy does injustice to the gifted pupils; and now a programme has been formally launched, calling for separate schools, "élite schools," for "talented" pupils. The most pronounced supporter of this demand is Dr. J. Petzoldt of the gymnasium at Spandau, in a brochure entitled 'Sonderschulen für hervorragend Befähigte.' From a psychological and pedagogical standpoint, he shows the harm done to the brighter students by compelling them to follow a course that is gauged for the abilities of the mediocre, and tries to prove that a gifted boy could finish the regular course of a full secondary school in six instead of nine years, and thus possibly enter the university at the early age of fifteen or sixteen. The brochure even gives practical hints as to the way in which these special schools are to be conducted. Prof. Bruno Meyer of Berlin, also an educator, discusses this project in detail in a series of articles that have appeared in the scientific *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (Nos. 141-142). In his estimation, the plan is not so bad, but will meet with great difficulties in being realized. One of the most serious he finds to be securing the proper teaching corps for such special schools; but he believes the problem is permanently raised, and must be worked out by educators. He closes with the question, Who will make the first experiment in this direction?

Many expeditions to observe the coming total eclipse of the sun on August 30 are about setting out, or have already gone. The Lick Observatory has dispatched three parties. The first, at the beginning of the

track, will establish itself in Labrador; the second in Spain; the third near Assuan, in Egypt. The Naval Observatory, likewise, has sent an eclipse contingent under Admiral Chester, United States Navy, Director. These likewise will divide, one company settling on the northern, another on the southern coast of Spain, while a third occupies Algeria. Harvard College Observatory, represented by Prof. W. H. Pickering, will establish its station in northern Africa, and Professor Todd of Amherst is about sailing for Naples, and ultimately Tripoli in Barbary, whence he hopes for as clear a view of the corona as he was favored with at the same place in May, 1900. Canadian observers from Ottawa and Toronto are en route for the coast and the interior of Labrador.

—In the June number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Frederick C. Penfield, contrasting with much acumen the realized Canal of Suez and that projected at Panama, points out, what all but the wilfully blinded have always perceived, that the latter cannot be expected to make an adequate return on the huge, unknown, and unknowable investment, or, as he phrases it, "to pay directly." To make it pay indirectly, he suggests "the development of a mighty commercial marine that will carry American products to foreign markets, and to new markets, *under the Stars and Stripes*" (the italics are ours). If the passage tonnage is large enough, it would seem that a canal open on equal terms to ships of all nations might be supremely indifferent to the color of the flag those ships carry, but such an obvious inference is lost on the protectionist mind, which finds salvation only in Government assistance. The promoters of an unremunerative Government-built Panama Canal will naturally ally themselves with the shouters for a ship subsidy, and the Frye bill or some similar measure will doubtless be urged with renewed vigor at the next session of Congress. Is it not in order to ask the fundamental question, Of what value will a large mercantile marine prove to the average American? To the capitalist who reaps the benefit of a steamer service of which the margin between profit and loss is covered by a substantial grant of public funds, such a marine needs neither apology nor argument, but what of the workingman? What opportunity does it hold out to him? The fact is, that the sailor's life is one of hardship, exposure, poor food, scanty pay, with practically no ultimate reward. Home life is not for him; he earns low wages, and he toils all his days only to end them too often as the recipient of public charity. Even if he reaches the dignity of captain, he gets, as a rule, less in salary than a good mechanic. There are, of course, exceptions, but they are very few in number. Any doubt as to what the seafaring man may ordinarily expect as the crown of his life's labor will be dispelled by a visit to Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, where may be found only too many worthy men once proud commanders of clipper ships and now beneficiaries of kind Capt. Randall's wise and noble bequest, without which they would doubtless have to meet their fate in some county almshouse.

—Is there not a moral and a humanitarian side to this movement in favor of a mighty commercial marine "under the American flag"? Why induce boys to adopt a livelihood wherein the prizes are so few and the deprivations so many, when employment on shore holds out to the industrious the certainty of good wages, the benefits and pleasures of home, the possibility of great achievement in life and of honorable and useful distinction? When Carnegies, Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers (to use only the most sordid standard in illustration) are produced on blue water, then it will be time to wish our sons to follow the sea, but until then is it not well to let the Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, British, and Italians dispute among themselves a field which it is not worth our American while to seek to occupy? If they are willing to carry our goods at rates too low for the maintenance of an American ship, why not let them do so and apply our savings in money and in men to the development of our own land and the bettering of those who people it?

—Dr. Bradley carries on to Matter the letter M of the Oxford English Dictionary in its July instalment (H. Frowde). For the first time in a long while, a little batch of "additions and emendations" is affixed to the preface that reviews the tract under survey; all but one of them relating to that tract. At the beginning stand the rubrics Mandragora and Mandrake, and it is a notable illustration of the way in which the classical literature has filtered down in our tongue (as in every other) that the quotations under both the above heads might serve very well as a *précis* of Mr. Charles Brewster Randolph's learned paper on "The Mandragora of the Ancients in Folk-Lore and Medicine," which one may turn to in volume 40 of the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences (January, 1905). Mandrake in the sense of 'May-apple' is an Americanism, and in this cosmopolitan section there are more American words than Celtic (but two of these in all). Mash and Masher are probably ours, but they have found ready acceptance in England, as has Materialize, both in the spiritistic sense and in the journalistic, to 'come off.' Rarely, says Dr. Bradley, is Manilla, attributively employed, as before cheroot, copal, hemp, etc., spelt with a single *l* (Dampier used but one in 1697); but we doubt if since 1898 the American usage has not been in conformity with the spelling of the name of the city. Proper names in such adjectival use abound as usual in this Dictionary: Marconi, with Marconigram, etc.; and Mr. H. G. Wells's Martian, for an up-to-date example, drawn from fiction. The "Man in the Moon," the invisible bursar in English election bribery, is here, together with the "Man of the World"; but we miss the "Man in the Street." Dickens contributes to the vocabulary the Marchioness. Whether one shall write Marquis or Marquess, frankly depends on the whim of the noble bearer of the name or the "style" of the journalistic proofroom. The female sex comes in for many opprobrious epithets, like Mankeen, the obsolete Mankind (in Fletcher, "a plaguy mankinde girle"), Mannish, and the like; and we find Maritality, correlative of Uxoriousness. Mascott, the luck-bringer, we derive from Audran's opera of December 29, 1880. Massage and its kindred formations date from 1876. There is interesting heraldic discourse under Martlet. Under Master we read: "The obscured pronunciation [*mister*] resulting from proclitic use doubtless began while the written form *master* was still commonly employed. Before the end of the seventeenth century, the abbreviation *Mr.* . . . had come to be restricted to the use in which the pronunciation was obscured, and to be the only permitted mode of writing the word in that use. Thenceforward *master* and *Mr.* were practically two words, distinct both in function and in form. In this Dictionary," concludes Dr. Bradley, "the abbreviation *Mr.*, in all its historical varieties of use, will be treated in its alphabetical place"—no doubt, with a cross-reference from Mister.

—Ralph D. Paine opens the August *Century* with a paper on American and English rowing, the first of a series on the "Spirit of School and College Sport." Any fair description of college rowing in the two countries must, of course, bring out a contrast not at all palatable to American college men who have held themselves above the victory-at-any-price spirit now dominant in American athletics; but sustained and severe public criticism is evidently the only path towards reform, and the *Century* is to be commended for lending its most conspicuous pages to the work. Manager Stone concludes his complacent papers on the Associated Press with an account of its service in recent wars, claiming for its agents a decided superiority over the numerous special correspondents sent out, whether in promptness in securing and transmitting important news or in the literary quality of their work. In the second of his papers on the Electric Railway, Frank J. Sprague gives a very vivid account of the construction and installation at Richmond, Va., of the first successful experiment in electric traction on a large scale, an experiment which entailed an immediate loss of $75,000 to Mr. Sprague's company, but proved highly profitable in the end, since it demonstrated the commercial feasibility of the system. It is hard to realize that this was less than twenty years ago. Mr. Sprague also describes his conception and working out of the "multiple unit" system, by which a train unit is made up of a number of individual cars, each complete in all respects and all capable of being operated simultaneously from any master switch on any car. Hugh Spender writes of Lady Warwick's experiment in giving practical agricultural education to English girls at Studley Castle. The graduates of her school have stood the supreme test of ability to drop at once into self-supporting positions in the special line for which they were fitted. Rudyard Kipling appears among the short-story writers—an event not quite so common in American magazines as it used to be.

—The American Library Association held its twenty-seventh annual meeting, July 4-8, in Portland, Oregon. As Mr. John Cotton Dana writes to us, it represented very broadly the whole country. The delegates who came by special train from the East, about 150 in number, were supplemented by other small parties from the Middle West and the South. The Pacific Coast itself gathered 150 more from widely scattered points in Washington, Oregon, and California. The group on the special

train during the seven full days of the journey became almost a library conference on wheels. The result of this naturally appeared in the meetings themselves, which not only were very well attended (in the general sessions, ranging from 250 to 400), but were marked by rapid transaction of important business and forcible discussion. The librarians of State libraries now have an independent organization. The presentation of amendments to the constitution of the American Library Association whereby independent bodies, of a kindred nature, may be affiliated to it, one of the most important events of the meeting, was the result of the wish of this body of State librarians to retain their independence while keeping in close touch with the parent body. This step marks the great advance which State libraries have made in recent years. They have, very generally, escaped from politics, have efficient officers, preserve carefully State documents and records, and enter into the public-library movement in their respective States. The public-library commissions of the several States will very possibly follow the State librarians in forming an independent body affiliated with the American Library Association. The league which they have founded for coöperative work contains good possibilities, especially in the publication of material of value to the small library. This again led to the natural request that they should be represented on the Publishing Board of the Association. Also very significant of the growth and broadening of the librarian's field was the vote authorizing the ex-presidents of the Association to form the American Library Institute, a body limited to 100 members, which shall meet once or twice each year solely for the discussion of the broader questions of librarianship. Such a body may hope to have a strong influence on such movements as that for international coöperation in bibliography in all its phases; a movement which a report read at the conference shows has not yet made any worthy progress. The papers and discussions at the several meetings were planned to cover the field of library work very generally, in the hope that they would thus be most useful to the varied activities represented (in most cases in their earlier states) by the libraries of the Pacific Coast. The evidence was abundant that the meetings themselves, and still more the zeal shown by the presence of 200 library workers from the East and Middle West, gave to the friends of libraries on the Coast all the interest and stimulus they had hoped for. The travellers visited Tacoma and Seattle as well as Portland, and found Western hospitality all that its reputation promised. Portland is of the best type of American city; substantial, not in undue haste to grow, and wearing already its few short years with much dignity. Little time was granted the delegates to view the Exposition, but a brief look at it approved it as charmingly picturesque, amply large for its purpose, and nowhere overstrained. If expositions are with this one to be withdrawn from the world for a time, then the exit is most gracefully made.

—In his very interesting preface to the 'American Bibliography,' Mr. Charles Evans speaks of the title-page of a book as corresponding to the face of a man, exhibiting characteristic features, which it is the bibliographer's function to reproduce faithfully. This function of a bibliographer is apparently not appreciated by Miss Nina E. Browne, who, in her 'Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in no case offers an exact copy of a title-page, and seldom gives a title with even an approach to fulness. It has not been practicable, for the purpose of this note, to check up the various lists composing the volume before us with other bibliographies, or with any collection of Hawthorne books, but we have compared the list of translations with the most accessible trade bibliographies, and the result has been disappointing. In one case the omission of a colon makes the meaning of a title uncertain; other titles indicate unfamiliarity with both the German language and German bibliographical methods; "versasst" for "verfasst," and "für *die* [read *den*] deutschen Jugend," may be misprints; perhaps also "Kunstlein" for "Künstlerin." But "Bibliothek Amerikanische" instead of "Amerikanische Bibliothek" is certainly queer. We miss one French and one German translation: 'Contes du Far-West' (Paris: Boulanger, 1894), and 'Das rote A.,' translated by Margarethe Jacobi (Stuttgart: Lutz, 1897), as well as the 1855 edition of 'La Lettre Rouge A,' and the 1865 edition of 'Le Livre des Merveilles.' No other translations are included than French and German; eleven Scandinavian and seven Dutch can be found in the respective trade bibliographies. The volume consists of a number of lists, mostly alphabetical, and in some cases giving the same information twice and in similar arrangement—a most exasperating method, or lack of method. The object of a bibliography of an author is, we take it, to offer to students of literature an orderly enumeration of his writings, in chronological or systematic sequence, with references to critical sketches and book reviews. Owing to the way in which Miss Browne has arranged her material, it is not possible to gather together, with her help, without the most exacting labor, all the material—editions, translations, and criticisms—of a single one of Hawthorne's writings. Still, as a check-list for collectors, the volume will have some value.

—M. Georges de la Salle, who, during the six months he was with the Russian army as a correspondent, observed five battles and strategic movements, has written 'En Mandchourie' (Paris: Armand Colin), a sketchy account of those operations and their attendant horrors, without adding much to our serious knowledge of the events themselves. Space is given to the floods of intoxicants, to the omnipresent courtesan, to the gaming and other spurious pleasures that draw so deeply upon the Russian officers' personal and professional vigor. The author speaks of regiments with an actual strength of 500, whose muster rolls represent 2,400 in the Siberian and 4,000 in the Russian corps—discrepancies not due to the casualties of war, but to deliberate misrepresentation in peace. Returning from Mantchuria—that is, from actual observation—one can make no estimate without reserving 50 per cent. as a margin of error (p. 150). With a natural and becoming sympathy with his country's ally, M. de la Salle soon distrusts, not the bravery of the rank and file, but everything beyond personal courage that makes up efficiency. Courage is a common masculine attribute; military efficiency is a separate and superior condition. He found little discipline in the higher sense, little of the *esprit* that makes an army a homogeneous weapon in the hands of a master. He writes in the midst of a campaign: "Je suis fatigué d'entendre tant de médisances, de 'scandales,' de critiques, d'infamies même. . . . . Que m'importe à cette minute que le général X soit un âne, le général Y un ivrogne, et le général Z un joueur ou un voleur!" (p. 171). In discussing the battle of "Cha-kho" (Shakhe River), after bemoaning the insufficiency of the material and the ineffectiveness of the personnel, M. de la Salle uses in illustration a telegram from Gen. Stackelberg, absent on an extensive and important turning movement, to the commander-in-chief: "La carte de l'état-major, au lieu des montagnes qui s'élèvent devant moi, ne donnait qu'une tache blanche" (p. 172). As the Japanese appear to have guarded against almost every possible contingency, so the Russians seem to have foreseen nothing, and to have trusted to blind luck, to the prestige that belonged to race, and to a numerical superiority in theory which had no foundation in fact. M. de la Salle left the field in December, after the memory of the wounded became "comme une obsession" (p. 191) and the retirement upon Mukden a nightmare of horrors. His happiness in regaining France was intensified by the contrast, but that natural joy was blurred and tarnished by the persistent haunting of sufferings he had left behind. Nor can there be a doubt that as a patriot, outside of and beyond humanitarian considerations, M. de la Salle was disturbed and distressed by the extraordinary exhibition he had witnessed in Asia of the moral weakness and physical inefficiency of the Empire which had been honored with the sentimental friendship and the formal alliance of the Republic.

HUME'S SPANISH INFLUENCE.

Spanish Influence on English Literature. By Martin Hume. London: Nash; Philadelphia: Lippincott. 1905.

Early in 1904, Major Martin A. S. Hume delivered before the University Extension Board of the University of London a course of ten lectures, which he has now rewritten and published under the above title. The theme is attractive, the field is a wide one, and Major Hume comes to his task with the prestige of a successful historian. In turning, however, from serious historical studies to deal with *belles-lettres*, he has made a grave mistake; for the editor of the 'Calendars of the Spanish State Papers' and author of 'The Spanish People,' 'Spain in the Year of the Armada,' 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth,' and 'The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,' seems to have assumed that scrupulous care and first-hand knowledge may be dispensed with in the treatment of literature, however requisite they may be in history. Not that he fails to enter the usual protest against "the misuse of text-books, and particularly literary text-books, by students who think that they are a substitute for the study of originals," nor that he omits to inveigh against "authorities and text-

books" for "copying each other on minor points without much investigation." Despite such professions, the fact is that even a cursory reading of this volume will reveal that it commits two unpardonable sins: first, that, on points of scanty information, it jumps at brilliant conclusions without an effort to gather adequate facts; and, second, that in matters of minute and detailed learning it generally takes its knowledge bodily from a source nowhere mentioned.

The former sin, and the relatively lighter, may be illustrated from any portion of the work save that dealing with Tudor England. Consider, for example, in chapters five and six, Major Hume's handling of the picaresque novel. His idea of it as a fiction exhibiting "types encountered on a journey" is improper and confusing. For him it is simply the peripatetic novel. He mistakes an accident of form for the essence of the thing. 'Don Quixote' of course falls within this definition, and is so treated along with its imitations; but why exclude from such fellowship 'Pilgrim's Progress' and half the fictions of the world? Of the service of masters by a rascal—the true earmark of the Spanish picaresque tale—not a word is spoken. Roguery, indeed, seems wholly unconnected with the *genre*. Not only are 'Humphry Clinker' and 'The Sentimental Journey' pronounced picaresque, but David Copperfield is called "a sentimental and honest picaro" (p. 182), whatever so palpable a contradiction in terms may mean. Moreover, for Major Hume, any one writing a "novel of movement" is clearly influenced by the Spanish romance of roguery. Thus, Defoe is hailed as the first "who saw the full possibilities of the Spanish form as a satirical vehicle in prose," and his purely native and unsatirical 'Moll Flanders' is declared to be "evidently inspired by the 'Picara Justina'" (p. 181) on the bare knowledge that each celebrates an anti-heroine. 'Robinson Crusoe' alone of peripatetic novels escapes Major Hume's Procrustean picaresque classification. "I regard that as a story inspired by fact, just as Defoe's journal of the plague year was," he says (p. 181), as though this explained anything. On the same page occurs the surprising statement that "Fielding also wrote a poor female Quixote, which showed that he was well versed in Spanish fiction." Of course, Major Hume is thinking not of Fielding, but of Mrs. Lennox's 'Female Quixote'; yet the assumption that because a writer imitates Cervantes's masterpiece he or she must be well versed in Spanish fiction, is even more absurd than the error in name; while the nature of Fielding's actual debt to Cervantes and the picaresque novel—one of the most vital points of Spanish and English literary contact—is never pointed out. Such a mine of Spanish material as 'The English Rogue' of Richard Head and Francis Kirkman receives no notice; Nash's 'Unfortunate Traveller' is said without proof to be "evidently inspired by 'Lazarillo' and its school" (p. 164), although, since 'Lazarillo' was the only Spanish romance of roguery then extant, it certainly had no school; and Nash is unwarrantably alleged to have taken "many of his dramas from Spanish sources." It is discouraging to find 'Gil Blas,' despite the final settlement of its very slight indebtedness to Spanish sources, still maintained "to have been largely inspired by 'Marcos de Obregon'" (p. 174). Le Sage is said to have written "a poor sequel of Don Quixote" (p. 176), a reference presumably to his mere translation of Avellaneda's notorious "Second Part"; and he is further affirmed to have "lived in the French embassy in Madrid for some years at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century" (p. 176). This is as misleading as the critical judgment that 'Gil Blas' is "Spanish in tone and feeling." In short, in the chapter dealing with picaresque influence, there is scarcely a statement upon which reliance can be placed; and to two centuries and a half of such influence in England are devoted just two and a half pages.

Further illustrations of untrustworthiness in fact or inference, or both, are everywhere ready to hand. The fables of Bidpai and Sendabad are confounded (p. 32); it is implied that Spain was the main distributor to Europe and England of the Oriental apologue (p.34), that indirectly the "Induction" of the "Taming of the Shrew" derives from "Count Lucanor" (pp. 48, 267) rather than from a common Oriental source, that the personal note in the English Chronicle after the fourteenth century is due to Spanish influence (p. 94). The old attribution of the Portuguese 'Amadis' to Vasco de Lobeyra is repeated, but no reference is made to the earlier Joham de Lobeira, credited by modern scholarship with the lost original (p. 110). Montalvo, the Spanish redactor, is called Montalvan (p. 113), and the fifth book of his work is dubbed the "Sergas de Espalandrin" (p. 114). Spenser's 'Shepherd's Calendar' is said to be "clearly inspired" by the 'Diana' of Montemayor (p. 119), and the more important Italian pastoral influence is passed by with the mere mention of Sannazaro's name (p. 117). Certainly 'Euphues's' style was not "confessedly copied from the Spanish style of Guevara" (p. 163), whatever its indebtedness may have been; and certainly, too, Robert Waldegrave did not translate Granada's 'Spiritual and Heavenly Exercise' in 1600 (p. 225), since he was only a printer reissuing under a new title Richard Hopkins's translation, 'On Prayer and Meditation,' of 1582. Surely, Calderon's 'Alcalde de Zalamea' is the worst possible example that could have been selected as witness to Spanish inability at character portrayal, for how many readers of the play will agree that "the characters are all personifications of fixed qualities, not human beings swayed by complex emotions" (p. 263), or that Crespo is only abstract "innate nobleness in a rustic garb"? One must wonder how the Spanish Jew, Ruy Lopez, "soon after his death" in 1594, could have "certainly figured" in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" and "Doctor Faustus," when Marlowe himself died in 1593 (p. 275). And the desire to claim more than their due for the Spaniards can alone explain the statement that Webster's "Duchess of Amalfi" (*sic*) "was either taken direct from Bandello's Italian novel of the same name, or from Lope de Vega's dramatization of it (p. 277), for it is well known that Bandello reached Webster through Belleforest's French collection and Paynter's English "Palace of Pleasure." How obviously untrue is it of the theatrical use of "rooms with hidden doors, secret staircases with facilities for the exchange of one personality for another," that "all this was unknown to the classic drama" (p. 283), and that "to this day, when we see what is called a bustling farce, . . . it may with confidence be said that the original initiative of it came from Spain" (p. 284). The assertion that Alexandre Hardy "borrowed plots wholesale from Spanish dramas" (p. 285) is based upon no examination of the facts, for his chief sources are classic and Italian, and but five of his surviving pieces are Spanish in origin, while only two others appear to have been inspired by the Peninsula. In any case, it was not the Spanish drama but the Spanish *novela* and pastoral that influenced him, the 'Diana' having furnished one piece, the 'Novelas' of Diego Agreda y Vargas two, and the 'Novelas' of Cervantes three. (Cf. Ernest Martinèche, 'La Comédie Espagnole en France de Hardy à Racine,' 1900.)

But why multiply examples of misstatement when Major Hume is as surprising to the scholar in what he omits as in what he says? To deal with Spanish mysticism and its influence in England and say nothing of Crashaw, to consider 'Amadis' and not mention Southey, to speak of picaresque influence and not name 'Jonathan Wild the Great' or 'Ferdinand Count Fathom,' to trace the descent from 'Don Quixote' and not refer to 'Sir Launcelot Greaves' or to any translator of the book save Shelton, to offer a chapter on the literature of travel and forget Purchas, and, in discussing the drama, to give a few hit-or-miss references to mere plot borrowings which might easily have been amplified by a reading of Ward's 'English Dramatic Literature'—this is not to write the history of Spanish influence on English literature. Moreover, the work on its English side is practically confined to a study of Tudor times; for of its 316 pages not more than 16 deal with Peninsular inspiration in any other period.

The reason for this disproportion will be explained, and the second sin of the author made manifest, if the reader will turn to a volume published in 1899, 'Spanish Literature in the England of the Tudors,' by J. G. Underhill. From this source, names and titles, facts and ideas have been bodily appropriated without acknowledgment wherever Major Hume deals definitely with his subject. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he adds nothing to the information contained in Mr. Underhill's treatise beyond the identification of Antonio Perez with Shakspere's Don Adriano de Armado (p. 273). A few citations of typical parallel passages will indicate the relationship between Major Hume and his unquoted authority.

HUME.	UNDERHILL.
"His (Nicholas) first translation was a little tract from the Spanish, called *Strange and Marvellous Newes lately come from the great Kingdom of China in a Letter sent from Mexico to Spain.* But in 1578 he issued a more important book, etc." (p. 191).	"His (Nicholas) first publication was a little tract of six leaves, entitled the *Strange and marveilous Newes late y come from the great kingdome of Cayna*, and was taken, he explains, from a letter sent by a merchant from Mexico to Spain, . . . but he completed a more elaborate undertaking in the next year (1578), etc." (p. 163).
"Osorio's reputation as a scholar was as great as had been that of Juan Luis Vives in the previous generation" (p. 230),	"The treatises of Osorio da Fonseca, however, which attained a name in the latter half of the sixteenth century as great as that of those of

"Elizabeth herself cared nothing for Spanish Protestantism, but was glad to welcome Spaniards who had quarrelled with their own king, her mortal enemy. Anything to wound Philip was a delight to her. . . . But very different were the views of the more rigid school of the Protestant bishops and clergy. To them the presence of a Spaniard who acknowledged fervently the truth of Protestantism was a confirmation of their own doctrines" (p. 235).

"Lady Bacon was violently angry that her son Francis should be so friendly with him (Perez): 'A proud, profane, costly fellow, whose being about him I verily fear the Lord God doth mislike' " (p. 269).

"Then Sir Francis Bryan, Henry VIII.'s favorite, translated another of Guevara's books called *Dispraise of the Life of a Courtier* (*Menospreçio de la Corte y Alabança de la Aldea*), which was afterwards republished as *Looking Glasse for the Court*" (p. 56).

"When Philip II. came to England to marry Queen Mary, several of his courtiers wrote accounts of what they saw, and the main delight of these Spaniards was to identify the scenes of Amadis's and Arthur's imaginary adventures. At Winchester the principal object of interest with them was the so-called Round Table of the knights which still hangs upon the wall of this castle. When the Spanish ambassador in England wished to say something excessively bitter about Elizabeth and her government, he could think of nothing more effective than to compare them with some of the characters in Amadis" (p. 114).

Vives in the earlier half. . ." (p. 127).

"Elizabeth cared nothing about Spanish Protestantism, and she cared absolutely nothing about its individual exponents. She welcomed them only in order to annoy Philip II. . . . . But the Spanish heretics were heartily welcomed by the English Reformers as desirable recruits on religious and not on political grounds. That a Spaniard, the most orthodox of men, should prefer the reformed doctrines, seemed almost to demonstrate their validity" (p. 186).

"The intimacy between Perez and Francis Bacon was so great that it aroused the fears of Bacon's mother, who wrote to her son Anthony: 'Tho' I pity your brother, yet so long as he pities not himself, but keepeth that bloody Perez—a proud, profane, costly fellow, whose being about him, I verily fear, the Lord God doth mislike . . . surely I am utterly discouraged' " (p. 282).

"Sir Francis Bryan—the favorite of King Henry — (translated) his (Guevara's) *Dispraise of the life of a courtier — the Menospreçio de la corte y alabança de la aldea*. . . . A reprint was made, however, with some corrections, in 1575, by T. Tymme, minister, under the title of A Lookinglasse for the courte" (pp. 70-71).

"The nobles who followed Philip into England amused themselves with attempting to identify the scenes of the various exploits of Amadis through the country. . . . At Winchester they inspected Arthur's round table, and in their infatuation with the novel they forgot themselves and drew impolite comparisons everywhere between the English ladies and the damsels of the romance" (p. 117).

"When Elizabeth seized and appropriated the treasure which the Genoese bankers were carrying up the channel to the Duke of Alba, . . . Don Guereau de Spes (the ambassador) was put under arrest, and among the principal charges against him was that of wanton disrespect to the queen in referring to her as the Lady Oriana" (p. 303).

Such parallelisms are limited only by the extent of both works and the patience of the reader to ferret them out. Major Hume cannot plead ignorance of his authority, since in 1901 he referred to it at page 403 of his 'Spanish People'; nor can he urge a design to discard here all bibliographical footnotes, for he quotes J. Fitzmaurice Kelly's 'Taylorian Oxford Lecture' (p. 253), and G. H. Lewes's antiquated sketch, 'The Spanish Drama' (pp. 255-6). It is amusing to observe, however, that the former is used merely to confirm the unimportant statement that Lope de Vega's portrait in his lifetime adorned almost every dwelling in the capital, and that the latter is appealed to for an abstract of Lope's 'Star of Seville,' which one would think might have been more safely sought by reading the play itself.

CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

Coryat's Crudities: Hastily gobled up in five Moneths travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of high Germany and the Netherlands; Newly digested in the hungry air of Odcombe in the County of Somerset, and now dispersed to the nourishment of the travelling members of this Kingdome. By Thomas Coryat. [London. Printed by W. S. 1611. Pp. 655.] Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Seldom has a book at the start been so handicapped as was Coryat's, and that by himself, by his friends, and by the prince-patron to whom he dedicated his 'Observations' (the title 'Crudities' looks like an afterthought). For some two years after his home-stretch he was continually adding to his first-hand waysides set down at many a spot, *currente calamo*, patches (and those seldom small) from the history of every place where he had made an hour's halt; with a score or so of Scaliger epigrams, which, however popular, were not worth as much as the single one of Sannazarro, which he had picked up in Venice. He also, besides many prolix etymologies, stuffed in two long lectures extolling travel as educative, and various bookish scraps. In the next place, his commenders, whether volunteers or on request, who all misunderstood the true inwardness of his Observations, gave him an Irish hoist by conspiring in a serio-comic extravaganza of ironics addressed to him, saturated with exaggeration and misconstruction, yet full of wit or humor that would allure the laziest reader to the end of a hundred pages and half as many more. Thereupon Coryat, seeing this porch to be of quite another order than his building, forthwith cut loose from the incumbrance, and had his embarkation from Dover printed as the first page of his forthcoming Travels. Then followed the unkindest cut—an order from the heir-apparent, who had accepted the dedication of the 'Crudities,' that the multitudinous malversations which had a charm for his boyish taste, still far from the end of his teens, should stand in the forefront of Coryat's first volume, and this order was obeyed to the letter, yet with a pagination which betokened that the extravaganza was no part of Coryat's own book, but a forced marriage and a mismatch. No further could the force of tuft-hunting go, though divinity there hedged a kinglet of whom his father was jealous and for whose death England was soon to put on black. Thus an opéra-bouffe, a grotesque and apish travesty, was made to usher in the earliest earnest and elaborate endeavor to persuade and enable "the most generous young courtiers to travel abroad, and so enrich themselves in what would fit them to do their country better service at home."

This claim of the author, iterated and reiterated, is in keeping with all his pages, even those that look most frivolous. As the first, and long the only, lamp to light up tourists along their lines, the Crudities were taken in hand by all but the foolhardy who chose to go it blind. The *editio princeps* was thus scoured to nothing by perpetual motion, so that, though libraries are said to hold such books embalmed, but one single perfect copy is now shown in all the world, and that entombed in the Chetham Library at Manchester. The Glasgow facsimile, in paper, paging, errata—even the list of errata as corrected by the author and smacking of him—above all, in engravings admired as artistically of the best, tells the story of the *princeps* in a representation beyond what most publishers nowadays have hearts for in their most pretentious issues. The Crudities are green fruits plucked on a tour in 1608 from Dover to Venice, and thence home again, going through France and Lombardy, and back by way of the Swiss, the Rhine, and Holland. The months of absence were scarcely five; about one-third of the time consecrated to Venice, the grand end and aim, and the other two-thirds divided about equally between the routes when outward and inward bound. Brief stops in transit were made at more than forty places. The start was May 14; the finish of the home sail from Flushing, October 3. Locomotion throughout was by land or water—in ship or boat or gondola, in conveyances public or private, riding or on foot, as necessity or securing the purpose of the tourist dictated.

Coryat was a man of initiatives. Both in his life and in his book, initiatives are a cardinal characteristic. He was earliest in time of genuine English travellers. His objective was not getting gain like the merchant's, nor yet the official's who is dispatched on public service, nor the pilgrim's to Compostela, Rome, or Jerusalem, where his soul would be more sure of salvation. Lithgow and Sandys, whose endeavor was nearest his own, did not start until his book was in press, nor did they move along his lines; within that circle none had walked but he. Downward from apostles and birds of passage, friars and others felt that one man is no man, and pilgrimmed two by two at least; but Coryat went forth "a solitary man," without companion or attendant, personally conducted by himself and no other. It was borne in upon his conviction, too, that a footman will see much that is hid from a horseman; and so his enterprise becomes largely a walking tour. The travelling student was thirty-two years old, son of a Somerset rector a hundred miles west of London, and had been three years an Oxford undergraduate,

His journal day by day was a miracle of minute exactness in specifying dates, hours, miles, modes of advance, and, above all, things and persons met with and impressions stamped upon him. The Continent was then so new to islanders, and our explorer so impressionable, that his jottings were beyond counting. In reading any of his chapters we say how much is here we should have failed to observe. Here is a taste of his tact at pricking into the customs of his own country some flowers of what he learned abroad:

"The Italians do always at their meales use a little forke. For while with their knife which they hold in one hand they cut the meat out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sitting with any others at meales if he should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers from which all at the table do eat, he will give occasion of offence unto the company, as having transgressed the laws of good manners, insomuch that for his error he shall be at the least browbeaten if not reprehended in words. This form of feeding is general in all places in Italy. The reason of their curiosity is because the Italian cannot by any means indure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon I myself thought fit to imitate the Italian fashion in this forked cutting of meat," etc.

Afterward in England a familiar friend, seeing him at table equipped with a fork, called him Furcifer (fork-bearer), not without a jocose allusion to its old Roman sense of cross-bearer—a most insulting nickname.

The earmark of Coryat's utterances is a frankness which keeps back nothing. No hiding of his weaknesses—failures in research, in Alpine climbing, in deciphering or in personal encounters—can be detected. Where is there a more winning naïveté than in his making a clean breast of pious frauds, as concerning his stealing a votive doll "only to this end, to bring it home into England to show it to my friends as a token of idolatry"; or while personating a begging friar, hat in hand, asking alms of wayfarers whom he feared as footpads, and so getting a charity from them?

In Venice was focussed more of Coryat's energy as well as time than in all places either on his way thither or backward. Full of love at first sight, he cries: "It ministered to me more variety of delights than mine eyes had ever surveyed before or ever shall if I should spend thirty years together in travelling over the Christian and the ethnick world." We are silent regarding most of his fervors as to this half-celestial city, for his sweet conceits and creations of speech defy résumé, or comparison with what has in three centuries since been said by legions in depicting this fairyland. Within a week after leaving Venice, and before setting foot on the homeland, he had written in his diary of "future travels which I have determined, God willing, to undertake hereafter both in Christendome and Paganisme" (a word which only in 1853 was giving place to Pagandom). No sooner was his book off his hands than he threw off the chains of insular bondage. An unselfish Childe Harold, he felt enfranchisement in that appetite, no more *urbis*, but *orbis*, which had grown by what it fed on. By strides through Stambul, Cairo and the Holy Land to the Aleppo caravan, he pressed on in that convoy to Teheran, and thence on its twin transport far further to the Indus and the Grand Mogul, who in Agra gave him audience and created him a chartered libertine in his domain. As a single-handed explorer he thus conquered a land world which neither Alexander nor Columbus could penetrate. He revelled in Herculean labors till five years after his farewell to England, when his wearied pulse of life stood still at Surat—a most regrettable setback to Occidental knowledge of the extreme Orient.

The Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia, and their Place in the Plan of the Apocalypse. By W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1905. Pp. xix., 446.

Somewhere in this volume—unfortunately there is no index, so that it is not easy to trace a subject—Prof. Ramsay says that formerly he accepted the views of those scholars whose tendency is to date New Testament writings in the second or third century A. D.; but since that time his geographical and archæological studies have resulted in a complete change of view in this regard, and led him to revert to a considerable extent to the older traditional view of the dates and authorship of the various books of the New Testament. He has a controversy with *closet scholarship* and the subjective methods of German critics. On the whole he represents in his point of view and his methods a healthy reaction against the excessive tendency to dissection of documents and attribution of minute particles to different sources, authors, and dates, which has marked and marred recent literary criticism of both Old and New Testament. He represents archæological scholarship as over against linguistic scholarship, field work as over against the work of the study, the historical objective method as over against the metaphysical subjective method of treatment. The special field of his labors has been Asia Minor, and probably no scholar of the present day is as thoroughly versed in the archæology and geography of Asia Minor as is Professor Ramsay. He has visited every part of it, has followed the Roman roads, has ransacked villages for inscriptions, and especially has tracked St. Paul and the other early Christian workers from point to point and town to town throughout the whole territory.

In the present volume he applies to the letters to the Seven Churches in the Book of Revelation the same method of archæological, historical, and geographical study and comment which he applied to the Book of Acts, and, to some extent, to St. Paul's Epistles, in his volumes, 'St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen' and 'The Church in the Roman Empire.' His general position is a sound one, that the New Testament books spring from the circumstances of their period; they think its thoughts and answer the questions which men were putting, in the language used and understood at the time. Hence "their respective dates can be assigned with confidence, provided we understand the history and familiarize ourselves with the thoughts and ways of the successive periods" (p. 53). This assignment is Dr. Ramsay's immediate object, not, however, of the Book of Revelation as a whole, but of the letters to the Seven Churches contained in the first three chapters of that book.

The volume commences with a general discussion of the use of letters in antiquity, of the methods of transmission of letters, official, commercial, and private in the Roman world of the first century, especially in Asia Minor, and then of the use of letters among the early Christians, the part which letters played in the administration of the churches and their relation to one another and in early Christian literature. Our author supposes a pretty thorough organization of the Christian church, particularly in the wealthy province of Asia, at a very early date, and an arrangement for constant epistolary communication among the churches by means of greater and lesser circuits. He concludes that the order of the Epistles to the Seven Churches in the first part of the Book of Revelation was determined by the arrangement of such a circuit for convenience in the distribution of letters, and that the churches addressed were respectively the centres from which information was disseminated to special districts by lesser circuits. Landing at Ephesus, a messenger would move north to Smyrna and Pergamum, thence swinging around toward the east, southeast, and south to Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea, and so returning to the original starting-point, Ephesus. He does not mean that the letters in Revelation were actually separate letters sent to the different churches, or that they possessed even the character of a general circular letter. The letter-writing custom had assumed such importance in the church that when St. John composed the Revelation on Jewish apocalyptic models, combining with that Jewish apocalyptic material other material drawn from the customs and ideas of the people of Asia, the whole colored by its relation to the immediate present and the struggle of the Christian Church with persecuting Rome and the worship of the beast (that is, Cæsar worship), he prefixed to this apocalypse a practical moral exhortation cast in the literary form of letters. These letters, therefore, are not real letters, but a literary device by which John addresses moral instruction to the Christians of the province.

Professor Ramsay agrees as to date with the present trend of criticism, that the Apocalypse derives from the period of the Flavian persecution, in the latter years of the Emperor Domitian—approximately, perhaps, 95 A. D. He discusses in special chapters the nature of the Flavian persecution and the evidences of that persecution in the province of Asia, the character of the imperial religion, the institutions of the various Asian cities, the character of their populations, and especially the place of the Jews in the population of those cities. He then takes up the letters one by one, giving first the history of the city to the church in which the letter was written, then an application of the letter to the conditions of that church. He seeks to show that the author of these letters was intimately conversant with the history and conditions of those churches; that the letters are full of local references, and that those references fit especially the period ending with the Domitian persecution. These chapters constitute, in fact, a sort of archæological-historical commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches.

Professor Ramsay's own intimate ac-

quaintance with the various sites makes his comments peculiarly interesting. He pictures the physical surroundings of each city with a vividness that gives new reality to the references in the letters. One sees how the changeableness of the site of the city of Ephesus, following its receding harbor westward, is reflected in the letter to that city. The royal character of Pergamum; the supposed impregnability of Sardis, towering high above the plain; Philadelphia, suffering from the shock of earthquake; wealthy Laodicea, a city of bankers, the centre of a trade in a peculiar glossy black wool—these all were in the mind of the writer of the Seven Letters and determined the treatment of his theme and his allusions. Further, we have in these letters, as Prof. Ramsay points out, a most valuable commentary on the moral conditions of the Christian Church in the great Asian cities at the time of the Flavian persecution, toward the end of the first century.

The author makes much use of coins, and, so far as they exist, of monuments and other contemporary documents, and the book is a mine of information regarding the history and conditions of the province of Asia. Of course there are some cases where Professor Ramsay, in his archæological enthusiasm, will seem to have discovered in the text references and allusions which do not actually exist, but in general he is sane and keeps himself well under control.

While the author's views with regard to the date of the Apocalypse fit generally into the prevalent current theory, on the question of authorship he is opposed to the prevailing view, and ascribes the book to the Apostle John. The chapters in which he deals with the question of authorship are not as strong as the other parts of the book, because here he is compelled to resort to subjective rather than objective arguments. He pictures St. John as an exile in Patmos, possessed with an authority which leads him to speak as Ignatius and other Christian leaders of a slightly subsequent period never venture to speak. Dwelling in his exile on the conditions of the churches in which he had labored, the persecution in which they were now involved, realizing the meaning of the struggle with the beast of Rome, he pours forth his meditations on the great theme of this struggle, full of assurance of the speedy and final victory of the church, in the mystic form of an apocalypse, preceded by this more practical address to the seven great central churches of the region which had been the scene of his labors. As Professor Ramsay incidentally points out, Ignatius, writing not many years later to some of the very same churches, appears to be quite unacquainted with these letters, which seems strange if they were indeed written by John the Apostle. But the argument from silence is always of a most uncertain character.

Every reader of the Bible will welcome this book as not only extremely interesting in itself, but also full of valuable information with regard to the province of Asia and the conditions and practices of the Christian Church in the latter half of the first century A. D. The text is illustrated by numerous photographs and by drawings made from coins and monuments by Mr. John Hay, Mrs. Ramsay and the Misses Mary and Margaret Ramsay. The printing is careless, because the plates are imperfect. Often three or four letters on a page —generally not more than one in any one word—have disappeared entirely. It is rare to find many consecutive pages without one or more letters missing.

Concordanza delle Opere Italiane in Prosa e del Canzoniere di Dante Alighieri. Pubblicata per la Società Dantesca di Cambridge, Massachusetts. A cura di E. S. Sheldon coll' aiuto di A. C. White. Oxford: University Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

Few learned or literary associations have offered such acceptable proof of their activity as has been afforded by the Dante Society of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Under the leadership of its president, Professor Norton, this small group of Dante lovers has given to the world, in addition to its highly prized annual report, two of the most important works ever issued to facilitate the study of the *altissimo poeta*—Professor Fay's 'Concordance of the Divina Commedia,' published in 1888, and Professor Sheldon's 'Concordanza dell Opere Italiane in Prosa e del Canzoniere di Dante Alighieri,' which has just appeared from the University Press in Oxford. Within a few years is expected a concordance of the Latin writings of Dante, for which much material has already been collected. These three volumes will constitute a complete apparatus for the investigation of the great Florentine's language and style, and will form the nucleus of the outfit of every Dante scholar. It may be well to state here that Fiammazzo's recently printed "complete concordance" of Dante's Italian and Latin works, put forth as a third volume of Scartazzini's 'Enciclopedia Dantesca,' in no way enters into competition with the vocabularies mentioned: it is merely a word-list, accompanied by references, without distinction of uses or citation of passages.

Professor Sheldon's book makes a handsome volume of some 750 pages, in general appearance not unlike the 'Concordance' of Professor Fay, Dr. Moore's Oxford Dante is taken as a basis for the text; the third edition fortunately appeared just in time to be utilized. It is a pity that the miscellaneous lyrics are still treated by Dr. Moore in an uncritical way, as regards both selection and reading. Nothing better, however, is available; and even if Barbi's long-announced publication were at hand, the satisfaction of working with a surer text would not outweigh the advantage of using a uniform edition of all the writings.

The first requisites of a concordance are completeness and accuracy, and these qualities the new work seems to possess in an eminent degree. A cursory investigation discloses no errors save those repaired in the brief two pages of *corrigenda*. Perspicuity, the next essential, is more easily judged; in plan and execution this book is clearness itself. The enormous typographical and other technical difficulties have been intelligently met by editor and printer, and so successfully overcome that the casual examiner would never suspect their existence. On the upper part of each page are the entries from the verse; beneath, separated by a line, are those from the prose. Thus the two lists are carried along together, and the reader is enabled at every step to compare the poetic and the prose usage. Glancing at the most frequent terms, one sees, for instance, that *amore*, which covers seven pages, is preeminently a poetic word, while *uomo* (five pages) and *cosa* (nearly nine) belong rather to prose. To avoid unnecessary bulk, the articles, the verbs *avere* and *essere*, and the commonest pronouns, prepositions, conjunctions, and adverbial particles are omitted altogether; and a few other constantly recurring words, such as *come, dare, dove, vedere, venire*, which offer no interesting peculiarities of form or use, are followed only by numerical references to all the places where they are found. For every other word we have, with each reference, a quotation long enough to show the construction and meaning. A nice discrimination is revealed in the choice of words entered with or without citations: for instance, *potere* and *volere* have only the references, while *dovere, parere, piacere* are provided with the full apparatus. As one studies the book, it becomes evident that similar careful judgment has been brought to bear upon every question, however great or however small.

While the general plan is carried out with perfect consistency, there is nothing wooden or mechanical in the application of its principles. To adduce a few examples: The plural *egli* and *elle*, the dialect forms *nui* and *vui* find a place, whereas personal pronouns as a rule are excluded; although the verb *essere* is not admitted, such forms as *fia* and *fora* are rightly accorded entrance. The question of duplication and cross-reference is a perplexing one, and has been settled in each case to the greatest advantage of the user of the book. Such words as *virtù* and *spiacere*, which occur also in the quite dissimilar alternative shapes *virtute* and *dispiacere*, have their two or more sets of forms printed separately, each in its proper alphabetical place. On the other hand, such doublets as *cuore* and *core, fiero* and *fero* are not parted; likewise, words with prosthetic *i*, such as *stabile* and *istabile*. *Scusare* and *iscusare* are registered together, but *escusare* has a special entry. It is fortunate, indeed, that the 'Concordanza' has had as chief editor a man in whom the profoundest scholarship and the minutest painstaking have not obscured the light of plain common sense.

The purposes served by such a book are manifold. Its importance for the lexicographer and the philologist is immediately manifest. To the literary investigator it offers inexhaustible opportunity for the study of style. The confrontation of Dante's prose and verse language has already been mentioned; with the help of the Fay 'Concordance' one may also trace the development of the poet's vocabulary; by using this volume as a basis of comparison one may discover how far Dante's diction resembles and how far it differs from that of the other songsters of the *dolce stil nouvo*. Furthermore, the interpretation of many a contested passage will be authoritatively established by this record of Dante's actual practice, and the same evidence will go far toward solving the problem of genuineness in the case of doubtful works ascribed to him. If, for example, the language of the 'Fiore,' which several critics of late have attributed to our poet, be compared with Dante's early usage, as

disclosed in this book, it may be predicted that the question of authorship will be speedily decided, and decided in the negative. To name the profitable uses to which the volume may be put would be an endless task. It is a pleasure to record the advent of a work of such varied interest and utility, which is at the same time a monument of American scholarship.

An American Girl in Munich. By Mabel W. Daniels. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

"Impressions of a Music Student" is the subtitle of Miss Daniels's book. Its 286 pages contain a record of her experiences in studying music in Munich during the ten months from September, 1902, to July, 1903. The reader must not expect anything resembling Amy Fay's 'Music Study in Germany,' of which about twenty editions have been printed, and which has a great deal of interest to relate about Liszt and other prominent musicians of his day. The stars in the present German galaxy are fewer and smaller, yet Miss Daniels found some very good men from whom to learn the various branches of music, including two whose fame is international—Thuille and Stavenhagen; and those who have heard her compositions aver that she made good use of her opportunities.

Five years ago, she informs us, women were not allowed to study counterpoint at the Munich conservatory; not on moral grounds, apparently, but because the ability of the feminine intellect to cope with double counterpoint in the tenth was questioned. The class is now open to women, but few avail themselves of the opportunity. One victory, however, is to be scored: there are already two women enrolled as professors among the forty on the list. But no woman had ever entered the score-reading class, and Miss Daniels created quite a commotion when she asked to be admitted. After some parley her request was granted, but she felt as if she ought to be labelled, like the denizens of the Zoo: "Rare. From North America." On entering the room where the score-reading class met, she encountered the astonished gaze of thirty pairs of masculine eyes. There was a low whispering, and, when she was asked to take her seat at the piano, she heard one of the men smother a laugh. On this and other occasions she was surprised to see how much deference was paid to professors. Whenever one entered the room, the students all rose and stood until he left, or, by a gracious wave of the hand, gave them permission to resume their seats. But then, in Munich even the street-car conductors touch their hats to entering passengers.

A music student in Munich has advantages for hearing good performances. She can, on presenting the Conservatory certificate at the box-office, get a good parquet seat for half-price. There are disadvantages, too—such as the difficulty of finding a boarding-place. Not that there are not *pensions* enough and to spare; but women or men who are likely to drive away other boarders by their incessant singing, or violin or piano playing, are shunned, or at best relegated to a garret and given a limited time to practise in, say from 9:30 to 12 and from 4 to 7. Miss Daniels also suffered from the German horror of fresh air in rooms, and suggests that a Fresh Air Fund would be a splendid thing over there. The shops, too, did not please her; they are not nearly as finely decorated as ours—with one exception, the sausage store, which is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Naturally, she has a good deal to say about the gastronomic habits of the Bavarians, and is puzzled for an answer to the question: "How can a people who seem so lethargic, and who make no disguise of their love for the product of the soil and the grape, produce such marvellous, almost superhuman, results in the fields of music and philosophy?"

Miss Daniels's book contains plenty more of these observations and reflections, and there is not a ponderous page, yet she has attempted to enliven her narrative by weaving into it a boarding-house love story. It would have been wiser to study her German and read her proofs carefully; her book *wimmelt* with misprints (see pp. 21, 50, 52, 71, 106, 111, etc.). Is a pfennig really a fifth of a cent?

The Poems of Gaius Valerius Catullus. With an English Translation. By Francis Warre Cornish. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

Mr. Cornish is a classical scholar of no mean reputation and attainments. That may be said in the very first place. He must also be a bold man. That follows from the task he has set himself, to translate Catullus into English prose. The result is what critics are wont to call a "conscientious" version. But, in matters of poetry, an atom of inspiration might outweigh a ton of conscience, and the atom of inspiration seems here to be lacking. Mr. Cornish's translation has been in preparation, he tells us, for many years. We are, therefore, surprised to find in it bits of English that sound very peculiar. What graceful English poet, for example (and Catullus was a graceful Roman poet), would write, "with good help keep safe the race of Romulus"? or, "come you here into the fire, full of rusticity and clumsiness, chronicle of Volusius"? or, "Thyades crying Evoe with flying hair"? or, "from whom first all those good things had their springing for me"? or scores of other sentences that might be cited? Yet surely a good poem, or a good phrase, in Latin should be made a good poem, or a good phrase, in English. One might cite unpleasant repetitions, like "parents' death," "death of his young son," in successive verses, for *extinctos parentes* and *primaevi funera nati* (by the way, does not *primaevi* mean "firstborn"?); "falls out," and "is shaken out," of the unlucky apple in c. 65, for *procurrit* and *excutitur*. Nor does Mr. Cornish avoid rhythmical sentences, those marked blemishes of a prose style, censured so long ago by Quintilian: witness, for example, "See how mighty and rich for you is the house of your husband"; "I entreat you, my sweet Ipsithilla, . . . bid me come and rest at noonday with you"; "Maiden modest and chaste, give back the tablets." Nor in general is there to be found such felicity of expression as is needed to justify a prose version of a true poet. There are, indeed, examples of neat, rather than beautiful, renderings of single words or phrases, but no sustained power. One or two instances will suffice to show what we mean. Take the sonorous, reëchoing dignity of those famous lines,

> "Montium domina ut fores
> silvarumque virentium
> saltuumque reconditorum
> amniumque sonantum."

These Mr. Cornish renders, "that thou mightest be the lady of mountains and green woods, and sequestered glens, and sounding rivers."

> "Nec meum respectet, ut ante, amorem,
> qui illius culpa cecidit velut prati
> ultimi flos, praeter eunte postquam
> tactus aratrost,"

is rendered, "And let her not look to find my love, as before; my love, which by her fault has dropped, like a flower on the meadow's edge, when it has been touched by the plough passing by."

This is "conscientious" and "accurate" enough, but what has become of the poetry?

The Basis of English Rhythm. By William Thomson. Glasgow; W. & R. Holmes. 1905.

It is hard to maintain a properly judicial spirit in reviewing this pamphlet of scarcely sixty-three pages. By it any adept is likely to be rapt into a trance of amazed enthusiasm, searching in vain among his memories of the hundreds of jottings, notes, remarks, essays, articles, booklets, books, and tomes which have appeared since George Gascoigne penned his all too brief and all too hurried 'Notes of Instruction' in 1575, for even one with anything like so much pith, sap, and kernel in so little space. In several respects it is the most important utterance yet made on the subject. Who disbelieves should read it and be convinced. He may disagree with some statements and inferences, but he will find himself understanding every sentence at first reading, and reading many sentences over and over for mere relish of their novelty or cogency, or sound, plain common sense. Everywhere he will be stimulated to thought, and much of it will be new thought, much instant clarification of old puzzles.

Few, indeed, are the points calling for animadversion, yet the pamphlet has some small faults. Paragraph 4, for instance, is not germane to the discussion. Again, with any one possessing so fine and accurate an ear as Mr. Thomson's, we hesitate to disagree as to rhythm; yet the natural accents of the prose phrases cited in paragraph 6 do not appear to be equidistant in spontaneous utterance, nor the groups to be equal. His ingenious "jumble-hexameters" on page 18 have no cæsura. His scansions of the French verses he cites make us feel that he had best stick to his own tongue. The habits of enunciation, and therefore the fabrics of versification, scouted in paragraph 10 as unthinkable or impossible, are so indeed, especially for English, and perhaps for most, but not for all, human tongues and ears. It is not clear why, at the top of page 35, the first syllable of "blowing" is marked *short* and the second *long*; nor why, on page 41, "ripples" is marked similarly.

These are microscopic defects. More serious (pp. 26, 27) is the failure to comprehend Lanier's clear distinction between primary and secondary rhythm. Mr. Thomson's expositions of variety in secondary rhythms is here very ingenious and entirely

convincing, but Lanier allows that upon one primary rhythm different secondary rhythms may be superposed according to the incidence of the ictus. Least of all can we agree with Mr. Thomson when (pp. 39, 63) he minimizes the difference between iambic and trochaic, anapæstic, and dactylic movements. The analyzer may fulminate forever against the separate existence of iambs and anapæsts, and asseverate that they are mere negligible subvarieties of trochees and dactyls; he may prove categorically that there are not and cannot be such metrical units in English as iambs and anapæsts; the creator of English poetry who genuinely comprehends his medium of expression cannot but feel that in English the distinction between rising and falling rhythm is vital and fundamental.

We have called attention to most of the essay's weak points. They detract from its atmosphere no more than a dead mouse or two would affect the air of a whole Alpine valley. To quote the best of its good things would be to reprint half the pamphlet. The mere mention of nomenclature and notation usually sickens a student of books on versification, each of which customarily foists upon such a public as it secures a set of new words and a system of novel marks more inept and more clumsy (if possible) than the last. One generally finds the nomenclature unacceptable, and the notation incomprehensible, or at best barely half-intelligible, and obtains from it a very faint conception of how the author would read the verses he comments upon. Behold, Mr. Thomson puts forward a few new terms, each of which will aid the clear thinking of any user and will fit aptly into any one's vocabulary. As for his notation, when we run over the series of musical notes without staff-lines which Mr. Thomson prints with a quoted line of verse, we know exactly, to the minutest detail of utterance, how he reads it, how he pronounces it, how he enunciates it. We have always felt an ineradicable prejudice against the possibility of any one's devising a method of using musical notes to set forth the characteristics of English verse as read, not as sung. This prejudice is now uprooted and abolished. We perceive that in previous systems using musical notes to express methods of scansion, the fault was with the application, not with the signs employed.

Virtually Mr. Thomson gives us no theories. He is all practice, and such practice! He dares to scan English verse neither as if sung nor as if read as prose, but as naturally read as poetry. And the scansion is a success. He conveys to one with miraculous ease how he reads "The Battle of the Baltic" or Shelley's "Away, the moor is dark beneath the moon," showing that he perfectly comprehends those pæonic and semi-pæonic lilts which are a despair or a confusion to most writers on English prosody. His notation is all he claims for it. A Scot, a Californian, and an Australian, each at home, may by its means carry on an intelligible discussion involving nearly all the subtleties of metrification. Divergent or contradictory interpretations of the movements of any line or phrase may be set forth without ambiguity. We know instantly and finally how Mr. Thomson would recite "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces," or "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time," or "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" If we disagree (and we, for example, have found ourselves disagreeing positively), we can at once set down our own rendition in his notation and compare it with his. To comprehend it or to use it, no knowledge of music is needed. He expresses without effort the difference between the way he would read a phrase as mere prose, or as in iambic verse, or as in anapæstic or in pæonic. Who, finally, capable of judging, can fail to rejoice over his plain, simple, understandable distinction (p. 51) between "heel-rhythm" (mechanical beating-out of the type-movement), "head-rhythm" (intelligible, unimaginative delivery), and "heart-rhythm" (the impassioned utterance of one who feels all the subtleties of the words)? Mr. Thomson's notation is far from perfect. We by no means believe that it is likely to win universal acceptance, oust all others, and take a place of permanent usefulness between the alphabet on the one hand and the score on the other as an abiding instrument for the expression of ideas. We believe that a better, simpler, more compact notation, more in line with Schmidt's, in his 'Rhytmik und Metrik,' can and may be devised. But at least, after many futile attempts, here is one good notation at last to start us towards a better. Our doubt is, can others less gifted than its deviser learn to apply it as well as he?

So much matter is in this treatise and so often does one look back to compare expressions, that, even in so thin a booklet, one misses an index.

China in Law and Commerce. By T. R. Jernigan. The Macmillan Co.

In addition to his honorable record in the consular service of the United States, Mr. Jernigan has placed English-reading people under further obligation by issuing what is probably the best single volume for all who have practical relations or business with the Chinese. One may by long labor select from the mass of printed matter concerning China much of what Mr. Jernigan has collected; but here in one handy book is choice and exact information, carefully sifted, tested, and arranged concisely and in an orderly manner. He has made a special study of those features of law and custom which help to explain a country like China, in which each province exists as an independent unit sufficient unto itself, while in theory the power of the Emperor is unlimited. The antagonistic elements thus presented to the alien's view of administration are harmonized apparently by the universal solvent of a common educational and social system. The real basis of this perduring fabric of government proceeds from the family unit, and not from the central authority at Peking—thus reversing the Japanese system. The customs which are the foundations of all law in China, are the customs of the family, and it is difficult to know the inner springs of history or everyday procedure unless one has studied the family life of the people. This Mr. Jernigan has done so well that his text has a commendable clearness and directness. One feels here the firm touch of one who, besides consulting standard authorities, has had long observation and practical experience.

We know of no book that enables one to see clearly those differences in the great Chinese mass which have been wrought by the physical features of the country, and by cosmical influences operating through thousands of years. For example, in the United States the drainage of the country is from north to south, while that in China is chiefly from west to east, the three great commercial cities being naturally at the mouths of her three great rivers. Centuries of agriculture have created in the Chinese peasant a frenzy for removing the forests, with the result that now he must grub up grass, roots, and the droppings of animals for fuel, and thus keep the treeless land denuded. The cutting down of the forests has not only been the cause of drought and flood, but has had the effect of congesting population along the river valleys and maritime provinces, leaving considerable portions of China uninhabited. North China and South China have been virtually separated for ages, and only in comparatively modern times have the two differing populations mixed.

Keeping in view these differences, created not only by ethnic origins, but by natural forces, the author proceeds to discuss, in fifteen chapters, Statute and Family Law, Tenure and Transfer of Property, Taxations, Courts, Guilds, Business Customs, and Transit by Land, Water, and Railway, etc. The land tax is the chief source of revenue. The coffers of the Government would be usually full if the administration were honestly conducted; but, while the revenue of the Empire ought to be 115,000,000 taels, derived from the land tax, salt gabelle, customs duties, etc., not more than 80,000,000 taels actually reach the treasury in Peking. Even of this sum, more than half is already mortagaged for the payment of foreign loans and indemnities. Sir Robert Hart shows that at present the only hope of a revenue sufficient to keep China from bankruptcy is in a rearrangement of the land tax, and in his recent memorandum, he indicates how the reform may be accomplished.

There are many subjects of immediate and practical interest to all foreigners who have any present or prospective economic dealings with the Chinese, and one is tempted to quote from these chapters, so rich in valuable information, and so clearly put, but we refrain. If, however, Mr. Jernigan's volume accomplished nothing else than to show how all life in China, down to the minutest point, is communal—as, for example, even to the buying of an ox to be used in turn by the owners, and to the business of begging—his volume would be welcomed. It makes a real addition to the comparatively few books on China that penetrate below the surface of things. We must, however, call attention to the chapters on land transit and water transit, which the new enterprises are so seriously to disturb, and which have already been an efficient factor in producing the Boxer rebellion. A concluding chapter on railway transit gives the map of the country as expressed in terms of the steel rail. There is a good index to this noteworthy book.

Cavour. Da Domenico Zanichelli. Florence: Barbèra. 1905.

Students of the Risorgimento have long esteemed Professor Zanichelli for his edi-

tion of Cavour's 'Scritti,' to which he prefixed an admirable introduction. He has now produced in one volume an exhaustive study of Cavour's political career, which will be indispensable to those who wish to know thoroughly the doctrines and aims of the great statesman. His purpose is analysis, not narrative, and he succeeds admirably in laying bare the evolution of each line of policy, showing how far circumstances or the opinions of friends and foes caused Cavour to change his position.

Professor Zanichelli devotes nearly half of his book to the years earlier than 1850, the date of Cavour's entrance into the Cabinet; and, if at first this seems a somewhat disproportionate allowance, we conclude, before the end, that it was wise. For it was during the preceding fifteen years that Cavour, by study, travel, and reflection, prepared himself for a political career, so that at forty he had completely mastered the principles which he was to make prevail in Italy. Without an ample account of these years of preparation, Cavour's immediate leadership on reaching office would seem almost miraculous, instead of the inevitable result of immense training plus genius. This is proved by his articles in the *Risorgimento* during the Revolution of 1848, which leave no doubt as to his ability as a political thinker. Read in the light of subsequent events they are almost incontrovertible, and one might wonder why they and their author were disregarded at the time; but that is likely to be the fate of any publicist who, in a period of upheaval, stands as the spokesman of reason, and takes long, clear, sane views. Professor Zanichelli, by generous quotations and searching analysis, has no difficulty in establishing Cavour's superiority; but perhaps it would have been well to explain more fully the doctrines of the men and groups that opposed him. The historian ought not to take it for granted that, because the Neo-Guelf or the Unitarian politicians proved "ridiculous," Neo-Guelfism and Unitarianism may be treated as unimportant. On the contrary, it should be his business to make intelligible the spell cast by even crazes and delusions at their height.

From Cavour's assumption of the premiership in 1852, Professor Zanichelli gives us an uninterupted analysis of the policy which led to the political and industrial regeneration of Piedmont and the participation in the Crimean war, to the alliance with Napoleon III., to the war against Austria, to the annexation of Central Italy and the Two Sicilies, and to Cavour's prophetic speech, just before his death, on the Roman Question. We heartily commend his treatment of this marvellous political achievement, not so much because it contains fresh revelations as because it is uniformly sound. He emphasizes permanent principles rather than transient events, no matter how dramatic these may be. Accordingly, he tells less about the steps which led to the union (*Connubio*) between Cavour and Rattazzi than about the significance of that act. He passes over unmentioned the real cause of the ministerial upheaval in 1857. He attaches little weight to such favorite catch questions as, Was Cavour always a Unitarian? and, Did he originate the Crimean venture?

Concerning the charge of craft which is often brought against Cavour's statesmanship, this critic renders a general verdict of "justifiable." No part of his work is more acute than that in which he shows how, in the desperate months while Garibaldi was freeing Sicily, Cavour was driven to adopt guileful methods which he detested. "He bent to circumstances, he thought more of the end than of the means," says Zanichelli; "he acted as Pitt had acted toward Ireland, . . . but he was constrained to do so because he found himself in one of those conditions in which political morality does not coincide—on the contrary, it clashes—with private morality." A statesman, the author goes on to say, in seeking the welfare of his country,

"ought always to employ means which do not conflict with the principles of morality; but when this is impossible, and he has to face the dilemma of either not fulfilling his duties as statesman or of infringing moral principles, he ought to fulfil his duties. . . . History has no mercy for incompetent but honest statesmen; come what may, they must be competent. This is not the doctrine that the end justifies the means, but, on the contrary, the Roman doctrine that the supreme law, to which everything must yield, is the safety of the State—that is, of the country—to which all must be sacrificed."

These quotations sufficiently indicate Professor Zanichelli's attitude on the moral question; he further performs a real service in showing how intricate that moral question is. You may, for instance, condemn Cavour for playing fast-and-loose with Garibaldi's expedition, but you may find it difficult to suggest an alternative policy which would have been more moral and equally productive of good.

The general reader, especially if he be a foreigner unfamiliar with the details of the Risorgimento, will need to seek outside of Professor Zanichelli's volume for a narrative of events to make some of his criticism clear; for he does not supply dates and connecting links of historical action. But by one steeped in the subject, this study will be highly esteemed. It paints soberly and truthfully the central figure in the most splendid political achievement of Europe in the nineteenth century. Zanichelli's conclusion deserves to be quoted, since he is a scholar who strives to write with scientific restraint.

"Cavour," he says, "is the greatest statesman of modern Europe, because it was he who was able with the smallest means to obtain the greatest results. In him are Richelieu's alert and prudent audacity, Pitt's fascination of speech and geniality of ideas, Gladstone's humanitarian and civic sense, Bismarck's vastness of conceptions and force of character to realize them in spite of all obstacles. Greater than all, because more complete, more harmoniously balanced than all. He is the most ideal political leader the world has ever had; in him the calculating coldness of the statesman was united with the enthusiasm of the apostle, the audacity of the tribune, the courage of the conspirator and the rebel."

Comparisons are uncertain, and it is impossible to say what Richelieu would have done had he lived in the last generation; but whoever wishes to get a fair measure of Cavour's extraordinary genius should follow him day by day from his conference at Plombières, in the summer of 1858, to the peace of Villafranca, in July, 1859, and again from March to November, 1860. What might not Italy have been saved had he lived twenty years longer!

Lectures on the Historians of Bohemia. Being the Ilchester Lectures for the Year 1904. By the Count Lützow. Henry Frowde. 1905.

The neo-Czechish movement in Bohemia, like the neo-Hellenic movement in Greece, which preceded it by a generation, has its roots in sentimental and historical grounds. By the apologists of Austrian rule at Prague the Society of the Bohemian Museum is represented as a group of visionaries even more than as a body of rebels. On the other hand, the Czechs themselves find in the past, and particularly in their glorious century of 1420-1526, the truest and most substantial basis of their present aspirations. The logic of events, which to those of the Hapsburg party seems unanswerable, is to the patriots of Bohemia nothing more than an example of foreign brutality, and for them sentiment fed upon history is the animating impulse of all political life. The works of Palacký are a magazine of choice political quotations suggested by events in the national annals and turning upon the anomaly of Hapsburg rule or the ancient feud between Czech and German. After the revolution of 1848, when asked to take a seat in the Frankfort Parliament, he declined, on the ground that he was not a German, but a Bohemian. "The rulers of Bohemia have often been on terms of intimacy with the German princes, but the Bohemian people has never considered itself as German." And elsewhere he states, in a passage which has become a watchword, that Bohemia existed before Austria and will outlive her.

We refer thus to the general connection between politics and history in Bohemia because Count Lützow's lectures at Oxford have their origin in a wish to do something for the Bohemian cause by illustrating before a foreign audience the wealth of Czechish traditions. When Palacký completed the revised edition of his 'History' in 1876, a great banquet was given him, at which, when speaking of himself and his work, he gave his final testament to his fellow-countrymen. Recalling the intellectual eminence of Bohemia at the time of Huss, he placed before his hearers one prime duty, namely, that of extending the national culture. Count Lützow ascribes to this injunction his presence at Oxford, and, even without such a statement from his own lips, it would not be difficult to see how far his study of the past has been stimulated by political motives. We do not mean to imply that his lectures are studded with denunciations of Austria, or that he casts aside the methods employed in impartial research; but behind the calmness of his tone may be discerned the intense fervor of the patriot, and we are enabled to realize from his whole treatment of the subject how inseparably connected in Bohemia is modern political propaganda with memories of the Hussite movement and the Thirty Years' War.

These lectures will serve a most useful purpose, for in England and the United States hardly any one has a detailed knowledge of Bohemian history. Count Lützow, on making especial inquiry to see how many references to Palacký occur in the works of English writers, found that they were most scanty, and could discover in one book alone proof of real acquaintance with them. Bishop Creighton, in preparing an account of the Hussite movement, had gone to the greatest of the Bo-

hemian historians, and from him to his sources in the chronicles of the fifteenth century. Yet even now, says Count Lützow, "when the great work of Bishop Creighton has somewhat enlightened the English public, the names of Conrad of Waldhausen, Milič of Kremsier, and Matthew of Janod are known but to few." Among Bohemian historians recently deceased, Anton Gindely is perhaps better known to English readers than any other from his monographs on the *Majestätsbrief* and the Catholic reaction in Bohemia, as well as from his excellent book on the Thirty Years' War. Of those still living, Wenceslas Tomek, author of the standard life of Ziska and of a history of Prague which is comparable with Gregorovius's 'Rome in the Middle Ages,' is the most famous, though Professor Goll also stands in the first rank through his writings on the Bohemian Brethren.

While Count Lützow alludes briefly to his contemporaries, the chief of his attention is devoted to the chronicles of the Middle Ages and the era of the Reformation. Here the conditions fixed by a popular course of lectures compel him to be brief in his notice of all save the now famous authorities, like Cosmas, Benes of Weitmil, Lawrence of Brezof, Sixt of Ottersdorf, and Paul Slála. Palacký covered this same ground in one of his earliest works, 'Die Würdigung der alten böhmischen Gesichtschreiber.' Count Lützow has found his task rendered much easier by the notes and criticisms of his illustrious predecessor. Himself one of the most eminent among Bohemian scholars, he gives us simply and tersely the results of the most recent research on technical points in conjunction with Palacký's views on the larger issues. To many of our readers we can best convey an impression regarding the style and quality of his work by stating that it resembles a compressed Wattenbach with an element of current political interest added.

We have stated that Count Lützow is a Bohemian patriot; but to show how he guards against the use of hard language, we may instance his treatment of Æneas Sylvius among writers of the fifteenth century and Professor Höfler among the moderns. Of Æneas Sylvius, whose diplomacy during the Council of Basel cannot be remembered with pleasure in Bohemia to-day, he has no worse censure than the following passage:

"Many untruthful tales concerning Bohemia that have since been incessantly repeated, are due to Æneas Sylvius; among these is his report of the death of Ziska, whom he describes as dying blaspheming and ordering his skin to be used as a drum. It is difficult to read anything more repulsive than this account of the death of a man who, though not untouched by the cruelty of his time, was, according to his own lights, a fervent Christian and a true Bohemian patriot."

While these words are direct, they seem self-contained when one remembers how open to criticism and recrimination is the early part of Æneas Sylvius's career. Of Höfler's reply to Palacký, Count Lützow says little besides pointing out that it was printed at the Imperial printing-press, and that its inaccuracy is proverbial in Bohemia.

When one remembers what happened to the Czech race after the battle of the White Mountain, he will find no difficulty in understanding why the present régime at Prague is hated on historical grounds. Count Lützow undoubtedly expresses in these lectures the sentiments that animate a large majority of the Bohemian population. But, though stating his position with firmness, he does not suffer his cause to be prejudiced by the use of rancorous language, while in his account of the Czechish historians he furnishes information of which the English-speaking world is sorely in need.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bashore, Harvey B. The Sanitation of a Country House. John Wiley & Sons.
Brown, Horatio F. In and Around Venice. London: Rivingtons.
Casgrain, H. R. Wolfe and Montcalm. Toronto: Morgan & Co.
Clinton, Public Papers of. Vols. VII. and VIII. Albany.
Conrad, Stephen. Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Copper Handbook, The. Vol. V. Houghton, Mich.: Compiled and published by Horace J. Stevens.
De Flagello Myrteo. London: Elkin Mathews.
De Peyster, Henry. Les Troubles de Hollande. Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils.
Early Western Travels. Edited by R. G. Thwaites. Vol. XVII. Cleveland, O.: The A. H. Clark Co.
Fleury, Maurice de. Nos Enfants au Collège. Paris: Armand Colin.
Forbes, J. T. Socrates. Scribners. $1.25.
Gidley, Will S. A Dicker in Souls. The M. W. Hazen Co.
Guillemet, Leonidas. The Revelations of Nature. San Francisco: Published by the Author.
Harcourt, Charles. Good Form for Men: A Guide to Conduct and Dress on All Occasions. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.
Harding, Samuel B. Life of George R. Smith, Founder of Sedalia, Mo. Privately printed.
Herrick, Robert. The Memoirs of an American Citizen. Macmillan Co.
Hill, David J. A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe. Vol. I. Longmans. $5.
Indian Stories Retold from St. Nicholas. Century Co. 65 cents.
Lankester, Edwin R. Nature and Man. Henry Frowde.
Larned, J. N. Seventy Centuries of the Life of Mankind. 2 vols. Springfield, Mass.: The C. A. Nichols Co.
Lombard, Louis. Observations d'un Musicien Américain. Paris: Louis Theuveny.
Marchant, E. C. Greek Reader. Vol. I. Henry Frowde.
Martin, Thomas Ricaud. The Great Parliamentary Battle and Farewell Addresses of the Southern Senators on the Eve of the Civil War. The Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763. Annotated and edited by Albert Hartshorne. John Lane.
Mignet, François A. M. Histoire de la Révolution Française. Edited by A. Dupuis. Henry Frowde.
Ottley, R. L. The Religion of Israel. Macmillan Co.
Oxford English Dictionary. Mandragora—Matter. Vol. VI. Henry Frowde.
Pettit, Henry. A Twentieth Century Idealist. The Grafton Press. $1.50.
President Roosevelt's Railway Policy. By Charles A. Prouty and others. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Robertson's Society and Caste. The Belles-Lettres Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Roscoe, H. E., and C. Schorlemmer. A Treatise on Chemistry. Vol. I. Macmillan Co.
Smart, J. S. James Macpherson. London: David Nutt.
Stanhope Press, The Book of Specimens. Boston: F. H. Gilson Co.
Stendhal's Mémoires d'un Touriste. Edited by H. J. Chaytor. Henry Frowde.
Stevenson's Travels with a Donkey.—The Dynamiter.—The Black Arrow.—Virginibus Puerisque. (Biographical Edition.) Scribners. $1 each.
St. Luz, Berthe. Black Butterflies. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Stoddard, Janie E. Tempests of the Play Gods. Neale Publishing Co.
Stow, George W. The Native Races of South Africa. Macmillan Co.
Sutro, Theodore. Thirteen Chapters of American History. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Swan, Helena. Girls' Christian Names. Dutton. $1.50.
Swinburne, Algernon Charles. Love's Cross-Currents. Harpers. $1.50.
Swinburne's Selected Poems. The Belles-Lettres Series. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Swing, David. Truths, Leaf by Leaf. Chicago: S. B. Kimball.
Viallate, Achille. Essais d'Histoire Diplomatique Américaine. Paris: E. Guilmoto.
Vitali, Angelo. An Easy Practical Course in English for Foreigners. Cappabianca's Press. $1.
Wallace, Donald Mackenzie. Russia. Henry Holt & Co. $5.
Williams, John Rogers. The Handbook of Princeton. The Grafton Press. $1.50 net.

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If Mayor McClellan goes off on his vacation stuck full of Jerome's arrows, he has no one but himself to blame for offering so fair a target. All that the District Attorney has done is to apply to Mr. McClellan the standards of a gentleman and a truly disinterested public servant; and if the Mayor endures the test badly, it is not Mr. Jerome who is at fault. The latter has simply come forward again in the old guise which so endeared him to the people—that of a man who looks neither to right nor left, but speaks the truth let who will be hurt. In one burst of indignation he blows away the excuse put forward in the Mayor's behalf that he is "doing the best he can." A gentleman and a scholar—and taking orders from Murphy! The sworn guardian of the public interest, and allowing the saloons to empty themselves into public office and even into courts of justice! Mr. Jerome has shown us precisely what Mayor McClellan and President Roosevelt really mean when they say that they dicker and compromise with corrupt bosses, and knuckle under to them, all for the public good and as a way of doing "the best possible under the circumstances." They mean their own good, their own hold on place and power, their own renomination and reëlection.

Not content with denouncing in private and out of office the "group of men" or "the single man" standing between the public servant and the voters and dictating or selling nominations, the District Attorney, who confesses that he would like another term of office, spurns the bosses before whom others are grovelling for favors, and turns directly to the people. There is a sagacious bravery in this, a calculated recklessness, which of itself lifts and lights up the whole municipal campaign. What Mr. Jerome has done is simply to return to the good practice of an elder day. Ambitious men used not to hesitate to announce their candidacy. In the generation when the career open to talent did not mean an opening into a boss's back room, men of mark were in the habit of notifying a given constituency that they were prepared to "stand" for the honor of representing it in Legislature or Congress. But of recent years candidates have not stood; they have crawled. They have gone on their bellies and eaten dirt. The old way of offering one's self for the public inspection and the free canvassing of the people has been abandoned for that of secret intrigue, machine manipulation, debasing or disgraceful bargains, compromising with the devil. Mr. Jerome states but the simple truth when he says that any one who obtains office at the hands of wicked party bosses is "under implicit obligations which cannot honorably be disregarded. He cannot take office by their favor and still be free to deal with them and their demands as obedience to his oath of office requires." For himself, Mr. Jerome will not submit to those fetters, and makes his appeal over the heads of the bosses straight to the people. If they want him for District Attorney, they may have him. Murphy and Odell need not be consulted. Nothing just like this—nothing so bracing and cheering—has been heard in this city for years.

If his clear and bold statement leaves one regret behind, it is that Mr. Jerome seems to make his nomination as Mayor impossible. Time may bring a change in that respect; but meanwhile we must not forget how vastly important he has made the office which he holds. Besides attending most efficiently to its routine work, he has made it in a peculiar sense a refuge of the oppressed and outraged. It is a wonderful tribute to the respect which his fairness and his honesty have inspired, that the threat to "go and tell Jerome" has been a bar to evil deeds all over this city, but especially in the regions where the poor dwell. And in many matters which might almost be called works of supererogation—in detection and prosecution and punishment of insidious offences, in making himself a sort of general referee, in standing as a kind of moral watchdog of the community—Mr. Jerome has given the District Attorney's office a power and significance quite unique. To retain him in it in preference to some dull tool of the Tammany or the Republican machine, is of incalculable importance.

Secretary Bonaparte has joined Secretary Root in denouncing municipal thieves who masquerade as Republicans. In an interview in the Philadelphia *North American*, he said that the man who is in politics simply for what he can get out of it "really belongs to no political party at all," and that the "professions of party loyalty" of a detected political grafter are simply "aggravations of his offence." Mr. Bonaparte is a Republican, but he is as unwilling to have the sins of the Penrose machine in Philadelphia charged up to his party as he is to accuse the Democratic party of responsibility for the performances of alleged Democrats in Baltimore. It is for honest men in both parties to scourge out the thieves of either. Secretary Bonaparte was in complete agreement with Mr. Root that the Philadelphia criminals should be prosecuted relentlessly, and sent to jail if possible. He added, with mingled humor and good sense: "My own idea always has been that it is better for genuine reform to turn the rascals out of power first, and put them in the penitentiary afterwards."

Gov. Warfield of Maryland has discovered that the figures in the State printing bill, passed at the last session of the Legislature, were raised without authority from $18,000 to $25,000, and is said to be "hot on the trail" of those responsible for the change. State Senators and members of the House of Delegates are being routed out of their summer retreats to tell what they know about the history of the printing bill. The chief engrossing clerks are being rigidly questioned, and it is generally said that the measure, though signed by the Governor, will not stand. Maryland lawmakers are the more concerned over this "error" because of the discovery some time ago that a county primary election law had been tampered with in transit between the Legislature and the Governor. In that case some one slipped in the provision that every "delegate," instead of every "delegation," to a convention should be taxed $10, and that an intending voter might ask assistance of the election judges "for any reason." Though signed by the Governor, this law was held by the State courts to be invalid. Compared with the disclosures of crookedness in other State legislatures, Maryland might seem to be excited over a trifle. But it is a good thing when a State is unable to distinguish between petty and large when it comes to stealings.

Senator Mitchell of Oregon has been sentenced to six months in jail, in addition to a fine of $1,000. True it is that the Senator's counsel announces an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and that the Portland court granted a stay for that purpose. But the chances are that in the end the Senator, septuagenarian though he be, will find his way behind the bars. As it stands, the value of this conviction is enormous. It will long be remembered that a jury in Portland did its duty, and that a judge pronounced sentence without regard to the fact that the man before him was the most influential politician in his State. There must be considerable uneasiness among certain

Western Senators also interested in public land deals, as they read of Mitchell's sentence, lest they too should become intimately acquainted with surroundings very different from those of the Senate Chamber.

That edifying spectacle on which most of the country longs to feast its eyes—a Trust magnate behind prison bars—may actually be witnessed to-day. In the county jail at Lacrosse, Kan., there languishes a man who is certainly the first culprit imprisoned under the Kansas Anti-Trust law, and is believed to be the first man who ever served a prison sentence for violating any anti-Trust law. He was the secretary of the Kansas Grain Dealers' Association, and was arrested in 1902 on the charge of having formed a pool among the millers at Bison. His case was carried all the way to the United States Supreme Court, but unsuccessfully, and the Governor sternly refuses a pardon. Now the farmers of the county, which has 6,134 inhabitants, all told, are arranging excursions to Lacrosse so that they may gaze upon their one-time oppressor in durance. One could wish, of course, that the first victim of the people's righteous wrath might have had a more conspicuous career as an oppressor. We doubt, in fact, if the name of E. J. Smiley has anywhere been a household word. But even the smallest bun is better than no bread, and the taunt that no Trust promoter is ever deprived of liberty has in Kansas lost its sting of truth.

"The American people are worth serving," declares Secretary Wilson. So they are; but that they have a right to engage and retain or dismiss their servants is another proposition equally indisputable. The Southern Cotton Association, which first charged "leaks" in the Statistical Bureau, and whose president is now taking the lead in asking for Mr. Wilson's retirement, is able to make a rather impressive showing. The Secretary treated the original allegations of rottenness in his Department just as the Postmaster-General of three years ago did the Tulloch charges. He ridiculed them; and it was a real tribute to him that the public so generally accepted as perfectly satisfactory his assurance that everything was as it should be. It is now made known for the first time that, since taking office, the Secretary has summarily dismissed 290 employees, 107 of them on formal charges. It has not yet been announced, but it should be without delay, what were the grades of these culprits and their offences. It is conceivable that stern supervision of underlings might co-exist with extreme laxity as regards the more responsible officers. And, while the record shows that Mr. Wilson does not deserve the reproach of being entirely blind to faults among his subordinates, it does raise the question why, having discovered something like thirty-six derelictions a year on the average in his Department, he did not proceed to a still more thorough house-cleaning.

Last week's *Army and Navy Journal*, in commenting on the *Bennington* explosion, speaks out plainly about the deterioration of the Engineer Corps of the navy since its amalgamation with the line in 1901. The new order of things, it says, "quite unintentionally, of course, has impaired engineering efficiency throughout the navy"; and it adds that "the hope of building up an adequate engineer force from the warrant machinists has not been realized." The *Journal* also reports that engineering duty has not grown popular with the line officers, as the author of the bill, Mr. Roosevelt, and others, hoped it might. It finds that the young line officer detailed to the engine room is all too apt to perform his duty in a listless and perfunctory manner. This service paper also remarks that, while the amalgamation ended the long dispute between engineers and line, its "permanency is not altogether certain." Incidentally, the *Journal* thinks that there ought to be a free and full discussion of this old problem by the officers of the navy. This, however, is forbidden by an order of which the *Journal* says: "There never was a more unjustifiable application of the muzzling process in any navy of the world"—a statement which merits prompt attention from Secretary Bonaparte.

In a letter to the Portland *Oregonian*, Senator Heyburn of Idaho reaffirms his opposition to the forest-reserve policy of the Government. He says: "I shall carry this question into Congress with the determination to continue my opposition to the policy of the Forestry Bureau, as indicated by its action in Idaho, until these forest reserves are open to settlement for *bona-fide* homesteaders." We suspect, however, that it is not Senator Heyburn's solicitude for the homesteader alone that inspires him. When, last winter, a movement was set on foot to divide Kootenai County, an area about equal to the State of Connecticut, it failed in the Idaho Legislature because it could not be shown that the population was sufficient to support two county governments. The homesteader had not been attracted. On the other hand, the lands in Idaho which the Bureau proposes to reserve are covered with valuable timber which the lumber companies would like to secure, and this fact supplies a motive for Heyburn's bitter opposition. He and his kind, who have adapted the old exhortation so as to make it read, "Grab, saw, and sell to-day, for to-morrow we die," are utterly unable to fathom the motives of men like Chief Forester Pinchot, whose talk is all of preservation, reforestation, and the influence of forests on rainfall. Naturally, Senator Heyburn is indignant at the report that he had slackened in his fight for the poor Idaho homeseeker—and the land-grabbers.

The appearance of yellow fever at Tampa and its spread in New Orleans recall the fact that it was not to the men of New Orleans, but to its women, that the city owes the drainage and sewer system which it possesses. The men were too much concerned with business to give their attention to this vital matter, and so their wives and sisters were forced to arouse public sentiment and obtain the necessary appropriation. It is characteristic of all our coast cities, too, that as soon as trouble is at hand there is a demand that the Federal authorities come to the rescue. When all is well, there is no end to the talk of State sovereignty in quarantine matters. But the instant that yellow fever or plague or cholera appears, there is a cry for national aid and leadership. Unquestionably, the epidemic in New Orleans will bring up afresh the whole question of Federal sanitary control of our harbors. Only we shall go about it shamefacedly this time, realizing, we hope, that Cuba may feel a grim bit of self-justification at the sight of our dilemma. Consider the outcry and the reproaches of our press if yellow fever were making such ravages in Havana. By our official attitude in forcing hygienic stipulations into the Platt amendment, we committed ourselves to the view that yellow fever is a filth-disease; that nothing but criminal indifference can allow it to invade a city, and that the United States would be justified in forcibly interfering in Cuba if she did not keep her ports free of the disease.

The insidious character of tariff burdens comes up every now and then for exposure. A distinguished publicist is reported to have said that it is highly probable that even a very thoughtful toper does not taste the tax in his whiskey. But this is far from certain. On Thursday, at the annual convention of the Coöperative Savings and Building Loan Associations at the Murray Hill Hotel, a delegate presented a paper entitled "The Tariff Tax on Homes." Mr. Leubuscher, the author, contended that the tariff on building material served at the same time to swell the profits of Trusts, who sold the same materials at lower prices abroad, and enhanced the cost of building modest homes in this country. He computed the increase in rentals caused by the tariff at something like 20 per cent. more than it otherwise would be. Of course, the

Pennsylvania delegates protested against this view. The tariff, according to them, puts us all on a higher plane of prosperity, and so enables us to afford the higher rentals. However, it has never yet been demonstrated that the tariff jacks us all up to the same extent upon the higher plane of prosperity. Surmise, moreover, is busy over the prospect of the distance we shall all have to drop when the artificial, all-round process of everybody's lifting everybody else by the bootstraps stops. It is certain that some day every tub will have to stand on its own bottom.

Superintendent Kilburn does not figure particularly well in the matter of the German Bank of Buffalo. In his answer to the committee of creditors, Mr. Kilburn admits that, after the bank had been closed as insolvent, last December, he reopened it for part of a day, then closed it again. During the period of reopening, $355,000 deposits were withdrawn—necessarily to the prejudice of other depositors. The excuse for the reopening is not especially convincing. Mr. Kilburn had appealed to the directors to advance the funds required to save the bank, and they had not responded. The Buffalo Clearing House had refused assistance. Yet the bank, says the Superintendent, "was reopened on Monday morning in order that the directors might not be in a position to say that I gave them no opportunity to support the bank and save it from ruin." In view of the fact that the institution was already insolvent, this apology will impress the banking world as extremely flimsy. It is quite of a piece with the Department's policy in the Merchants' Trust affair, when a bankrupt institution was knowingly allowed to go on doing business for a year or more, in the cheerful hope that some way of realizing on its assets might turn up. The Superintendent failed entirely, in both instances, to recognize the fact that his office was created to protect primarily, not the officers and shareholders of the bank, but the depositing public.

Insurance Commissioner Cutting of Massachusetts, whose authority in the ranks of insurance experts is high, has taken up the Equitable scandal in his annual report. In so doing, he carries his inquiry into the causes of mischief beyond the mere question of negligence or corruption in this one great institution. His analysis of the true meaning of the moral downfall of the Hydes, the Alexanders, the Depews, and their numerous confederates, is striking. It repeats, indeed, the conclusion to which most thinking men have come, that the Equitable rottenness was not much more than an incident in the financial methods and practices of the day—exposure in that one case, as Commissioner Cutting himself points out, being a result more of accident and of an internal quarrel than of any effort by the public to learn the truth. The Commissioner's comments on the situation, from the life-insurance point of view, are trenchant. He criticises unsparingly the entire system of "deferred dividend policies" out of which, in his judgment, the malign possibilities of the Equitable situation grew. He describes this policy as a "demoralizing form of contract which is responsible for a large part of the evils of life insurance, and which ought to be prohibited in every State for a longer period, without an accounting, than five years, as has been done recently by the Legislature of Wisconsin. It is, he holds, a direct provocative to extravagance, waste, and corruption, and is favored by the great life companies, in his opinion, because the system "supplied such enormous accumulations, which can be used for expenses and the policyholders be none the wiser until their deferred-dividend periods have expired." Naturally, control of huge sums of life-insurance capital for selfish purposes and schemes could not fail to be facilitated by this system. "That the ethical standard was lowered amid such conditions . . . is an indictment not merely of the accused," but of long-current business practices.

One risk which the Kaiser took when he assented to an interview with the Czar was that any hitch in the movement making for peace would be imputed to Germany. There is a section of the British press and people profoundly Teutophobic. It is not surprising that this contingent already sees the malevolent hand of the Kaiser in the present trend of affairs in Russia. The Czar's assurance to the Orenburg clergy that he will never conclude "a peace shameful to Russia," is distorted to mean that the Kaiser begged the Czar to continue the struggle with Japan. The raiding of the houses of the officers of the late Zemstvos' executive committee and the seizure of their papers are interpreted to mean that the reactionary policy of Russia has been taken up anew at William's insistence. "Once again," says a cablegram from St. Petersburg to London, "Germany appears destined to play the part of Russia's evil genius." Since the publication more than twenty years ago of that clever sketch, 'The Battle of Dorking,' describing an imaginary invasion of England and its subjugation by Germany, there has been nothing that so "gets on the nerves" of John Bull as the German Peril. It unfortunately presents a possibility by which an unscrupulous Prime Minister who thought more of keeping in office than of his duty to his country, could build up and solidify his majority in the House of Commons. It is only fair to say that Mr. Balfour has hitherto resolutely refused to play with fire of this kind.

Among the minor signs of Mr. Balfour's impending fall is the growing levity or disrespect of the press—even the Tory press—in dealing with his misfortunes. When *Punch*, still the favorite of the aristocratic party, takes to caricaturing a Conservative Premier, it shows how small is his expectation of political life. Still more ominous is the changed tone of the London *Times*. This thick-and-thin apologist of the powers that be is beginning to scold Mr. Balfour almost shrilly. Referring to his fiasco in the matter of redistribution of seats in the Commons, it said that he had "given his Government a harder knock than the Opposition had been able to inflict," and added that "there is something ridiculous in the spectacle of a Government embarking in this light-hearted way upon an important enterprise without taking the most elementary precautions." When his followers cheered their leader next day, the *Times* said that this was certainly "generous" in them, after his "Parliamentary mismanagement." It appears to be true that Mr. Balfour told his party, in his confidential speech to the rank and file at the Foreign Office, that he would resign at once were it not for the delicate posture of foreign affairs. This confirms the justice of a remark made by a predecessor of Mr. Balfour's in the Premiership: "After a short term of high office, the holder almost invariably thinks himself admirably fitted for it."

While indemnities are being determined upon and passed around gratis, as it were, China has resolved to put in her own modest little claim for $100,000,000, or thereabouts, for damages done to Mantchuria by the contestants. China has also notified the Powers that whatever may be the peace terms arranged at Portsmouth, Mantchuria must be restored to China intact. Perhaps these pronouncements are mere bluffs, intended, as some diplomats think, to indicate an assertive foreign policy on China's part. Or they may be based on an Oriental notion of equity in that some remuneration may fairly be due to a neutral whose fields have been trampled and whose villages have been destroyed by the struggles of others. The warrant for China's reimbursement would seem better grounded morally if it could be shown that China had not virtually abandoned the *de facto* administration of portions of Mantchuria before the actual campaigns began. It is also probably true that the Chinese claims would stand a better chance of recognition if the military and naval power of the Flowery Kingdom were not as yet so despicable.

THE PERSISTENT DEFICIT.

The first month of the current fiscal year ended on Monday. It yielded a handsome addition to the steadily growing deficit of the Federal Treasury. Even discounting the heavy disbursements that are normally made in July, the adverse ledger balance of something like $14,000,000 for the month must give us pause. A slightly larger shortage for July, 1904, was the precursor of a deficit of approximately $24,000,000 for the fiscal year that closed but a month ago. What are the Administration's plans for meeting this impending danger?

From the Executive we hear little or nothing. President Roosevelt has never professed more than a slightly contemptuous interest in finance. Except for occasional and highly abstract praise of economy in his messages, he has hardly taken up the national finances in a serious way. His interest is rather wrapped up in the objects on which he would like to spend money. "Let me only name the subjects of appropriation, and let who will frame the revenue-raising measures," seems to be his song. From Secretary Shaw we get almost as little light on the situation. He has become of late only a sort of glorified accountant. His failure to guess the size of last year's deficit was explained as a "clerical error," and it is commonly understood that he is only a *locum-tenens* anyway. The Shaw Presidential "boom," it might be guessed, could hardly be inflated by projects for lessening the Treasury deficit. His favorite device on the stump—"Sing 'America'" —will not conjure coin into the vaults. He reminds one of Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer who sat by the pool of a "bottomless deficiency, fishing for a budget."

The only sign of appreciation of the gravity of the business, or of leadership to apply a remedy, is found in the Congressional paladins, especially Mr. Cannon. The prospective Speaker no sooner appeared in Washington than a plan was unfolded to meet the difficulty. Mr. Cannon is talking "economy," and to that end will select a chairman of the Appropriations Committee who will have to take a solemn, cheese-paring oath. Mr. Allison in the Senate will cooperate. The plan is to wipe out the deficit by operating solely on appropriations. All revenue legislation, such as restoring Spanish war taxes or laying sacrilegious hands on the Dingley schedules, is to be avoided. Mr. Cannon is said to feel that any revenue legislation, if mooted, would bring tariff revision so strongly to the fore that he could not bottle up again the genie now confined in the Dingley bottle.

Of Mr. Cannon's plan it may be said that it is an example of the good being an enemy of the best. Economy is welcome from any quarter, but not the economy of the penny-wise, pound-foolish variety. Moreover, Mr. Cannon's scheme, ingenious as it may be as a quietist movement, does not go to the root of the matter. Besides neglecting the possible shrinkage of customs receipts which cannot be presumed to keep forever at the present level of $262,000,000 per annum, the scheme will be wrecked because it neglects the ever-growing demands of our insatiable policy of Imperialism. *It cannot be made too plain that the one preponderating cause of our swollen expenditure and of our chronic deficits is the unheard-of augmentation and swollen outlay on army and navy.* The "raids on the Treasury" which Mr. Cannon is going to head off are petty matters in comparison with the constant demand for a huge navy. Even pensions have fallen astern of the ever-growing cost of the mailed fist. The following table (in round hundreds of millions) will elucidate the matter:

EXPENDITURE (FISCAL YEAR).

	1897.	1904.	1905.
Civil and miscellaneous	90	*186	146
War	48	115	122
Navy	34	102	117
Indians	13	10	14
Pensions	141	142	141
Interest	37	24	24

*Includes $54,600,000 for Panama Canal and Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

Even the new method of tabulating expenses which the Treasury has strategically adopted, and which will lessen the totals under War by charging to public works and buildings a part of the outlay previously assigned to War, cannot disguise the facts. The necessary expense of the Spanish war has served to dupe the country or lure the country into bearing the present enormously swollen outlay, especially on the navy.

A weather-wise financier who looked ahead not only beyond the present year, but even beyond the next election, would take due heed of another element in the situation. Declining business activity is always quickly reflected in a lessened yield from indirect taxes. When the next slump comes, the present deficit will grow by leaps and bounds. The past two years have been years of plenty, and the curiously constant receipts of the Treasury may well be held to be the maximum our present revenue laws can bring forth. Thus, the Treasury's income for the past two fiscal years has been made up as follows:

	1904.	1905.
Customs	$262,013,079 07	$262,060,528 14
Internal revenue..	232,873,721 48	233,464,200 89
Miscellaneous	46,628,843 85	47,899,130 21
Total	$541,515,644 40	$543,423,859 24

Failure to allow for a marked abatement in revenue when the hour of declining fortune strikes, is hardly less than financial blindness. If the withdrawal of a fraction of the Treasury's balances from the national banks must be carefully planned to avoid difficulty, one can guess what a sudden and sweeping withdrawal of those balances, prompted by dire necessity, would occasion. The present is the time to provide against the recurrence of deficits; but so long as extravagant policies are continued, unjust and oppressive revenue laws continued in force, and only surface remedies applied, the problem is not only not solved—it is not touched.

NOT LETTING IT "BLOW OVER."

"After this disturbance blows over," said Senator Depew, on landing with a little less than his accustomed joviality on Saturday, "the Equitable will be the same as before." So will everything else, he implied—characters and confidence will be restored, though they seemed lost forever, and it will be a merry world again. The Senator is a proved expert in the art of forgetting. It is essential to his peculiar brand of optimism. One who has before been known to retire into his cyclone cellar, to emerge triumphantly after all has blown over, may be excused for imagining that simply lying low a short time will make people forget even such a scandal as the Equitable's. But hot anger makes good memories; and we believe that any man concerned who thinks to set all right by a discreet hiding of his head in the sand, is pretty certain to have the *vis a tergo* of Carlyle's famous figure applied to him.

The very worst advice that could be given to Americans to-day is to shrug their shoulders and hasten to forget the revelations of rottenness in both their private and their public business, which have cut them to the quick. It may not be pleasant, but it is wholesome, to keep the eye fixed upon all this sorry affair—to see corruption steadily, and to see it whole. *Memento* in large letters should be written up at the bed-foot of every professional optimist who hopes to sleep away the whole thing and rise in the morning radiantly forgetful. It is one of the marks of a fool to refuse to consider his folly or to profit by his past mistakes; and if we wish to be set down as a foolish nation, we shall make haste to push aside as ancient and irksome history the records of our disgrace. To be able to keep angry six months has been offered as a definition of good citizenship. It is certainly the sort that these times call for. We do well to be angry with those who both have taken our purse and robbed us of our good name; and every time that a smug Depew exhorts us to think of the good time coming when all this will have blown over, honest men should sternly point to the bad time present, with an indignant "Lest we forget!"

A sharp jog to the memory was given by the Attorney-General on Monday in his announcement of suits against the whole board of Equitable directors. There appears much to commend in his

statement of intended procedure. He is not to bring suit under the vexed clause 36 of the Insurance law, forbidding a director or officer of an insurance corporation to "receive any money or valuable thing for negotiating, procuring, or recommending any loan from such corporation." As Attorney-General Mayer says, this clause has never been construed by the courts, and "its meaning is, from a lawyer's standpoint, much in doubt." We have ourselves seen the clause interpreted very differently in different "opinions" that have been sought as to its intent and effect. This uncertainty is, no doubt, a strong reason why that section should be judicially interpreted at the earliest day possible, or why the Legislature should amend it so as to make its language more precise and unmistakable; but it also constitutes a valid argument for the Attorney-General's proceeding under some other law, if he finds one available and adequate.

He has, in fact, elected to bring suit under section 1781 of the Code of Civil Procedure. This provides for actions to compel directors to "account for their official conduct in the management and disposition of the funds and property committed to their charge"; also, to "pay to the corporation which they represent, or to its creditors, any money, and the value of any property, which they have acquired to themselves, or transferred to others, or lost, or wasted, by a violation of their duties." Under this broad grant of power, it seems clear that the Attorney-General may compel a searching judicial inquiry into the whole Equitable scandal. Individual and official responsibility can be rigidly inquired into and legally established, while personal liability to make restitution, or to be criminally prosecuted, may be fixed by the courts. The power both to investigate and to punish seems ample, if it be boldly employed.

One obvious advantage of the method of a sweeping inquiry, such as the Attorney-General proposes, is that it will apportion blame. Though all the directors are to be sued, it is not contended that all are alike guilty. The action should clearly bring out the shades of guilt. If certain of the directors have profited personally by virtue of their trust relation to the Equitable, that will be made to appear, and separate suits, civil or criminal, may then be brought against them. If others have been simply negligent, and have allowed mismanagement, extravagance, and unlawful diversion of funds to go on without due diligence in preventing it, the courts will settle the extent of their liability. As the Attorney-General states, the suits which he is first to bring will include both those directors who have "done active wrong" and those who have "neglected their duty." The result cannot well be other than to get such a judicial determination of the responsibility, and the accompanying obligations, of a director of a great corporation as we greatly need. If the courts are able also to decide in what sense the surplus belongs to policyholders—whether for mere purposes of tax-dodging or for their actual benefit—so much the better.

The great thing is that legal machinery is at last to be set in motion. We are not to let all this blow over with our criminal American good nature. Somebody is to be arraigned. Somebody, we hope, is to be made to smart. Unless our State and county prosecuting officers are able to bring some of these rich swindlers to justice, we shall have to transpose the nots in the definition of the law, so as to make it read: "The very least *not* feeling her care, and the greatest exempted from her power."

MILITARISM IN TROUBLE.

Addressing Parliament recently in behalf of his proposal to reform the British volunteers, Mr. Arnold-Forster, the War Minister, admitted that Lord Roberts and other officers high in the army believed universal military service to be the only remedy for England's military ills. He added significantly: "Well, neither Lord Roberts nor I have any commission to impose upon the people of this country conscription, and I think it is not wise to plan your remedies upon the supposition that this particular method of filling up your army will be adopted by the people of this country." No minister could more frankly admit that conscription is as hopeless in England as it is in America. There was a time, after the Boer war, when the chagrin of the English public at the military blundering in South Africa made compulsory service loom up in the political horizon as a possibility. It was only for a moment. No Prime Minister, however Imperialistic, would dare to urge it. Instead, we have a harking back to infant rifle clubs—to the old picture of England defended by butchers and candlestick-makers lying behind hedges in the dress of militia or volunteers. Kiplings may rage as they please, Robertses and Kitcheners make the welkin ring with their demands for a government more devotedly military—the British electors will have none of it.

As a result, the struggle in England is to improve the citizen soldiery. Japan has led the way with hers; why should not England follow on? True, history fails to record infant inhabitants of Tokio spending half their childhood at the butts, but none the less the volunteers are uppermost in the hearts of the English ratepayer, as Mr. Arnold-Forster found out when he tried to improve them by cutting them down in numbers—"weakening and ultimately ruining" them, his opponents called it. But the Secretary for War was not content with refusing to consider conscription at home. He had something to say about its working abroad. It was, he observed, becoming "less and not more popular" on the Continent of Europe. "The bow is being very tightly drawn," and for this reason also it was idle to think of the principle of universal military service being planted in English soil. Mr. Arnold-Forster was correctly informed. Those nations which have had their strongest bulwarks in conscription, are not of late quite so sure of themselves and their strength. This is not merely because of the spectacle of thousands of unwilling Russians being butchered in a cause of which they know little and care less. The increasing education of the masses has been quietly doing its work for decades past. Moreover, the development of a great industrial state like Germany sets people to thinking. The terrible sacrifice involved in withdrawing from productive employment more than 600,000 men for periods of from one to three years is becoming more and more widely understood.

But there is still another ominous symptom which is fixing attention and exciting anxiety in Europe. It is the attitude of the Socialists. An observer in Paris during the recent Moroccan excitement was struck by the total absence of a desire for war, particularly among those generally ready, in their ignorance, to toss their caps and hurrah, as did the Parisians when Louis Napoleon started for Berlin. There is about as much real cause for war in 1905 as in 1870. But there was no belligerent response from the people when the politicians sounded them to find out where they stood. The average Frenchman was perfectly satisfied; ready to let the diplomats fight it out, and quite as earnest as John Bull in his desire to be let alone. And the Socialists, from Jaurès down, would not hear at all of war. They, like the followers of Bebel in Germany, have got one truth into their heads, however much trash they may have stored away besides. It is that the burdens of war fall heaviest upon the poor man—the first to be sacrificed and the last to be asked whether he desires to immolate himself.

Herein lies one of the greatest hopes of peace and disarmament abroad; and it is not to be sneered at or ignored because it has become the cult of men who include in their creed doctrines detrimental to human progress. It is the German Socialists who speak out even louder than the Liberals in their protests against the wanton waste of treasure for the sake of militarism. When Bebel attacks the army estimates, even the Chancellor tries to brand him traitor, and the attitude of his party towards the army is watched with never abating eagerness. For the powers that

be are beginning to perceive the growing hatred of the military spirit and all it stands for, which is one of the striking developments in Germany to-day.

Lordly imperialists the world over are to be commiserated with upon this state of affairs—they who always think in terms of continents. For when the hour of sober reckoning comes, somehow there is a surprising number of Little Englanders. Lord Roberts may point the way, but what can he do when even the Prime Minister says an invasion of England is impossible? His pet bogey is gone. So we here were to have had a grand army with reserves of all kinds after our Philippine adventure. Instead, there is, after seven years, a most distressing desire to cut down further estimates for the navy, a total indisposition to increase the army, and a lamentable desire to attend to our own affairs and fall back upon our old sublime confidence that the Seventh New York Regiment can lick the whole world, including the Canadian Militia. True it is that there is to be a campaign for a coast-defence reserve, a torpedo and submarine mine corps, and what not, on the assembling of Congress. But Congressmen have small minds; they care somehow much more for the deficits which, whether here or abroad, are so ruthless in checking military ardor. As Mr. Arnold-Forster plaintively and, we fear, weakly, remarked: "Whoever sits at the table at the War Office has also to consider the question of the financial ability of the country to bear the burdens of the military defence of the country thrown upon it."

THE CASE OF NORWAY.

The present political crisis in Norway has given rise to several publications designed to affect public opinion outside of that country respecting the controversy with Sweden. Among these may be mentioned a pamphlet on the history of Norway, intended for free distribution among the members of the International Council of Women, written by Miss Gina Krog, president of the Norwegian National Council of Women; a pamphlet entitled 'The Kingdom of Norway as a Sovereign State,' by A. C. Drolsum, chief librarian of the University of Christiania; and Fridtjof Nansen's 'Norway and the Union with Sweden,' just issued by Macmillan. Miss Krog's pamphlet is published in English, Mr. Drolsum's in Norwegian and English, Nansen's slender volume in Norwegian, English, German, and French; evidence of the importance attached by the Norwegian people to the English-speaking world's gaining a correct and sympathetic understanding of their cause. Norway has for generations been unable to communicate with the outside world through official channels of her own, and her patriotic children, therefore, had to undertake the task privately. Drolsum and Nansen to a large extent cover the same ground, but the former treats his subject in a more impersonal, purely historical way. Nansen says in his preface: "I have tried to the best of my ability to state everything on the basis of the most trustworthy and most recognized authorities, and have obtained the counsel and assistance of leading men of the most divergent political views." He writes, nevertheless, in a more personal vein, not entirely *sine ira et studio*, even if he has succeeded, as he ventures to think, in framing "a neutral and reliable statement of what has happened and of what is the opinion of the Norwegian people."

His first chapter is an historical introduction of twelve pages, in the first place combating the common but erroneous conception that Norway is a young nation. On the contrary, it is one of the oldest kingdoms of Europe, for when Harold the Fair-haired, finally overcoming the petty monarchs, founded it in 872, Alfred the Great had been King of England for only a year, while the history of Sweden was still veiled in the gray mist of prehistoric dawn. It happens, too, that the earliest extant commercial treaty concluded by England with a foreign state was that made with Norway in 1217. Nansen deals briefly with those dynastic vicissitudes which in the fourteenth and following centuries brought Norway into union, first with Sweden, then with Denmark and Sweden, and finally with Denmark alone, until, by the treaty of Kiel of January 14, 1814, the King of Denmark was compelled to cede the throne of Norway to the King of Sweden.

The Norwegian people, however, while acknowledging the King's right to release them from their allegiance to him, did not propose to be transferred like cattle to a foreign potentate. An assembly of representatives from the different parts of the country was accordingly called to meet at Eidsvold, near Christiania, and this assembly, on May 17, 1814, adopted a Constitution and elected a king. This charter the Norwegian people claims has now again become operative by the failure of King Oscar to perform his duties as a constitutional monarch; and the circumstance explains why, under the present provisional government, the country is still styled the Kingdom of Norway, though temporarily without a king.

The King of Sweden, on his part, was not disposed to give up the idea of winning Norway, and Swedish troops therefore were, on July 28, 1814, sent into the country under Bernadotte. The campaign, mainly of a demonstrative character, lasted only two weeks. The only general action, on the northern wing, resulted in a victory for the Norwegian arms, while on the southern wing the Swedes took possession of a fortress which the Norwegians had already decided to evacuate and had stripped of its heavy guns; but the Swedes were unable to take the strong fortress of Fredriksten. Meanwhile, Bernadotte opened negotiations with the Norwegian Government, for reasons still debated. Some historians have maintained that, with a statesman's intuition, he foresaw that the Norwegians would be more valuable partners in a union which they entered voluntarily and on essentially their own terms, while military writers have judged the prospects of a successful campaign rather doubtful. Perhaps the attitude of the other Powers also gave occasion for some misgivings. At any rate, Bernadotte, on August 14, 1814, in the name of the King of Sweden, concluded a truce with the Norwegian Government and signed the convention of Moss, under which the Storthing was immediately to be called in extraordinary session to discuss the question of a union with Sweden and adopt such changes in the Constitution of May 17 as would be rendered necessary. This new Constitution was adopted on November 4, and on the same day King Charles XIII. of Sweden was chosen King of Norway. Contrary to the contention of some Swedish politicians and some foreign publicists, Norway entered into this agreement not as a conquered country.

The basic principle of the Union, as afterwards established by the Act of Union (*Rigsakt*) of August 6, 1815, was the equality of the two kingdoms and the independence of each in matters which did not affect the Union, or, as Bernadotte himself expressed it in 1815: "The Crown recognizes the principle of complete equality between the two kingdoms in all questions concerning their joint government." And the same equality was expressly recognized by the Estates of the Swedish Riksdag in 1815. It is to be noted, further, that the Act of Union established no bond between the two countries outside of the King's person, which guaranteed community of action on the question of war and peace. Each kingdom preserved in other respects its full sovereign entity, its separate army and navy, fiscal system, etc.

Equality was never fully carried out in practice. "We had," says Nansen, "to wrestle over the King's Norwegian title, over the inscription of our coinage, over our flag, and the arms of the kingdom." Especially in the treatment of foreign affairs has equality never been exemplified, and Norway has had to fight incessantly for a position more in consonance with the basic principle of the Union and the dignity of her people as a sovereign nation; but it is only fair to state that the royal family—apart from Bernadotte himself—have, as far as it has been within their power, considering that they had

to seek their main strength in Sweden, supported Norway's cause. Several joint committees were appointed to try to ease the friction—first, in 1839, consisting of four Norwegians and four Swedes; but its report, rendered in 1844, was pigeonholed by the Swedish Government and never acted on. Another was appointed in 1865, after several years of incessant bickering as to the abrogation of an article of the Norwegian Constitution giving the King the right to appoint a vice-regent for Norway; the Swedish Government and Riksdag having long maintained that they should be given an opportunity to express themselves as to changes even in articles of the Norwegian Constitution not embodied in the Act of Union. The report of this committee, rendered in 1867, was voted down by heavy majorities in both the Storthing and the Riksdag. The third committee, consisting of seven members from each of the two countries, was appointed in 1895 and reported in 1898, without, however, having been able to agree on any proposal—in fact, having split into two Norwegian and two Swedish factions.

Meantime the consular question had come to the fore in Norway, because both the great Norwegian political parties were agreed about the country's right to settle that question in her own way. On the initiative of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, a committee of experts from the two countries was appointed on January 18, 1902, to consider the ground of controversy. On July 26 it reported unanimously in favor of the establishment of separate consular services for the two countries. Negotiations carried on between the two governments resulted in the drawing up of a protocol under date of March 24, 1903, fixing the principles upon which separate consular services were to be arranged by further negotiations. But the Swedish Government, after having allowed nearly two years to elapse without complying with the terms of the original protocol, introduced into the negotiations several new questions which had never been touched upon in the preliminaries, and which, by the Norwegian Government and the whole Norwegian people, were pronounced tantamount to a denial of Norway's right as a sovereign nation. A new Union committee, proposed by the Crown Prince as Acting Regent, was not entertained. On the contrary, the Norwegian Storthing adopted a bill providing for a separate Norwegian consular service. When Nansen's book was written, the fate of this bill was still undecided, and in his last chapter ("The Political Situation within the Union at the Moment") he discusses what will happen in case sanction be refused.

FUSTEL AS A SOCIOLOGIST.

The recent commemoration of Fustel de Coulanges has led to an outbreak of hostile feeling eminently characteristic of France, a country where everything seems capable of being turned to political account. How such an incident confirms the views of Mr. Bodley and other censors of French temper, we shall not pause to inquire; but it may be worth the while of historians and sociologists to consider for a moment a by-product of the controversy. M. Gustave Fagniez, author of 'Le Père Joseph et Richelieu,' has contributed to the *Réforme Sociale* an interesting article on the methods and outlook of Fustel, with special reference to a possible affiliation between his principles and those avowed by the disciples of Le Play. It will be remembered that the *Réforme Sociale* was founded twenty-five years ago to promote the cause of social peace, and has, in dealing with sociological questions, taken as its point of departure the cardinal importance of tradition. Without involving himself in the disputes which have grown out of the commemoration, M. Fagniez seeks to determine whether there can be found in the writings of Fustel any trace of a fixed attitude toward the main problems presented by sociology.

We may as well say at once that this is not a discussion of the well-worn arguments regarding the scientific status of sociology, but rather a definite inquiry as to the individual views of a most eminent historian. Every one who is at all familiar with the life and works of Fustel will remember the enthusiasm with which he advocated the dogma that history is a science, having laws of its own and holding a high place in the realm of exact knowledge. In the obituary notice of him written by M. Gabriel Monod for the *Revue Historique* there appeared the following anecdote: One day while Fustel was lecturing, his class broke in with applause. So far from accepting this token of appreciation as a personal compliment, he simply said: "Do not applaud me. It is not I who speak, but History that is speaking to you through me." All his deliberate utterances were marked by the same conviction. A patient and thorough study of the texts must lead to assured results, and disclose the nature of the process whereby man has advanced from age to age since the beginning of authentic records. It was indeed the process rather than the individual that Fustel cared to investigate. Even the heroic and overmastering personality of Charlemagne sinks from view in his account of the social and legal forces which controlled European life during the eighth century. Looking at man in the mass, his attention became concentrated upon institutions and their growth. Of all Darwin's contemporaries not one applied more closely than he the idea of evolution to the explanation of historical phenomena.

A curious passage in Fustel's will gives us an inkling of his attitude, both towards religion and towards man's spiritual relation with the past. "I desire," he said, "a service conformable to the usage of the French—that is, a church service. It is true, I am neither a communicant nor a believer, but I must not forget that I was born in the Catholic religion, and that those before me were also Catholics. Patriotism demands that even where one does not think as his ancestors did, he should at least respect what they have thought." Whether the Roman Church has cause to feel much satisfaction in being asked to perform a service on such terms may be doubted. Here we are only concerned to point out the sense of continuity which made tradition so large an element in Fustel's life and thought. He was not a believer, but many of his readers closed the 'Cité Antique' in full confidence that its author was a sincere Christian; and, according to M. Fagniez, his friends felt called upon in 1878 to let the Government know that he was not a clerical. Thus, while it was impossible to make out from his books what his private views were, no trace of harshness marked his attitude towards an ecclesiastical system whose growth he associated with an unfolding of the human mind.

Fustel, though not a sociologist by label, was, in M. Fagniez's opinion, a true fellow-worker with Le Play, whose disciples may derive material from both the 'Cité Antique' and the 'Histoire des Institutions Politiques de l'Ancienne France.' The 'Cité Antique,' tracing the development of the State through family life to a belief in the tutelary guardianship of dead ancestors, insists, with all the more force because it is not an argument, upon the determining effect of social forces. The solidarity of generations, the slow transformation of human qualities, the omnipresence of similar instincts are for Fustel the fundamentals of a system; and because he has a system in which collectivity, not individualism, is the ruling word, he draws close to the sociologists. In his mind the present was never divorced from the distant past, and his whole philosophy of history had for its starting-point the primitive custom out of which the modern institution has been evolved by the widening of the general consciousness. To the ordinary reader his distinctive conceptions will seem to stand out most strongly in the 'Cité Antique.' Yet, if one will but read between the lines, they are hardly less visible in the 'Histoire des Institutions.' As M. Fagniez points out, this work was separated from its predecessor by ten years and the Franco-German war, and lacks also the manifest unity of motive of 'La Cité Antique.' Yet, under grave differences of form, the two books are linked together by the strongest of intellectual bonds, an identity of outlook upon the process of social evolution.

Fustel acquired from Jules Simon a habit of mind which led him to question all conclusions that had not stood the test of rigid criticism. Hence, when he approached the study of the early Middle Ages, with its chief subjects in the contact of Roman and German, the status of the Church, and the origin of feudalism, he found it necessary to clear away a whole mass of reigning theories. Chief among these was the idea of an ancient racial antagonism between provincial and barbarian, followed by a contest of national enmity between Austrasia and Neustria. Nor did Fustel show himself less severe to prepossessions regarding the conflict of classes within the West Frankish realm. Avoiding all temptation to write the history of the sixth and seventh centuries in the light of the French Revolution, he looked for the facts as the texts

have preserved them, and made it a matter of religion to banish all inherited prepossessions from his mind. In his volume on 'Roman Gaul,' he says: "History is not an art of discussion apropos of facts; it is a science whose object is to find the facts and present them clearly." And again, in his volume on the 'Frankish Monarchy,' he comes back to the same position in the words: "History is a science; it does not imagine; it only sees."

From the remarks of M. Fagniez upon Fustel's principles and methods as an historian, it is not difficult to see why he should conclude that the sociologists have an ally whom as yet they have seldom claimed. One might even say that the features of resemblance are those of kinship rather than of alliance. Fustel was at one with the sociologist in giving individual leaders slight credit for determining the direction and pace of human progress. With the main contention of the sociologists he was also in accord, for how could one who claimed for history the character of a science, and held that social phenomena in the mass were more important than the most shining of private achievements, exclude sociology from fellowship with the sciences? If sociology had been called in his presence "our old foe, the philosophy of history, in disguise," he probably would have replied: "No; it is not an offspring of metaphysics, since it deals with human experience under its least capricious form—the life of communities, the efforts of collective man."

Familiarity with a wide range of social phenomena helps to soften the asperities of party hatred, religious intolerance, and social prejudice. The conception that both ideas and institutions represent but a phase in a long, unceasing train of historical evolution, is among the most fruitful ideas of our time. The impossibility of divorcing one's self from the influence of tradition is beginning to be recognized even by the radicals of more moderate aspiration. But when it comes to the theory of historical generalization and the statement of social laws, one may well doubt whether the views of Fustel and the sociologists will ever command universal assent. What is the part of hypothesis in historical interpretation? Can the imaginative faculty be eliminated by any investigator of the higher type, however much he may deplore and guard against its excesses? What do the selection and accentuation of certain facts to the exclusion of others mean but an assertion of private judgment? Were there any need of citing contrasted opinions upon these issues, we might place side by side with Fustel's doctrines the criticism that Mr. Morley has recently passed upon Professor Bury in his review of Frederic Harrison's 'Theodora.' But, for the present purpose, we need not go beyond the works of Fustel himself. M. Fagniez, after citing his somewhat disparaging allusions to Tacitus, continues: "In fact, Fustel de Coulanges was less exclusive than he wished to be. He did not forbid conjectures; only he always presented them as conjectures." Fustel and M. Fagniez are alike sincere in making this distinction between avowed hypothesis and assured fact, but scholars from beyond the Rhine will tell you that many of his statements are in truth hypotheses. He had a strong imagination, though he sought to prohibit its exercise; and much of his best work derives its value from the strength of his imagination in its interpretative form.

Another point of equal importance remains. M. Fagniez tells us that though Fustel did not expel hypothesis from the realm of history, he used it rarely, and under no circumstances would allow special influence to individuals as distinct from the anonymous coöperation of crowds. Here, one must believe, his dogma will fail to carry universal conviction, for if Carlyle was rash in obliterating the multitude for the benefit of demigods, it is a task more hopeless still to wipe out the great man altogether. If Fustel and the sociologists demand this sacrifice, they may indeed exact it from enthusiasts, but from the generality of thinkers, never. M. Fagniez for one admits the validity of a different standpoint in the following words:

"On peut certes la [l'histoire] comprendre assez différemment, on peut croire que les grandes évolutions historiques ne s'accomplissent que quand elles trouvent, pour les mener à bien, un homme ou des hommes supérieurs, capables de diriger les sociétés vers la réalisation des réformes, des transformations dont elles éprouvent le besoin sans posséder l'art de les faire réussir; on peut même soutenir que l'influence de ces hommes supérieurs peut aller, par l'exploitation habile des instincts, de l'ignorance et de la crédulité populaires, jusqu'à conduire les peuples là où ils ne veulent pas, où ils ne pensent pas aller."

We must reiterate in conclusion the belief that sociological studies, while they may qualify to some extent our inherited notions concerning the value of leaders and leadership, will never destroy the spirit of hero-worship. But, for Fustel de Coulanges, history had its sole meaning as a process of collective development.

THE EXHIBITION OF MEZZOTINTS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LONDON, July 20, 1905.

Different ages have found a different medium for their portraiture. The traits of Imperial Rome are read in the marble busts of emperors, and the bronze medals of the early Renaissance have handed down the features of Italian tyrants and humanists. But in England the eighteenth century sought a lighter expression than bronze or marble. The world, climbing down from its high stilts, no longer dabbled in heroics. Genius descended to earth, and art became softened with manners. The growth of social life awakened social interests, and humanity frankly acknowledged that it was chiefly curious about itself. It wished to gaze at its own resemblance, and, beside the more formal portraiture in oils, found in the mezzotint a means to contemplate its image.

A rich and perhaps unique collection of mezzotints has recently been left to the British Museum by the late Lord Cheylesmore. A selection from these, supplemented by others already in its possession, and arranged with great taste and skill by Mr. Colvin, the Keeper of the Prints, forms the present exhibition of English portraiture from the Restoration to the end of the Regency. It is this historic feature covering every side of life which will most appeal to the visitor. Some will find their chief interest in the dainty prints of great ladies, from Sarah Marlborough to Georgiana of Devonshire. And those who regard the age as one only of elegant trifling, should gaze at the portraits of great sailors, from Rooke and Rodney to Hood; and of soldiers, from "Butcher" Cumberland to "Butcher" Tarleton. The century, with all its many-sidedness, was in portraiture reduced to a single style. Grubb Street and Ranelagh bear equally the hall-mark of the age. One common pose and peruke united a multitude of callings. But inscriptions are fortunately there to remind one that, in spite of the resemblance caused by powdered wigs, mankind was not alike, and that differences really existed between statesmen like Walpole and chancellors like Somers, between thieving proconsuls like Warren Hastings and gallant highwaymen like Jack Sheppard, as they hang in the long gallery of portraits from the last Charles to the last of the Georges.

Although the eighteenth century does not call for strong emotions, it can never leave one indifferent. Unlike the sixteenth, it is no "velvet robe stained with blood," but a rustling silk and a lace frill. To hate requires as strong passion as to love, and there is too much of the Dresden shepherdess about its art for any deep feeling. According to our temperament, we are susceptible to its charm or despise its finicking; and our sentiment towards it determines our appreciation of the mezzotint as the most characteristic of its minor arts in England. For mezzotint etching is essentially English. In England it became acclimated and attained full growth. Hence the double interest of portraiture and nationality in an art as aggressively British as is everything of foreign origin transplanted to English soil. It little matters if its inventor was a Hessian captain Von Siegen, or that, like King William, it came over from Holland. Even its Continental history is linked in a way with the English nation. But Prince Rupert's association with it is too well known. The dashing cavalry leader became an etcher in mezzotint. Cromwell reaped at least this artistic benefit for his country that, though he scattered Charles's pictures at auction, he caused his nephew to abandon the sword for the rocker, and the cavalier exile created abroad what later became an English art. While Von Siegen's prints had resembled the stippling of his French contemporary, Morin, this royal nephew brought to his craft the gifted temperament of the Stuart race. In the very birth of the art, breaking away from the conventional portraiture, his "Standard Bearer," after a false Giorgione, and his "Executioner with the Head of John the Baptist" (a superb impression of this is at the Museum), attained a dramatic quality the mezzotint never afterward reached, and which his Flemish contemporaries, like Blooteling and Vaillant, could not approach.

In the Low Countries, the early practice of mezzotint etching coincided with the decay of art. Vandyck, whose painting would have lent itself so admirably to its use, died too soon. It was never successful in rendering the truthful realism of Dutch pictures. Those etchers who, like Valck, left Holland for England, were as poor stuff as Lely himself and the society they portrayed. The English court was then in a Gallic garb, and the clothes fitted badly. Windsor followed Versailles; Althea copied Astrée, and a French mistress ruled an English king. Two prints of Louise de Kéroualle, whom Charles made Duchess of

Portsmouth, are at the Exhibition, where those of the King and his less merry Queen by Sherwin, first of English etchers, have discreetly been placed back to back. There, also, are portraits of other charmers of that age—*La belle* Stuart, and Anne Killigrew and the Matchless Orinda. But whether we see them in mezzotint or in Lely and Kneller's oils, they are alike insipid and expressionless.

One remembers the reign of Anne rather in letters than by the arts. The etchers of her day are poor company, too slavishly bound by their craft's limitations, knowing not whom to follow. Unlike line-engraving or copperplate etching, the mezzotint is unable to stand alone. It has flourished only as a handmaid to painting, and needed the brush of a great artist to awaken it. If the first half of the eighteenth century is thus its dull period, the second is the golden age. In Fisher and Watson, in Val. Green and John Raphael Smith, the mezzotint attained perfection as an artistic medium in interpreting the masterpieces of Reynolds and Gainsborough. From their painting it drew the theme of its inspiration, and what it missed in depth and intensity it gained in warmth and charm. Few pictures can exceed in attraction the full-length prints of Lady Sarah Bunbury and Elizabeth Linley, of Mrs. Bouverie and the Duchess of Rutland. If the men of that age were arrogantly insular, the women were delightfully so. Seeing their portraits, it is easy to understand the caprices of the modern collector in lately rocketing the prices of the auction-room. There is no need for the initiated to despise this art of the eighteenth century as merely fit for the comprehension of bankers. It requires no such apology. And if in one sense it is best suited for the dining-room and the boudoir, if its qualities are only on the surface, its faults are no more deep-rooted. It is frankly sincere in its limitations, and pretends to be what it is—a charming *pastiche* of painting.

Like Latin poetry, the mezzotint passed through a silver age. In the early years of the last century, when the spirit of Waterloo and the mood of Byron were in Englishmen, a second generation of etchers—the two Wards, and George Dawe, S. W. Reynolds and Charles Turner, to mention the foremost—preserved in mezzotint the features of those who on either side of the Tweed had been painted by Lawrence and Raeburn; and the black shadows of the latter in skilful hands lent themselves splendidly to the treatment of the print. But the death-knell of the art had rung, and about 1820 the new process of steel engraving dealt it the fatal blow. But in treasuring the mezzotint in collections its charm will always evoke the savor of the eighteenth century. Modern utilitarianism will find in it, perhaps, another merit: if the paintings of the great age in English art were all destroyed, one could reconstruct them from the mezzotint, and with it the historic portraiture of the Georgian era.

LEWIS EINSTEIN.

Correspondence.

THOMAS'S "LYCIDAS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would be the last to question Mr. Andrews's (or any other man's) right to his own opinion of Mr. Harvard Thomas's (or any other artist's) work. But when Mr. Andrews undertakes to explain the manner in which I form my opinions, then I must protest. I am not in the habit of inflicting on the readers of the *Nation* my first impressions of whatever it may be, after a cursory glance. Mr. Andrews seems to object to my haste. I wonder he does not complain of my slowness. For, just as it was news to you to learn that John Harvard had left descendants, so it was news to me to learn that the selecting committee at the Academy, after refusing work submitted to them, begged that it might be presented again. Evidently this startling departure on the part of the Academy has become town talk in Capri before the rumor of it has had time to reach London. But I can assure Mr. Andrews that, whatever may be thought in Capri, in London I hold it a great distinction to differ from the unanimous opinions on art expressed in all the big and little journals, from the *Times* down—or up. If he knew those journals and their critics a trifle better, it might have occurred to him that, if the critics were so ready to agree, it was possibly not altogether because of their admiration for Mr. Thomas's "Lycidas," but because of the opportunity its rejection gave for a long-hoped-for attack on the Academy.

Mr. Thomas is to be condoled with for the sensation forced upon him. As I have said, there is nothing in the Academy to be compared with his fine statue. But even were it perfection, its merit would never have dragged it into sudden notoriety: it was because of its treatment by Academicians that it found itself suddenly famous in London. Mr. Andrews's appreciation for the work of his friend is charming; but he should remember—what I thought no one nowadays needed to be reminded of—that it matters not a jot how long an artist has labored over his work or how sublime his theories may be, it is by his achievement alone that he is to be judged.—Yours truly, "N. N."

LONDON, July 16, 1905.

LIBRARIES IN THE AZORES AND AT GIBRALTAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may be interesting to passengers by the southern route to Europe to know that there are at Punta Delgado in the Azores and at Gibraltar libraries well worth a visit. The one at Punta Delgado is in a monastery which, in common with all the others in the group, has been converted to the uses of either the central or municipal government. It is within easy reach of the port. The principal school, the Museum, and the Library occupy rooms surrounding the cloister. In the church is a model of a ship in gala rig, the only votive offering left. The Library contains some 20,000 books, mostly the result of collecting all the books from the suppressed monasteries. It abounds in early Madeira and Lisbon imprints. In addition to the theology are many books of science in French and Portuguese, many of these Transactions of scientific institutions. Naturally, there are many books on Columbus, including the works of Harrisse, D'Avezac, and the publications issued during the Columbus celebration a few years since. The oldest book was of 1515. A large private library, mostly of scientific books, has been deposited in the Library for use during the absence of the owner in Europe. The Library is supported by the city. The amount raised for books is $300; about as much is paid to the librarian. While the Library is intended for circulation, the character of the books is noteworthy. The circulation reaches 500 a year.

In Gibraltar, not unnaturally, the Library is under military control. It is known as the Gibraltar Garrison Library. The building is plain, but admirably adapted for the purpose. On the ground floor is the main library, on high shelves, mostly behind glass doors, beyond which is a ladies' room, opening on to a garden where at 4 P. M. is served afternoon tea. On the upper floor is a reading-room for men, on the table of which are many valuable atlases. Next to it is a fine room for smokers. All through the building the walls are covered with books; the collection must reach 60,000, including many of extreme interest on Gibraltar. The collection of the Gibraltar *Chronicle* is probably unique, being absolutely complete. I only had time to note that the first account of the battle of New Orleans which reached the Rock on March 18, 1815, spoke of British victory. The true version, with the letters of Keane and others, taken from the London *Gazette*, was published on April 18. The collection of the *Times* goes back only to 1870. A pamphlet on the Siege of Gibraltar published in London in 1782, which I had picked up in New York on the morning of sailing, seemed to be unknown.—Yours truly,

WILLIAM BEER,
Librarian Howard Memorial Library,
New Orleans.

NAPLES, July 18, 1905.

J.-J. ROUSSEAU AND THE "YELLOW PERIL."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Nobody seems as yet to have remarked that the first to prophesy the "yellow peril," and even the present war, was Jean-Jacques Rousseau in his little-read 'Contrat Social' (chap. viii.): "L'Empire de Russie voudra subjuguer l'Europe, et sera subjugué lui-même. Les Tartares, ses sujets ou ses voisins, deviendront ses maîtres et les nôtres; cette révolution me paraît infaillible." Voltaire laughed at that passage, and upbraided Rousseau for writing like the author of a popular almanac. Has any other writer of the eighteenth century understood the peril arising for Russia from her Eastern, not from her Western, neighbors?

Truly yours, SALOMON REINACH.

Notes.

The first volume of a German translation of Mr. Henry C. Lea's 'History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages' has appeared at Bonn with the imprint of Carl Georgi, as a portly octavo of pages xxxviii., 648. The translators are Heinz Wieck and Max Rachel, under the supervision of Dr. Joseph Hansen, Archivist of Cologne, well known for his researches in this field, who has

added such annotations as seemed desirable. For the remaining volumes he will have the coöperation of Prof. Herman Haupt of Giessen; so that the work appears under the best auspices.

Autumn announcements of the Baker & Taylor Co. are 'The Appreciation of Pictures,' by Russell Sturgis; 'Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts,' by Ralph Adams Cram; and 'Romances of Old France,' by Richard Le Gallienne.

The new edition of 'Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World,' now proceeding in charge of Messrs. Angelo and Louis Heilprin, will show an increase of some 27,000 names, two-thirds of which will appertain to the "domain" of the United States. It may be expected in October.

The new edition of Kenyon Cox's 'Old Masters and New,' announced by Fox, Duffield & Co., is to be illustrated.

An exhaustive Concordance to Tennyson, modelled on that of Mr. John Bartlett to Shakspere, has been undertaken by Dr. H. L. Hargrove of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, and is well along towards completion.

'Womanhood in Art,' essays by Phœbe Estelle Spalding of Claremont College, Los Angeles, is in the press of Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. It will be illustrated.

The Oxford Clarendon Press is to bring out in four volumes a translation of the Works of Lucian of Samosata by H. W. and F. G. Fowler.

The illustrated catalogue of the loan collection of historical portraits which was on view at Oxford last spring, will be issued immediately from the above University Press (New York: H. Frowde). The portraits are those of English historical personages who died between 1625 and 1714, and nearly seventy of them are illustrated in the catalogue, to which Mr. Lionel Cust contributes an introduction.

A unique and interesting periodical, which, however, has ceased publication, is the *South Polar Times*. It was issued monthly by the officers of the National Antarctic Expedition on board the *Discovery* during the long and dreary winters of 1902 and 1903, among other diversions to lighten the monotony of the perpetual night. Its contents range over a wide field, grave and gay, scientific and humorous, prose and poetry, including a diary of events and the proceedings of the Debating Society. A striking feature is the numerous illustrations, both in color and in black and white. Some are by Dr. Wilson of the animal life, particularly the penguins, while others are pictures of life on board ship, and silhouettes and caricatures of members of the expedition. There are 500 quarto typewritten pages, and, provided subscriptions enough to cover the expense are received, a limited number of reproductions in absolute facsimile will be issued.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the Public Papers of George Clinton, First Governor of New York, have issued from the office of the State Printer at Albany. The period covered by the earlier is from June 1, 1781, to January 1, 1782, when the Revolutionary series comes to an end; its index will, we are told by the State Historian, be published separately. Volume viii. deals with peaceful matters. The editing is, as usual, eccentric. There is an assortment of portraits, views of buildings, maps, and other facsimiles, interesting in themselves at least.

Considerable inedited material concerning Aaron Burr's conspiracy is contained in appendices ii.-iv. to the third Annual Report of the Director of the Department for Archives and History of the State of Mississippi, just published.

A 'Documentary History of Dunmore's War, 1774,' has been compiled by Dr. Thwaites and Louise P. Kellogg from the Draper MSS., in the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society. It is a private enterprise, is inexpensively manufactured, and limited to 1,000 copies. The editors have served the need of students by inserting in their footnotes copious references to documents whose bulk forbade their use in this collection. A portrait of Lord Dunmore is prefixed.

One of the latest issues in Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co.'s handy "Belles-Lettres Series" is 'Selected Poems by Algernon Charles Swinburne,' edited, with introduction and notes, by William Morton Payne. In form and method Mr. Payne's introduction must be pronounced a model. We find him somewhat too lenient when he remarks that "a certain diffuseness is the condition of success in the long and swinging metres, which best exemplify his [Swinburne's] powers"; from this very diffuseness, in fact, arises too often an obscurity which is Mr. Swinburne's greatest fault as a poet. With what the editor has to say about Mr. Swinburne's theological and political views we are in full accord; the indiscretions of the poet's youth have too long been laid up against him. The selection of poems could hardly be improved upon. The editor's grouping of the poems according to form certainly justifies itself in the case of Mr. Swinburne, of whom it is true that "between the poems of his youth and those of his maturer years there are no marked differences of artistic finish." The notes are exemplary for their concise and lucid statement.

'Ireland's Story,' by Mr. C. Johnston and Miss C. Spencer (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is intended for "schools, reading circles, and general readers." It begins with the picturesque traditions of the Baltic invaders about 2000 B. C., and closes with an account of Wyndham's Land Purchase Act of 1903. The interest of the book is mainly political, but a few pages at the end sum up Ireland's achievements in literature. The Irish literary revival is, of course, not forgotten, and there are some good characteristic passages quoted from Yeats, Russell, and the rest. The authors of the book are extremely sanguine as to the future of Ireland and the Irish race. For the latter, indeed, no anxiety need be felt; the Irish have shown a vitality and a power of recovery that have never been surpassed. But unless the leak at Queenstown is stopped, unless by some miracle Ireland becomes commercial instead of agricultural, the future triumphs of the Irish will not be in the land of the race. The writers of the present work have managed to condense a vast amount of information into their sketch of some 400 pages. The illustrations are numerous and fairly good, and the work is written without any unnecessary rancor towards the English, such as often disfigures books inspired, like this, by a spirit of patriotism.

Mr. H. C. Davis of Balliol College, Oxford, has done a very useful piece of work in getting up a reprint of Jowett's translation of Aristotle's 'Politics' (New York: Henry Frowde). He has furnished Jowett's excellent translation with a much-needed index, an analysis and introduction, the last containing a brief account of Aristotle for the general reader. The reprint, which is in a small and convenient volume, will be found especially useful by students of political science who are not students of Greek. Not that even students of Greek in this country can be supposed to read their 'Politics,' when they read it at all, in the original. Aristotle as a whole in America has become even for Greek scholars merely a work of reference. We have often heard this fact regretted and invidious comparisons made with Oxford, where the traditions of the schoolmen still linger and Aristotle is read as diligently as Plato himself. Every honor man at Oxford (and Cambridge, too, for the matter of that) reads the 'Ethics' and a part of the 'Metaphysics,' while the 'Poetics' must, of course, be known by heart. That is all very well, and nothing else would be creditable where men devote three or four years of university study exclusively to the Greek and Latin classics. But in this country to read more than the 'Poetics' would hardly profit a student, who in any case must leave much of the best literature of Greece untouched for sheer lack of time. Every thorough student should have the 'Poetics' by his side when he is reading the Greek tragedians, partly because it is interesting to see what plays an intelligent Greek preferred and why; partly because no one can understand the history of the drama in Europe unless he knows Aristotle's prescription for making a tragedy. For the rest, Aristotle is one of the few authors that gain by translation. He is "the master of those who know," but the artist doesn't merely "know," he invents, or speaks to you of things that are not matters of knowledge. There must be an ingredient of Aristotle in every scholar who is *teres atque rotundus*, but it is not for Aristotle's sake that we must all read Greek if we want to appreciate other literatures; and it is for that appreciation and for that alone that the study of the Greek and Latin classics will still be pursued.

Of considerable value to the anthropologist is the 'Album of Philippine Types,' mostly of Christians and Moros, published under the auspices of the Philippine Exposition Board (Manila, 1904). The work was directed by Daniel Folkmar of Paris. Besides the photographs, physical measurements of several sorts are given, including the cephalic and the nasal index. Forty-three provincial types are represented. Inasmuch as the subjects were taken from among the inmates of the great Bilibid prison, we might suspect their typical quality; but comparative measurements are given to show them to be approximately typical of their several provinces. From the standpoint of the technical anthropologist it is a pity that the photographs should be of the head merely. On the whole, even to the accustomed eye of the student of backward races, these specimens look like a bad lot. Undoubtedly they, as criminals, misrepresent the type in this respect.

Daily Consular *and* Trade Reports has been since Monday, July 17, the title of the publication issued by the Bureau of

Manufactures, Department of Commerce and Labor. It is more attractive, in some respects, than the old issue, is printed on both sides of the page, and so will contain more material, and there is apparently to be distinctively editorial work upon it. We welcome these improvements as signs of the growing appreciation of this Government publication. It is interesting to the general reader as giving in compact form glimpses of the industrial and commercial progress of the whole world. But to the manufacturer of goods for foreign markets and the merchant who places them, it is of inestimable value. Especially noteworthy are the numerous extracts from reports showing how other nations, particularly the Germans, succeed in building up a foreign commerce, and the clear, practical information as to how American goods can win like success.

The evolution of Russian Government is the subject of the opening article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for July. The author, Prof. E. A. Grosvenor of Amherst College, attributes the fact that the Middle Ages ceased in Russia with the accession of Peter the Great, two centuries and a half later than in Western Europe, mainly to the influence of the vast plain which constitutes the European empire. Mountains, at once a bulwark and defence and an inspiration, were denied this land. He briefly sketches the political history to the present time, showing how all advances began at the top and worked downward. The people have again and again opposed attempts to establish a constitutional government, preferring the paternal rule of "The Little Father." Consequently still everywhere, in the village mir as well as in the Imperial Senate, his power is felt, justifying the Slavic proverb, "In Russia two are everywhere, God and the Tsar." Mr. E. Hioki of the Japanese Legation maintains that the purpose of the Anglo-Japanese alliance is the maintenance of peace, and closes with the assertion that Japan has no desire for the Philippines, and does not threaten the United States commercially. He looks forward confidently to the continuance of peaceful and harmonious trade relations between the two countries. There are numerous illustrations of Russian scenes, including a most interesting and attractive picture of the Tsar and his family.

Sir Clements R. Markham's services in the cause of geography for more than half a century are commemorated in the *Geographical Journal* for July, beginning with his farewell address as president to the Royal Geographical Society, in which he chronicles the progress of discovery in the twelve years of his presidency, emphasizing especially the promotion of geographical education, which has resulted in the establishment of schools of geography in the leading universities. The closing pages contain the speeches at the banquet in his honor, that of the new president, Sir G. T. Goldie, being practically a biographical sketch. From this it appears that Sir Clements began his life-work as a member of the Arctic expedition of 1850-51. Among the fruits of his explorations in South America, chiefly in the forests east of the Andes, occupying from two to three years, was the introduction of the quinine-bearing cinchona tree into India, where it has produced incalculably beneficial results to large sections of the Indian people. Mr. Markham accompanied the Abyssinian expedition of 1867-68 as geographer, and was present at the storming of Magdala. His later years have been largely devoted to the practical encouragement of exploring expeditions. It should be added that he has been president of the Hakluyt Society for some fifteen years and has edited several of its publications.

The tide of interest in the group of doctrines called pragmatism, anthropomorphism, humanism, radical empiricism, will-to-believe-ism, instrumentalism, and by several other names, does not seem to abate. There is a "pragmatist club" in Florence, and several members of the review *Leonardo* have been considerably taken up with a controversy on the subject between Signor Mario Calderoni and a writer signing himself Giuliano il Sofista. Professor Vailati has touched upon the dispute in the *Rivista di Psicologia*. The last number of the Geneva *Archives de Psychologie* contains an article written by Professor James in French, and even more charmingly than he writes in English, because more clearly, in which he maintains that the distinction between thing and thought is exclusively functional, and by no means ontological. There are pragmatists who, holding that an ontological distinction is a distinction only so far as it is functional, will see in Professor James's doctrine only a fine elaboration and extension of the theory of immediate perception. It is, at any rate, a fine stone to be added to the edifice the humanists are building up. It is, so far, a house at war against itself concerning not inconsiderable questions; but perhaps this will not endanger its stability, and it certainly renders the discussions more interesting.

Scholarships for American women in English universities on the lines of the Rhodes scholarships for men are to be founded by the Society of American Women in London. At a recent meeting (July 3) of the Society, the scheme was broached, and the hope expressed that the coöperation of the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America, comprising about 700,000 members, would be secured. The scholarships will be tenable for one year, and will be open to two students from each State.

Bavaria, which about a year ago opened its three universities to women on exactly the same terms as to men, has gone one step farther, and now permits women to matriculate also in the technological institutes. During the present summer semester ten women are regularly inscribed in the Institute at Munich.

The Imperial College of Applied Science, which it is proposed to establish in London, is the latest proof that at last Englishmen have grasped the truth that money intelligently applied to the scientific guidance of industry is one of the best investments in the world. They have seen industries which have originated in England drift away to Germany, and have reached the conviction that, if they are to hold their own in the modern industrial world, British students must have facilities for technical instruction equal to those which exist in France, Germany, and the United States. A committee was appointed more than a year ago, of which Mr. R. B. Haldane is chairman, to see how this could be brought about. A preliminary report has just been published which formulates a plan for the union of the many agencies for scientific training in London under one supreme council in which the Board of Education shall be represented. It also recommends the establishment of a department affording a full course of instruction in the mining and metallurgy of metals produced in India and the colonies. A site at South Kensington will probably be provided for the buildings by the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, and a gift of half a million dollars is promised by a London business firm as soon as the scheme takes practical shape. The Government, too, will grant an annual subsidy of £20,000.

German literary journals note with pleasure that the Finnish people, notwithstanding political oppression at the hands of Russia, continue their learned interests unabated. The excellent Finnish Literary Society is publishing a series of translations of classics in philosophy. Plato's 'Gorgias' and the writings of Descartes have recently been followed by a two-volume translation of Rousseau's 'Émile.' At the same time the Society published a second instalment of popular Finnish melodies and songs.

The most noteworthy recent death in the literary circles of Germany is that of Father Heinrich Denifle, who died in Munich while on his way to Cambridge to receive from the English university the theological doctorate. Denifle's researches, particularly in the pre-Reformatory religious life of Europe, were so conspicuous for scholarship and independent thought, that he was one of the few Catholic savants whose investigations were recognized by Protestant scholars also. All the greater was the surprise, to friend and foe, when, three years ago, Denifle, who had in the meanwhile become "sub-archivarius" in the Vatican Library, came out with the first volume of a Luther biography, depicting the Reformer as a voluptuous and evil-minded man. Luther's own words, especially in his 'Table-Talk,' were largely used for this portrait. This led at once to bitter controversies with Denifle's former Protestant friends; the leading discussion, that with Harnack of Berlin, ending in Denifle declaring his opponent a "liar."

—A year ago the management of *Harper's Magazine* made an arrangement for a careful study of conditions in Africa, especially as concerns the slave trade, which the Berlin Conference was supposed to have ended, but which did not yield as readily as the more sanguine had expected. Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, who is at the head of the present expedition, makes his first report in the August number, dealing chiefly with matters about the trading points down the West Coast, where the ravages of one of the deadliest climates on earth are aided by the barter of intoxicating drink "which profound knowledge of chemistry and superior technical education have enabled the Germans to produce in a more poisonous form than any other nation." Concerning the coast as a possible place for enterprising settlers, Mr. Nevinson is utterly pessimistic. "Until the white man develops a new kind of blood and a new kind of inside, the coast will kill him." As to the natives, he sees no hope in the older ideas of the rights

of man and equality in the sight of God. It is only in a small and diminishing circle in England and America that these phrases retain their influence, and with the men who control the destiny of Africa they mean nothing at all. Mr. Nevinson is now in the interior. Prof. Simon Newcomb discusses anew the question whether life exists in the universe outside the limits of our own sphere. In his view the logical probability is that there are many other spheres existing under practically the same conditions as the earth, and therefore probably inhabited by similar forms of life. Professor Lounsbury, having demonstrated in previous articles that usage, and not the grammars and dictionaries, constitutes the only standard of correctness in language, proceeds now to show that in many of the most troublesome cases we are entirely devoid of knowledge as to what the preponderance of good usage really is. The outcome of this discussion seems likely to be an endless harvest of statistical dissertations on minute points of English style from the English departments of our universities.

—Professor Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton continue to find ample material for their 'Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada' (Toronto: Morang & Co.). The ninth volume, which covers 1904, takes in about four hundred titles, and furnishes what to all intents is a complete bibliography of its subject for the year past. While no extensive work of great importance on Canadian history, geography, or economics, has appeared during the year in question, the number of creditable monographs is rather larger than usual. Chief among these, in our opinion, stands a life of Talon by Thomas Chapais, which is entitled 'Jean Talon, Intendant de la Nouvelle France (1665-1672).' Other valuable studies are 'Les Normands au Canada,' by the Abbé Gosselin, Gen. Robinson's 'Life of Sir J. B. Robinson,' the lives of Papineau and Cartier by Alfred DeCelles, Dr. Ganong's 'Dochet Island,' and the 'Death of Dulhut,' by the late William McLennan. Among documents, the "Relation par Lettres de l'Amérique Septentrionale," by Father Camille de Rochemonteix, is perhaps the most valuable collection. Among books of travel, Hanbury's 'Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada' seems to have received more notice than any other work, and is certainly an interesting, straightforward account of unusual experiences. Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton may be said to have proved their talent for organization, since year after year they keep together a representative and widely scattered staff of reviewers. The two most extensive contributors to the present volume are Mr. J. H. Coyne and Prof. A. F. Chamberlain—that is to say if we except the editors, whose own articles continue to be unsigned. We must not neglect to mention among the biographies of men recently deceased a Life of Principal Grant, by W. L. Grant and Frederick Hamilton, and a Life of Principal MacVicar, by J. H. MacVicar. Both these books deserve the attention of those who would be familiar with the progress of education in Canada during the past forty years. A singular slip occurs on the last page of the publication in a notice of Sedgwick's 'Parkman.' After alluding to the refusal of Laval University to give Parkman an LL.D., the reviewer proceeds: "It is strange, indeed, that neither the University of Toronto nor McGill University should have thought of filling the breach." But Parkman received an LL.D. from McGill; and, what is more, Mr. Sedgwick says so.

—Mr. Heinemann has issued an *édition de luxe* of the Catalogue of the Whistler Memorial Exhibition, held in London last winter under the auspices of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, of which Whistler was the first President; his official and friendly relations with the Society continuing until his death. The text of the ordinary edition sold during the exhibition has been carefully revised. To make any kind of catalogue of Whistler's work, as any one who has attempted it knows, is extremely difficult. For his prints, various authorities already exist; but etchings and lithographs hitherto uncatalogued are constantly appearing, nor is it always easy to trace the various states. To the Catalogue of the London Exhibition alone, fifteen etchings and twenty-three lithographs, never described before, were added. But the great difficulty begins with the paintings, water-colors, and pastels. Old catalogues of the exhibitions in which they were first shown may be found and consulted, but the titles Whistler usually gave them make their identification an almost impossible task. Harmonies in Gray and Silver or Blue and Gold, as it may be, occur again and again, and it is only when he also gave a very necessary sub-title that one can decide exactly which was the special "Harmony" sent to a certain exhibition in a certain year; though, even then, there is the further difficulty that, having given a picture title and sub-title, he was not incapable of changing both. However, the compiler of the International Catalogue has done his best; further information was collected while the pictures were on the walls of the New Gallery; and, in the *édition de luxe*, dates are added in the great majority of cases; a fact that immensely increases the value of the catalogue as a record.

—This edition is illustrated, and the illustrations are numerous and, as a rule, admirable. Some of Whistler's paintings, the "Nocturne Blue and Silver—St. Mark's," for instance, could not be reproduced satisfactorily by any method or process, and the block, giving none of the color or mystery of the original, is bound to tend to smudginess. Two or three of the pastels might have been omitted. But these are the few exceptions. The greater number of plates and blocks are astonishingly good. The "Old Battersea Bridge," the picture just bought in England for the nation, to take one example, is reproduced simply by process, but the quality and tone of the painting are wonderfully well kept; while the plate after the portrait of M. Duret has only to be compared with the two reproductions—one in color—in M. Duret's book on Whistler, for its excellence to be realized. Altogether the Catalogue is of very great value and interest to every student of Whistler and his work. Moreover, it is sure to have the further virtue of rarity, the greatest of all virtues to the collector. It has been issued in a very limited number, only to subscribers. Already the ordinary catalogue, which went into five editions and was exhausted before the close of the exhibition, has been sold for five and ten shillings, so that it seems likely the *édition de luxe* will at once be in demand among the people who buy books not only for their own pleasure, but as a good investment.

—We have received Part I. of the 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Monde Latin,' edited by Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis. It is a quarto of nearly 300 double-column pages, containing more than 2,000 biographical sketches from Aars to Carretti. The editor's purpose is to make a sort of 'Who's Who' of all persons now living who have written about the Latin world. The largest number of sketches belongs naturally to Italians, but there is a fair proportion of French and Spanish names, and a sprinkling of at least a dozen other nationalities, including the Rumanian, Swiss, Russian, Belgian, Scandinavian, German, Portuguese, British, and American. Especial attention has been paid to scholars, so that we find here the authors of important works on Latin philology, archæology, and history, not less than poets and novelists. The sketches are compiled after Vapereau's model, a little more diffuse than those in the American 'Who's Who.' M. Brunetière, for instance, is honored by a two-column notice, in which, as in many of the others, there is a personal note; but, in general, ten or fifteen lines suffice. An examination of many of the entries shows that the work has been well done. Except for evident typographical slips, we have observed few misstatements, the most amusing being that which describes Augustine Birrell as "femme auteur anglaise demeurant à Chelsea." Equally amusing is this declaration, in the notice of Sir Alfred Austin: "Lorsqu'on a songé en 1896 à donner un successeur à Tennyson, on pouvait choisir entre Austin et Swinburne: le choix tomba sur *le plus mélodieux des deux*"! Are we to infer that this was one of the cases where the celebrity himself supplied the sketch? The great usefulness of the work for reference does not need to be pointed out. It gives information not otherwise obtainable about thousands of European scholars and writers. Incidentally it promotes Prof. De Gubernatis's patriotic desire of uniting, intellectually at least, the members of the Latin race, and of bringing to their knowledge the works of their friends of the northern races. Being written in French, the dictionary is accessible to every one. It will be complete in four parts, the last of which will be ready in the early autumn. Prof. De Gubernatis proposes next year to found an *Annuaire du Monde Latin* to continue and amplify his plan. The dictionary, which scholars and libraries can hardly do without, is published by himself at Via S. Martino in Macao, No. 11, Rome.

—The monthly lists of current publications relating to bibliography and library economy, etc., which Dr. Adalbert Hortzschansky contributed during 1904 to the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*, have now been collected into an annual volume under the title *Bibliographie des Bibliotheks- und Buchwesens*. As the compiler states in the preface, completeness has not been aimed at; only such titles have been selected under the heads of Book Industry and the Book Trade as have been considered of in-

terest to librarians, and not even the literature of libraries contains all that is known to have been published; larger space has been given to German than to foreign institutions, to scientific than to popular libraries. This limitation of the scope of the work is unfortunate, though it was presumably to some extent unavoidable in a first volume. We hope that future volumes will at least remove the ban on the popular libraries, thus giving a reasonably complete survey of German librarianship in all its branches. The omission of the *Blätter für Volksbibliotheken* is presumably explained by this limitation, but if so, why include the *Borromäus-Blätter?* The period covered by this volume does not coincide with the calendar year, but consists of the latter part (from October) of 1903 and the major part of 1904. It is, therefore, futile to mention omissions. Nothing but unintentional oversight, however, can explain the omission of the *Revista Bibliografica Catalana*, or of the 'Accessions-Katalog' of the Swedish libraries. The arrangement of the material is also open to some criticism. It would seem, for instance, that few persons would care to get a survey of everything that has been published during the year concerning a single library, compared with those who would like to know what library catalogues have been issued, what library reports, or what historical or descriptive works about single libraries. Under the heading "Cataloguing," we find a few miscellaneous titles of articles on cataloguing, indexing, and classification; but Dr. Erman's article outlining his plan for a coöperative cataloguing of German libraries is found under "Works relating to Several Libraries: Germany and Austria," while Mr. Jast's article entitled "A Simple and Economic Plan for Founding a Catalogue Bureau for Public Libraries" has been classed among material relating to Popular Libraries and Reading Rooms. A singular error, which seems to indicate that the compiler has not always examined even publications that have been within easy reach, is found on page 88, where Mr. H. R. Plomer's article, "Secret Printing during the Civil War," printed in the *Library*, is classed under "Bibliography of History: United States and Canada." A reliable, comprehensive, international bibliography of current literature about the Book remains a desideratum.

—Within recent weeks items of much interest have been announced through bulletins and circulars issued by the various astronomical observatories. The sixth satellite of Jupiter was discovered by Mr. Perrine at the Lick Observatory in January, and the tenth satellite of Saturn by William H. Pickering at Harvard College Observatory in April, both by means of photographic plates. The latter moon has a period of twenty-one days, and its distance from Saturn is a little less than that of Hyperion, also discovered at Harvard in 1848. Late in May the first winter snow appeared on Mars, as reported from the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona. It covered an immense area, and surrounded the old polar cap in its Arctic regions. In the same month the Martian canals were photographed at Flagstaff, some of them appearing on more than twenty negatives. From Harvard comes a May circular on the variations of brightness in the four most brilliant satellites of Jupiter. Because of optical illusion, or subjective effect, making them appear faint when very near the planet, a series of measures was made to determine any actual change, with the polarizing photometer attached to the 15-inch telescope at Cambridge. In the order of their brightness they always stood III, I, II, IV, but no evidence of variation can be traced during the time these measures were being made. Of perhaps greater general interest is the bulletin announcing the discovery in the Small Magellanic Cloud of more than 900 variable stars, on sixteen plates mades at Arequipa. The number of stars photographed (with adjacent clusters) is about 280,000—showing thus a large proportion of variables. One of the latest Harvard bulletins gives notice of a probable new star, R S Ophiuchi. Usually the life of such a new object is marked by its sudden appearance in a spot where was no star before, and a gradual fading away until it retreats into a gaseous nebula. But this star has been carefully observed for some years, and both its spectrum and light curves indicate that it should be regarded as a veritable Nova, rather than one of the mysterious brotherhood of variables which, flaming dramatically into photographic negatives, soon fade beyond the reach of even the most sensitive plates.

—Contributions (numbers 1 and 2) have come from the Carnegie Institution at Washington, relating to solar observations at Mount Wilson, in California. Comparisons with observations made upon the sun at Pike's Peak, Mount Ætna, and Mount Hamilton show that Mount Wilson is perhaps the best of all, the solar image being more perfectly defined on many more days; and altogether it offers unusual qualifications for a solar observatory. Five illustrations are given of the mountain, its ascent by horses drawing astronomical material, and some of the buildings and instruments, with full descriptions. It has been decided that families of the mountain astronomers shall live in Pasadena, easily reached in two hours and a half, rather than to isolate them in this high altitude colony. Also, that the extensive machine shops of Los Angeles shall be utilized instead of transporting heavy mechanical material to the summit. Usual complications of remote observing stations are thus largely eliminated, and special work can proceed unhampered.

THE VENN FAMILY ANNALS.

Annals of a Clerical Family: Being Some Account of the Family and Descendants of William Venn, Vicar of Otterton, Devon, 1600-1621. Macmillan & Co. 1904.

This simplest, though most laboriously accurate, of domestic chronicles is at once a series of very truthful and interesting biographies, and also a weighty contribution towards the history of a religious movement which has affected the whole life of modern England. "In pious memory of devout and worthy ancestors," writes the author of the Venn family annals, "these pages have been gratefully compiled." This sentence hits off with exquisite precision the leading traits of the whole family. A reviewer who looks at the Annals mainly from their domestic point of view, may wisely take this dedication as his text, and try (though the task is one of some difficulty) to expound its full meaning.

The external fact which immediately arrests attention is that the line of Venns, who have for three centuries been zealous ministers of the Church of England, constitutes in strictness an ancestry of which any descendant may be gratefully proud. For centuries there has never been wanting a descendant of William Venn of Otterton (himself a clergyman) to render good service to the Church of England as a minister of the national church. In the long clerical succession, which extends from the time of Elizabeth till towards the close of the reign of Victoria, are included by the writer of the family annals five men at least of marked individuality, of high character, of great practical capacity, whose lives cover a period of some 200 years. Each of them commanded general respect, each exerted powerful religious influence; but, of the positions of honor and emolument with which the Church of England has rewarded at times the virtues and not rarely the demerits of the clergy, the descendants of William Venn of Otterton have had practically no share. No one of them has, so far as a reader can observe, occupied an ecclesiastical office of higher dignity than a canonry. Not to receive honors is in this case an honor; but the consistent neglect, alike by prime ministers and bishops, of clergymen marked by acknowledged virtues and talent may excite some curious reflections in regard to the benefit derived by a nation from the maintenance of a wealthy and established church. The long and hereditary succession of eminent clergymen is a phenomenon well worth notice. At a time when clerics or clericalized laymen of undoubted zeal for what they deem religion demand reconciliation with (or, in other words, submission to) the Church of Rome, it is worth notice that an unmarried priesthood, whatever its other merits, can never produce that inheritance of virtue handed down from father to son which, in some families at any rate, distinguishes the married clergy of Protestant countries.

What, however, was the essential characteristic, or, in other words, the inherited peculiarity, of the Venns? The answer is not hard to find. The note of the family character was the combination in each one of its members of the two qualities of devoutness and worthiness. This assertion means something much more than the statement that the clergymen whose lives are recorded in the Venn family annals were good men. This fusion of devoutness with worthiness is not a thing of every-day occurrence. Devoutness means a supreme interest in religion, or, if we consider the quality as it existed among the Venns, the habitual and hereditary tendency to regard the performance of duty in the light of conduct pursued under the influence of the love or fear of God. By worthiness, on the other hand, is meant the possession in a very marked degree of those qualities, such as bravery, honesty, ability, and common sense, which rightly command the respect of Englishmen. Now it is absolutely impossible to hold that devoutness or piety and strong practical ability are virtues which constantly, or it may be even usually, coexist. The Duke of Wellington and Sir

Robert Peel in England, Washington and Franklin in the United States, are considered, whether rightly or not, as the representatives of a sense of duty and assuredly also as men of marked ability, but the word devoutness is hardly the expression which any man would apply to these national heroes. On the other hand, the annals of religious history abound in men marked by devoutness, but yet hardly to be called persons of strict common sense or immense practical ability. So obvious, indeed, is the tendency towards the severance of the gifts suited to obtain success in this world from the sentiment or the characteristics which are popularly associated with the idea of piety, that, by a natural though most unjustifiable prejudice, the mass of Englishmen are but too much accustomed to conceive that saintliness excludes the idea of common sense, and forget the most valuable and Biblical identification of wickedness with folly.

Now every page of the Venn family annals proves that each member of what we have termed the clerical succession possessed exactly the qualities of loyalty, energy, honesty, and capacity which lead to deserved worldly success, and that these secular virtues were with each of them lighted up and elevated by intense devoutness. In all of them were to be seen the virtues of good laymen combined with the ardent piety which popular imagination, at least, associates with the idea of a spiritually-minded clergyman. No family was so entirely clerical, no clerical family was ever so free from the vices of priestliness. If in an age when readers hold that nothing in human nature is interesting but that which is sickly, strange, or abnormal, the piety which gives a nobler touch to the virtues of every-day life—and these virtues themselves—seem to be common and uninteresting, the true answer to this depravity of taste is given by a novelist and a poet. "When you have lived to my years," said Scott to his daughter, "you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

This enhancement of English worthiness under the inspiration of hereditary devoutness reappears, though under different forms, in all the conspicuous members of the Venn family. Consider the career of Richard Venn of St. Antholin's, London, who first among the family made the Venn character tell upon the general life of England. He led the studious but active life of the London clergy, contrasted by Macaulay with the bulk of their country brethren. He may have seemed much like the high and dry churchmen of his day. His general conduct and his studious disposition commended him to the esteem of distinguished scholars, but he was much more than a commonplace clergyman. A romantic escape from the temptations offered by a beautiful though married woman to a handsome young man, crowned as it is by the description of his kneeling down at midnight in a solitary church to pour out thanks to Heaven for his escape from moral evil, blends a touch of romance with a sense of religious enthusiasm. His bravery is witnessed to by exploits which might do credit to any man's courage. The mixed sternness and affection displayed in the education of his children explains in part how the absolute and instant obedience to conscience was implanted by him in the hearts of his children, and handed on as a precious heirloom from one generation to another. The intrepid spirit of a man who could say with truth that he had never felt fear, was transformed by religious enthusiasm into heroic resistance to everything which he deemed to be wrong.

The Government of the day wished to promote to the bishopric of Gloucester one Dr. Rundle, who had once used in Venn's presence language which no man, whatever his opinions, could fail to feel unbecoming in the mouth of a clergyman, and which Venn and the religious men of the day felt to be blasphemous. It was a time of clerical apathy. Bishops who condemned the appointment of Rundle knew not how to prevent it. Richard Venn was bolder than the whole Episcopal bench. He announced that he would publicly at Bow Church protest against the appointment of Rundle, and ground his opposition upon the indecency of Rundle's language. He was known to be a man of his word. Offers of preferment could not seduce him, the threat of poverty could not drive him away from the path dictated by his conscience. Dr. Rundle never filled the See of Gloucester; the incumbent of St. Antholin's sacrificed every chance of preferment.

In the life of his son, Henry Venn of Huddersfield, you find the characteristics of the father repeated in a man, however, of essentially different character. You have still the combination of lay virtues with religious enthusiasm. In one sense this Henry Venn was the most eminent of his family. He threw himself heart and soul into Evangelicalism (which, be it remembered, was then the new spirit that gave fresh vigor and life to the religion, to the morality, and even to the politics of England). That Henry Venn was one of the most effective of preachers no human being can doubt; that his 'Complete Duty of Man' met the wants of the time (1763) is certain. Its success was rapid and wide; shortly after its author's death twenty editions had already been sold. This sort of manifesto of the Evangelical views may now strike us as one of those sermons which a reader "is accustomed to glance at and dismiss." But indeed no age can ever do full justice to the ethical or religious addresses which affect another. The simple truth is, that the best sermons owe their effectiveness to their harmony with the needs and feelings of the audience. All moralists teach pretty much one lesson. The great preacher is the man that teaches it in terms which go home to the men of his age. Still less can we hope that essays or sermons can reproduce the personal charm of their author. That Venn of Huddersfield possessed an element of strong personal attractiveness is clear. A colonel who had heard of him as a Methodist met him and treated him for a short time with haughtiness and reserve, but at last was fairly overcome by his conversation and manner. "Talk of Methodists," said the officer to his sister, "why this Mr. Venn is one of the most agreeable men I was ever in company with." Yet this teacher, with many of the graces of a man of the world, displayed on his deathbed an almost passionate religious fervor. He felt a triumphant joy in death. "Your father," said the doctor to Venn's daughter, "would have died a fortnight ago if it had not been for joy at dying."

Of the subjects of these family chronicles the last is John Venn of Hereford (1802-1890). In him the hereditary union of piety and practical ability took its very most lovable, and, in the eyes of a student of character, its most original form. He began his career as a layman. As one of the most brilliant of the civil servants trained at Haileybury, and as a young man who displayed during his short career in India the abilities and the high moral character which were an earnest of success in the civil service of the East India Company, he seemed destined to occupy a high place among the administrators who in the first quarter of the nineteenth century governed and extended England's Indian empire. Ill health compelled him to return to England after little more than a year's residence in India. He again displayed his aptitude in learning at Cambridge, and gained university honors which proved an innate capacity for success. Under the influence, however, of Simeon, he took orders, accepted a small living, and, as the vicar of St. Peter's, Hereford, passed all the working years of a long life in the zealous discharge of parochial duties. To many men this sacrifice of worldly ambition might have been a lifelong disappointment. We doubt whether he or his relations ever felt the exchange of a probably brilliant for an almost unknown and very lowly remunerated career to be a sacrifice. He had, after all, returned to what one may call the sphere of work natural to and hereditary in his family. Nor, one may suppose, was the transition from the position of a layman to that of a clergyman more than a change of occupations. We may feel sure that in any case John Venn, whether at Hereford or in India, would have discharged the duties of life with rare ability and under the influence of religious devotion.

Still, the family character took in his case a very special turn. He exhibited, as his biographer notes, a very special kind of intellectual gift. He was

"a remarkable instance of a rare type of mind. He was one of those who, without the slightest pretence of scientific knowledge, seemed to possess an almost intuitive capacity of assimilating by conversation and observation every scientific suggestion which is able to help forward the practical schemes which they have at heart. He was the polar opposite of those who read everything that comes out and apply nothing."

Hence his ardent desire to save the souls of his parishioners was combined with an equally ardent wish, and, what is rarer, with an infinite capacity for devising plans, for their temporal benefit. With little knowledge of political economy, his common sense and insight led him to anticipate many of the methods now suggested by charity organizers for the management of allotments and loan societies for the benefit of the poor. Though without any socialistic leanings, he achieved one reform at least in which a Socialist might justly triumph. He created at Hereford a mill where all the flour should be honestly ground, and all the profits whereof above (if we remember rightly) 5 per cent. paid on the capital of the concern should be devoted to objects of local utility. He thus freed the poor from the oppression of fraudulent millers, and ultimately throughout a large district reformed the character of the millers themselves.

A distinct Calvinist, he gave a practical

confutation of the idea that Calvinistic doctrine produces sternness or gloom. If he held man to be utterly depraved, he trusted individual men with only too much confidence; he in effect entertained the most cheery optimism in daily life. When past eighty-two, he said that he hardly knew whether it rather made him laugh or feel indignant when he heard people say that the world was getting worse and not better. During a discussion on the work of Dr. Farrar on the non-eternity of punishment, he said, in tones of the deepest feeling, "My dear, I wish with all my heart that I could believe every word he says. I can't now; perhaps I shall some day." These things may be called by some noble inconsistencies. They are really the profound trust in the old-enough doctrine, "Now abideth faith, hope, love; and the greatest of these is love."

RECENT FICTION.

A Dark Lantern. By Elizabeth Robins. The Macmillan Co.

Sawdust: A Polish Romance. By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longarde). Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.

A Maid of Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Bellard's Inspiration. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

On Tybee Knoll. By James B. Connolly. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Miss Robins's novel, entitled 'A Dark Lantern,' is full of agitating suggestion for inflammable circles where the woman question is always a burning one. Two problems of conduct are presented, discussed at great length, and solved according to the author's conception of right reason and the will of God. The first is, whether the heroine, Miss Dereham, shall or shall not consent to a morganatic marriage with a German prince, who cannot confer the title of Royal Highness on an English girl without rank, and, indeed, is not very eager to do so. His makeshift offer is spurned by Miss Dereham, and, when he tries to compromise her in a high-born kinsman's ancestral castle, his wicked device is frustrated by the energetic suspicion of the young lady's godmother, Lady Peterborough. Miss Dereham comes out of this affair with honor, and her behavior may be commended for imitation to any perplexed damsel in a similar situation. Her usefulness as a model can be limited only by the number of princes possessing the ancient privilege of left-handed marriage and anxious to urge it.

The second problem is not exactly universal in its bearing, but it touches common life more nearly. Some years (we are not told how many), after declining a sort of a marriage with a prince who courted her, Miss Dereham determines to live, without any sort of a marriage, with a physician who does not appear to want her at all! The problem presented is, whether a woman, feeling certain that she is experiencing a grand passion, is justified thereby in forcing herself upon a reluctant man, and in throwing dignity and decency overboard. Miss Robins finds such behavior not only justifiable, but admirable, and almost holy. She appears to believe that men have always had an unrestricted privilege of pursuit; but her impression is, we think, mistaken. Women in these matters are very well protected by the law, and, had the case been reversed, Miss Dereham could have summoned the police and obtained reasonable assurance of future immunity from annoyance. Contemplation of the male prerogative has gone to Miss Robins's head and disturbed her faculty for logical argument. She feels so bitterly against persons described as "mighty men of old" who collared the right to propose, that she despises the woman's right to decline, coeval and correlative. She even makes light of the agonies suffered from time immemorial by rejected lovers. She actually assumes that men can take a peremptory "No" without injury to their self-esteem; yet her own hero, Dr. Vincent, couldn't. His contempt of Miss Dereham's ardent, though tardy, wooing was largely inspired by a long and bitter memory of the snub she had administered when he was a young man of no importance. Miss Robins's general contention, that the life of woman must be a finer affair than it is, were she allowed freedom to pounce on a mate, is enfeebled by her particular illustration. Her heroine's union with Dr. Vincent, both before and after it was legalized, is conspicuously unhappy, and she has never the advantage of being able to remind him how he had begged and implored her, with tears in his eyes, to take him. Perhaps the woman's time-tried ways of proposing indirectly have their anxieties, but, so far as we can see from Miss Robins's demonstration, the direct proposal is fraught with horror, and no woman should go in for it lightly.

Herr Mayer, the chief character of 'Sawdust,' is a familiar figure in American life and fiction, but one does not expect to meet him, symbolizing progress in the Polish village of Zanck, which lies in the foothills of the Carpathians. Herr Mayer began life as an officeboy, speedily became a partner in an established business, then seized the business, and pursued the game of grab in many directions. At the moment of his introduction, he is a middle-aged millionaire, concentrating his energies on the conversion of a Galician forest into marketable lumber. Herr Mayer, savagely denuding the Carpathians, is essentially the same man as John Smith slaying and burning in the Adirondacks; but, owing to the different social conditions and customs of their respective scenes of operation, the story of the European self-made man is richer and deeper in human interest than anything possible in America. Herr Mayer has ignorant, picturesquely attired peasants to grind below the living wage, and clever, poverty-stricken Jews to oppress just for the sake of showing his power. He has the joy of ruining a noble, Count Rutkowsky, hereditary Lord of Zanck and surrounding forests, and the agony of seeing his only son fall in love with the Count's daughter. He can lavishly entertain princes, whom he, of course, theoretically disclaims, and he can even give his mill hands a holiday to look at an Emperor who represents everything that he hates and despises.

The author does not love Herr Mayer, but she treats him fairly, giving him the benefit of his only virtues—energy, industry, and a scrupulous honesty in matters of small importance. The story is told naturally and carefully, and the forest is saved from utter destruction by a royal highness with a passion for stag-hunting. This method of bringing about a happy conclusion is simpler and apparently surer than is belated American legislation for forest protection.

Mrs. Fraser has never expressed her sympathetic understanding of the Japanese better than in the story of Himé, the shell-gatherer of Enoshima. Himé's mother before her had been a shell girl, who, when her English husband abandoned her, gave her baby to Sakura, old and lonely and poor, then swam out in the shining sea and returned no more. Himé grew up with Sakura, to be beautiful and good and happy, unmistakably destined for all the sorrow and all the joy that may come to a woman on a lonely, lovely island, as in other more prosaic places. Her romance is a repetition of her mother's, excepting that her lover, though of her father's race and blood, is not perfidious or faithless, but a true Briton, who has to fight for victory and would never think of relinquishing the spoils. The coincidence of close relationship between Himé's father and lover is decidedly improbable, and one can easily imagine other and more harmonious devices by which Mrs. Fraser might have reached her desired conclusion. Otherwise the tale is uncommonly well imagined, with a central conception of beauty supported by all the detail of characterization, incident and description. The sketch of Nakayama, whom Barrington engaged as travelling companion and teacher of Japanese, is very clever, showing keen appreciation of the extent and limitation of American education on a Japanese youth of Samurai rank. We would accept Mrs. Fraser's observation as perfect if Nakayama did not insist on speaking what she calls "American journalese" in a fashion more English than American.

'Miss Bellard's Inspiration' is a light comedy with enough social satire to remind us that Mr. Howells is not just fooling for our summer holiday. The heroine is a young professor in the "oratory department" of a Western college, who drops on her relations, the Crombies, trying to endure (they conscientiously say "enjoy") a quiet summer in the mountains. She is attended by a young Englishman, and when her aunt asks sternly, "Why, Lillias Bellard, are you engaged to Mr. Craybourne?" she answers, "Well, no. But we're *seeing*."

The Crombies' seclusion is still further invaded by Mr. and Mrs. Mevison, who are "seeing" about divorce. The unhappy relations of the pair suggest to Lillias many fantastic arguments against matrimony, and these prolong the *seeing* period. Mr. Howells renders the Mevison situation lightly, but that does not conceal the ugly facts which jar the idyllic atmosphere of the piece. Crombie is as good a name as another for that American man and his wife whom Mr. Howells delights to represent and whom his readers delight to meet. The man has got past surprise at the woman's baffling inconsistencies, and the woman no longer feels any sting in her husband's affectionate derision. They have really no longer views of each other. They have survived the necessity for understanding by the strength of what their reticence would forbid them to call a great love. It may be a horror of sentimentality that makes Mr. Howells so shy of sentiment. Yet the power of expressing sentiment is

a valuable grace of life, and, without it, fiction, even brilliant fiction, has a certain aridity.

The title of Mr. Connolly's novel 'On Tybee Knoll' implies nothing as to the contents, or at most indicates some Arcadian setting. But, as it happens, his characters spend most of their time on the water or in it, for frequent immersion seems to be part of their daily routine. The scene is laid off the coast of Georgia, at the mouth of the Savannah River, and all the interest centres in lumber and dredging operations. The hero, as is usual in a novel of commercial adventure, is young and intrepid, the heroine is not this time a grain-elevator or an apartment house or a mine, but a raft of dredging-poles, for which more lives are risked than for any flesh-and-blood heroine since Helen of Troy. Perhaps that is one of the explanations of the rise of this type of fiction, that nowadays the adventures of lovers must needs be tame or tediously psychological, since all the energy, all the fire, has been diverted to commercial enterprise. This is a tale full of heroic effort. Within some twelve hours the hero, always in quest of the stolen raft, is cast up on the shore from a swamped boat and sunk in a disabled tug; saves a sloop that he finds adrift in a storm, and a steam-yacht that has lost her engineer; rescues from the water some half-dozen drowning men separately, and, not least, recovers the raft. All this is told in an artless, slangy style, absolutely devoid of literary finish, crowded with the technical jargon of the lumber trade—another instance of the new type of fiction written, one supposes, to electrify the tedious leisure of the American business man.

DICEY'S LAW AND PUBLIC OPINION.

Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century. By A. V. Dicey. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In 1898 Mr. Dicey delivered before the students of the Harvard Law School a short course of lectures on the history of English law during the last century; of the present volume these lectures form the nucleus. The form of lectures has been preserved, and the book is an attempt to sketch "the connection or relation between a century of English legislation and successive currents of opinion." Its aim is to draw from well-known facts of social, political and legal history certain conclusions which, "though many of them obvious enough, are often overlooked, and are not without importance."

Perhaps one of the most striking of these conclusions is one which seems to Mr. Dicey to lie on the surface—that there has been in England for three generations an immediate relation between the development of public opinion and legislation (to say nothing of the course of judicial decision) without parallel in other modern communities. "Nowhere have changes in popular convictions or wishes found anything like such rapid and immediate expression in alterations of the law as they have in Great Britain during the nineteenth century, and more especially during the last half thereof." Compare, for instance, France, the land of revolution. In 1804 the Code Napoléon was published, and its fundamental provisions have stood to a great extent unaltered from that day to this; in 1804 George III. was on the English throne, and English opinion was dead against all changes, yet between 1804 and the present day there is hardly a part of the English statute-book which has not been materially changed.

It may be said in reply to this that the parallel is not quite synchronous, for the Code Napoléon was already a hundred years ago an enlightened and modern body of law, representative in 1804 of an enlightened and modern opinion, behind which the Georgian public opinion and statute-book lagged very far. The convulsion of the French Revolution effected a modernization of French law and institutions which made that of England in 1804 antique in comparison. In the same way the spirit of legislation in this country at the beginning of the nineteenth century was vastly more modern than that of England. It was not until about the time that the passage of the Reform Bill of 1832 brought new classes into control of the government that English law began its monumental march. Once begun, the rate of progress was all the more accelerated by the circumstance that the advance found an extraordinarily effective organ in a popular representative body wielding a power unknown elsewhere. From 1832 on (waiving the question whether this constitutional phase has shown signs of coming to an end or not) a measure which could command a majority of the House of Commons sufficient to indicate that the country was behind it, was sure to become a law. This state of things existed neither in France nor in the United States; consequently, in the last fifty years we have become accustomed to look to England for a rapidity and comprehensiveness in legislation representative of public opinion, unseen elsewhere. These considerations possibly throw light on a political phenomenon superficially puzzling.

Another conclusion connected with this is that stated in Mr. Dicey's third lecture, to the effect that the progress of democracy (he fully admits that the spirit of modern English law-making is democratic) does not afford "the clue to the development of English law since 1800." The notion that it does afford the clue is connected, in the author's mind, with a fallacy which he thinks infects all speculations about the effects of the advance of democracy—"the assumption that there exists such a thing as specially democratic legislation which every democracy is certain to favor." There never was an assumption, he says, "more clearly at variance with the teaching of history." Unless we are mistaken, Mr. Dicey here comes very near falling into the error which always dogs the heels even of masters of political analysis, namely, that of fancying that there must be somewhere some one clue to the institutional development of a particular community, some one cause which will adequately explain all the phenomena. Of course, he is perfectly aware that there is no such clue in the field of legislation, there is no such single cause anywhere. Consequently, it is indubitable that there is no specially democratic code which *every democracy is certain to favor*. If there were, we could predict a code or a chapter of the Revised Statutes as we can an eclipse. But it by no means follows that there do not exist *tendencies* in the legislation of a democratic period which are pretty certain to exhibit themselves in every country, and which Mr. Dicey's book shows are exhibiting themselves effectively in England. His eighth lecture is devoted to the "period of Collectivism"—that in which we now live; but what is Collectivism except the use of the machinery of the State for what are conceived as essentially democratic objects? And what phenomenon is so universal in modern legislation wherever in the world democracy has made any headway, as this use of the power of the State? The following is Mr. Morley's picture of "Collectivism" as applied in England as long ago as 1881—and, as Mr. Dicey points out, enormous strides have been made since:

"We have to-day a complete, minute, and voluminous code for the protection of labor; buildings must be kept pure of effluvia; dangerous machinery must be fenced; children and young persons must not clean it while in motion; their hours are not only limited but fixed; continuous employment must not exceed a given number of hours, varying with the trade, but prescribed by the law in given cases; a statutable number of holidays is imposed; the children must go to school, and the employer must every week have a certificate to that effect; if an accident happens, notice must be sent to the proper authorities; special provisions are made for bake houses, for lace making, for collieries, and for a whole schedule of other special callings; for the due enforcement and vigilant supervision of this immense host of minute prescriptions there is an immense host of inspectors, certifying surgeons, and other authorities, whose business it is 'to speed and post o'er land and ocean' in restless guardianship of every kind of labor. . . . But all this is one of the largest branches of what the most important Socialists have been accustomed to demand; and if we add to this vast fabric of labor legislation our system of Poor Law, we find the rather amazing result that in the country where Socialism has been less talked about than in any other country in Europe, its principles have been most extensively applied."

Add to this the tremendous advances in the field of legislation which Socialism, or Collectivism, has made in Germany, in France, in Italy, and the United States, and the inference seems fair enough which many conservatives commonly draw, that in a modern industrial community a democratic suffrage is a direct cause of the use of the power of the State for collective ends. In other words, there is a direct connection between Collectivism and democracy. Just as the machinery of the State will be used by a church for its own aggrandizement, or by a landed aristocracy in the landed interest, or by a slaveholding aristocracy in the slaveholding interest, so will a vast proletariat electorate show in the long run an ever-increasing tendency to use the power of numbers in what seems to be the interest of themselves. Of course, the phenomenon will take different forms in different countries: in France it will result in the forced creation of a great body of peasant freeholders, in Germany it will produce state insurance; in the United States it will convert a political party with very different original political aims to "Populism"; in England it will, among other things, produce "municipal trading"—in fact, every imaginable experiment will be tried, all democratic, all collectivist.

In England, to our minds, the process has been greatly accelerated by the fact to which we have already referred, that the Government has been in these respects for

a long time "uni-cameral"—the decision of a single House, directed by a practically democratic electorate, has been final. This fact, the control of legislation in its own interest by the new electorate, explains, too, a phenomenon, otherwise surprising, to which Mr. Dicey and many others have called attention—that in other directions the whole structure of English society remains so *un*-democratic. The English Church remains the State Church; the House of Lords remains what it has always been; the Crown enjoys the respect and affection of the people. The reason, in our analysis, is that they have not interfered, they have not resisted the tide. Finding that it could have what it wanted through a legislative organ specially adapted to making democratic demands effective, the new electorate has made England the home of "Collectivism" under the veil of institutions historically opposed to any such change.

But Mr. Dicey's book, properly speaking, does not deal with political causes. It is rather an interesting picture of the vast legislative changes effected by public opinion during the great Victorian period by means of the machinery of the Constitution worked by an ever-widening electorate. Such periods in the history of the world, or of any country, are, as Mr. Dicey points out, very rare. In his hands, the whole century divides itself into three parts: first, the era of old Toryism or legislative quiescence, distinguished, among other things, by the publication of Blackstone's Commentaries, in which we may see, through their own eyes, British law and institutions as they appeared to pretty much all conservative men a hundred years ago (1800-1830); second (1825-1870), the period of Benthamism and Individualism, during which it is hardly too much to say that the opinions of Bentham and the theories of Individualism and *laissez-faire* governed England; third, the period of Collectivism (1865-1900), during which Benthamism, Individualism, and *laissez-faire* have fallen into disrepute, and humanitarian and socialist legislation have made such an enormous advance. Mr. Dicey's review of the interaction upon one another of legislation and opinion is valuable and original, and makes the volume a striking contribution to legal and institutional history. The author's powers of statement and elucidation are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. His chapter on judicial legislation—a most difficult subject—is a model. But the book must be taken for what it is—an analysis of an important phase of a memorable chapter in the development of a society. Political theory as a basis for forecast is carefully eschewed. The author evidently thinks that Collectivism has not spent its force, but his method of inquiry almost precludes him from throwing any light on the future. Bacon says somewhere that those who desire to predict what is going to happen, must ascertain what is in the minds of the generation which is coming on. But as the electorate grows larger, the task of making this sort of a guess becomes more and more difficult. Demagogues guess Imperialism and Protection; young enthusiasts guess new experiments in what may be called Humanitarian Collectivism; Jingoes dream of gigantic wars and new Colonial empires; Socialists struggle for the absorption by the State of public utilities; meanwhile Benthamism, the sanctity of contract, Utilitarianism, and with us the old Democratic theory of government, seem as dead as old-fashioned Toryism. In this maze is there no clue of any kind? Certainly not in Mr. Dicey's pages; this kind of guessing is not in his line at all. He shows us Toryism devoured by Benthamism, and Benthamism in its turn devoured by Collectivism; beyond, all is dark.

The Flying Lesson: Ten Sonnets, Two Canzoni, a Ballata, a Double Sestina, from Petrarch. By Agnes Tobin, With frontispiece designed by Walter H. Pritchard. London: William Heinemann; San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 1905.

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Now for the first time translated into rhymed English. By John Addington Symonds. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

It is a pity not to speak well of verse so daintily put forth as Miss Tobin's, and by an American of our Pacific Coast, and in a field of literature whose cultivation is much to be commended, and following a previous essay ('Love's Crucifix'—nine sonnets and a canzone from Petrarch) highly praised abroad. The failure of criticism, however, leading to a false encouragement—to publish, not to invent—imposes a duty to hold up the standard. We begin by pointing to the sign of inaptitude that glares in the fanciful titles given to sonnets undenominated in the original. What less Petrarchan, at the very forefront, than "The Flying Lesson"? The conventional *argomento* for this sonnet reads: "Reflecting that Laura is in heaven, the poet repents his excessive grief and calms himself." "Tired Eyes" is another whimsical appellation, in lieu of the sober: "Despairing of seeing Laura again on earth, he nevertheless consoles himself by imagining that she aids him from heaven." Worst of all, certainly—indeed, unpardonable—is "The New Dress," on which we must dwell a little, after giving the version in full:

The glorious angels, and those blessed ones
  The citizens of Heaven, the first day
  My Lady enters there do block her way;
Marvelling greatly each to see her runs:
"What light is this? And what new beauty suns
  Its strangeness here?" they to each other say.
  ["]Because a thing so gemmed, in such array,
Has never come before.["] From sext till nones—
Preening herself, content with her new home,
  She shines the whitest-burning seraph down;
But now and then the undazzled eyes will roam,
  The bird-bright head will turn, the jewelled gown
Rustle and shimmer like to moonlit foam;
  She waits for me; and oh! I come—My Crown!

The octave is fairly faithful, but the intrusive word "gemmed" paves the way for a most extraordinary perversion and modernity in the sestet. There exists a translation which we may set over against Miss Tobin's in lieu of a prose exposure, because it contains not a thought or a figure wanting in the Italian, and equally omits none to be found there:

What day my Love passed on, around her pressed,
  With wonder filled and gentle sympathy,
  The elect of angels and the souls that be
The populace of heaven and therefore blest.
"What Light is this?" thus they themselves addressed,
  "And what new beauty? Form so gloriously
  Attired ne'er in this base century
From vagrom earth gained this high place of rest."
But she, with her changed hostelry content,
  And peer of the most perfect, as it were
Expectant turns anon, with glances sent
  Backwards to see if I do follow her.
Hence all my thought and will on heaven is bent,
  Hearing her pray I be no loiterer.

The reader may now see what has been interpolated and what omitted. Does he ask what is the pretext for "the jewelled gown Rustle and shimmer like to moonlit foam"? Nothing but "abito sì adorno," which has no reference whatever to Parisian modes, but, obviously, has a spiritual significance, though not to the exclusion of Laura's earthly beauty, even as Dante sings of the dead Beatrice—

> . . . "'l piacere de la sua beltate,
> partendo se da la nostra veduta,
> divenne spirital bellezza grande
> che per lo cielo spande
> luce d'amor, che gli angeli saluta";

and as Milton dreams of his "late espoused saint," who

"Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
  Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
  So clear as in no face with more delight."

We think it needless to examine these translations further. They are all vitiated in the same fashion. Some good lines occur, and we would not deny Miss Tobin the poetic gift; but she should not wrestle with Petrarch except in secret, for by printing she propagates false patterns of an art calling for the utmost fidelity, combined with idiomatic freedom.

The second edition of John Addington Symonds's 'Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti,' the first translation into rhymed English, dated at Davos Platz, December, 1877 (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), raises another question which we might have discussed in connection with Miss Tobin's versions. It is this: What is the advantage of metrical translations over prose if the result is a prevailing obscurity and an almost total lack of charm and power to interest as English verse? The repute alike of the artist-poet and of the translator should have contributed to an earlier demand for a second edition if the joint product had been what it should have been to be worth undertaking. Mr. Symonds had a difficult task, but it cannot be said that he achieved it in a masterly manner, nor without a license which often makes his English harder to read than the rugged original. The exigencies of the rhyme were too much for him. Evidences of this abound in the sonnet to Dante, which we append as a not unfavorable specimen:

No tongue can tell of him what should be told,
  For on blind eyes his splendor shines too strong;
  'Twere easier to blame those who wrought him wrong
Than sound his least praise with a mouth of gold.
He to explore the place of pain was bold,
  Then soared to God, to teach our souls by song;
  The gates heaven oped to bear his feet along,
  Against his just desire his country rolled.
Thankless I call her, and to her own pain
  The nurse of fell mischance; for sign take this,
  That ever to the best she deals more scorn:
Among a thousand proofs let one remain;
  Though ne'er was fortune more unjust than his,
  His equal or his better ne'er was born.

This in the main correctly gives the development of Michael Angelo's thought, yet with some forced, evasive and even amazing renderings like line 4, for

"O' al suo men pregio ogni maggior salire,"

comparable with Carducci's lines to G. Parini—

"Altera aquila al polo
Troppo ogni emulo ardire hai tu precorso."

Add the missing of the stress of the antithesis in line 6, for

"E le porte che 'l ciel *non gli contese*,
La patria chiuse al suo giusto desire";

and sundry other blemishes, which one may discover for himself since everywhere the Italian text (with not a few typographical errors, as in the sonnet just considered) confronts the English. There is a good mezzotint portrait frontispiece.

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More. Second Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Essays in serious criticism are rare nowadays. Nervous impressions of great authors are plentiful, and so too are those adventures with masterpieces which are written with a light heart in the superficial adventurous style. But there is nothing of the buccaneer or the æsthete about Mr. More. His is the criticism that takes infinite pains, dissects out every nerve; and, if his essays lack something of the agreeable irresponsibility which gives a certain verve to the touch-and-go critic, they leave the reader with a fresher and firmer grasp of the subject. That, we suppose, is the duty of critics of authors who have become classics. The reader's footing becomes worn and slippery with use, or so well trodden that he wearies of it, and when he turns to a new essay on some favorite author it is because he hopes to find cut for him a fresh foothold or at least a new flower or two planted in the well-known path. What an advantage for him should those flowers have roots!

Mr. More's first essay is on the "Elizabethan Sonnets," and was inspired by Mr. Sidney Lee's reprint in the 'English Garner' last year. Mr. Lee was very hard on the Elizabethan sonneteers, the writers of the "sugred sonette," all their sugar stolen from "the sweete laureate of Italie" or the poets of the Pleiad who thought they were writing like Anacreon. Mr. More is no more indulgent. All that he says in this essay is interesting and suggestive. But we are inclined to think that, like Mr. Sidney Lee, he is too exacting with the sonneteers when he implies that what they wrote was likely to be essentially inferior for the very reason that so many of their ideas and figures were borrowed from abroad. Mr. More expresses his relief that "Mr. Lee has found no model in foreign tongues" for Drayton's great sonnet, "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part." It would not disturb us in the least or shake our admiration of Drayton if an Italian or French original were discovered to-morrow. As it stands, it is a masterpiece of English, a triumph of the grand manner in sonnet writing. Why, by the way, does Mr. More call it a *jeu d'esprit*? Is that a term of reproach? When Mr. More reads his Yeats, does he think the less of those exquisite stanzas, "When You Are Old," because Mr. Yeats borrowed the central idea from Ronsard? The first few lines at least are almost a translation.

"When you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this book
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once. . . ."

Who does not remember the sonnet of Ronsard that inspired this?:

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devisant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
'Ronsard me célébrait du temps que j'estois belle.' "

Is Ben Jonson's "Drink to me only with thine eyes" any the worse for being taken straight from Philostratus? The plagiarism in poetry when the poets write in different tongues is not to be counted against the creditor. What so many of the Elizabethan sonneteers lacked was the talent of making their own what they borrowed.

Mr. More's essay on Hawthorne is a study of the New England soul at first in the grip of conscience, then, with Hawthorne, exchanging the conscience for the no less tyrannous sway of the imagination, and at last, with Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's characters, governed entirely by the nerves.

"From the religious intolerance of Cotton Mather to the imaginative isolation of Hawthorne, and from that to the nervous impotence of Mrs. Freeman's men and women, is regular progress. The great preacher sought to suppress all worldly emotions; the artist made of the solitude which follows this suppression one of the tragic symbols of human destiny; the living novelist portrays a people in whom some native spring of action has been dried up, and who suffer in a dumb, unreasoning inability to express any outreaching passion of the heart or to surrender to any common impulse of the body."

Mr. More closes his essay with the query whether, after that period of paralysis and general impotence described by Mrs. Freeman, we are destined to behold in its turn the new ideal of "another half-civilization, blindly materialistic as its predecessor was harshly spiritual." We read somewhere the other day that, by an intervention which the writer hinted might be divine, in punishment for faults too many to enumerate here, the New England woman as we meet her in Mrs. Freeman's stories is rapidly becoming extinct, replaced by full-blooded foreign women with no such exalted and uncomfortable ideals. If this be so, Mr. More's question is partly answered.

Mr. More's book tempts one to discuss details which are out of place in a notice that must be so short as this. We should have liked to say a word in defence of the personality of Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," and to take time to contradict Carlyle's bilious criticism which Mr. More cites as evidence that Lamb's wit was more or less "ghastly." We do protest, in passing, that a personal estimate of one of his contemporaries, especially a contemporary author, by Carlyle should never be brought into court. No character was safe from that digestion.

The last essays in the volume are two detailed and useful studies entitled "Delphi and Greek Literature" and "Nemesis, or the Divine Envy." In the former we were suddenly brought up by a sentence which seems to us to involve a false antithesis. Mr. More, speaking of Protagoras and Socrates, says, "certainly it is a prophecy full of foreboding for the fate of Greece that the one was loaded with riches and honor, whereas the other died a felon's death in the gaol of Athens" (p. 205). Now, the fates of Protagoras and Socrates were parallel rather than antithetic. Socrates, who despised wealth, received from Alcibiades and his other rich pupils all the honor he wanted, and in the end was put to death for impiety and undue influence. Protagoras, desiring both riches and honor, achieved both from the same class of young Athenians who debated with Socrates. In the end he, too, was branded as an iconoclast. At the age of seventy he wrote, or first ventured to publish, a skeptical work 'On the Gods.' He was prosecuted and his book was burnt. On this he fled from Athens and was drowned on his voyage to Sicily. Euripides in one of his choruses accused the Athenians of the death of the "All-wise one, the nightingale of the Muses," his friend Protagoras.

The Newfoundland Guide-Book, 1905: Including Labrador and St. Pierre. Edited by D. W. Prowse, and published by Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ltd. London. 1905.

No better proof can be adduced that Newfoundland is emerging from the fogs of ignorance and inaccessibility which have heretofore enveloped it, than this very interesting, well printed, and excellently illustrated guide-book. It is edited by that eccentric historian of the island, Mr. Prowse, who is not inaptly said to have rediscovered it. He introduces the readers to his collaborators in a vivid sketch of its romantic history, endued with that touch of strong prejudice, expressed in emphatic language, which gives a zest to whatever he writes. His fellow-authors are men of such rank that the book possesses more than the ephemeral value of an annual guide. J. G. Millais, H. Hesketh Prichard, F. C. Selous all tell of their experience in hunting caribou and other deer on the barrens of the island—and the sport must be rare which could elicit from the greatest of African hunters the assertion; "I know of but one really wild country where big game is still plentiful, which can be quickly and easily reached, and where a shooting trip can be undertaken at a comparatively small cost, and that is the island of Newfoundland." The chapters on fishing were supplied by Admiral Sir W. R. Kennedy and Sir Bryan Leighton. The Admiral's recollections date back twenty-five years. "At that period," he says, "the salmon-fishing was poor, owing to netting and barring, and but few salmon were caught with rod and line; but the sea-trout fishing was excellent." Since then the netting of salmon at the river mouths has been brought under partial control, and the size of the meshes so regulated that fish of thirty pounds can escape up stream, with consequent improvement of the salmon fishing, so that Sir Bryan Leighton can record a catch of thirty-one fish made in the Codray by himself and wife in the summer of 1904. Those who do not aspire to salmon-fishing can catch in every stream and lake an abundance of trout, but the brook-trout are pale of flesh and of a languid spirit. Fishing, on the other hand, for the exquisitely silvered and lively sea-trout, if they are caught early in the season from a boat, as they dash at your fly in troubled waters off the shore, affords more excitement than monotonously casting for hours to induce a sulky, obstinate salmon to rise.

A description of Labrador is added by that devoted lay missionary, Wilfred Grenfell, M.D., who is giving his life and his eminent medical skill to improving the condition of the North Sea fishermen. Statis-

tics, industrial and mineral, are included in abundance, but the prominence assigned to sport bespeaks the real attraction of the island and its greatest present source of wealth.

Early Eastern Christianity: St. Margaret's Lectures, 1904, on the Syriac-Speaking Church. By F. C. Burkitt, Lecturer in Palæography in the University of Cambridge. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. Pp. xii., 228; with five photographs of Edessa.

In the Oriental renaissance through which we are passing, and in which we are learning to know the East again in all its life as Europe has not known it since the Templars struck hands of brotherhood with the Assassins, and Chaucer's Knight fought thrice for his faith in Muslim lists—in this renaissance a half-forgotten and more wholly neglected side of the Christian Church is coming again to light. It is not so very long since the student of that Church in its early period conceived that it was in the Greek and Latin Fathers only that the material of his labors lay. Some few adventurers there had been in the twilight East—in part Syrians and Copts, disciples of the Roman Propaganda, in part eccentrically learned scholars of uneasy curiosity; but all were absolutely without effect on the solid ranks of the classicists. Not even the wealth of Syriac MSS. which reached the British Museum in the middle of last century, and which has occupied two generations of Syriacists since, effectually broke down this learned obscurantism. Perhaps Cureton's too great faith in his Syriac authorities may have raised the distrust of the learned of Europe, and thrown them off what was, after all, a true trail. Similarly, Widmanstadt's wild claims, in the preface to his *editio princeps* of the Peshitta in 1555, that the language of that version was the vernacular of Jesus, prejudiced him and his cause with his contemporaries. But the ring-fence round the Greek and Latin world could not, in the long run, be kept standing. The slow sapping, by steady publication of Oriental texts and translations, prepared for the final storm which the last ten years have seen. Now the time has come when "the Oriental churches" can no longer be spoken of with a vague patronage, but the fundamental fact is finally admitted that the Syrian Church must stand as an equal third beside the Churches of the Greek and Latin worlds. The student of early Church history is no longer fully equipped with his two sacred tongues, but must face Syriac as well, with other unknown and still more barbarous possibilities in the background. Just as the exegesis and criticism, textual and otherwise, of the Gospels has been pushed back to bear upon their Aramaic originals—to be hypothetically reconstructed—so with the later Church. In a word, it has been suddenly rediscovered that Christianity is an Oriental faith, and that part at least of its first centuries of development was spent among Oriental peoples.

But though this fact stands now fast, all that is involved in it has been known only to a small circle of students. There has been a key, after a fashion, to Syriac literature since Wright's pioneering article in the 'Britannica' appeared (later repeated in enlarged book-form), and since Duval's more recent 'Littérature Syriaque.' But these were much more bibliographical than historical; dealt rather with books than ideas. Practically, until this volume of Mr. Burkitt's appeared, there has been no guide to which the plain man might turn in search of the meaning of Syrian Christianity for itself and for the Christian faith in general. And it is a pleasure to be able to say how eminently satisfactory this book is. It is for the plain man, and, in its space, it can take only elements here and there in the Syrian Church, its history, doctrine, usage, and discipline; but all is handled with the mastery to which Mr. Burkitt's work has accustomed us. Behind its avoidance of learned detail and its picturesque yet simple outlines, the scholar is evident who, in Rabbula's revision, solved the problem of the Peshitta and who proved the Syriac origin of the 'Acts of Thomas.'

The first chapter deals with the Edessene legend—King Abgar, Addai and the letter of Jesus—and with the real succession of the bishops of Edessa, so far as it can be recounted. The second takes up ground which Mr. Burkitt has already made abundantly his own, the Syriac versions of the New and Old Testaments. He thus states in a word his conception of the textual character of the Diatessaron, the "Old Syriac" and the Peshitta: "The text of the Gospels underlying the Syriac Diatessaron, where it can be recovered in its original form, represents the Greek text as read in Rome about 170 A. D." The text of the Gospels in the Old Syriac version represents, where it differs from the Diatessaron, the Greek text as read in Antioch about 200 A. D. Finally, the text of the Peshitta Gospels, where it differs from the Old Syriac and from the Diatessaron, represents the Greek text as read in Antioch about 400 A. D." To this the evidence does seem to point. The third chapter, on early Syriac theology, is a very suggestive study of the three Syrian doctors—Aphraates, so far in some ways from ordinary Christian statements of belief as to have been called "the Persian Sage," as though a stray philosopher of theologic tastes in the extra-Greek world; St. Ephraim, in his sentimentality and intellectual weakness the opposite of Aphraates in his independence and grasp; and Rabbula, the ascetic and disciplinarian who grecized the Syrian Church and wrought it to a unity which broke in final schism fifty years after his death. It is part of the life and reality which Mr. Burkitt brings, that we cannot forget throughout this chapter—though there is no direct allusion—that these lectures were delivered in St. Margaret's, Westminster, and at the invitation of Canon Henson.

The fourth chapter tells the singular story of the slow acceptance of marriage, among Syrian Christians, as a thing to be blessed by the Church and compatible with receiving the sacraments—so slow that it was not completed until the fifth century. That change has little reality for us now, but much historical suggestiveness; the parallel with Buddhist conceptions can hardly be over-pressed. But the next chapter, which tells the story of Bardaisan and his disciples, of his dialogue on fate, and of his final expulsion from the Syrian Church, and, with him, of philosophic thought, brings us back to our own times. Mr. Burkitt names only the Abbé Loisy, but it is evident that his thought falls much nearer home as well. Lastly comes a description and estimate of a religious novel, the 'Acts of Judas Thomas,' and of a mystical little epic, the 'Hymn of the Soul.' Both are unique in their way, and by far the most interesting relics of the Syriac, perhaps of the Old Christian, literature. They show, and this Mr. Burkitt works out luminously, what was the true point of difference between Gnosticism, a religious nihilism, and Catholicism, which saw the Church as the "Body of Christ" abiding in the world, and thus found a fixed point round which a new civilization could crystallize when the old had passed away. It is, then, especially in this fertility of ideas and suggestion that the value of Mr. Burkitt's book lies, and for which it can be most heartily commended to all who realize how searching is the discrimination of essential and non-essential through which Christianity is now passing.

Specimens of the Elizabethan Drama from Lyly to Shirley, A. D. 1580—A. D. 1642. With Introduction and Notes. By W. H. Williams. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1905.

After all, why should not an editor have the courage of his convictions and "glean after Lamb"? This is an age of anthologies. There is no field richer than that of the Elizabethan drama. It is the orthodox belief that this drama is more effective in parts than in wholes; Lamb has but slightly harvested it, and there are thousands of busy people whose only knowledge of it must be cursory and superficial, and who may be more easily interested and satisfied with specimen extracts than with whole plays.

All of these considerations are reasonable enough, and doubtless justify the Clarendon Press in sending forth this book for educational purposes. We have no quarrel with it. Within the limitations of its plan it seems to be well done. All the important dramatists of the period are included, and the selections from each are fairly "typical and representative." It is no fault of the compiler's that, after his more than four hundred pages of specimens, probably two or three times that number, equally worth giving, still remain unquoted in our specimen books. We have noted a score or more in Beaumont and Fletcher alone which, in our judgment, are nearly all equally good literature. (We give this instance with conviction and proud humility, although having the fear of Professor Wendell before our eyes.) The scenes are "complete in themselves," although not always literally complete scenes are given, and what Lamb has once given is not here repeated. For this last feature there seems to be no convincing reason. Lamb's plan is very different, and people nowadays read his book rather for Lamb's own inimitable comments than for the broken extracts for which they serve as foil and excuse. Lamb might very well have been disregarded in planning these selections, once the primary audacity of daring to poach upon Lamb's preserves was decided upon.

The editor, sensibly, does not anywhere attempt to emulate Lamb. His comment is conservative rather than penetrating, and everywhere keeps constant reference to the authoritative norm of recent critical opinion. It is safe but, with rare exceptions, unoriginal. His scale-poising is painful and

laborious. And he is more than ordinarily fond of quoting good old Latin scraps after the good old English fashion. But in all substantial matters—connecting introductions, notes, and text—(so far as we have tested it) his work as an editor seems to be well executed. Dr. A. W. Ward is his guide; and Dr. Ward has done great services to the history of the English drama, and is generally a safe and sound critic. Middleton, we feel, the editor (following Swinburne's lead—a stimulating but an unsafe guide) has unduly exalted. Shirley receives fairer treatment than he has been accustomed to of late. Webster is but faintly praised—contrast the admirable critique of Webster's qualities prefixed to Professor Sampson's recent edition of Webster's two great tragedies in the Belles-Lettres series. We, however, are glad to see an attempt to rehabilitate the good literary fame of Chapman, even though it be at the cost of some rather fallacious paradox as to the lucidity and grace of his diction, and the fluency and sonorous quality of his versification.

After all is said, however, is it really true that the best way to get a speaking acquaintance with the Elizabethan drama is through a book of specimen extracts, even though the extracts be all scenes "complete in themselves"? There is no harm in this book or in any anthology competently made. Men may read the salient poetry of detached passages, such as Lamb gave or as Professor Williams now gives, with pleasure and profit. But is it true that that is the only thing or even the chief thing in the Elizabethan drama outside of Shakspere? Do we get the mighty vigor, the pervasive atmosphere, the interplay of character, the force of contrast and climax, and the whole dramatic and theatric effect of even an unequal and unorganized minor Elizabethan play in that way? Decidedly not, we feel. Therefore, there is more sound use in reproductions giving whole plays, like the volumes of the Mermaid Series, the Temple Dramatists and the Belles-Lettres Series, than in books of extracts like these. It is better to know three or four plays as wholes than a hundred "specimens" from a hundred plays, given as parts.

The Myths of Plato. Translated, with introductory and other observations, by J. A. Stewart, M.A., White's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford, etc. Macmillan. 1905. Pp. xii., 532.

The Platonic Conception of Immortality, and its Connexion with the Theory of Ideas. By R. K. Gaye, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1904. Pp. ix., 257.

Nothing at first sight seems better to explain itself than the practice of story-telling. The love of well-told tales is deeply rooted in the human breast, and ever lurks in the corners of all but the dullest minds as one of the happiest survivals of the golden age of childhood. What wonder, therefore, that the makers of high thoughts should freely avail themselves of this human passion, and often seek to convey their message in a form so pleasing and effective? And if they are great artists, the stories which they tell will, of course, be good. And the more they treat of topics abstract and abstruse, the more needful will it be to provide us the relief of pleasant tales which disguise the grim earnest of their teaching, insinuate it into our minds, and fix it there more vividly. The fact, therefore, that Plato was a great poet as well as a great philosopher seems ample reason why he loved the story as a literary vehicle, and why the "myth" is so great a feature in his writings. But, of course the practice has its dangers. The artist's purpose may obtrude too nakedly, and disgust us as a frigid and transparent allegory. This danger Plato usually avoids so well that we are tempted rather to complain that even his allegories wax refractory and run away with him, growing up into stories before they have taught their lesson. Again, although it is part of the legitimate use of a myth to convey pictorially and by suggestion a doctrine not yet ripe for rigid and scientific statement, it may easily be abused as the readiest way of extricating an argument from embarrassments in which its own unsoundness has involved it. Nor can Plato always be acquitted of telling a tale where in strict logic he should have completed an argument. In fact, the student of his philosophy soon discerns that at certain points, such as when a transition has to be effected from the immutable purity of the Ideas that truly *are*, to the distorting flux of a plurality that only *seems*, or when the glories and terrors of a future life have to be pictured, a myth may be expected; and if he is wise, he will welcome the diversion, for nowhere does Plato's art rise higher or radiate a more inspiring glow than in these myths. They are the purple patches of his system, but often patches which conceal gaps in its logical texture.

All this, of course, has long been known, but it forms too simple a theory of the matter to satisfy the pedantry of academic circles. And so Professor Stewart, though himself no pedant, but rather a true scholar with a poetic taste and touch, has thought it worth his while to formulate the facts more palatably to the scholastic mind. He has conceived the brilliant idea of translating the myths of the most imaginative into the technicalities of the least imaginative of philosophers, to array Plato in the trappings of Immanuel Kant! And so they are explained as appeals to transcendental feeling, which aim imaginatively at (1) representing the Ideas of Pure Reason, and (2) at deducing the Categories of the Understandings and Moral Virtues (p. 45). By "Transcendental Feeling," be it said, Professor Stewart means an unreasoning conviction that life is good, which is the a-priori condition of our continuing the struggle and sets the aims of our reflective (the so-called "higher") faculties. This feeling is the source of our *faith* in the *value* of science and conduct, and expresses itself in the value-feelings and judgments which control our theoretic judgments. It has its roots deep down in "the vegetative part of the soul," in the dumb, undifferentiated, preconscious functioning, which can still dream itself at one with universal nature and has as yet no consciousness of time, because no apprehension of succession. To this dream-consciousness we still are able to revert, and by the dreams it nourishes it has power to impress and to impose on the wide-awakeness of the logical understanding. Thus dreams, ideals, and poetry are fundamentally akin, and lie deepest in our nature. For it is the essential function of poetry to rouse this Transcendental Feeling by inducing lapses into the state of dream-consciousness, and to this end metrical form is merely auxiliary (p. 388).

It is thus evident that the Oxford professor is disposed to seek the unity and worth of psychic life in the region of the subliminal, and has allied himself with the pragmatist protest against the self-sufficiency of intellect. It is evident, also, that he conceives the surplus of content whereby the soul buoys up its life and transcends mere intellection, as feeling in its dumbest and most irrational form, and that this may be disputed. But it is highly significant of the anti-intellectualist trend of modern thought, and was a bold idea, to put this interpretation upon so revered a champion of rationalism as Plato has hitherto been thought to be.

Doubts, too, beset the application to Platonic thought of the Kantian antithesis of the categories of understanding and the ideas of pure reason. What this ultimately means is that our loftiest ideals, and the practical beliefs which sustain our life, must ever remain matters of faith which can never be converted into science. This, indubitably, was the compromise with science which Kant offered to religion. But whether, as Professor Stewart seems to think, either side could rest content with this, and still more whether it can really be ascribed to Plato, may well be questioned. No proof is given that Plato ever despaired of knowing, and Professor Stewart himself disclaims any explicit consciousness in him of this peculiarly Kantian attitude (p. 45).

We have said enough, perhaps, to make clear the philosophic standpoint of the comments which accompany Professor Stewart's scholarly and excellent translations of the Platonic myths. It remains to add that he illustrates most copiously and appositely from the poets, that his work is full of curious and discursive learning, and concludes with an interesting study of the Cambridge Platonists of the seventeenth century. As to the validity of Professor Stewart's view of Plato the mythologist, criticism will probably have to reserve judgment until he has supplied us also with an estimate of Plato the logician and metaphysician. Until then his account is incomplete, and cannot refute Zeller's older and simpler theory that most of Plato's myths are intimately related to gaps in his knowledge and difficulties in his metaphysical system. These Professor Stewart does not touch on, beyond making the startling suggestion that the whole doctrine of Ideas is mythical (p. 347). But if so, what (if anything) is the metaphysical substance of Platonism?

This same question is raised also by Mr. Gaye's monograph on the Platonic conception of immortality. Mr. Gaye is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and his book is the product of a prize essay. Despite a certain gaudiness of external appearance, it is a thoroughly academic study. It is lucidly written and scholarly, but not remarkable for novelty and originality, and is singularly lacking in appreciation of what Professor Stewart rightly emphasizes, viz., the poetic side of Plato. It seems also oddly provincial that, throughout his book, Mr.

Gaye should apparently assume that only Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, and practically no one but Dr. Henry Jackson and Dr. Archer Hind, have ever reflected on Platonic philosophy before him. Hence we note much discipularity and hear much about "Plato's later theory of Ideas," but get no explicit exposition of it. We cannot, therefore, conjecture how Mr. Gaye would grapple with the two great puzzles of Platonic exegesis—Plato's self-criticism in the "Parmenides" and Aristotle's account of Platonism. Instead of these vital explanations, we get only references to Dr. Archer Hind's commentary on the "Timæus." But as the "Timæus" is wholly "mythical" in form, and as the whole doctrine of personal immortality is mainly emphasized in the myths, and as, ever since Teichmüller's day, it has seemed very doubtful whether it was really compatible with the logic of the system, it is evident that Mr. Gaye's argument sorely needs a systematic estimate of the functions of the Platonic myths. It looks arbitrary and uncritical to tak them as scientific, or as pictorial, as suits one's convenience.

A Criticism of Systems of Hebrew Metre. By William H. Cobb. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1905. 12mo, pp. vii., 216, with bibliography and indexes.

For many centuries, Hebrew poetry was thought to rest only on parallelism, or the double expression of the same thought, and on the use of rare words and archaic forms. It seldom shows alliteration or rhyme; metre was hardly suspected, though it was known that the psalms were sung by choirs and were accompanied by stringed and wind instruments. Even as late a critic as Kuenen said: "Metrisch ist die hebräische Poesie nicht." But already in the seventeenth century attempts had been made to find rhythm and measure in the Old Testament poetry. Bishops Hare and Lowth discussed the matter (the latter rather sharply) in the eighteenth century; in the nineteenth the discussion became extensive and more general. Mr. Cobb in the little volume above noted gives not only his own views in chapter i. (Inductive), but also those of many earlier authors, beginning with J. J. Billerman (Berlin, 1813), and following him up with Joseph L. Saalschütz (Koenigsberg, 1825), who very properly in his essay coupled Hebrew poetry with Hebrew music. He then takes up the labors of the great Heinrich Ewald (about 1839), of Ernst Meyer (1850), of the modern Bible critics Dr. Ley and Karl Budde, of Dr. Gustav Bickell, of David H. Müller of Vienna, and winds up with some very recent writers, among them Eduard Sievers, a professor of German at Leipzig and an amateur in the Semitic field, who in 1901 published a book of six hundred pages on Hebrew metre, the most voluminous of all books on the subject. In two hundred pages he sets forth his theory, and devotes four hundred pages tc illustrations.

The first step in the inquiry is naturally this: Is there really any metre? Only when the learned world has been fully convinced on this point, can the next question be taken up: Are syllables counted to make the line or *stichos*, or only beats or accents; and if we count syllables, must we, as in Greek and Latin, distinguish between short syllables (of one *mora* each) and long syllables (each of two or more *morœ*); must we count them straight along, as in French and Italian, or must we count only the beats and stresses, which would range Hebrew with the German measure of the 'Nibelungenlied' and with the old Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic poems? The line or *stichos* being established, the inquiry will next turn to the stanza, and lastly to strophe and antistrophe.

The right counting of the syllable is thus the starting-point. The classic literary Hebrew was that of the south, of Jerusalem and Judæa, attested by the transliteration of names in the Septuagint, in the Gospels and in Josephus, and known in our times as the Portuguese pronunciation, as contrasted with the German-Polish style of reading, which has come down from the dialect of Galilee. The former is closely akin to Arabic, the latter to Syriac. The former pronunciation and the analogy of Arabic, contrary to the opinion of Saalschütz and of Bickell, show that the Sheva *mobile* is to be counted. These scholars, if they were acquainted with either Arabic or with French verse, must have known that poetry does not drop but rather retains light syllables, or restores them where they are lost in prose and in common conversation. However, where the Masoretes put a composite Sheva under a guttural, while any other letter would in like position take the mute Sheva, it should not count; hence Ya'qob, not Ya'aqob, in three syllables. The furtive Patah seems in most cases not to count; but "he" and "she," as in Arabic, are *huwa* and *hiya*. The so-called "Syriasmus," *i. e.*, the coalescence of two light vowels across an Alef or Yod into one, takes place sometimes, but not always, for Hebrew prosody is somewhat flexible like that of Homer, who occasionally splits a long vowel into two, and sometimes counts two vowels for one, either long or short, and who gives to his two heroes (Achilleus and Odysseus) sometimes a double and at other times a single *l* or *s*, just as he stands in need of a short or of a long syllable. The dual ending *ayim* should be read in one syllable, as in Arabic *ethnên*.

With this key applied to a rhythmic passage, say the first three verses of the 58th chapter of Isaiah, the couplets will be found to run thus:

8, 8; 8, 8; 8, 9; 9, 9; 9, 9; 10, 9; 11, 10.

Or, taking at random Job's speech in chapters 12-14, there are 63 distichs and 11 tristichs. Among the former, 24 have each two parts of equal length; in 20 others, the parts differ by one syllable; the first *stichos* is shorter than the second in the first verse of the chapter, it is longer in the last verse. In the tristichs, each line has on an average seven syllables, in the distichs, eight. Now all this cannot be accident. The poets must have had the length of the *stichos* in mind, consciously or subconsciously, when they wrote their poems.

The agreement between corresponding lines is perhaps, on the whole, fuller when word accents than when syllables are counted. And here we shall go safest if, with rare exceptions, we follow the traditional Masoretic accents. These were placed in their positions in accord with the Judean or Portuguese pronunciation, as appears not only from the use of the Metheg, but also from the persistent fact that the Jews of the southern ritual habitually read with the accent as it is written, while the German and Polish Jews prefer to put it on the penult. Mr. Cobb leans decidedly to the count of beats or accents rather than of syllables. To follow him or the predecessors whom he reviews into the building of stanzas, or into the frame of the *qinah* or lamentation measure, would lead us too far.

The prosody and metre of the several poetical books and chapters of the Old Testament are not yet sufficiently established in detail to be made the basis for emendations of the text, and our author justly reproves his predecessors wherever they too boldly take this course. Mr. Cobb and those whom he reviews often try to make their ideas on the rhythm of Hebrew texts better understood by the reader through quotations of popular German or English poems; these are sometimes well, sometimes rather ill, chosen.

Minor Poets of the Caroline Period. Edited by George Saintsbury, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

Mr. Saintsbury, for his many services to literature, is always entitled to a good word from the critics, but especially so in a case like this when (beyond the approval of his own conscience) he can look for no other reward than their appreciation. A better edition of Herrick or of Herbert would be greeted by the applause of a large and grateful public; but what recognition can be hoped for labors spent on Benlowes or on Flecknoe—writers whom the public will never read, and could not be forced to read? Yet these minor (or minim) poets, coming as they do at the time when English poetry was undergoing transformation, and meanwhile was in a state of solution in which new crystals were forming, are full of interest for those who study literature not as an anthology, but as a growing organism. We cannot understand the result if we do not understand the intermediate stages.

The longest poem in the volume, the "Pharonnida" of William Chamberlayne, is also the most important as the chief English example of the heroic poem or "romanticised epic." The story (if the reader can manage to hold it in his mind through all the poet's startings-off and gyrations) is not without interest, and it is all a-sparkle with curious and ingenious fancies like a summer night with fireflies, among which there is every now and then a flash of true poetry. The poem seems to have been kept long on hand, and to have received additions from time to time. It was not published until 1659; at the end of Book II., the poet breaks off to await the result of the battle of Newbury (1644), and yet in Book I., canto 3, the scene of Argalia before the High Court of Justice is an unmistakable reminiscence of the trial of Charles I.

Of the other poets in this volume we have not room to speak. The *eau sucrée* of "the matchless Orinda" has probably been tasted by many of our readers. As for Patrick Hannay, the excessive rarity of his works must be the justification of this reprint; while Benlowes's "Theophila," like Silas Wegg's leg-bone, may have value "as a Monstrosity."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's ready bonhomie never stood him in better stead than in enabling him to avoid so deftly all the awkwardnesses of etiquette and precedence and malapropos which lay lurking for him at the meeting on the *Mayflower* on Saturday. Easy informality was the salvation of the occasion. The nervous and doubting envoys saw visibly embodied before them that "backwoods Charlemagne of empires new" who, as Lowell pictured him,

"—meeting Cæsar's self, would slap his back, Call him 'Old Horse,' and challenge to a drink."

And if the President's bearing was a masterpiece of tact, the language of his toast to a just and lasting peace was such as befitted the great occasion. When all Europe applauds his humane sentiments, Americans may be forgiven for feeling that their lungs "draw braver air."

Much concern is expressed in Washington over the question what to do for "Loomis, Acting," who is just landed, preceded by his own notification that he should arrive very tired. To the mind of official Washington it is, of course, unthinkable that he should become "Loomis, Passive." Something must be done for him. It is not for the likes of us to rush into the high spheres where his fate is under consideration, but we humbly suggest that the difficulty is one of a multiplication of functions on Loomis's part. He has essayed the double rôle of diplomat-financier, but played it badly. Why not now ask him to consent to a division of labor? Diplomat alone, it is at last perceived even at Washington, and eke at Oyster Bay, he could not now be, except upon the theory of Bagehot that a diplomat must be not only an agent, but a spectacle. Since Pat Egan, nobody would be more of "a spectacle" than Loomis in any conceivable embassy. We are therefore compelled by the severest logic to propose a business career for the fatigued Loomis. A bare hint to Mr. Paul Morton should be sufficient. Lovely and pleasant in their official lives, he and Loomis are in their whitewash not divided.

Americans interested in growing rice are hoping to secure a wider market in Cuba through action on the part of the Cuban Congress lowering the import duty on the article. This is a laudable ambition. We trust it may succeed. But we cannot say that we are much impressed by the chop-stick logic on which the rice-growers base their plea to the Cuban Senate. They aver first, that the United States is facing an annual deficit of $25,000,000; second, that $14,000,000 of revenue is lost through Cuban reciprocity; third, that the offset of $7,000,000 increase in our exports to Cuba is inconsiderable; and conclude that if reciprocity is to be extended beyond the original five-year period, the American rice-grower's good will must be bought by lowered taxes on American-grown rice. The chain of reasoning is logically a rope of sand. Because we spend $25,000,000 more than we raise by taxation, Cuba, forsooth, must examine her own conscience whether she is paying her due share of our taxes. The "sacrifice" of $14,000,000 revenue assumes jauntily that the Cubans and not our own sugar consumers are the beneficiaries of the reduced rate on Cuban sugar. Finally, our gain through reciprocity is calculated solely on the ground of the small increase in private profit of our exporters. And the conclusion, that we shall not again be outwitted in a reciprocity treaty with Cuba unless the favor of our rice-growers be bought by a low rice duty, is a crowning piece of inconsequence savoring of blackmail.

It will be worth watching how far the Senate will incline an ear to suggestions of tariff reciprocity when the retaliatory shoe begins to pinch certain industrial interests. The Chinese boycott on American goods provoked at once an executive order softening the asperities in the administration of our exclusion law. There is some reason for believing that the rigors of the law itself may be realized and softened when Senators learn that the pocket-book nerve of their constituents has been touched. Moreover, the advisability of tariff concessions may be borne in upon the Senate afresh when the new German tariff becomes operative. Its double line of duties is admirably constructed as a diplomatic club. So, the United States does not like the new higher level of duties on agricultural products? The Imperial Government will be pleased to give us the benefit of the lower duties, if we can arrange a little concession on German products. Our State Department is said to have informed Baron Speck von Sternburg, the German ambassador, that it is futile to offer new reciprocity treaties to the Senate while that body continues in its present state of mind. The Ambassador, however, is in the fortunate tactical position of being able to sleep soundly over the matter, and to let us walk the floor.

One can easily picture the satisfaction of a wheat-grower in North Dakota as he reads the assurances from Washington that the new German tariff will not, after all, hurt anybody in this country. He notes that the duty upon wheat will be 49 cents a bushel instead of 23. The corn-grower, too, will know how to appreciate the rise on his product from 10 cents to 31 cents a bushel. Though Germany raises the duty on fresh beef from $1.62 a hundred pounds to $4.87, and on salted or pickled beef from $1.84 to $6.45, the farmers are reminded, for their comfort, that copper and cotton are still admitted free. The duty on lumber is to be increased about 75 per cent., that on machinery very materially, and on mineral and cottonseed oil also. Still, there is a fractional reduction in the tariff on builders' hardware, to cheer the lumbering, milling, farming, and livestock interests. Crude phosphates for fertilizers will still be admitted free of duty, so no wonder that the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent's optimism is boundless. He should be asked to speak before the coming reciprocity convention at Chicago, where an imperfect understanding of the beneficence of our retaliatory tariff policy is likely to be betrayed.

Last May the Bureau of Manufactures was instigated to begin an active effort on the part of the United States Government to establish lines of large and swift steamers between American and Brazilian ports. The ostensible purpose was to afford an enlarged market for our manufactures in Brazil. The Bureau requested an expert opinion from Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson, its special agent, who, in a hard-headed reply, simply demolishes the whole foundation for the subsidy scheme. In his old-fashioned and wholly unemotional analysis, Mr. Hutchinson says he doubts the utility of the proposed stimulus to our export trade for two reasons. The first is, that Brazilian importers assert they never have any more difficulty in obtaining goods ordered from New York than in getting goods from London or the Continent. The second reason is, that the countries trading with Brazil which have recently made the greatest effort to stimulate steamship facilities "have been the least successful in holding their Brazilian trade." England, France, and Germany have experienced of late a greater shrinkage of their trade to Brazil than has the United States. Mr. Hutchinson concludes that our freight facilities are adequate, and makes a home thrust at the extension of Government functions by adding that our present mail service to Brazil might be greatly improved. A more complete ex-

posure of the hollowness of the subsidy grab could not be desired.

A national quarantine service is brought distinctly nearer by the appeal of Louisiana to the Federal Government. When a city and a State where jealousy of national control in such matters has been strongest, throw up their hands and implore the authorities at Washington to take charge of the fight against yellow fever, the end of merely local and conflicting safeguards against a national invasion of epidemic disease cannot be far away. The President's response was prompt, but guarded. He telegraphed the Surgeon-General to do everything in his power to aid Gov. Blanchard, and to "notify me what further action is advisable and possible for the Federal authorities." Congress will undoubtedly be called upon to make the powers and duties of the national Government larger and more precise in all that relates to oversight of the public health. This is the way in which constitutional changes gradually come about in this country. A crying practical need presents itself, and then we adjust the law of the land to meet it. On purely theoretical grounds, the change would be opposed; but the concrete emergency carries off the argument triumphantly.

The transfer of all the forest reserves from a division of the Interior Department to the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture, and the consequent consolidation of all branches of the national Government's forest work, were accomplished by an act signed by the President on February 1. For some time there had been a rather clumsy system of coöperation by which trained foresters were detached for service in the reserves; but the change obviously makes for efficiency. How great is the area now set apart under Government control to protect the watersheds and incidentally furnish a future source of fuel and timber, is hardly realized here in the East. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, in a recent article on "Forestry Abroad and at Home," gives 63,308,319 acres as the extent of the sixty-two reserves on January 1. Among those established in the last six months is the Lassen Peak reserve, in California, of nearly a million acres. Another, in the State of Washington, is said to have "half the size of Connecticut," while a Denver newspaper recently figured that the forest-reserve area in Colorado has been increased since January 1 from 2,903,460 acres to 8,252,619. These alone would bring the total up to some 70,000,000 acres—that is, considerably larger than New York and Pennsylvania combined, with Connecticut and Rhode Island thrown in. Nor, for practical purposes, can the activity of some States in creating reserves of their own be ignored. New York has one a little larger than Rhode Island, and Pennsylvania one of about half that extent, while Michigan and Minnesota are named by Mr. Pinchot among other States that are following the same policy.

The astonishing figures of traffic through the ship canal at Sault Ste. Marie, given wide publicity in connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its opening, should remind us that *we* have under way some necessary canal improvements. It was a favorite argument of those who opposed the project to widen and deepen the Erie Canal in 1903, that water transportation could not compete with railways, and that canal construction was a particularly foolish waste of money. But the "Soo" has accommodated a volume of traffic which has increased from 14,503 tons a year to more than 35,000,000, with an average annual increase of 20 per cent. The lesson has not been lost upon Canada, where in recent years some $87,000,000 has been spent on artificial waterways, $30,000,000 going to the construction of the short Welland Canal that locks boats past Niagara Falls. Work on the Georgian Bay Canal, designed to cut out the long Lake Erie détour, has been pushed vigorously, and Montreal's share of the grain and ore shipping of the Northwest will, upon its completion, be further increased. A considerable part of Canada's gain is, and will continue to be, New York's loss. If anything can serve to impress upon the State authorities the importance of pushing the work on the Erie Canal, it should be the "Soo" celebration.

Little attempt is longer made to conceal the fact that both political parties drew upon that mysterious $685,000 Equitable loan. A management which distributed its favors between Depew and Hill would naturally see to it that the treasuries of either party did not go empty. Treasurer Bliss of the Republican National Committee resents as "improper" the question whether any Equitable money was turned over to him. But his sensitive delicacy must not animate the investigating committee of the Legislature. They must drive such questions home, and not be too nice about it. The very fact that political as well as financial scandals are to be inquired into, puts the investigators upon their honor to go to the bottom. We hope their honor will be spur enough; but it is not a bad thing that Jerome stands behind ready to prick them on if their honor is in danger of becoming somewhat Falstaffian.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay's election to the School Board at Roslyn shows at least one way of solving the question of what to do with our women of wealth to keep them from boring themselves and their kind to death. We sincerely trust that this excellent example will be followed, if only to arouse greater interest in school elections. In too many New York towns and villages, school affairs are still in the hands of those whose idea of a public school is a cross-roads shanty with a single ill-fitted and plodding teacher. Some knowledge of the strides made in pedagogy is requisite, and to be conscious of them by no means indicates a passion for "fads and frills." But, aside from this, women of leisure and culture ought to find work of this kind increasingly attractive; they have the time that few men have, and, fortunately enough, they care very much less for political influences than they do for the proper education of children. Incidentally, Mrs. Mackay's election brings to mind again some of the inconsistencies in woman suffrage. In New Jersey, women may vote on school appropriations and may serve on school boards, though they may not vote for members of these boards; in Massachusetts the case is reversed. In New York the suffrage carries with it the right to vote for trustees and on appropriations, and service on the boards is permitted. On the other hand, women property-owners may vote on questions of taxation in villages and towns, but, inconsistently enough, not in the small cities.

The Pennsylvania Legislature, at its recent session, authorized the Governor of that State to communicate with the chief executives of other commonwealths for the purpose of securing uniform divorce laws. Accordingly, communications have already been addressed by Gov. Pennypacker to Gov. Higgins of New York and to Gov. Stokes of New Jersey. These States, and doubtless all the others, are requested to send representatives to a congress of delegates which is to meet in Washington, and will attempt to draft a general law to be sent to all the governors, in the expectation that it will be submitted to the favorable consideration of all the State legislatures. The responses from the two contiguous States have been, on the whole, cordial; and while Gov. Higgins disclaims authority to appoint delegates to the convention in question, he has referred the matter to the New York commissioners for the promotion of uniformity of legislation in the United States, and has expressed the hope that the commissioners may find it possible to attend the projected congress. Whatever the specific outcome of this movement, it evidences the general feeling that uniform legislation in this matter is highly desirable.

The colored people of Florida are jubilant over a decision of the Supreme Court of that State declaring unconstitu-

tional the "Jim Crow" street-car law which became effective on July first. There are two street-car companies in Jacksonville. One, owned by Boston capitalists, is reported to have paid $10,000 to prevent the passage of the bill. The other is largely owned by colored people, and was not affected by the boycott immediately instituted against the Boston company. Similar action was taken in Pensacola, the negroes there refusing to ride in cars which were divided for the races. A colored law firm of Jacksonville, Messrs. Wetmore & Purcell, at once prepared a test case, their belief being that the law, which also conferred police powers upon the conductors, was contrary to both Federal and State Constitutions, violating particularly section two of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Their contentions were upheld by the Circuit Court, and, four days later, by the Supreme Court of Florida—a result which pleases the railroad companies quite as much as the colored people, and may easily result in attacks on similar laws in other States. An amusing feature of this case was the giving to the negroes the front seats in the cars of the line owned by colored people, and placing the "white crow" section in the rear—an arrangement which naturally appealed to the humor of the colored folk.

On July 15 Brussels was *en fête* in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Belgian independence. Belgium can point to a great increase in population (from 3,700,000 to 7,000,000) and in wealth since 1831, and has doubtless made a distinct place for herself. Her Congo venture, as to which the balance, whether pecuniary or moral, cannot yet be struck, has given her a name among the nations, though it has not substantially improved her international relations. Indeed, what has been called "the gravitation" of Belgium towards Germany has probably been due in part to resentment at English criticism of Belgian methods on the Congo. Fear, too, that England would not effectually guarantee Belgian independence, in case of another war on the Continent, has something to do with it. There seems to be as yet no ground for such panic as Demetrius C. Boulger expresses in the *Nineteenth Century* over the prospect of Belgium dropping into the outstretched hands of Germany; but the inclination of Brussels to look to Berlin rather than to London is clear.

Trouble continues smouldering in Crete. "Taken on deposit," in M. Hanotaux's phrase, by the European Powers, that island has not in all respects behaved as its protectors fondly hoped. The people have shown a vexing desire to say what sort of government they wish. They have for years desired union with Greece. The appointment by the Powers of a Grecian prince as High Commissioner in Crete seemed to the inhabitants a distinct encouragement of this long-standing hope of theirs. Yet no sooner do they begin to express their preferences, though in somewhat violent fashion it must be admitted, than all the talk is of stern repression. A recent dispatch from Rome said that Russia regarded the Cretans as practically in a state of insurrection, and was, characteristically, for putting it down roughly. The Italian Government, on the other hand, was for the familiar but futile remedy of a "pacific blockade." But none of the obstacles placed in the way of the popular will can long avail, provided it still be true that "the unanimous and unconquerable desire" of the Cretans is for a union with the Greeks in a single nation.

The revolt in German Southwest Africa obstinately declines to be put down, despite the fact that it has been officially declared ended quite as often as our own "ladrone" fighting in the Philippines. So far, the cost to the German Government of this year and a half of war has been about 65 millions of dollars and fully 1,000 lives, while the real end is not yet in sight. The German officers plan the most scientific traps, but the prey manages to wriggle out somehow just when it is officially reported as "wholly surrounded." Conditions in the colony are about as unhappy as could be imagined. The loyal natives complain that they are abused, the settlers are very angry at the high-handed methods of the military, business is almost at a standstill. The army authorities enforce the most despotic military rule, in the course of which they recently suspended the only newspaper containing news of the insurrection, because of its criticism of the official management. Thus the settlers are left in absolute ignorance of what is going on, and the soldiers vent their ill-humor by blaming the English for permitting Cape Colony to be a recruiting-ground for the natives. It is also alleged that the English authorities fail to disarm the followers of Maharero when they are driven across the border, and permit them to return to the warpath when rested and refreshed. Altogether, the spectacle is one which should afford much food for thought among Imperialists the world over.

Jules Roche, in a recent article in *Figaro*, reviews the German budget. He complains of its intricacy and complexity, as contrasted with the budgetary statements of Great Britain, and, while admitting that the French budget is not blameless in this respect, declares that it has never attained the *magnifique incohérence* of the German. The complicated character of the German budget statement is due to two facts. First, the German Empire is a federal State, and transactions between the Imperial Government and the twenty-six constituent States make a simple statement of financial conditions difficult. Second, Germany is engaged largely in industry, such as railroads, coal mines, and the like. This results in swelling the figures of both gross receipts and gross expenses. M. Roche, however, is able to disentangle the following facts about German finances: Their total is steadily growing; the items that embrace the greater part of the increase are expenditures on the army and navy; the principal of the public debt is steadily on the increase. As illustrative of these tendencies he cites the following totals of the expenses of the Imperial Government:

1874	841 million francs
1894-95	1673 million francs
1904-05	2549 million francs

The Imperial army expenditure for 1905-6 is set at 79 millions in excess of that required for the current fiscal year; the naval expenditures promise an annual growth of 31 millions for the next budgetary year. The debt of the Empire and the constituent States was, in 1901, 16,728,000,000 francs. Since then, in the debts of the Empire, of Prussia, and Bavaria alone, the increase has been 1,797,000,000 francs; and the total today is near 19 milliards.

Lord Curzon made it very plain in his speech at Simla on July 18 how near the Balfour Government came to receiving his resignation in connection with the Indian army administration issue raised by Lord Kitchener. The Viceroy frankly stated that this question was originally referred to him by the Home Government seven months ago, with a request for the Indian Government's opinion. A month before, to his intense surprise, he not only ascertained that his advice "had not been so fortunate as to meet with the acceptance" of the King's advisers, but also found himself instructed to "introduce without delay a form of military administration" of which he "learned only for the first time in the dispatch of the Secretary of State." Naturally, Lord Curzon was incensed, and, also naturally, he made such a vigorous protest that Balfour found himself compelled to withdraw the offensive plan or to lose Curzon's services. He promptly backed down; or, to put it more politely, "accepted the modifications" offered by the Viceroy. Inevitably, this method of governing India has not made a very favorable impression either there or at home. Moreover, it makes ridiculous the Balfour pretence that his Government should be retained because of the alleged ticklish condition of foreign affairs. A blunderer at home can blunder even worse abroad.

HOUSETOP DIPLOMACY.

There have been peace conferences many, and plenipotentiaries have met before, but we doubt if the world's history up till now can show the sort of diplomatic shouting from the housetops to which we have just been listening. It is certainly a complete break with the old tradition. Good or bad, wise or foolish, the customary way of envoys on a special mission has been to maintain impenetrable reserve. Doubtless this has often led to a false reputation for wisdom—"accounted wise for saying nothing." But even those diplomats who really had something to say when they opened their lips, have felt it both prudent and decent to do their first talking to their fellow-negotiators in secret. Louis Napoleon, it will be remembered, made the mistake of underestimating Bismarck, when the latter was Ambassador to France, because he was so "open" in his conversation. That was an innovation which did not always work well even in Bismarck's skilful hands. The general rule has remained as Lord Salisbury described it—four men sitting down at a table, to settle quietly and secretly international controversies.

Democracy, publicity, the modern press have changed all that, apparently. Diplomacy has to be, not merely popularized, but plebificated. Secrecy is intolerable. Reserve is almost an insult. Oriental calm and Tartar stolidity have both to yield to this rising and imperious demand that everything be blabbed. We have had daily a sort of duel between the diplomatic representatives of Japan and Russia. Interview responds to interview, and statement answers statement. It is a sort of furious but long-range bombardment. Tokio is reported one morning to be enraged because St. Petersburg talks of the possibility of continuing the war. The newspapers of either belligerent country and of neutral nations are filled with contradictory accounts of what Japan's terms will be, what Russia's maximum, and what the final result will be. The fact that M. Witte takes a ride in an automobile, or visits the Stock Exchange, is cabled to Russia as a "good indication"; while the Japanese were triumphant, if we may believe the reports, over the announcement that President Roosevelt was to receive them a half hour in advance of the Russians. The novel thing is, not that we should have such enforced or sought publicity—we are accustomed to it nearly everywhere else—but that it should be annexed to the most serious diplomatic negotiations. If this is modern diplomacy—diplomacy by megaphone—it gives fresh point to Coleridge's taunt, "Your art diplomatic is stuff."

Of course, there is little or nothing really revealed in all the clamor. The man in the street thinks that he knows the thoughts of Komura's heart and the self-communings of M. Witte, whereas in fact all that he has before him is a mass of confused rumor, unfounded assertion, and unauthorized speculation. The surprising thing is, however, that the parties to the negotiation have seen fit to add to these untrustworthy oracles. They seem to have deliberately darkened counsel by words without meaning. Mr. Sato has had his carefully studied interview every day, recurrent as the sun. The Russians have given him as good as he sent. Little that a reasonable man can attach importance to has emerged in all the noise, but the noise itself has been unprecedented. At the Congress of Berlin, every member was pledged to reticence in advance and sworn to secrecy at the time. Even our own peace conference at Paris in 1898, after a war which had been conducted very much as a form of newspaper advertisement, was a model of dignified reserve compared with the preliminary clatter of the Portsmouth conference. The new diplomacy seems full upon us.

That there may be compensating good in it we do not deny. We shall not quarrel with those who see in it an appeal to the considerate judgment of mankind. Both Russia and Japan may be forgiven if they are anxious to stand well with the civilized world. Perhaps all their initial skirmishing in the press is to be interpreted as a proof that they recognize the existence of a great court of international opinion, and are anxious to assure their standing in it. It is profoundly true, we believe, that there is to-day a consensus of humane minds throughout the world, and that no nation can afford to disregard, much less defy, it. Yet it is the final result at Portsmouth, after all, and not all this thundering in the index, which will have to be submitted to the verdict of civilized nations; and we cannot but think it would have been better for all concerned if there had not been so much diplomatic beating of the air in advance.

Democracy seems to demand more and more that everything be done in public. It is impatient to know and to bruit abroad what is whispered in the ear in the closet. But it has got to be taught, or to learn by bitter experience, that some kinds of public business cannot be transacted in mass-meeting and with brass bands. It is of the essence of diplomacy to be delicate, confidential, secret—at least in the early stages of an important negotiation; and, if we are now going to insist upon an echoing publicity, to demand that plenipotentiaries live in glass houses, think aloud, and entrust their official cipher to the reporters, we shall be destroying what has long been, and may long continue to be if let alone, a most useful instrument. Even democracy has to delegate power to somebody, and trust him to be discreet and closemouthed in affairs of high import; and if Hotspur's saying ever comes to be read, "Secret thou art, but yet a diplomat," there will be an end of diplomacy.

OVERHAULING THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OFFICE.

A well-known college professor complained recently that when he told people that he lectured on "Administration," nobody knew what he meant. The lay graduate supposed it was a new-fangled name for some course in politics, while practising lawyers assumed that it meant the administering upon estates of decedents. Even when the student of *Verwaltungslehre* explained that he was lecturing upon "the administration of government," the far-off look in the eye of his auditors convinced him that the phrase carried no definite message to the bewildered inquirer. Despite the domestication of the term "administration" in our political vocabulary, the word commonly connotes the personnel of the executive department, and not the art of conducting governmental business. We are just awaking to the fact that there is an art of coördinating and managing public business with economy, dispatch, and strictly located responsibility. It is our realization of this fact that explains the recent creation, by the President, of the Committee on Department Methods.

Our tardiness in appreciating the importance of scientific administration is to be explained on historical grounds. Our governments, State and Federal, were charged originally with such modest tasks that the various bureaus did not very frequently impinge upon each other. Moreover, the prevalent individualism of our earlier history created such almost universal habits of self-reliance and bold initiative that the ordinary successful American citizen was presumably a skilful administrator. Private business had been the school in which our early class of competent bureaucrats got their training. But even in those halcyon days there was not wanting evidence of dry rot in Government bureaus. John Randolph, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in 1807, wanted an explanation from Secretary Robert Smith concerning certain items in the navy estimates, and described his experience thus:

> "The Secretary called up his chief clerk, who knew very little more of the business than his master. I propounded a question to the head of the department; he turned to the clerk like a boy who cannot say his lesson and with imploring countenance beseeches aid; the clerk with much assurance gabbled out some commonplace jargon which I would not take for sterling; an explanation was required, and both were dumb. This pantomime was repeated at every new item, until, disgusted and ashamed for the degraded situation of the principal, I took leave without pursuing the subject. . . . There was not a single question relating to the Department that the Secretary could answer."

It is sincerely to be hoped that our Cabinet ministers to-day are better informed than the victim of John Randolph's hectoring. They will else make a bad fist in returning answers to the one hundred and seven printed questions which the Committee on Department Methods has fired point blank not only at each Department, but at each bureau and division thereof.

The present situation in our executive departments has resulted in large part from the rapid growth, and frequently the very unsymmetrical growth, of different bureaus. The curious medley of tasks entrusted to the Treasury until the recent creation of the Department of Commerce and Labor illustrates the case. Lighthouse inspection, Alaskan seals, and supervision of immigration had been tacked seriatim to the previous fiscal functions of the Treasury, and there were a dozen other jobs falling to the Treasury fully as alien to its proper field of action. But, besides the growth of the departments, the necessity of precluding corrupt methods carried with it a certain check upon administrative facility and dispatch. To make sure that money did not get into the wrong hands, a series of artificial hurdles—audits and counter-audits, vouchers, and warrants—was erected to trip up the nimble but erring sixpence. In similar manner, to prevent offices from becoming spoils, pure and simple, civil-service examinations were set, and the sifting process, though immeasurably helpful to the morale of the Government employees, was a trifle slow. What we gained in purity, we partly lost in speed. And unfortunately even the merit system cannot guarantee that a crust of bureaucratic custom shall not form on the surface of government activities.

It is said to be President Roosevelt's discovery of these mal-adjustments, and his impatience with red tape, which led to the appointment of the Committee on Department Methods. Their inquisition seems to be directed along very promising lines. A few sample interrogatories will illustrate:

> "(2.) What is the division of responsibility between the Secretary, the Assistant Secretaries, and the chiefs of bureaus and divisions?"
>
> "(8.) Is any work done by any other Department in any field covered by your Department? If so, is there any systematic form of coöperation?"
>
> "(18.) What procedure and policy are followed in making up departmental estimates for appropriations? Is any committee concerned with this work?"

And under the general heading of Correspondence and Files is this home thrust: "(19.) What proportion of answers is mailed the same day the letter is received?"

It may readily be imagined how the somnolent departmental dovecotes are being fluttered by this unfeeling intrusion. The dust was so picturesque, and the mantle of mutual charity for each other's lagging gait had become so all but universal! It even appears that the investigating committee suspects that in certain musty quarters of Washington there is an odor of hateful academicism, for one query desires light on there being "any persons in your Department engaged in preparing decisions for ministerial approval who are without expert and practical knowledge of actual conditions. . . . as distinguished from a knowledge of the record alone."

Enthusiasts for Government control of industry may profitably turn aside a moment to consider that this inquiry is virtually an attempt to inject into Government business administration the virtues of private or corporate management. We can but hope that the investigation may secure for the executive departments the desiderata they now often lack—definitely located responsibility, coördination of departmental work, due economy, avoidance of unnecessary duplication of function, and such reasonable speed as is consistent with honesty in public business.

THE PUBLIC VIEW OF MORMONISM.

Not in a long time, certainly, has the Mormon Church had so prominent a place in the news of the day as at present. Not only are there unmistakable signs of a strained situation in Utah itself; over the Western States in general—the East seems less interested—the feeling is apparent that things are not as they should be and that something ought to be done.

In a sense, we are now passing through a sort of secondary stage in the agitation over Mormonism. The early testimony in the Smoot proceedings made familiar to every one a mass of highly damaging facts about the Church and its leading spirits. In a word, it taught the country what the Church stood for and to what its potential authority extended. The effort of those fighting Mormonism is now to show in detail the ways in which this power is being exercised at present in every-day affairs. Until the country in general is completely convinced that the Mormon hierarchy not only can but does habitually exercise despotic control over the Church membership, to the prejudice of others' rights and in violation of its own agreements, it is idle to talk as yet of the third stage, when we should seriously consider applying a remedy by force from without. If the anti-Mormons can do no more than show that the Latter-day Saints have a fantastic and terrifying ritual, are led in an extremely close communion by a coterie of rich old men with several wives apiece, and usually let themselves be told how to vote, the good people over the rest of the country will be properly disgusted, but they will hardly be roused to an embattled mood.

It is in this light that the current allegations of Mormon machinations have their special interest. Last week, for instance, registration for chances in the Uintah Reservation lands began at Provo, Price, and Vernal. Salt Lake, the largest city in the State, was not included. Here is seen a Mormon plot, for, in Salt Lake City, Gentiles are in the majority, and by removing the places of registration to Mormon centres the chances of the non-Mormons in the scramble would be diminished. Out of the Uintah opening another scandal was scented in the recent letter from one of the Mormon "stake" presidencies, referring to "Land Office connections." Commissioner Richards at Washington promptly wrote to ask what was meant by the expression. The answer, sent a fortnight ago, explains that the Church officials merely meant that they were "in touch with Land Office attorneys and civil engineers operating in the legitimate exercise of their professions and under the rules and regulations governing opening of the reserve." The stake presidency protests that it used the phrase "without noting that it was susceptible of double construction."

It may be remembered that when President Smith was testifying before the Senate committee, he was asked about the case of a man who, after being long in charge of certain Mormon educational work, left it to become a professor in the State Agricultural College. The implication of the question was that the change was a punishment inflicted by the Church. President Smith's answer was, in substance, that the State Agricultural College was a far more important institution than any which the Church maintained. This statement may be recalled in view of the recent charge that the Mormon leaders are plotting to capture the institution, that several of its professors are now polygamists, and that, if the plans go through, the institution will be made as far as possible an adjunct to the Smoot-Cutler political-religious machine.

But the list of evils alleged is almost endless. We have the case of a Mormon forger arrested in Canada, but protected by the refusal of Utah's Mormon Governor to issue a requisition for him. There is the story of a Gentile saloonkeeper whose license was revoked, and who was visited a few days later by a Mormon, who proposed to rent the place, saying, "You could not get a license, but I can, because I am a member of the Church." We read accounts of the means by which independent salt-makers—Mormons themselves—have been crushed by the power of the Church monopoly. There are even tales of Smith's unfeeling treatment of widows and orphans left by dying Mormons to the charity of the Church. We have thought it worth while to cite these charges as illustrations of the systematic effort now being made to impress on the country

what Mormonism is in practice as well as theory.

In the midst of this wrangle, Frederick W. Smith, grandson of the original "prophet" Joseph Smith, and head of the "Reorganized" Church (for the head of the Utah body carries on the line only in name), comes out with an address to Mormons urging them to abandon at once polygamy, commercialism, and politics, and return to the faith as it was before corrupted by Brigham Young. An amusing cartoon in the Salt Lake *Tribune* shows Apostle Penrose, editor of the Church organ, the *Deseret News*, exclaiming, "There is no collision of forces in Utah," though behind him President Smith, a strapping Gentile, and a Mormon schismatic, are rolling over and over in a three-cornered rough-and-tumble fight, while the peaceable Reed Smoot, without taking a hand himself, is knocked hither and thither.

Certainly, all the grumble and rumble and roar would be more impressive if it was directed to some more definite end. "What are you going to do about it?" is in this case the question of the well-meaning bystander as well as of the intrenched hierarchy. Even Senator Kearns, in his impressive valedictory speech on conditions in his State, got no nearer a concrete suggestion than to say: "It is the duty of this great body . . . to serve notice on this Church monarch and his apostles that they must live within the law, that the nation is supreme, etc." But how serve notice? And if they do not obey the notice, what next? Elect State officers who will vigorously root out polygamy and political conspiracies? It was tried last fall, but the anti-Mormon ticket polled only 8,000 votes out of 100,000 or so. The only concrete thing the Senate can do without going out of its way is to unseat Reed Smoot, but the committee seems as far from a report on his case as ever, and the apostle has already rounded out more than a third of his term unmolested.

JEROME'S TRUE VALUE.

We doubt not that most of Mr. Jerome's admirers and supporters could, as we at least do, wish him in some respects other than he is. His address at Chautauqua on Saturday brought out again some of those qualities in him which make the judicious grieve. He said some excessively foolish things. His notions of political economy seem singularly vague. His dismissal of the Philippine question in a contemptuous phrase or two was unworthy of a serious-minded man. But we have to take Mr. Jerome for all in all. We have to see what is essential and central in him, and what falls away as merely exterior and unimportant. Southey said that, as he grew older, he got over his early "mania for man-mending." We must take men as God made them—thanking Him devoutly when a public man arises who, with whatever faults of manner or speech, has the root of the matter in him and deals direct and mighty blows at the giant evils of his day and generation.

Now that is true of Mr. Jerome. The people of this city and of this country are turning their eyes to him, not because they think his taste perfect, or believe that all he says is pure wisdom, but because they know him to be honest and terribly in earnest, because they perceive that he is absolutely fearless, and because they are more and more coming to see that he is striking his hand upon the very spot where the American body politic is most ailing. His description of the way in which bosses have cunningly come between the people and their nominal representatives, answers to the thoughts of many hearts. We have all felt this shame. In a confused but angry way, we have protested against the idea that our boss-made public servants fairly represent the American people. We look about and see our friends and neighbors, honest and self-respecting, as a rule, and desirous of purity and efficiency in government, yet somehow led by the nose into conniving at the worst plans of party machines and their unscrupulous leaders. Community after community, with State after State, feels itself disgraced by the men who are ostensibly the elect of the people, yet the reason for the humiliation, like its remedy, is but dimly perceived. Mr. Jerome, however, comes forward to make all clear. He shows into exactly what trap we have fallen. It is the combination of party tyranny (really the dictation of one man or a small group of men) with graft that is responsible for the disrepute into which our public life has fallen.

And, in elaborating this truth, Mr. Jerome displays a prophet-like directness. No beating about the bush; just a plain, "Thou art the man." It is as refreshing as it is unprecedented to have a man in the public eye make his teachings so trenchantly personal, naming his bad examples with the utmost freedom. Such explicit application of his principles as he made by name on Saturday—Depew, Odell, Platt, Hill, each being treated with a familiarity which must have seemed to them horrifying—is as admirable as it is needed. "I love Moll Cobb for her impudence," said Dr. Johnson; and we think that Americans are prepared to give their hearts to a man who will lay an irreverent hand upon our whited sepulchres. We have had a dearth of this plain-speaking and making guilt personal. The ordinary way has been to construct some roundabout phrase, after the manner of Joseph Surface, and say "the man who," etc., etc. This is the great vice of President Roosevelt's exhortations. But Mr. Jerome has gone about the business with a terrifying way of pointing his finger straight at the sinner. "When I say a Senator is unfit, I mean Depew. When I speak of a self-seeking boss, I mean Odell." No wonder the people hear him gladly.

All that we can reasonably ask of a public man is that he sense the great issue before the country, and be prepared to lead the people aright upon it. The rest is immaterial. Mr. Jerome's occasional slangy habit of speech, the flippant tone which he sometimes adopts, his yielding now and then to the temptation to deliver himself upon subjects of which he has small knowledge, his indiscretions, his mistakes—all these things are of no great consequence. It is enough that he sees clear and thinks and talks straight in the really vital matter. Mr. Jerome's true importance and real value lie in his firm grasp of the fundamental evil of our politics. He has studied the matter long and at first hand. Of the malign figure of the boss, selling nominations with one hand, selling legislation with the other, he has had a near view; and he tells us in the most explicit language we have had from any public man, that our peril and our corruption reside in the arrogance of the party boss and the subserviency of the voters. Throwing his own glove full in the face of the bosses of both parties, Mr. Jerome has made himself the natural leader of all who would see their corrupt and debasing power broken forever.

The rise of such men as District Attorney Jerome and Governor Folk renews one's faith in the ability of democracy to heal its own diseases. When the sickness is most desperate, the physician appears. The first thing we need is a clear diagnosis of the malady. This Mr. Jerome has given us with unexampled precision. The cure which he proposes is heroic—like the plucking out of an eye or the cutting off of hand or foot—but there are abundant signs that the people are ready for it. We can interpret the acclaim with which the whole country has received Mr. Jerome's declaration of independence of the bosses, and of war upon them till they abdicate or expire, in but one way: a political revolution is impending, and woe be to boss or grafter who gets in its way.

HOW THE MAYOR STANDS.

Some of our daily contemporaries seem very despairing of District Attorney Jerome's chances of reëlection if he runs independently. One of them deprecates his assaults on the Republican machine, and thus writes itself down as unable to comprehend the real sources of his strength. This, we think, is not the time for faint-hearted studying of election figures, or for regret that the Tammany vote is so large as it is. It is the moment to give thanks that a brave

man has at one stroke vitalized a campaign which bade fair to be lifeless and even confusing, and has set before the community once more, and in vigorous fashion, the ideals towards which honest citizens have been working these twenty-five years. New York has shown again and again that it has citizens who value courage, independence, and honesty in a civic official. To sit down now and wail over the likelihood that great numbers cannot be shaken in their fealty to national party, is entirely too much like offering the counsel of pessimism, if not despair.

In sounding a call to arms against the bosses, Mr. Jerome has not only brought his own candidacy to the front, but has set people to reviewing the whole Mayoralty situation in the light of the coming election. When Tammany Hall puts a personally honest man like Mayor McClellan in office, it does so for two reasons: first, to deceive voters into believing that it has undergone a moral regeneration, and is therefore entitled to the votes of those who would "reform the party from within"; and, second, to confuse the real issue presented by its mere existence as an organized political body with no higher inspiration than the appetite for public plunder. Mayor McClellan has served these more than dubious ends well—intentionally or unintentionally—with the result that the public mind is seriously perplexed. People have naturally been drawn to the personally attractive gentleman in the City Hall, and have, also naturally, compared his administration far more with Van Wyck's than with Mr. Low's. From that point of view they think the present Administration a great advance. Some innocent voters, too, really think this is the grade of Tammany government we may expect for the indefinite future. Ridiculous as this is, we are, fortunately enough, not facing another "red-light" campaign, and we have been happily spared many of the iniquities of the Van Wyck debauching of our city government.

But when this is said on behalf of Mayor McClellan, there remains little if anything else to be adduced in his favor, while there are many harsh judgments which the impartial student of affairs must pass upon the Administration that he and Mr. Murphy are jointly conducting. First of all, the Mayor himself knows in his heart that he has been false to the city's best interests in retaining in office John T. Oakley, the Gas Commissioner, who sold out to the Gas Trust behind Mr. McClellan's back. He did, it is true, force out a wholly incompetent Tenement House Commissioner, but this only brought out in more glaring way his retention of Oakley and of the insufferable Park Commissioner, Pallas. It in no way relieves him from the responsibility of having foisted upon the city a Deputy Police Commissioner of the character of Thomas F. McAvoy, or a Dock Commissioner like Featherson, to say nothing of the Health Commissioner, who makes scarcely a pretence of excluding politics from his enormously important department. Under these men and their fellows there has been a steady deterioration of the city's service. Mr. McClellan knows it; he has been having some difficult times lately with certain heads of departments, and he has readily understood the significance of the bumps he has received in riding over our worn-out pavements.

None the less, the Mayor has been loyal to his political pals. He has not gone back on "the gang," as did Mayor Weaver in Philadelphia. True, the Durham machine demanded intolerable things, but essentially it is not different from Tammany, and the plaudits of all his friends could not conceal the plain fact that Mayor McClellan has acted up to his natural instincts and served the city faithfully *only so far as compatible* with his staying on good terms with his overlord, the ex-barkeeper, Murphy. When the limit of Mr. Murphy's or the Hall's indulgence has been reached, the city may go hang as far as the Mayor is concerned. Meanwhile he salves his conscience with the Jesuitical doctrine that the end—*i. e.*, the furtherance of his own ambitions—justifies the means, and that, in Rooseveltian language, one must compromise to "accomplish things." In other words, the Mayor has fawned upon his political maker, and is more content to be half a man and Murphy's loyal tool than the city's leader. Who has heard the son of George B. McClellan speak out in these last eighteen months against the corrupt corporations, the real enemies of the city, who are steadily driving it towards municipal management of public utilities, or worse, by reason of their criminal alliance with Tammany Hall and the rotten Republican machine? When has the Mayor essayed the moral leadership of this community—now in Mr. Jerome's hands—as his birth and antecedents gave the public a right to expect of him? Has any one seen in Mr. McClellan an iota of that readiness to fling away his political future by daring to do the right which marks the Jeromes, the Folks, the Clevelands, as the highest type of the American public servant?

Mr. McClellan's Administration is at bottom one of compromise and deceit, intended to gloss over the evils of governing a city by a boss, in order that the independent voters may turn their eyes away from the true standards erected by men like Jerome and Cutting and the honest workers of the Citizens' Union. The one system of government has failed in every city in America, and has made American municipal government a byword throughout the world—like Turkish mismanagement and Russian corruption; the other offers the only hope of conducting our municipal business honestly. Let Mr. McClellan be reëlected, and the downward movement of the new city government will be accelerated. The issue this fall, as in former years, is the people against the criminal alliance of both parties for the purpose of plundering the city. Through Mr. Cutting the Citizens' Union has swung into line behind Mr. Jerome, as everybody knew it would. And it may yet appear that there is a higher duty which Mr. Jerome cannot escape, for the very reason that he himself has so daringly nailed the flag of good government to the mast.

HYBRID DEMOCRACIES.

Democracies which attempt a colonial policy suffer under unusual disadvantages. They cannot very easily justify at the same time their own existence and their usual method of governing dependencies. Monarchies have less trouble in this respect. Where the Crown enjoys substantial power of government, it is easy to extend the same logical conception to the rule of newly acquired territory. Bismarck's dictum that "might must rule before right can" is not ousted of its jurisdiction by a sea trip. To be sure, the absolutist principle has not been proved by historical experience to be reliable. Power without corresponding terrestrial responsibility has on the whole degenerated into neglect and abuse of the governed. But still the doctrine of divine right, or its modern counterpart, suffers no logical dislocation on purely geographical grounds. It is true that the colonies which are dominated under this theory of government have shown little inherent vitality. But, on the other hand, the difficulties they have offered to the home governments have been mainly those of subjugating and policing the "lesser breeds" of alien peoples, not of devising an acceptable measure of self-government for them.

When democracies essay the imperial task, however, the logical dilemma is a vexing one. The opportunist dodge is the only way out of the difficulty. The theory of absolute control is propounded as necessary at the outset. Ultimate self-government, with hazy reservations as to its introduction, extension, and full realization, is dangled as a sedative before the electorate of the seduced democracy and as a quietist incentive before the people of the subject colony. Between the two extremes there is room for a vast assortment of hybrid democracies. There is also the spectacular device of selling the colony an occasional gold brick. This takes the form of a triumphal tour of "pro-consuls," like Lord Milner or "Big Bill" Taft. The duped subjects of a distant sway are thus kept in a lively hope of better

things to come, and the persistent note of discontent is hushed for the moment by the tom-toms of personal welcome. The steady undertone of complaint is stilled, however, only for the time being. The "pro-consuls'" lot is to be misunderstood. As Mr. Kipling tells us,

"Doubted are they and defamed
By the tongues their act set free."

One reason seems to be that the distant subjects of the Empire are wont to regard their freedom as illusory. Take our friends the Porto Ricans, whom we rescued from the tyranny of Spain, for instance. Here the ungrateful fellows are complaining that the executive government named from Washington is as much a tyranny as the Spanish Crown, and that their elective Legislature is very much of a farce. The latest dispatches from Manila bring much the same story. The provincial governors have memorialized Congress, through Gov. Wright, for a reduction of the tariff. They make serious complaints against the constabulary. They desire reform in municipal governments. And, to crown all, the presidente of the Municipal Board of Manila avows in the pro-consular presence that, since Secretary Taft's departure, "the Filipinos as a whole have been dissatisfied, considering themselves insufficiently represented in the government."

A curious parallel presents itself in Great Britain's attempt to give the Transvaal self-government with one hand and to take it back with the other. The debate in the House of Commons on July 27 brought out the curious situation. The "empire-builders" had, by the treaty of Vereeniging, promised that, at the earliest possible moment, the military government should be succeeded by civil government. When the question arose what should be the character of the civil government, the Foreign Office allowed the makeshift of a representative assembly to be elected by the English and the Boers, but superimposed an executive nominated by the Crown. Besides this, the legislative competence of the representative assembly was limited and hampered. The most important powers were removed from its grasp. The salaries and supplies of the executive could not be touched by it, and many of its enactments, even within its restricted area of power, were subject to review and veto by the Crown. A somewhat similar system once existed in Canada. Lord Durham said of it, in his celebrated Report: "It is difficult to understand how any English statesman could have imagined that representation and irresponsible government could be successfully combined." The farcical character of the hybrid self-government of the Transvaal could not be better brought out than by the defence which the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, attempted. In essence, it was this: that the proposed plan of government was so bad that Boers and English would sink their racial prejudices in a common effort to do away with it. The right honorable gentleman said "he would give the reasons why he thought that the granting of the Constitution in its present form would tend to the obliteration of racial spirit. They had already got, in the agitation for responsible government, Dutchmen acting with Englishmen. [Hear, hear!] If they gained responsible government, the Dutchmen would draw themselves up in a phalanx on the one side and the Englishmen on the other."

This is substantially the justification so often offered for subjecting dependent people to a yoke we admit we could not ourselves endure. It will work out the peaceable fruits of political experience to treat these unschooled peoples to an arbitrary and irresponsible control which matured democracies like ourselves have found intolerable. This complacent and comforting doctrine, however, runs in the teeth of two very unpleasant facts. Subject peoples unrepresented in a governing democracy are very likely to be exploited at the hands of a conscienceless bureaucracy of irresponsible and distant administrators. Either restive discontent or complete atrophy of the national spirit of the colony is bound to ensue. Whatever enlargement they obtain in their rights of self-government is far more likely to come from the trouble they threaten to give the governing country than from a paternally judicious, though gradual, enlargement of their powers of self-direction. The other fact that must be weighed is the reflex action upon the spirit and structure of the democracy at home of exercising even a temporary tyranny abroad. The infection of militarism, despotism, and absolutism is not the least danger to a democracy which essays a rôle alien to its inner life. As we have ourselves experienced, the stifling of the public conscience is attended by a paralysis of the power to resist and to recuperate.

AN ARCHITECTURAL STROLL IN FRANCE.

PARIS, July 26, 1905.

I should advise a person desirous of getting acquainted with the monuments of old France to take as a guide not a dry Baedeker or a Murray, or even one of Hachette's exact guides—very respectable works and full of information—but the books of M. André Hallays. M. Hallays has given himself a mission; he is the champion and protector of the past, and chiefly of the architectural monuments of the past. There has existed since the reign of Louis Philippe an Historical Monuments Commission which has rendered immense service in preserving from ruin the most important vestiges of our national history. A classification of these monuments has been made, much money has been spent for their preservation and also for their restoration. Unfortunately, under the influence of the architects, and especially of Viollet-le-Duc, the work of restoration has often been carried too far; the credits voted by the Commission have often been used more for restoration than for preservation. Architects think it more glorious to repair a column or a door than to cover a roof.

France possesses many rich edifices which are not classed in the official lists—admirable village churches, ruins of old abbeys, municipal buildings, châteaux, private houses. As M. André Hallays justly says:

"They must be saved, first, because they are the witnesses of our history, and also because they give to modern artists the clearest and most healthy lesson; their lines and decorations teach us the true French tradition. The great basilicas and the magnificent palaces which the Historical Monuments Commission has saved, and, alas! restored, have not, for the instruction of our architects, the value of these more humble monuments in which survives, in all its purity, the genius of the builders of old, and which have not been disfigured by the hazardous imagination of restorers."

These views have prevailed already in some provinces, and societies have been formed for the preservation of monuments of this sort. One of these societies has taken for its field the basin of the River Loire; others are in formation for the basins of the Seine, the Rhone, the Garonne. The first acquisition of the Society of the Loire has been the old Abbey of Asnières, situated in the midst of a forest between Doué-la-Fontaine and Montreuil-Bellay. This abbey was founded at the beginning of the twelfth century by a colony of Benedictine monks. Its history is the same as that of nearly all the great French monasteries. The monks begin by being settlers and farmers; they raise cattle, they build houses. The religious wars of the sixteenth century end this period; in the seventeenth century, there are only six Benedictines left; in the eighteenth century, the Jesuits take possession of the nearly abandoned monastery; during the Revolution, the domain is confiscated and sold, the old constructions are demolished, the abbey is turned into a farm. The cloisters have disappeared; there are only a few remains of the chapter room. The transept and the choir of the church still remain, and are, says M. André Hallays, "one of the most admirable monuments of Anjou." The vaults, columns, and ornaments reveal the beginning of the Plantagenet style, peculiar to the province of Anjou, and forming a transition from the Roman to the Gothic manner. This Plantagenet style has no longer the severe majesty of the Roman basilica; it has not yet the triumphant boldness of the Gothic cathedral. The ogive appears here for the first time, and the tracery of the vault is transformed. The builders of the Isle de France will presently invent the purely ogival style, and realize those immense vaults which are admired in the cathedrals. But the *arc ogif* was born in Anjou, and the Abbey of Asnières is its birthplace.

In his promenades M. André Hallays (he has given his volume the too modest title, 'En flânant—à travers la France') visited the church of Cunault, which is near Saumur, on the left bank of the Loire. This church is classed among the "historical monuments"; it is of Roman construction, finished in the Plantagenet style. It was well restored under the Second Empire, by M. Joly-Leterme.

Montreuil-Bellay was visited by M. Hallays not only on account of its old château, which he describes in detail, and the decorative pictures which still exist in its chapel, but also on account of certain recollections of the past. The place was for a time a retreat for Madame de Longueville, who played such an important part in the time of the Fronde. She had seen her army beaten by the royal troops; the château of Montreuil, which belonged to her husband, was the last stage of her adventurous career. Cardinal de Retz has drawn a brilliant and true portrait of her in his Memoirs; and, in our time, Cousin has written a volume on this heroine of the Fronde. She was very handsome, and, says Retz, "she would have had few defects if her *galanterie* had not given her many. As her passion obliged her to put politics only in the second place in her conduct, from the heroine of such a great party she became its adventuress. Grace reëstablished what the world could no longer give her." Was it at Montreuil that she was touched by grace? She left it to go to Moulins, then to the Carmelites, and in the end to Port Royal.

Montreuil was inhabited by the person who suggested to Balzac the idea of writing 'Eugénie Grandet.' Balzac had known at Saumur the Niveleau who became the Grandet of his novel. It is said that Balzac asked for the hand of Niveleau's daughter, that he met with a refusal, and took his revenge on the wealthy miser in his novel; but there is no proof of this allegation. Jean Niveleau was before the Revolution a rag-merchant at Saumur; he lent money at high rates, and bought national properties with assignats. His fortune became very large; he bought the château of Montreuil-Bellay in 1822, and possessed several other domains around Saumur. His avarice was famous; he did not refuse the few sous which the visitors to the château offered him. He had a very handsome daughter, born in 1809, who married in 1830 Baron Millin de Grandmaison, uncle of the present proprietor of Montreuil.

Balzac made numerous visits to Saumur; he was in relations with the sub-prefect, and with a small banker who figures in his novel under the name of "Des Grassins." He was fond of talking in his travels with the people he met in the diligence, and liked much this mode of acquiring information. Three things seem certain to M. Hallays, (1) that Père Grandet was painted from life; (2) that it was in a chance conversation that this type of a miser was revealed to Balzac; (3) that he studied on the spot the surroundings and the heroes of his book.

From the valley of the Loire, M. Hallays leads us to the valley of one of its tributaries, the Loir. This was the land of Ronsard, the greatest poet of the Pleiad.

"Loir, dont le cours heureux distille
Au sein d'un pays si fertile,
Fais bruire mon renom
D'un grand son en tes rives
Qui se doivent voir vives
Par l'honneur de mon nom.

. . . . . .

Si quelque pèlerin arrive
Auprès de ta parlante rive,
Dy lui à haute vois
Que ma muse première
Apporta la lumière
De Grèce en Vendomois;
Dy lui ma race et mes ayeux
Et le sçavoir que j'eu des cieux."

Vendôme and its château are the principal features of this land of Ronsard. The poet has his statue in front of the museum; in the museum itself, there is a plaster copy of a marble bust which was once placed on his tomb. The bust was made when he was old, and little recalls the fine profile which is found in the oldest editions of the works of the poet. Ronsard had a house in Vendôme opposite the hôtel of the Du Bellays. This still exists, but Ronsard's house has disappeared. Vendôme is rich in monuments and memories.

"Of the admirable Abbey of the Trinity," says M. Hallays, "Vendôme has kept the wonderful spire of the twelfth century, the most impressive, perhaps, that exists in France; the proportions of this pile are grand. Vendôme has preserved also its fine church, which is a sort of meeting of all styles, from the Roman to the ornamented pseudo-Gothic, and in which all are mingled in a marvellous whole."

The College of Vendôme, constructed by César, Duke of Vendôme, between 1623 and 1639, was first given to the Oratorians. Louis XIV. made of it a royal military school. The Revolution preserved it as a school, and it became afterwards a "Collège Royal"; it is now a lyceum. The history of this house is a résumé in stone of the vicissitudes of education in France during three centuries. The building, which is in the Louis XIII. style, in brick and stone, is very splendid and noble. Near Vendôme are the remains of a castle of the fifteenth century, with five pointed towers. Its name is Bonnaventure. Antoine de Bourbon, King of Navarre and Duke of Vendôme, resided there with gay companions, one of whom composed a song which is still popular: "La Bonnaventure au gué."

M. André Hallays describes the meanders of the Loir past Lavardin and Montoire; the priory of Saint-Gilles, which was the house of Ronsard. The chapel of the old priory still exists, and dates from the tenth century; it is built in the shape of a Latin cross, and its vaults show remains of ancient frescoes. Did Ronsard ever take holy orders, or did he not? The question has never been thoroughly settled. The château of the Poissonnière belonged to the Ronsard family; his father and mother were buried in it, and Ronsard himself was baptized in it. He was buried in the priory of Saint-Côme, where ends the pilgrimage of André Hallays in the charming valley of the Loir.

Correspondence.

ENGINEERS IN THE NAVY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 27th instant, under the caption of "Engineering Conditions in the Navy," you say: "A desire on the part of the Engineers for rank and command was largely responsible for the change"—which, as the word "command" is used in the Service, is, to say the least, misleading.

The Engineers did not ask for more rank than they held, but asked that it be the real thing and not the pretence that "assimilated" rank always was. They never asked for command outside their own department. When they had all they had asked for well within reach, the "gold brick" of the Personnel bill was offered them; they swallowed it with considerable personal gratification to many, and very much to the disadvantage of the Naval Service. The *Bennington* disaster is the legitimate fruit of the system, and we shall be fortunate not to have more of the same kind. It matters little what you call the senior engineer of a ship, so long as he is a man of ability and experience; but, to secure a man of that type, he must have commensurate pay and position.

The first grave error was made in 1882, when the grade of Cadet Engineer was abolished, and with it the special engineering training at the Naval Academy. The sooner special training for engineering duties is put upon a firm basis, the better it will be for our navy. C. H. M.

July 31, 1905.

Notes.

'Sporting Sketches,' by Edwyn Sandys, illustrated by the author, and 'Brittany,' in color, by Mortimer and Dorothy Menpes, are to be published by Macmillan Co.

Brentano's will reissue in a handsome manner Oscar Wilde's 'Intentions,' with an introduction by Percival Pollard.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, have in preparation 'Among French Inns,' by Charles Gibson.

Dr. Hubert Jansen of Berlin recently made a brief report on the status of the great international Technological Lexicon which has been undertaken by the German National Association of Engineers. It is to be published in three languages, German, English, and French, and especially aims to serve, among other objects, the purposes of translation. Begun in 1901, there have now been worked through nearly 3,000,000 word-slips, and several hundred thousand yet await editorial examination. More than 2,000 firms and individuals throughout the three countries interested and their colonies are contributing material. Printing is soon to be begun.

The annual conference of the editors of the 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ' was lately held in Munich, with the Bavarian Cultus Minister, Dr. von Hartel, in the chair. The general editor, Professor Vollmar, of Munich, resigned his position, being no longer able to devote his entire time to the enterprise, but he will coöperate as assistant editor. The Governments of Prussia, Bavaria, Wirtemberg, Baden, and Hamburg, as also the scientific academies of Vienna, Göttingen, and Berlin, have promised to continue their financial aid. At the above meeting, it was reported that the first volume, A to Amyzon, is now completed and bound.

We welcome the prompt appearance of the first Supplement to the Abridged Edition of 'Poole's Index to Periodical Literature' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), under the editorial direction of William I. Fletcher and Mary Poole as hitherto. The mystic number of select periodicals (37) also remains constant, but a gap through discontinuance must be made good in another Supplement or let stand. The present vol-

ume is for the five years 1900-04, and it will be resorted to, as the editors rightly affirm, far more than the portion of the larger work discarded in abridgment. Hence a gain in ease of handling and in cost, in comparison.

The text with which Mr. Theodore Sutro accompanies the reproduction of the late Edward Moran's thirteen marine paintings representing 'Thirteen Chapters of American History' (The Baker-Taylor Co.), is rather injudicious in tone. Mr. Moran was an industrious and respectable painter, but he was not "a genius" nor "the first marine painter" of this country, and the pictures here reproduced are far from "unequalled" as works of art. They are illustrations pure and simple, more at home between the covers of a book than in their original material and scale on the walls of a gallery. As illustrations, they have decided merits, and probably as much value as to truth and accuracy as imaginative illustrations of past events can ever have, but their purely artistic qualities are of a rather modest order. That their production was inspired by patriotism is probable; that they are painstaking, sincere, and conscientious works, there is no doubt. They will be liked for their subjects by thousands of people who are not connoisseurs of art, and with such success the friends and admirers of the artist may well be content.

In his latest book, entitled 'The Complete Kano Jiu-jitsu' (Putnams), Mr. Irving Hancock defends the theory of the Japanese weaponless art of personal defence and physical culture from criticism, and from misapprehensions arising from supposed "victories" of American champions of wrestling over Japanese exponents of their art. His portly octavo is illustrated on almost every one of its half-thousand pages. These clear half-tone pictures, reinforced by descriptive and explanatory text, present the whole subject with absolute fairness. Mr. Hancock calls his scheme "official," and even ascribes it to the Government, besides giving it also the briefer term in Chino-Japanese, newly but properly coined, "jiu-do," and inventing for it, out of whole cloth, the ridiculous attribution of "twenty-five hundred years of history." He has had the coöperation of his co-worker, Mr. Hagashi, and has added, besides prefaces, chapters on the serious and fatal blows, with diagrams showing the vital points of the flesh, muscles, and bones aimed at in attack and reviving. Very valuable is the explanation, with pictures, of Kuatsu, or "The Japanese Science of the Restoration (Resuscitation) of Life," which the reviewer has often seen made use of in Japan with happy effects.

After six years, Dr. J. E. Spingarn's 'History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance,' which originally appeared in the Columbia University Studies in Literature, has had the honor of being translated into the language of the country on whose influence upon modern classicism most stress was laid ('La Critica Letteraria nel Rinascimento,' Bari: G. Laterza & Figli). It has been somewhat revised and enlarged for the translator, Dr. Antonio Fusco, and Prof. B. Croce supplies a brief friendly preface, in which he characterizes the work as substantially a history of *Poetica*, with but incidental references to Literary Criticism. This, in fact, came truly into being only with the Romantic revolution, as will be shown for Italy in a forthcoming work by G. A. Borgese. Professor Croce also delicately again breaks a lance with Professor Saintsbury, apropos of this scholar's rejoinder to his criticism in the third volume of his 'History of Criticism.'

A belated contribution to the controversy over Dr. Karl Bücher's 'Der Deutsche Buchhandel und die Wissenschaft' comes to hand in a pamphlet bearing the title 'Das Buch im Strom des Verkehrs,' by Dr. W. Koehler-Gera. The author characterizes it as "a study in political economy," and treats in it of such topics as the Economic Importance of Literary Production, the Economic Basis of Literary Culture, Analysis of Literary-Economic Value, etc. A chapter on the Libraries and the Book Industry deals largely with the beginnings of the book trade in Alexandria and the Roman Empire; the author touches also on the possible service of libraries as literary bureaus of information, especially through book exhibitions. The fifth chapter, entitled "Das Reichsbarsortiment," contains a practical proposal to solve the difficulties that beset the book trade. The author, who is himself a publisher, proposes a further development of the cash-jobbing houses (*Barsortimente*), the one branch of the trade of which the soundness had not been attacked during the controversy; he proposes, in a word, the establishment of a large central jobbing-house on a coöperative basis as an agency of the organized trade, with branches in various literary centres. Dr. Koehler is confident that organized effort of this kind will go farther towards solving the book-trade problem than any coercive measures. These, he says, "are of doubtful value in the economic life, and, as disturbing elements, often work against productivity."

Steady progress is being made in the solution of the problem of Japanese origins, not only on the anthropological, but on the linguistic side. When, in 1887, Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain published, in the Memoirs of the Literature College of the Imperial University of Japan, his great work on 'The Language, Mythology, and Geographical Nomenclature of Japan, viewed in the Light of Aino Studies,' and the Rev. John Batchelor his 'Ainu Grammar,' the proofs of the ancient Ainu occupation of the Japanese archipelago were made clear. Yet, besides at least fifteen points of difference between the Ainu and Japanese languages, there were several score of known place-names which could not then be accounted of Ainu origin. Professor Chamberlain, with some others who preceded him, suggested a pre-Ainu aboriginal race, and in the publications of the Smithsonian Institute are some "astonishing remarks" to this effect by persons who were excursionists rather than scientific men. These imagined a previous race of dwarfs, and asserted that the Koropoku-Guru, or the pit-dwellers of North Japan, were a separate race antedating the Ainu. In a valuable pamphlet, just issued by Mr. Batchelor, he shows that the Ainu people in Saghalien and the Kurile Islands, as well as Yezo, make and use pit dwellings in winter, using huts in summer, and that the Koropoku-Guru (a term meaning pit-dwellers) were Ainu and nothing more. Independently, a work in Japanese, by R. Torii, on the Ainu of the Kuriles, fully bears out the thesis of Mr. Batchelor, and overthrows the official report of the Washington excursionist. The skeletons of no "dwarfs" have yet been found. As regards the place-names once defying analysis or disputed, Mr. Batchelor, after seventeen years of further study, has recovered from the Ainu the real root-meanings of the whole 210, once unknown, and has added 90 others. These, with his descriptive notes, he gives in both the ordinary Japanese and the modern Ainu form, making a list of great value. Mr. Batchelor has also issued in a new edition of his 'Grammar of the Ainu Language' (Yokohama: Kelly & Walsh) some notable fresh results of his studies. Whether he has demonstrated that Ainu is an Aryan language must be decided by experts, but, briefly stated, the Ainu are a white race, physiologically related to the cave-dwellers of Europe, while linguistically akin at least to the Aryans.

The *Korea Review* for May contains an article, perhaps of plenary inspiration, on "Korea and Japan," showing that the Japanese, instead of removing the age-old inheritance of hatred in the Korean mind on account of the twelfth-century raids, and especially the brutality and ruthless invasion of the sixteenth century, have of late increased it. Very naturally this has stirred up a great deal of discussion among the Japanese newspapers. Estimating at small value the good will of the Korean people, the Japanese have not only shot instantly, without trial, Koreans found tampering with the railway, but, in the matter of sequestrating land and labor, have not been generous in keeping promises or in doing what the admiring world believes they are doing. The May article is reinforced by a tremendous indictment (with specific allegations) of the Japanese in the June number of the *Review*. An irreducible residuum in the controversy is the unquestioned fact that Japanese of a very undesirable class are pouring into Korea, whom the Mikado's officers find it hard to control, while the reinforcement of Japan's enormous army in Mantchuria is depleting the supply of labor in Japan itself. The Japanese have also possession of the post-offices, supplanting the superintendence and assistance of the French, bringing many new clerks and operators from Japan. The telegraph and telephone services are now also under Japanese direction. There is an interesting account of the celebration of the opening of the Seul-Fusan Railway on the 25th of May, which excelled in splendor and impressiveness anything ever known in the Empire. This, for the student of Korean matters, is supplemented by special numbers of Japanese magazines liberally illustrated. The American system is used throughout on the Korean railways, and 120-ton Baldwin engines make a nine-hour schedule between the eastern port and the capital in the northwest. The city of Seul had a good spring house-cleaning, and the red sand characteristic of Imperial occasions was sprinkled over all the streets. Under the facile hands of Japanese decorators, many striking designs were noticeable. A thousand guests partook of the banquet which the Imperial princes of two countries attended. The trip from London to Tokio will, in the coming days of peace, require but a few hours of sea travel. An enormous appreciation of land values has already been felt all along the lines. The first number of the

Seul *Press*, a weekly paper in English, appeared on June 3.

The higher education of women in England will be promoted by means of a memorial to the late Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Funds have been subscribed for an annual prize to be given to all students and members under six years' standing in certain colleges for women, including those at Oxford and Cambridge. These prizes will probably be for the best essay on any subject, ethical, psychological, or philosophical, bearing on the evidence of natural religion. The committee of ladies in charge of this scheme believe that such a prize, open to such candidates, would "be an appropriate means of continuing the work as well as perpetuating the memory of a representative woman distinguished for her wise advocacy of the rights of women to equal treatment in higher education as well as in the broad field of civic life."

The problem of the unemployed workingman is discussed in a report of a committee of investigation appointed by the French Chamber of Deputies. The main cause of this enforced idleness, which the Socialists insist is due to the capital system, is attributed to machinery. The introduction of mowers, reapers, etc., has rendered it impossible for the small farmer to make a living, and has driven him to the city. "In Paris, two-thirds of the population is composed of these emigrants." A remedy is suggested by calling attention to the manner in which Russia has successfully created new means of labor by fostering domestic industries. Of these, there are about fifty, such as locksmithing, shoemaking, painting icons, etc.; and by this means from $38,000,000 to $58,000,000 are distributed yearly among the rural population. In 1900 an appropriation of over $50,000 was made to aid these country industries, called *kutsari*. The Minister of Agriculture helps the establishment of factories for apprentices, and of schools, warehouses, and salesrooms, in which scholars may be trained. There is at St. Petersburg a permanent exhibition of *kutsari* products, a species of industrial museum which sends models, drawings, and perfected instruments into the country, and serves also as an intermediary between the rural workers and foreigners. As far as possible, the State reserves to the *kutsari* the manufacture of certain Government work, military harness, etc. The committee introduced a bill providing for an appropriation for the purpose of investigating the general subject, and for a special inquiry into "the kinds of industry that may be carried on in families or in small village factories that will furnish complementary resources to the farm hand."

Following the innovation successfully tried in Berlin, an *Arbeitsamt* has been established for the university students in Munich. The Association (*Studentisches Arbeitsamt*) offers to secure, through capable students and young savants connected with the University, such work as the transcription of manuscripts, preparation of excerpts and digests, investigation of original sources, collection of literary references, preparation of articles, reviews, and the like in the departments of science, literature, and art. A similar bureau of information has been opened in Florence, the "Istituto delle Carte," with a national scope.

The first International Art Congress has been called to meet in Venice September 21 to 27. It is convened at the initiative of the Circolo Artistico of that city, and an international committee has been selected to arrange the programme and the work.

A national Rumanian Exposition will be held next year in commemoration of various historical events. In 1906, writes our Minister, Mr. John B. Jackson, eighteen centuries will have elapsed since Dacia was conquered by the Emperor Trajan, and the Rumanians profess to have issued from a fusion of the conquerors and the conquered. In 1866 the present king began his reign as prince, and next year twenty-five years will have elapsed since Rumania became a kingdom. The Exposition is intended to show the product of Rumanian industries only, whether of inhabitants of the kingdom or of other countries. Foreign exhibits, however, are to be admitted which have to do with agriculture, especially of machinery, and of fruit and vegetables whose introduction into Rumania is considered possible. The Parliament has voted the sum of $320,000 for the organization of the Exposition.

—The August *Scribner's* is, as usual, the "fiction number." There will be some, perhaps, so carried away on the wave of popular enthusiasm for Japan as to count Mr. Millard's paper on the fruits of Japan's victory fiction along with the rest, but a voice of caution and dissent may be useful, none the less. It is Mr. Millard's opinion, shared doubtless by many others, that the channels of information have been very shrewdly managed in Japan's interest for the past few years, until public opinion has become unduly biassed. The course of events proves, he thinks, and well he may, that Japan intended the war with Russia long beforehand, and had very definite ideas as to the way in which it was to be brought about and the time when it was to come. Russia, on the other hand, by her very unreadiness, showed that she had no idea of a war at that time, though it may have been regarded as an inevitable part of her policy for a somewhat indefinite future. Under present conditions, thinks Mr. Millard, it is idle to suppose that Japan will be content with the modest programme put forth as a justification of her course when the war began. She will demand "the legitimate fruits of her victory, in the usual military sense," and Western nations must govern themselves accordingly. Mr. Millard insists that Russia and Japan were on the same level, so far as *rights* were concerned, in the original dispute. It was merely a matter of national interests and ambitions, with no rights involved except the utterly disregarded rights of the inhabitants of the territory in question. He also maintains vigorously that the Russians and the Japanese are far more essentially like one another in inherent character than the "propaganda" has allowed us to believe. It is to be said that there is nothing essentially pro-Russian in Mr. Millard's attitude, since he endorses emphatically the general severe criticism of Russian methods of administration.

—The *Atlantic* yields rather more than its accustomed amount of recognition to the vacation season. "The Lesson of Balzac," however, by Henry James, gives ample opportunity for vigorous intellectual effort to any who are so inclined. This will be remembered as a lecture delivered in Philadelphia and elsewhere during the past eight months. George W. Alger makes a protest against the current "literature of exposure" as being ineffectively severe in manner, and failing to supply the constructive element along with the destructive. It may be admitted that there is much violent screaming in fashion on the subject of social and political abuses, but we are not quite sure that the man who happens to have a keen scent for fire should keep his mouth closed until he be assured of his own competence to put out the fire and repair the damage as well as to sound the alarm. This is the era of the division of labor, and there is a place for the man who can detect danger and sound the alarm, regardless of his ability to do the rest. "Above the Clouds at Metéqui," by Anna Seaton Schmidt, is an unusually interesting bit of description.

—'The Classics and Modern Training,' by Dr. Sidney G. Ashmore (Putnams), is, in its author's words, "a series of addresses suggestive of the value of classical studies to education." Of the five essays which the volume contains, the first two bear more directly upon the present importance of *literæ humaniories* than do the rest. These are "A Plea for the Classics in Our Schools, with Particular Reference to Latin" and "Our Classical Inheritance." The remaining papers are entitled "The Tragedy and Comedy of the Greeks," "Classical Archæology," and the "Olympic Games at Athens in 1896." One is always interested to see how an advocate of classical studies will base his plan for their inclusion in the curriculum of school and college. So much has been written on the subject, and many of the considerations are so obvious, that it is by no means easy to avoid being dull and hackneyed when dealing with such a well-worn theme. Dr. Ashmore, who is writing to convince the public rather than to embroider fine phrases about the beauty of the Greek and Roman masterpieces, seeks to ground his argument upon a truly scientific basis. Hence he enters the realm of physiological psychology to ascertain what light is thrown upon language study in general by the organization of the human mind. Having established, by an appeal to this new oracle, "the supreme importance of language study to early education, he examines in succession the special claims of English, of the other modern languages, and of the classics. Here one of his main points is that inflection gives Latin a disciplinary value which English cannot claim to possess. "The Roman could arrange his thoughts in their exact logical sequence—that is, in the order of priority of importance, without risk of ambiguity, and he could do so because the language he used was highly inflected. English, on the contrary, being now almost wholly deprived of whatever inflections it once had, must depend chiefly upon the arrangement of its words to avoid obscurity of statement, so that a truly logical order in English is seldom to be guaranteed." Having drawn his main arguments from psychology and grammar, Dr. Ashmore concludes by calling as witnesses a number of modern educational experts like Dr. M. P. Jacobi,

Prof. F. S. Hoffman, and President Hadley. There are two important points to be urged on behalf of classical training which have been unduly neglected in this article, namely, the great service rendered by Latin, when properly taught, in the formation of an English style, and the difficulty which the average mind has in grasping the rudiments of scientific methods before sixteen. But Dr. Ashmore does not pretend that he has covered the whole field in this short address, which has the distinct merit of shunning loose talk and laying stress upon more sensible arguments than are usually employed in the debate between classics and science. The other four essays bear witness to Dr. Ashmore's genuine appreciation of classical literature and archæology, as well as to his sympathy for modern Greece.

—We have a volume of very different scope, though also devoted to the classics, in the 'Companion to Greek Studies' which Mr. Leonard Whibley has edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press (New York: Macmillan). This is a valuable coöperative work designed to present "such information (apart from that contained in Histories and Grammars) as would be most useful to the student of Greek literature. It differs in scope from other books of the same class, for, besides a survey of Greek life, thought, and art in their different branches, it includes a chapter on the physical conditions of Greece, another containing chronological tables of politics, literature, and art, and a chapter on certain branches of criticism and interpretation. "While each article has been entrusted to a writer who has made a special study of the subject, it has been the aim of the work to give the substance of our knowledge in a concise form." These words taken from Mr. Whibley's preface help to indicate the purpose and scope of what must have been a serious undertaking. It is not possible, however, for an editor to commend his work so completely as the reviewer can do, and we hasten to say that the present book is a *Grundriss* of the utmost worth. While likely to be used for the most part by scholars, it is not beyond the range of any educated person, for it states results with the utmost clearness, and avoids such a citation of evidence as would divert the attention of the unlearned reader. Where sources and authorities are necessary "to establish an argument, to justify an important theory, or to remind the student of the *locus classicus* of the subject," they are quoted freely enough for the purpose, but we have never seen a book in which less space is wasted. To say that Mr. Whibley has had on his staff all the best Greek scholars of Great Britain, might seem in one or two cases to be a slight exaggeration. What can be said with the strictest accuracy is that no editor at Oxford or Cambridge could have hoped to secure a stronger corps of contributors from his own country. The geographical section is written by H. F. Tozer; Literature and Textual Criticism, by Sir Richard Jebb; Architecture, by the late F. C. Penrose; Prehistoric Art and Sculpture, by Dr. Waldstein; War, by Professor Oman; Medicine, by Dr. Clifford Allbutt; Metre, by Dr. Verrell; the History of Scholarship, by Dr. J. E. Sandys; and Constitutions, by Mr. Whibley himself. These names are but a choice selection, for a galaxy of scholarship is represented in the elaborate and highly classified table of contents. Where so many writers are concerned, and where compression has been carried so far, it is difficult to single out particular subjects for comment or criticism, but as a standard of true and luminous statement we may allude to Sir Richard Jebb's section on Epic Poetry, in which the development of the Homeric question from Wolf to Christ is handled with masterly skill in a few paragraphs; and the Drama, in which we are taken from the dithyrambs of Arion to the comedies of Menander in thirteen pages of critical narrative. There is no large subject in Hellenic life, from the origins to the Byzantine period, which is not touched upon in this brief encyclopædia, and few volumes have a stronger claim to their places in the library of the classical scholar.

—Mr. Kosmo Wilkinson's 'Personal Story of the Upper House' (Dutton) is a comprehensive and readable account of the leading nobles who have adorned the British peerage since the thirteenth century. So far as the book has any special motive beyond conveying information in an easy and agreeable manner, it would seem to aim at emphasizing the idea that the House of Lords was at the outset a popular assembly, and still remains in close touch with the life of the realm at large. The recent revival of aristocratic influence, encouraged by Lord Salisbury's policy though not springing from it, is a feature of modern British politics that no observer can overlook. Mr. Wilkinson, on the last page of his book, quotes approvingly this dictum of Lord John Russell, "a statesman whose popular sympathies never permitted him to forget his patrician descent": "When a great question arises which requires a display of more than ordinary knowledge of history, of specially accurate learning, of constitutional wisdom particularly practical and sound, what is wanted can be found nowhere in greater perfection than on the episcopal bench, among the peers of three centuries of nobility, and the recent occupants of the Woolsack." But if there is to be seen here a disposition to lay stress upon the virtues which the House of Lords possesses as a deliberative body, Mr. Wilkinson does not make a plea on behalf of the aristocracy, or allow himself to be blinded by any sense of factitious greatness. Beyond doubt, the House of Lords can show a galaxy of illustrious names and picturesque careers, when these are selected from the crowded annals of five centuries; and although at every period a larger number of its members have performed their legislative duties lightheartedly, or not at all, the Upper Chamber has never lacked in its ranks true leaders of the community. The legal reports given in the *Times*, under the heading, "Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty," often contain evidence of a different character which must be reckoned with in forming a final judgment regarding the value of an hereditary aristocracy. However, we have no intention of entering here upon such an exhaustive subject, and only allude to it because Mr. Wilkinson's sketches of individual peers leave on the mind a somewhat too favorable impression of talent and patriotism. In point of form the book is anecdotal without being anecdotal merely. For each age the leaders of the aristocracy are singled out and depicted in a series of brief biographical notes. The thread which holds the narrative together is slight, but of sufficient strength to prevent the book from being a collection of jottings. We have said that Mr. Wilkinson writes agreeably. He also shows a considerable range of reading.

—'The Courtships of Catherine the Great,' by Mr. Philip W. Sargeant of Trinity College, Oxford (Lippincott), is, the author assures us, not to be considered a book of scandal; and this claim, if so it may be called, is borne out by the character of the contents. The title itself is a somewhat gentle euphemism—one must not look here for a repetition of the highly spiced tales with which the memoirs of the eighteenth century are crowded. Catherine's love affairs, of course, went beyond all ordinary bounds of "indiscretion," and it is not strange that her amours should have been represented by contemporaries as being more vulgar than they actually were. Still, there is always the difference between truth and fiction, and it is useful to have in English a statement on this subject which covers the ground already traversed by Waliszewski and his followers on the Continent. Mr. Sargeant starts out by grouping Frederick of Prussia, Maria Theresa, Catherine the Great, and Voltaire as the outstanding figures of the eighteenth century; "and of them all," he says, "Catherine is the most fascinating character." Concerning this *obiter dictum*, we shall say nothing save that it furnishes the reader with Mr. Sargeant's point of view. Of new information in his book there is virtually none, but the graver dangers into which a writer on Catherine's relations with men might easily fall, are avoided. The fact is that the number of her "favorites" was more restricted than the public imagines, and few of them had any direct effect upon State policy. By far the most important of the ten or twelve suitors whose affairs with the Empress come into the present volume were Gregory Orloff, the chief actor in the plot of 1762, and Prince Patiomkin. Catherine's dealings with Orloff, though extended over a good many years, centre in the deposition and probable assassination of Peter. We think that Mr. Sargeant goes too far when he says: "The accusation against her of ordering her husband's assassination is only put forward by the scandalous, the disreputable, or the utterly prejudiced." As in the case of Darnley and Mary Stuart, there may still be some room for doubt, but the facts point strongly in one direction. "The possibility still remains," continues Mr. Sargeant, "that Peter was slain entirely without her knowledge, but that she condoned the deed when it was done. Certainly, she made no attempt to punish any one." Catherine's action in rewarding the foes and probable murderers of Peter can hardly be got over; and when we consider the importance of the issues at stake, and the character of Catherine's intelligence, it is unlikely that a matter of such moment as Peter's fate should have been left undetermined. The period of Patiomkin's ascendency, which began about 1775, belongs to a less tragic and more prosperous era. Out of the seventeen years during which his connection with Catherine lasted, he was "palace favorite" only during the first two, afterwards controlling, or at least influencing, very

largely the choice of the *cicisbeo*, while taking the leading rôle in politics himself. According to Mr. Sargeant, the Empress is to be looked upon as "non-moral"; but, despite the credit we must give her for generosity and political good judgment, we think she gets off very lightly at this estimation.

—Some at least of our readers will be familiar with the correspondence which was conducted during the years 1844-1854 between Mr. William Palmer, fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and M. Khomiakoff. Allusions to it occur in the autobiography of Palmer's brother, the first Earl of Selborne, and at the time it attracted a good deal of attention in ecclesiastical circles. The attempt which was made at this period to establish intimate relations between the Orthodox and Anglican communions proved a failure, since the Greek Church would not recognize the validity of Anglican orders; but in a certain section of the Anglican Church there may still be seen the disposition to meet those of the Orthodox faith more than half-way. Thus, in 1893, the Eastern Church Association, which had been founded nearly thirty years earlier, was revived after a term of eclipse, and since then this society has put forth at intervals volumes designed to promote the cause which in the last generation was so dear to men like William Palmer and George Williams. Its most recent publication is a short book entitled 'The Orthodox Church in Austria-Hungary,' by Margaret S. Dampier (Rivingtons). Strictly speaking, we have here only the first instalment of a work which doubtless is designed to cover the same ground that was traversed by Archbishop Schaguna in his 'Geschichte der Griechisch-orientalischen Kirche in Oestreich.' The author begins with a brief account of the Rumanian Church in Transylvania before the Union of 1700. This act of adhesion to Rome, although signed by fifty-four arch-priests and over fifteen hundred priests, did not lead to the extinction of the Orthodox faith among the Rumanians of the Hapsburg allegiance, and, after a good deal of friction during the eighteenth century, Joseph II., in 1783, granted that those who declined to recognize the headship of Rome should have their own bishop, with his see at Hermannstadt. As the Rumanians of Transylvania are extremely poor and ignorant, their progress since the days of the philosophical Joseph has not attracted much attention outside the Dual Monarchy. However, they are a remnant of some interest, both ethnically and ecclesiastically. This book is a piece of compilation which draws most from Schaguna, but is also indebted to several other writers on the Siebenbürgen. Though much condensed and somewhat bald, the narrative has the merit of an intelligent abridgment, and if the writer had not connected the battle of the Lechfeld with the name of Otto III., and placed the battle of Mohács in 1516, we should have had no fault to find with her abstract of historical events.

A FRENCH VIEW OF RUSSIA AND TSARISM.

L'Empire Russe et le Tsarisme. Par Victor Bérard. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905.

M. Bérard's contribution to the flood of literature on Russia must be ranked as not only "timely," but also as of high class and valuable—three qualities not often found combined. He dates it "January-May, 1905," which brings it as near the present moment as it well can be. A notable feature is the manner in which, without straining comparisons, he judiciously explains the connection of past and present history as he proceeds. This sort of thing has been done—or attempted—before, it is true, but not felicitously, as a rule. M. Bérard appears to be as free from prejudice as one could expect, and very well informed as to cause and effect. The single point on which he is rather weak is on Church matters, which is not surprising on the part of a member of the Roman Church; while, though he gives but one side—the Jewish side—of the Jewish problem, omitting counterbalancing statements on the Russian side, it cannot be said that he is unfair, since some of his quotations come from Russian communities, and most of them are less hackneyed than usual.

He first deals with "Religions and Nationalities," having laid a foundation of geographical and historical causes in "The Land and History." The comprehension of all these points is greatly aided by an excellent triple map (in color), which sets forth boundaries of land, climate, races, and religions. He sums up comprehensively and effectively the general problem in regard to the vitally important treatment of the annexed races and religions as follows:

"What treatment shall be accorded to them? What shall be made of these annexed peoples? Slaves or equals? Enemies or co-workers? This question presented itself at the end of the eighteenth century, on the day when Catherine II. took her share of Poland, and it has never since been possible to misunderstand its vital importance for the duration of the Empire. But, for a century, replies have varied with the autocrats who have followed one another at Petersburg. In this regard, Russian history of the nineteenth century may be divided into three periods: the first extends to the Polish insurrection of 1831; the second lasted from the Russo-German disagreement, which followed the Treaty of Berlin, until the death of Alexander II.—say about 1881; the third is still in progress. The first beheld the triumph of the liberal, or at least, intelligent and generous ideas of Alexander I. The second was an era of repression, which was, no doubt, cruel and irritating, but tolerant by fits and starts, often blind or indifferent, never aggressive (except in Poland). The third is nothing but a systematic persecution, crushing suppression; the official language calls it Russification."

The author then quotes the words of Alexander I., to the effect that it would be advisable to endow Poland with liberty, in order to preserve it from becoming, in the future, a plaything in the hands of the first fools who should happen along; and remarks: "If the ideas of Alexander I. have not prevailed in the Western 'march,' they still preside over the conduct of the Russian Government on the Eastern 'march.'" He instances the diplomatic results of liberal treatment in the case of the Buddhists—the semi-nomad Kalmuks, and the Buriats of Siberia, who, in their wanderings, have borne the fame of Russia's greatness into otherwise almost inaccessible regions, with the outcome that the good understanding (possibly a formal alliance) which unites the Tsar to the Dalai-Lama of Lhasa, has exerted occult influence upon his temporal vicar, the Emperor at Pekin, brought Mantchuria under the Russian power, permitted a Russian subject to be established as first secretary and minister of the Dalai-Lama, and "driven English imperialism to the two follies of the Thibetan expedition and the Russo-Japanese war." To the influence of the Dalai-Lama, M. Bérard attributes also the failure of the Japanese to hurl the Mongol tribes on the rear of the Russian army. "When the war is over," he continues, "and Mantchuria is recaptured or lost, the Dalai-Lama, under the hand of the Tsar, will be the best instrument of the Russo-Japanese alliance or of the Russian revenge, the costs of which, as one can foresee without being much of a prophet, England will have to bear." The liberally treated Mussulman has become a loyal Russian subject.

The plain moral drawn from these and similar cases is, that similar treatment of the nationalities in the Western "march" would have proved equally profitable, while from those Western provinces, in close contact with Western civilization, Russia could have appropriated the valuable fruits of experiments which other nations have hastened to copy. In view of recent revelations in various countries which, unlike Russia, never were afflicted with a Mongolian invasion, it may strike the reader as undue favoritism on the part of M. Bérard to assert that Russia's system of procedure in financial matters is a direct inheritance from the Tartar yoke of the 13th and 14th centuries. "What she calls administration we Westerners term graft and extortion," he says. He suggests studies in Finland on the subject of liquor license and honest public administration; in the Baltic provinces on German discipline and science—though he admits that Russians have considerable reason for their dislike to the natives of those provinces who have so eagerly and numerously grasped all desirable employments and posts. Poland he calls "the Slavonic France," asserting that the Poles possess the Gallic temperament, with all its qualities and defects. "What a useful, what a necessary complement to the Byzantized, Mongolized, Germanized Slavonia of Kieff, Moscow, and Petersburg would be this Latinized, Gallicized Slavonia of Warsaw!" he exclaims; and he argues that Russia and Poland united would form a complete nation, from the literary as well as the political point of view. "Only the foreigner, the German, has had occasion, and may yet have further occasion, to rejoice over these family dissensions, which all interests should moderate."

From the utilitarian standpoint the author regards the treatment of the Jews as a mistake. The contented Jew might have proved, in the hands of a sagacious Government, a more useful instrument in the "great design" upon Constantinople and Jerusalem than the contented Buddhist has been in Lhasa and Pekin, and he thinks Israelite capitalists of the whole world would have defrayed the expenses of a Russian attack in that quarter had the Government treated her Hebrew subjects equitably. Services of like description have been lost among the Armenians of Turkey and Persia by a similar shortsighted policy. At this point, M. Bérard administers a resounding blow to the policy of

several nations. "The Napoleonic chimera still rules over the universe," he says. "Napoleon-Bismarck [why not N.-William?], Napoleon-Chamberlain, Napoleon-Roosevelt have attained, or are candidates for, apotheosis."

Under the section "Russification," M. Bérard treats of the different annexed peoples at length. On the whole, his remarks are very fair and intelligent, but are occasionally open to criticism. In the case of Poland, he quotes an article ten years old, by a Roman Catholic writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, concerning the reconciliation of the Roman and the Eastern Catholic churches. "This reconciliation is in the nature of things, and it is not necessary to be a great prophet to predict that it will be accomplished one of these days." On his own part the author suggests that this reconciliation would, possibly, "suppress the linguistic persecutions, by covering the national languages with the ritual mantle. It would finally lead to the restoration of local usages and privileges, by that same ritual protection, wherewith it would legitimize or cover them. For, in the bosom of the unified Church, Rome would not seek to stifle national churches." As to this hope, it may be said that it would require a very great prophet to predict reconciliation on any such grounds; that the question of "local usages and privileges" is not a matter of experiment, but of unfortunate historical experience, ready to hand, on the part of the Uniates; and that the substitution of "a ritual mantle" of language would be a distinct and enormous step backwards on the part of churches which already enjoy their service in the antique vernacular of each.

On political matters the author stands on firmer ground. He confesses that Germany, while disclaiming the intention of Germanizing her Poles, "maintains firmly this principle: All those who are subjects of a German State ought to be Germans"—which is the American principle also, though the same principle on the part of Russia is reprobated. But he accentuates an interesting difference between the Russian and the German attitude towards the Poles. "The Russian tortures the Pole, but he does not despise him, he even does him the honor to fear him. . . . The German despises the Pole; by the mouth of his professors he proclaims him a barbarian, a Slav—which expresses everything—inferior in language and culture; and, in the mouth of the Berlin politicians, the Pole is nothing more than an animal, simply a prolific and harmful 'rabbit,' which devastates the land of Germany, or mines it with his secret burrowing." In the author's opinion, the recent Russian defeats in the East will serve to demonstrate to the Poles how necessary to their welfare is economic and governmental solidarity with Russia, since the great factories of Poland lacked orders as soon as the war began; and separation, with the natural corollary—a tariff wall between Poland and Russia—would be fatal to their commerce.

The cause of the Jews is most interestingly and cleverly pleaded. "Only religious reason can be invoked against him [the Jew]," it is said, in summing up. If this statement is intended as an allusion to the kahal, it may be allowed to pass, for the kahal interferes with the laws of the Empire, which must, of course, be paramount. In any other sense it does not represent the facts. Again, it is indubitable that the execution of the famous "May Laws" entailed much distress. But M. Bérard, in common with other writers, fails to perceive that, in the majority of cases, the sufferers had been reaping the benefits of breaking the laws, often for many years, and were deliberately taking the chances of continued non-enforcement of them; whereas, they could have escaped the hardships of unannounced enforcement by settling their affairs at their leisure, during the years which preceded such abrupt enforcement as is complained of. The Russification of Finland and Armenia, with Governmental procedures (of a particularly extraordinary sort, supported by sworn testimony, in the latter case), is briefly but sufficiently set forth.

In treating of "Tsarism," in the last third of his volume, the author takes an interesting attitude:

"Far from being a specifically Russian product," he asserts, "we may say that Tsarism was imported, bit by bit, from abroad; that external necessities implanted it, then developed its rôle and prerogatives, made of it strength or weakness, according as these external necessities were themselves tightened or relaxed. . . If we wish to find in our history of France a symbol or summary of the career of Tsarism, we must think of the series of grandeurs and decadences which led Bonaparte from the humble beginnings of Brienne to the splendors of Austerlitz, then to the bloody declines of Eylau and Moscow, to the final fall at Waterloo."

The historical summary of the rise of "Tsarism," which follows, is extremely able, and brings the reader down to the present day, including accounts of the recent strike troubles, the programme of the various political parties, and Imperial rescripts and decrees. The author has accomplished his task so well, with such manifest intention to be just, that the sequence of events and the logic of the situation are remarkably clear, and, for that reason, his book is unusually valuable.

MORE NOVELS.

The Accomplice. By Frederick Trevor Hill. Harper & Brothers.

The Tyranny of the Dark. By Hamlin Garland. Harper & Brothers.

Jörn Uhl. By Gustav Frenssen. Translated by F. S. Delmer. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; Boston: Dana Estes & Company.

The Millbank Case. By George Dyre Eldridge. Henry Holt & Co.

The Wine-Press. By Anna Robeson Brown. D. Appleton & Co.

Partners of the Tide. By Joseph C. Lincoln. A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Venus of Cadiz. By Richard Fisguill. Henry Holt & Co.

'The Accomplice' teaches that when jurors on murder trials walk abroad between sittings of the court, they may hear and see things which will embarrass them in the performance of their duty, particularly when the judge sternly refuses to discharge them though they cry aloud that they have tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Foreman Lambert, in the case of the People vs. the Murderer of Gregory Shaw, did vast rambling and love-making in the intervals of professional duty. It was, to be sure, at times complicating, yet in the end led to good, which included the acquisition of a vivacious wife, who was a fine horsewoman and, after a ride, said she felt "bustingly buoyant." No wonder that the lawyer failed to hypnotize a foreman so breezily protected. In view of these advantages, possibly the next advance in legal usage will be the adoption of a new jury system, "instead of which they go about the country shooting ducks." There is a marked absence of the gruesome in this cheerful little novel of murder and courtship. Furthermore, the solution of the mystery is not without originality. To divulge the surprise would be to rival the crime. The reader who is not too insistent on courtroom probabilities, will find some entertainment in following the clue to the end, and may justly perceive a certain cleverness in the tilts between the prosecutor and the counsel for defendant.

Hypnotic influences are the main motive of Mr. Garland's interesting novel. But it ends a chapter too soon. The reader would like to hear definitely whether the spiritualistic manifestations made through the medium Viola Lambert were all of hypnotic origin; whether, removed from the influence of Clarke, Viola became a normal girl, or whether the rappings still pursued her in spite of her scientific guardian. The young scientist who carried Viola away from her servitude as a medium, had had a severe tax laid upon his well-established incredulity when megaphones floated about in the air telling family jokes, and when ancestral wine glasses made their way out of glass cabinets at ghostly bidding—to disclose the medium, when all was done, tied and sleeping beyond even scientific cavil. Therefore, in spite of the rescue of the maiden by the microbe-hunter, it is impossible not to wonder if they lived thenceforth happily or spookily. It would be wholly unjust to dismiss Mr. Garland's book as a commonplace contribution to the question of spirit manifestation. It is written in a fine frenzy of enthusiasm for science and scientists, and there is a tingle of poetry in its proclamation of the meaning behind each new-found germ of life—a noble war-music in the pæans and laments for the heroes and martyrs who face the perils of discovery. To be candid, the scientific portions of the book are the finest and the most absorbing. They suggest a new era in novels—what Stevenson calls "the mysterious inwards of psychology." Perhaps it is the effort to make a thoroughly natural book out of a preternatural subject that has let fall upon the characters and conversations a garment of homespun. Perhaps, says the spirit which questions, it is that no tale of the table-tipping, rope-bound phases of the occult can escape the taint of the ridiculous. Family affections and hypnotism are, however, wholly dignified themes, and when bacteriology walks between, there are ingredients for absorbing reading. This Mr. Garland's book furnishes—for half a volume. When it comes to the test "séance," it is comparatively easy for the reader to turn down the midnight lamp. The author has aimed artistically in making his two principal "spiritists" men who are not all knave, but mixtures of self-seeking with sincerity of longing after their dead. They are repulsive, but they are built on human feeling.

Freely offered advice to the English reader of 'Jörn Uhl' is to skip the story and read the reflections and sermons, even though this be materially to reduce the 400 pages. What an excellent preacher and pastor must be Gustav Frenssen! In him is found what joy in the light spaces, what insight into the dark corners of humanity! And how much he knows of the life of a Frisian farmer and of the operations of the farm! How dreary and sordid the one—how grimy and crude the other! If anything can be uglier than his sorrows, it is his joys. His superstitions even, to which we look for the poetry of a people, are lumpish; his loves and his hates raw; his life and his death a record depressing, distasteful, alkaline. For Germany this is the book that "took her by storm." Its author "awoke to find himself famous." His "books had aroused much hostility among the orthodox Church party, and in 1903 the poet-preacher gave up his pastorate and retired to the beloved and homely Holstein village of his youth, henceforth a free man, to devote himself to literature." "It is a living book," says the translator. "It is a book so throbbing with real life, passion, and poetry, that we overlook in it those epic liberties of narrative on account of which your pedantic critics so damn it." Thus the two points of view, the German and the non-German, are not likely to agree. The personal equation will be as wide as the miles that stretch between the races. Fatigued by the epic digressions, the English reader will hardly attain to that "second reading" which the translator promises "will reconcile us to much that at first glance seemed arbitrary and inartistic in the development of the story." In the instance of the fine description of the battle of Gravelotte, history would amply justify the epic digression; as it happens, too, there is an even more moving justification than history—namely, the absence of history; the panorama of battle as it affects not the men who make the quarrel, but the men who do the fighting—the peasant's portion. A few such pictures would seem enough to abolish war. Those excursions, let it be repeated, which are inspired by religion and philosophy, are their own hearty excuse for being.

Murder stories plainly call for a second reading, to make sure that the means justify the end. To look at the last page first is an affront to the author, pardonable only when the book is too trifling to be read at all. The final disclosure in 'The Millbank Case' is well-contrived, and so is the mingling of side issues with the murder motive. The light is thrown here and there prominently on the immaterial in beautifully misleading fashion; the various threads so contributing to the tangle as to heighten the likeness to a real criminal mystery. Incidentally, there are scenes from loggers' camps that give a touch of landscape as background. The story is fluently told, and is not ungenial, as murders go. Character-drawing is not to be too closely looked for where each person is simply a feature of a case. The detective wears his customary garb of lenses and feelers, yet does not dazzle with excess of Grandisonian light. The stationer's evidence at the coroner's inquest still leaves one wondering how the judge's posthumous statement could have been written on paper not manufactured till after the judge's death, unless, indeed, the stationer, like other characters in history, lied.

'The Wine-Press' is a study of the *Ewig-Weibliche* as influenced by the *Ewig-Männliche*—more concisely, the soul history of Jack and Jill. Of Jill as she emerged a few decades ago from Jack's age-old tyranny and began to be a college girl. Of her brave and honest endeavor to live her own life and to do her own tasks while eliminating Jack from the problem, since she could not eliminate him from the earth. Of the views of Jack upon this theory. Of Jill's tumbling down. Of Jack's efforts to help her up, and of the broken crowns for which at the last Jill herself brings the vinegar and brown paper. The story thus outlined appears trite. In reality the edge of obviousness has been modified by the heredities and surroundings in which the author has entangled her heroine. Here is Giovanna, half New England, half Italian, coerced into the position of guardian to the half-sister whose father has forsaken Giovanna's mother—that half-sister a flighty, worthless child of sin. Her training in a New England college urges Giovanna to austerity, her Italian blood cries out for vengeance, not on men who betray, but on all men—because all betray. Truly, poor Giovanna, with her lineage, her education, and her experience, is a battleground for forces swooping up from a score of directions, a hundred distances, with a great pivotal clash. To give any verisimilitude to so complex a struggle, to picture a species of Lucrezia Borgia pouring tea at a girl's college, a Stream of Tendencies keeping house in a New York flat, is a rugged undertaking. It is due to Miss Brown to say that she has been most conspicuously successful where her task has been the hardest; namely, where the homely and the tragic confront one another. Where weakness chiefly lies is in the limp into commonplace situation which all her ability has not averted. The reader's spirits sink a little when the doctor, the child, and the governess meet on the terrace; when the child discloses grown-up secrets in the way of all the artificial children of fiction; when the doctor shows the skin of a Rochester, but the voice of the analyst, vivisecting himself, not as do the Rochesters, but after the manner of the sex which invented the Rochester and set him up to be adored; greatly subjective about his own objectivity, peering inward at his own powers of striking out. A threadbareness of phrase comes as a surprise, too; the "stifled yawns," the excessive hair, eyes, and graces of the young person are a water-torture not worthy of a writer whose brilliant sayings are as spontaneous as they are frequent. Her college portraits are vivid, but have not brought the day we still look for when deans shall use aright their future tenses. Very charming, quite aside from the story, is the setting of the closing scenes—a Maine coast village with its pungency of climate and characters. Entirely to be praised is the resultant tone of a novel which deals in extreme cases. That woman is woman, and man man, is the conclusion reached through many and miry ways. But there is a rider to the moral. "You and I," says the doctor, "are character and character as well as man and woman. I hate this pitting of one against the other, when nature means us to pull together harmoniously." "You'll find a man breaks down from overwork trying to satisfy some woman, quite as often as the woman suffers from his vices or his indifference. I repeat, it's an individual question." So much for the wisdom of 'The Wine-Press'; for its wit may be taken this single example from many: "She was . . . a type which . . . takes for sensitiveness a somewhat unbalanced tendency to be personal." The portrait of the lady Dean—delicate, vague, limited, literary, benevolent—is a masterpiece in tones of silver-gray.

The Old Salt is a more sophisticated being than he used to be. He uses Wellerisms, to which one instinctively attaches a land association; he is consciously "funny" where his predecessor used to be unconsciously quaint. Through steam tugs and the telephone he has learned the slang of cities, and grafts it upon the dialect of his coast and his calling. And to these modern attachments he has added (or, as he would probably say, annexed) a new tract of qualities. He quibbles a little, smuggles a little, over-reaches a little; without being the bad man of the plot, he is ready for tricks. But if he is Captain Titcomb in 'Partners of the Tide,' he is brought to see the error of his ways by his younger, more straightforward partner. Luck having been with him, he says in the last page that he is very glad he has been good. The book is rural drama of the sort that appeals to the rather old and the rather young. The senior partner is not so wholesome a hero as the older-fashioned salt for our boys, who are quite as ready to be impressed by the comical side of a funny captain as by his turning turtle into rectitude. For the adult there is humor of the domestic sort that lives in sea-coast kitchens and best parlors. For all there are re-glimpses of an old friend, Captain Eri, and very good reading in the spirited story of anchors lifted and wrecks floated. The Cape Cod atmosphere, out-of-doors and in, liberally enswathes the drama; and in the final scenes of adventure the interest mounts to a goodly height.

'The Venus of Cadiz' is an extravaganza. The author has laid the scene of his story in Kentucky; his native bent is American, but his literary method is French, suggesting a study of About and other masters of this vein, and the contrast between the scene and characters and the method is sometimes startling, sometimes fatiguing. It is a rollicking and impossible tale, in which the author gets rather beyond his depth, while the reader is just sufficiently amused to flounder after him in astonishment.

LAMPRECHT'S WHAT IS HISTORY?

What is History? Five Lectures on the Modern Science of History. By Karl Lamprecht, Professor of History in the University of Leipzig. Translated from the German by E. A. Andrews. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Before entering on his criticism of these lectures, the reviewer might file a caveat against error; for only a thoroughly assured critic will assert that he understands Professor Lamprecht's teachings in all their

parts—which do not always harmonize—or that he expounds them according to their author's intention. Professor Lamprecht has a clumsy method of presentation, even for a German *Gelehrter*, and he adds to the difficulty by much elusiveness of demonstration and by an awkward terminology.

The upshot of his doctrine is contained in two sentences: "History in itself," he says, "is nothing but applied psychology. Hence we must look to theoretical psychology to give us the clue to its true interpretation." From this point of departure he proceeds to range over the evolution of races, nations, and civilizations. The psychologist, we are led to infer, can take any individual person, and, after subjecting him to regular laboratory tests, can predict exactly what that person can do, think, or feel. Simply extend this procedure, says Professor Lamprecht, from the individual to the mass, and you have the solution of the problem of the mass at any given period. Your individual's "dominant" may be music—very good; psychology knows just what reactions a musician is likely to experience. So the "dominant" of your mass, or nation, or "epoch of culture" may be now Subjectivism, now Conventionalism, now Typism, and of course you have pigeonholed all the necessary data for those or other isms.

To discover the "psychic core" or "dominant" or "mass-psychic"—which seem to be nearly synonymous terms—becomes, therefore, the chief business of the historian. He puts from him the mere narration of events, as a puerile business on a par with the writing of fairy tales, and devotes himself to collecting vast multitudes of facts, from which he can decoct the *psyche*. We picture Professor Lamprecht's library shelves as containing not books but phials—like those one sees at the apothecary's—labelled *Spirit. Teuton. VI. Saec.; Psyche Galliæ XVI. Saec.*, and so on. If he happens to wish to examine Richelieu or Mazarin, let us say, he needs only to uncork the bottle in which he keeps the *psyche* of seventeenth-century France, refresh his memory by taking a good smell of it, and then Mazarin or Richelieu becomes clear to him.

The first criticism that we make of the Lamprecht *dominant* under its various aliases is that it strikingly resembles the friend of our youth, the *Zeitgeist*, or Spirit of the Times, as our grandfathers, who were not yet versed in German, called it. Now the *Zeitgeist* is a most convenient and respectable abstraction, which, like the Normal Man or a composite photograph, sums up the features common to a large number of individuals. No one denies that times or epochs have their characteristic qualities, and differ from each other as the seasons do. But the true student of history will never forget that as every generalization ignores partial differences, so it can never be wholly true. A traveller on first landing in a foreign country thinks that all of its people are alike; but very soon he begins to distinguish individuals emerging from the mass, and, if he stays long enough, he sees only individuals. So the historian may approach a bygone epoch with the idea that it had only a single dominant; as he extends his acquaintance, however, he will discover in it five, six, ten, a dozen forms of activity, any one of which may plausibly be regarded as a dominant. To cite a single example: in the decade before the Civil War, which was the political dominant in the United States, Slavery or Union? In the course of time, Slavery and Secession formed one binary dominant and Emancipation and Union another; but historians are still disputing whether the abolition of slavery was merely an accompaniment of the preservation of the Union, or whether the Union was preserved because slavery was abolished. Professor Lamprecht's "psychic core" does not help at all, so far as we see, to decide such a question; for history should be a narrative and exposition of concrete human development, whereas the *Zeitgeist*, dominant, and their like, are abstractions.

One may well doubt, furthermore, whether it will ever be possible to collect, as Professor Lamprecht assumes to do, all the psychological ingredients of any age. The *Zeitgeist* can perhaps be reasonably well defined; but who can follow and measure all the undercurrents, the eddies, the backwater? Nations, like individuals, often lie fallow: often, too, important movements leave little documentary evidence. Is it so certain that a psychologist can gauge the passions and aspirations of preglacial man from a few rude pictures scratched on a reindeer's bone? Professor Lamphecht continually confounds technical skill in depicting or registering with "psychic" capacity. As if the Florentines of Dante's time, for instance, could be measured by the paintings of that time, or the genius of Bacon or of Franklin could be divined from their efforts in verse. Yet, if only the paintings of thirteenth-century Florence had survived, and if nothing remained of Bacon or of Franklin except their verse, Professor Lamprecht would proceed to reconstruct either the epoch or the men without so much as suspecting that his data were unrepresentative. In short, we cannot believe that a method which would fail if applied to even a small community or individual, to-day, can be infallible when applied to entire nations and epochs which have left behind them only scanty, or sporadic, or unrevealing memorials. To put the theory to the test, let any one attempt to define the "psychic core" of Greater New York for a single day.

Another difficulty with Professor Lamprecht's method, from the historian's standpoint, is its elusiveness. He seems perpetually to assume causes to fit his effects. It is so easy, apparently, for the psychologist to accept any problem as solved when he can say, "These phenomena are, of course, merely reactions to new stimuli." But your historian is not nearly so confiding a creature. Tell him that Napoleon III. simply reacted to a new stimulus when he unexpectedly stopped the Italian war after the battle of Solferino, and he will suspect you are mocking him. But let Dr. Lamprecht speak for himself. Here is a characteristic passage, in which he "explains" the development of Germany between 1870 and 1890:

"The first effect of the revolution is a complete dissociation of the former socio-psychic conditions. The social changes with the resulting increase of city activity, with its nervous haste and anxiety, its unscrupulous abuse of individual energy, progress of the technical arts, and the extraordinary multiplication of the means of communication throughout the world, the rapid development of all the sciences which deal directly with man, followed this enlargement of life: all these and a thousand other moments of *modern development* produced a great number of new stimuli, which neither the individual nor the community could escape; for they formed in their totality, so to speak, a new historical atmosphere. But the individual as well as the soul of the people as a whole, being continually surrounded, besieged, and permeated by a flood of new impressions, soon lost the former self-mastery and weakly yielded to the new stimuli. This went on, in the beginning, under a strong repulsion of the higher moments of will; energy was absorbed in a high degree by the acceptation and augmentation of the new stimuli, and was thus limited to an energetic volition in economic life, and to a marked receptiveness in the domains of the higher intellectual culture. Moral standards and intellect were taxed to the utmost; they were subjected to the perpetual assault of the new stimuli. This is the cause of the general nervous excitement which now began and which often came to light in pathological investigations—it was now that neurasthenia was discovered as a special form of disease—and which has not abated until to-day, but rather entered into the very psychic nature of the present and has become a constituent of the excitability or mental attitude of the age" (pp. 98-100).

Now we ask, does any one find in these vague assertions, stated in terms of psychology, an equivalent for an historical account of the development of Germany between 1870 and 1890? If you saw that paragraph by itself, should you inevitably recognize what nation and epoch it refers to? We need hardly point out how Professor Lamprecht continually confuses causes and effects—stimuli and reaction—and so dresses up a description to serve his purpose. Dealing as he does with abstractions, he apparently fails to see that his chief factor—"modern development"—is unaccounted for. In reality, it is merely the sum of the various symptoms in individuals and in the community; yet he refers to it as if it were some external force which caused those manifestations in the German people. This is as absurd as to confound the violin with the violinist. Such mental confusion is the penalty men pay for losing their grip on the concrete. The most familiar example of this form of mental degeneracy to-day is the abstract State which the German Socialists have conjured up—the State which is perfect, in spite its being composed of very imperfect units.

Professor Lamprecht's method may be good psychology, it certainly is not history. Whatever help the historian can get from psychology—and we are inclined to believe that it may be considerable—he must remember that the two fields are absolutely distinct. If he allows himself to psychologize history, he will fall into the slough of abstractions whither Professor Lamprecht has preceded him—that oozy, impassable slough where *Tendenz* historians and literary critics and doctrinaires of all sorts flounder until they sink. History may properly be regarded as having a share in philosophy, economics, geography, religion, art, literature, ethics, sociology, psychology, and other human sciences, but it is independent of them, and it should refuse to be dominated by psychology as much as by pathology or any of the rest.

For history is, above all, human and concrete; and it can no more be expressed by abstract formulas than Shakspere's sonnets can be expressed by algebraic signs. What shall we think, then, of Professor Lamprecht, who says of the ways in which civilization is transmitted from age to age

and from people to people, "We shall be able, when using the picture of a well-known psychic process, to speak with reference to these processes of osmotic phenomena of diosmosis, endosmosis, and exosmosis" (pp. 196-7)? Shall we not conclude that we are dealing not with an historian but with a psychologist—one who by temperament construes all events and human deeds abstractly, in terms of psychology? We leave specialists in that science to make what they can of his osmotic phenomena, fully persuaded ourselves that diosmosis has no more than capillary attraction or deglutition to do with history.

Yet we cannot but be grateful to Professor Lamprecht for stating the argument for psychology so absolutely, because nothing clears the air more quickly than extreme statements. No doubt, as we said above, historians can derive helpful suggestions from a knowledge of psychological results: Professor Lamprecht will teach them what to expect from the most thoroughgoing pursuit of psychology, and his book will serve them as a warning what to avoid. We only regret that his awkwardness in thought and expression will retard the rapid diffusion of his doctrines: for the sooner these are generally understood, the sooner will historical writers realize that their strength lies in loyalty to their own subject, and cease to surrender their birthright to an alien science.

THE ARGIVE HERÆUM.

The Argive Heræum. By Charles Waldstein, with the coöperation of George Henry Chase, Herbert Fletcher De Cou, Theodore Woolsey Heermance, Joseph Clark Hoppin, Albert Morton Lythgoe, Richard Norton, Rufus Byam Richardson, Edward Lippincott Tilton, Henry Stephens Washington, and James Rignall Wheeler. In two volumes. Volume ii. Terra-cotta Figurines, Terra-cotta Reliefs, Vases and Vase Fragments, Bronzes, Engraved Stones, Gems, and Ivories, Coins, Egyptian or Græco-Egyptian Objects. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905. Pp. xxix., 389, 103 pls., 216 figs. 4to.

It is about two years and a half since the first volume of this work was noticed in these columns. The delay in the appearance of the second volume is more or less generally known to be due to the fact that the preparation of the section on Bronzes, by Mr. De Cou, took some years longer than was at first expected. This section is, therefore, naturally the first to which one turns. In bulk (pp. 149, with 58 plates) it is certainly one of the most important parts of the book, and it is evident that the careful cleansing and measuring of the 2,841 objects described must have been a long and toilsome task, which Mr. De Cou has performed most conscientiously. The objects themselves are, however, not beautiful, nor especially interesting, and it seems to us that a somewhat more summary treatment might have been as satisfactory as the detailed catalogue here presented. The circumstances of discovery at the Heræum afforded little or no indication of date, except that practically all the bronzes, and most of the other small objects, were earlier than the destruction of the old temple, in 423 B. C.; and for this reason as well as for the sake of clearness, Mr. De Cou has classified the bronzes first by subjects, as statuettes, pins, nails, etc., and second, by style. This is reasonable, and his classification may serve as a model for future catalogues of similar objects. The material for study is presented much as it might be in the cases of a museum. To be sure, both text and plates are encumbered with duplicates, which might as well have been omitted, but that is a small matter. The real fault of this section is a complete lack of perspective. The bronzes are set before us as if they were in themselves important objects, whereas their only importance lies in their relation to other things. In his prefatory note, Professor Waldstein says that "there is hardly an archæologist living who has had more experience in dealing with ancient bronzes" than Mr. De Cou. This may be the case; but if Mr. De Cou's experience has brought him any broader knowledge than that required for the description of the objects immediately before him, he conceals it most successfully. This is especially unfortunate in a book like this, which ought to appeal, not only to specialists, but also to the general cultivated public. The entire volume consists, for the most part, of descriptions of small objects, but Mr. De Cou is the only contributor who has been unable, or unwilling, to add some touch of life to the bare bones of his catalogue. The appendix, containing the inscriptions on bronze, is careful and scholarly.

In his prefatory note, Professor Waldstein, while regretting the delay in the appearance of the volume, which has made some chapters seem, in part, a little out of date, suggests that the independent publication of the discoveries at the Heræum, without the discussion of more recent discoveries in Crete and elsewhere, may have a peculiar value of its own. In this we can hardly agree with him, and we are glad that he has found a place in his "note" for some discussion of recent investigations. He maintains that at the Heræum a local development in pottery and its decoration can be traced from neolithic times to the Mycenæan period, and that the Mycenæan style arose in the Argolid. It is therefore impossible for him to accept Mr. Duncan MacKenzie's theory that the Mycenæan style was developed in Crete from the Kamares style through that called Early Minoan. On the contrary, he suggests that the Cretan monochrome Mycenæan style was brought about by the introduction of pure Mycenæan work from elsewhere. This would account for the differences between Cretan Mycenæan decoration and the Mycenæan decoration in use on the continent. It is as yet perhaps too early to be dogmatic in these matters. There was evidently much intercourse between the inhabitants of the different coasts of the Ægean in early times, and the Mycenæan civilization doubtless owes its development, even if not its origin, to a variety of reciprocal influences. Professor Waldstein further suggests that the Mycenæan style of sculpture persisted in Crete down to the time when Cretan sculptors, such as Dipoinos and Skyllis, influenced the beginnings of archaic Greek art, and that some parts of the palace at Cnossus, including the paintings and stucco decorations, belong to this comparatively late period. The suggestion is interesting, involving, as it does, a redating of much of what has recently been found in Crete, but will remain a mere suggestion until supported by more complete evidence than is here produced.

Of the Terra-cotta Figures discussed by Professor Waldstein and Dr. Chase, over 85 per cent. are specimens of the flat-bodied type, with either the "bird-face" or the archaic head, which is its successor. It is the preponderance of this type which justifies the name "Argive." Since some of these rude figures, evidently not among the earlier specimens, were found in a tomb which contained nothing later than Mycenæan times, it is clear that the origin of the type does not belong to the period after the "Dorian Invasion," and the circumstances make it probable that the "Argive" type came into being before the rise of the Mycenæan civilization. The figures of this type represent a female figure, probably a primitive nature-goddess. There are among the terra-cottas from the Heræum none of the charming little statuettes such as have made Tanagra and Myrina famous. Professor Waldstein and Professor Hoppin publish also ten terra-cotta plaques with reliefs, all archaic ex-votos.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is the section on Vases and Vase Fragments, by Professor Hoppin. About 250,000 fragments, belonging to some 50,000 vases, were found. Of this vast number, Professor Hoppin has selected comparatively few representative pieces for publication. Unfortunately, few vases were found entire, and not many could be reconstructed from the fragments, nor are any of these remarkable for their beauty. Of Attic vases of the best period but few fragments were found, no doubt on account of the embargo mentioned by Herodotus (v. 88). By far the greatest number of fragments belong to pre-Hellenic times, if we except a class of rather coarse local pottery, which seems to have been produced for a long period. Geometric vases are numerous. Professor Hoppin proposes a new classification of Mycenæan vases, which differs from that of Furtwängler and Loeschcke by ascribing to the second class a large part of what they put under class iii. By the new classification the naturalistic or pictorial decoration falls under classes i. and ii., the conventional style under classes iii. and iv. The subdivisions of classes ii. and iii. are less important. In the discussion of the vases generally called proto-Corinthian, Professor Hoppin shows that their peculiar style of decoration probably originated in the Argolid, a theory which has already been accepted by other authorities, and he therefore designates them as "Argive" vases. He differs, however, from Professor Waldstein in so far as he regards the "Argive" style as something practically new, a development from the Mycenæan style, while Professor Waldstein considers it rather a development of the linear principle which shows itself persistently in the Argolid from the earliest times. To us Professor Hoppin's view seems, on the whole, preferable. The division into "Early Argive," a series of small vases with linear ornament, "Linear Argive," vases with linear decoration showing the influence of the "geometric" style, and "Oriental Argive," is clear and satisfactory. The old term, "Proto-Corin-

thian," however, implying nothing more than that this style is a logical precursor of the Corinthian style, has certain advantages over the term "Argive," especially if the Mycenæan style should prove, after all, to have originated in the Argolid. Professor Hoppin finds it impossible to explain the growth of the "geometric" style without foreign influence, at least at the Heræum, whatever may have been the case in Attica. Some of the local, or unclassified, ware published in the colored plates is interesting as offering examples of individual or local vagaries; and the fragmentary Attic polychrome cylix ascribed to the school of Euphronios is very attractive. The Inscriptions on Vases, carefully published by Dr. Heermance, are unfortunately of little interest.

Among the Engraved Stones, Gems, and Ivories, discussed by Prof. Richard Norton, is a series of steatite stones, all rudely carved and pierced, which are interesting chiefly because they seem to be a strictly local product. The Coins found at the Heræum were few—only 155—and of these only about one-fiftieth belong to the times of free Greece. The latest are of Venetian times. A series of minute bronze pieces, some of which bear an alpha with broken cross-bar, may, perhaps, as Mr. De Cou, who publishes the Coins, suggests, indicate that, after the suppression of the Achæan League, a local coinage was permitted to Argos. The Egyptian and Græco-Egyptian Objects found are few, and offer nothing new. They are published and discussed by Mr. Lythgoe. All seem to belong to Naucratis, with the exception of two glass scaraboids, which show Phœnician influence. These belong, however, to the same date as the rest—the twenty-sixth dynasty and later.

We have noticed a few misprints, but none of importance, except the following, which are somewhat irritating: Pages 145, 147, and 148 (*bis*), the references to Plate LXIV. should be to Plate LXVI.; page 150, for LXV., read LXIV.; pages 153 and 154, for LXVI., read LXV.; page 158, for LXV., read LXIV.; and page 165, for LXVI., read LXV. This volume may not be as interesting to the general reader as was its predecessor, but it contains much valuable material, well arranged and presented. Those responsible for the publication may congratulate themselves upon having published in a dignified and adequate manner the important results of the work at the Argive Heræum.

Edward FitzGerald. By Arthur C. Benson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Mr. Benson's brief biography follows close on the heels of Mr. Thomas Wright's exhaustive 'Life,' into which was gathered every impression, every anecdote, of Edward FitzGerald that his distinguished friends had recorded or the old people of Woodbridge could recollect or invent. The biographer of a man whose life is wholly without action has no easy task. He is like a dramatist bidden to compose a drama in which there will be no entanglement, and therefore no solution, no crisis, and no dénouement. So it is that FitzGerald's biographers must fall back on minutiæ and psychology. If he had only had one serious illness, one real love affair—we do not think any one has proved a hopeless passion for Miss Crabbe—in short, a crisis of any sort to mark a reversal, so that one could say that after this he was an altered man, or that was in his palmier days! FitzGerald had no palmy days, no poignant experience to change the scheme of his life. His marriage does not count; it affected him like a bad fit of indigestion. It is curious to observe how, as one reads this 'Life,' one feels again, as in reading the longer work of Wright, that nothing ever checked the sluggish current of FitzGerald's provincial existence; insensibly he passed from youth to middle age, having no fire of spring to die down in his life, no "sweet-scented manuscript" of youth to close, no harvest of wild oats to reap, being and doing at twenty what he was to be and do at forty, and fifty, and sixty, and till the end.

We may be quite sure that we know the worst of FitzGerald. He spent his life in a little English country town, where a man cannot take his boots to be mended (in English country towns one does) or change his lodgings without the event passing into the local saga. Some day we intend to look into the Woodbridge saga; we expect to find that there were in the generation of FitzGerald, or before, or after, other eccentric gentlemen such as abound in English country towns, on whom if one took to inquiring one could fasten half the characteristics that have been raked up in Woodbridge by "Fitz's" industrious biographers. Old gentlemen of his type are so much alike in that setting; why should he have to shoulder all the peculiarities that make up the Woodbridge type? Such as it is, however, the man's portrait is painted, and provincial candor and the provincial long memory for trifles have done their worst. It remains for his biographers to explain and account for the charm that made him so dear to Thackeray and Tennyson and the rest, and for what, in every case where it happens, seems so mysterious, the flowering of all a man's talents into a single great literary achievement—in this case the paraphrase of Omar.

FitzGerald was not the man to make what is called a "good" translation. He could say very effective things about the Greek tragedians, but that did not prevent him from wanting to rewrite their plays. He left Creon out of the two scenes in the "Œdipus Tyrannus" because he did not think his presence essential to the situation, and he added florid ornament to the language of Æschylus. Browning, when he translates the "Agamemnon," or the "Alcestis," or the "Mad Heracles," too often allows himself to seem incoherent and uncouth in his effort to be literal, but we have at least an agreeable security that if we turn to the Greek text for the meaning we shall find there the idea that the translator is trying to express. With FitzGerald we have no such assurance. We suppose this indefiniteness of activity, so exact a reflection of his life, may account for the fact that a recent essayist, desiring to attach a superlative to FitzGerald, called him "the most refined letter-writer of England in a century"—certainly not an exhaustive or too flattering definition.

Mr. Benson's book will be found to contain all that any reader needs to know about FitzGerald, and it is an excellent cheap substitute for those who cannot afford Mr. Wright's massive illustrated volumes. In the matter of form it is no improvement on the larger work. No one was more sensitive than FitzGerald to English style, and so far his biographers have written in a careless, slipshod manner that he would have found very offensive. Mr. Benson, like Mr. Wright, has simply flung his English sentences together. One paragraph will serve to illustrate what we mean:

"However indulgently one may try to judge FitzGerald's versions of Calderon, they cannot be reckoned among his literary successes. It is probable that FitzGerald did not really understand Calderon, and it is not unfair to say that we have here a marked instance of FitzGerald's friendships biassing his studies. It was, no doubt, the influence of Cowell that turned his mind definitely to Calderon. It is probable that Cowell did not introduce FitzGerald to Calderon, though he undoubtedly blew the smouldering ashes to a flame. Archbishop Trench was a translator of Calderon, and Tennyson mentions Calderon in a suppressed stanza of the 'Palace of Art'; so that it is probable that Calderon was not unknown in FitzGerald's Cambridge circle" (p. 124).

This is the style of notes in a literary notebook, all ready to be worked up into periods. Mr. Benson gives us again all the well-known anecdotes, and, like Mr. Wright, falls back on the regular resource of FitzGerald's biographers, who, having little to say, repeat that little more than once. We cannot take leave of the subject without a final regret that a writer so intelligent as Mr. Benson did not think it beneath his dignity to record the trivial and sordid gossip of Woodbridge, much of it unkind, and none of it to be trusted, if we know anything of English provincial manners and the powers of observation of the inhabitants. FitzGerald paid dearly for his so-called seclusion. If he had lived in the real solitude of London streets and crowds, who would have thought it either essential to a knowledge of his personality or worthy of a historian of literature to record that on occasion he could snub an officious intruder (pp. 173-174), or express a passing disgust of self-indulgence (p. 176), or in a moment of irritation reject help in his growing blindness (p. 175), or, in such a silly season as may befall any one of us, utter sentiments that sound mawkish (p. 50), or yearn for affection without knowing quite how to win or retain it (p. 196 and *passim*)? These are the minor weaknesses common to most men and women. And as for famous men, what a record of irritation and hypersensitiveness might have been raked together for Tennyson from the memories of observing neighbors of Farringford and Aldworth! Where FitzGerald was misguided was in placing himself, a proud, sensitive, self-willed, indolent, capricious being, in the pitiless glare of provincial life. He added to this the fatal mistake of giving his biographer no incidents to record. One must still feel that the real life of the translator of Omar is told in his admirable letters, and that his ideal biographer, if we must have one at all, will give us more letters and no foolish anecdotes.

Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck. Translated by W. A. Ellis. Scribners. 1905.

For Wagner's admirers his personality apparently has quite as great an interest as his art. About a year ago his letters to Frau Wesendonck were printed in Germany,

and already the publishers are announcing the twentieth thousand—a probably unprecedented event in the records of musical literature. The reason is not far to seek. In these letters Wagner reveals his inmost thoughts and aspirations even more intimately than in his correspondence with Liszt; preëminently sympathetic as Liszt was, he could not quite take the place of a woman confidant in the case of a man like Wagner. The wife of Otto Wesendonck seems to have had a genius for sympathy, and it is a great pity that only a very few of her letters to Wagner have been preserved to be printed in this volume. What became of the others is not known; Mr. Ellis comes to the conclusion that Wagner's (first) wife destroyed the whole bundle in a fit of jealousy, being unable to understand a friendship such as existed between him and his generous patron's wife—a friendship concerning which Wagner wrote to his sister that "the very highness and unselfishness of such relations as subsisted between us made them forever impossible of explanation to a nature like my wife's"; while Frau Wesendonck herself wrote, in her quaint English in a letter dated 1892 (of which Mr. Ellis prints a facsimile): "The tie that bound him to Mathilde Wesendonck, whom he then called his 'Muse,' was of so high, pure, noble, and ideal Nature that, alas, it will only be valued of those, that in their own Noble chest find the same elevation and selfishlessness of Mind."

As Wagner's letters, with all their terms of endearment, bear witness on every page to the truth of these statements, it was hardly necessary for Mr. Ellis to write a sixty-two-page introduction to prove that Wagner did not treat his wife unkindly, but that he really was a martyr, tied to a woman far below him mentally, unable either to understand or to love him; a woman addicted for a long time to the use of crude laudanum, which occasionally must have made her behave "like a she-devil in the house." One cannot but agree with Mr. Ellis, however, that when Minna left her husband, after they had been married half a year, and he appealed for a divorce, it was a great pity he withdrew the suit and welcomed back the penitent. Never was there a more ill-mated couple, and it is not surprising that Wagner, when he found in Frau Wesendonck the kind of woman he ought to have married, was prompted by his always extravagant and uncurbed feelings to actions which his wife and the Zurich gossips may be pardoned for having misinterpreted. The tragic situation is immortalized in the greatest of all operas, "Tristan and Isolde," and this is one of the main reasons why these letters, written in the same volcanic style as that opera, have made such a deep and immediate appeal to the musical world.

As the contents of the present volume were reviewed at length in these columns last September, it is not necessary to dwell on them again. The peculiarities of Wagner's style are to a considerable extent reflected in the English version. The loquacious translator, not content with his long Introduction, also favors the reader with a "Valedictory," in which he discusses the spelling of the Wesendonck name, expresses the opinion that had Frau Wesendonck lived longer she would herself have written an Introduction to this volume; and explains that Wagner's wish that these letters should be destroyed has been carried out in part—"the originals no longer exist." Mr. Ellis has also rearranged the Zurich letters in the light of internal evidence. From every point of view, including that of the printer and binder, 'Richard Wagner to Mathilde Wesendonck' is a most attractive volume. The illustrations of the German edition have been retained, and in addition there are facsimiles of themes for "Parzival" and "Die Meistersinger" (Sachs's Cobbler Song) and of the concert-close for the "Tristan" prelude dated Paris, December 15, 1859.

Bygones Worth Remembering. By George Jacob Holyoake. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. 2 vols., 295, 301 pages, with index and portraits.

It were unfortunate for the world if a proportion of brave and clear-sighted spirits did not feel it laid upon them, as did Winkelried, to press forward, at all cost, gathering the spears of opposition and contumely into their own bosoms, and making the way easy and open for humanity at large. Mr. Holyoake is, as was Mr. Bradlaugh, a man of this stamp. He has fought his way for himself and others, and now, in his eighty-eighth year, finds himself respected by all whose opinion is worth having. In 'Bygones Worth Remembering,' he gives us two delightful volumes, brim-full of interesting reminiscences of well-known men and women, replete with wisdom and kindly feeling. He states many facts, he corrects many fallacies, that should claim the consideration of historians of British politics during the nineteenth century. Seldom have we read a book breathing a more tender, tolerant, and judicial spirit. He thus prefaces his chapters on individual character:

"It is probably vanity—though I disguise it under the name of pride—that induces me to insert here certain incidents. Nevertheless, pride is the major motive. When I have been near unto death, and have asked myself what has been the consolation of this life, I have found it in cherished memories of illustrious persons of thought and action, whose friendship I have shared."

And he places in the forefront of these Harriet Martineau and William Lloyd Garrison.

The history of the gradual change in his opinions, from those of a youthful Sunday School teacher and evangelical preacher to those held in mature life, is deeply interesting. Under all mutations of belief, he never lost his tenderness of feeling for the convictions of others.

"We should 'go on loving men, but not expecting too much of them.' . . . Whatever my convictions, I was always the same to my mother. The wish to change her views never entered my mind. She had chosen her own. I respected her choice, and she respected mine. In after years, when I visited Birmingham, I would read the Bible to her. She liked to hear my voice again as she had heard it in earlier days. When her eyes became dim by time, I would send her large-type editions of the New Testament, and of religious works which dwelt upon the human tenderness of Christ. . . . The piety of parents should be sacred in the eyes of children. Convictions are the food of the soul, which perishes on any other diet than that which can be assimilated by the conscience."

This side of Mr. Holyoake's character is not at all the one by which the world has generally known him.

There are suggestive chapters on "The Peril of Scruples," "Taking Sides," "Mistrust of Moderation," "New Convictions Which Came Unsought," "Difficulty of Knowing Men"; but the most interesting sections are those in which Mr. Holyoake gives reminiscences and discusses the characters of eminent persons with whom he was brought closely in contact—Lewes, George Eliot, Cobden, Miss Martineau, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Mill, Gladstone, Herbert Spencer. We are introduced to a third brother Newman, of whom few may have before heard. Of all, Mr. Holyoake has something fresh to say. For example:

"Some women, not distinguished for personal beauty when young, become handsome and queenly later in life. It was so with Harriet Martineau. George Eliot did not come up to Herbert Spencer's conception of personal charm. One day, when she was living at Godstone, she drove to the station to meet Mr. Lewes. He and I were travelling together at that time, and he caused the train to be delayed a few minutes that I might run down into the valley to meet his wife. I had not seen George Eliot for some years, and was astonished at the stately grace she had acquired."

Our author has unbounded admiration for Mazzini and Garibaldi, and was secretary and principal mover in enlisting and dispatching an English contingent to the help of the latter in his Sicilian campaign. He accepts the judgment of a contemporary speaking of Mill's power in debate: "He passed over his adversary like a ploughshare over a mouse." The events of late years led him to acknowledge the reasonableness of Mill's misgivings in respect of the operation of the ballot and the wide extension of the franchise. He calls to mind a passage in 'Felix Holt': "Ignorant power comes in the end to the same thing as wicked power," and adds: "But there is this difference in its nature: 'Ignorant power' can be instructed, and experience may teach it; but 'wicked power' has an evil purpose, intelligently fixed and implacably determined."

We are treated to a parallel between Voltaire and Gladstone, greatly to the credit of both, but too long to quote. But we take over this regarding George Eliot:

"She held as a solemn conviction—the result of a lifetime of observation—that in proportion as the thoughts of men and women are removed from the earth on which they live, are diverted from their own mutual relations and responsibilities, of which they alone know anything, to an invisible world which can alone be appreciated by belief, they are led to neglect their duty to each other, to squander their strength in vain speculations which can result in no profit to themselves or their fellow-creatures, which diminish their capacity for strenuous and worthy action during a span of life, brief, indeed, but whose consequences will extend to remote posterity."

Many will differ from some of our author's opinions and estimates. "A fraud in war is only a little less base than a fraud in business." Stratagem and fraud are of the very essence of war. "To this day the House of Lords is an alien power in England." Its power appears more firmly enthroned than ever, through the will of a democratic England which could at any time end or mend it. Mr. Holyoake says that Cobden "introduced more immorality into politics than any other public man in my time, . . . by advising electors to vote for any candidate, irrespective of his

politics, who would vote for the repeal of the Corn Laws." Neither Mr. Cobden nor Mr. Bright, who is coupled with him in the same regard in another passage, is so specially guilty. Such opinions are shared, such advice is given, by all who believe the reform they desire is at the basis of social order. It may be true that "the affair of the Phœnix Park showed that the English nation did not go mad in the face of desperate outrage." They did worse: for the crime of half a dozen men they condemned all Ireland to permanent political disabilities, as they never would have condemned their own country. The pious who have regarded Mr. Holyoake's opinions with horror, will find it difficult to reconcile the occurrences related in the chapter entitled "Adventures in the Streets" with any theory of special providences. He narrates sixteen narrow escapes from mutilation or death. "I have no theory of my many exemptions from fatal consequences. All I can say is that, had I been a saint, I could not have been more fortunate."

The last chapter, in which is summed up all that has been gained for humanity of late years, is a forcible indictment of "good old times" theories. The nineteen portraits scattered through these volumes add to their interest, but are of unequal merit.

The Jordan Valley and Petra. By William Libbey, Sc.D., and Franklin E. Hoskins, D.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. Two volumes, pp. xv., 353, viii., 380.

This work is beautifully illustrated with more than 150 half-tone reproductions of photographs taken by the travellers, over fifty of which are photographs from Petra. When we have said this, we have said the best there is to be said. Dr. Libbey, professor of physical geography at Princeton University, made a compact twenty years ago with one of his then pupils to visit Petra and the region east and south of the Dead Sea. During these twenty years that pupil, Dr. Hoskins, has been a missionary in Syria. The experience there acquired enabled him to make very efficient provision for the proposed journey, which was at last undertaken in the spring of 1902. In the introductory chapter we are told that Professor Libbey's purpose in this journey "was to study the valley of the Jordan, from beginning to end." In point of fact the travellers did follow the Jordan fairly closely from Banias to the lower end of the Sea of Galilee. The rest of their route lay on the eastern side of the Jordan, as far away from that stream as are Nablus and Jerusalem on the western side; and indeed the Jordan might as well be studied by a trip from Nazareth over Nablus to Jerusalem as by the route which the travellers followed.

The first volume is occupied by very minute descriptions of the composition of the caravan, the method in which one should deal with the natives, etc., with an itinerary of the journey, and statements as to the history of the places visited, including occasional pious remarks about their Bible character. There is absolutely nothing, until Madeba is reached, toward the end of the first volume, which is new or of any interest to any one except the travellers, aside from the photographs, some of which are new views and worth possessing. It is, however, with Madeba that the photographs become particularly interesting and valuable, because available pictures of the section from Madeba southward are so scarce. We find here fresh information regarding present conditions at Madeba and Kerak, and there are some admirable descriptions of the contour of the country and of the great gorges which descend from the plateau of Moab to the Dead Sea, especially the ancient valley of the Arnon, of which the authors say that it "has no equal upon earth, except the Colorado cañon in the United States."

A little more than one-half of the second volume is devoted to a description of Petra, where the travellers remained for five days, camping in the very heart of the city. In spite of the opportunity which this comparatively long sojourn in Petra afforded, they cannot be said to have added to our information with regard to that site. With the exception of a couple of insignificant fragments of Nabathean funerary inscriptions and some interesting rock cuttings on the northwestern edge of the citadel rock, which they supposed to be a high place, they seem to have seen nothing new. The plan used is the old plan of Laborde and Linant, reduced in scale. Unfortunately, it is so reproduced as to fail entirely to give the idea that Petra occupies a great depression in the surface of the rock, with almost precipitous walls on all sides. Unless one were already pretty familiar with the site, one would be hopelessly bewildered in attempting to apply the plan to the descriptions of the text. We read of an east wall, of a north wall, etc., but there is no indication of anything of the sort on the plan. The same plan reproduced in Baedeker gives some idea of the character of the site. Considering the peculiarly favorable opportunity which the travellers had, the results as represented here are extremely disappointing. The only material approximating a scientific contribution to our knowledge is contained in a statement of Dr. Libbey's theory of the formation of the Jordan rift, covering less than two pages (259-260), and an appendix by Mr. Van Ingen with a few plates of the fossils and rocks brought back by Dr. Libbey. On the return journey from Petra the party crossed the ghor just to the south of the Dead Sea, thence proceeding to Jerusalem on the west side of the Jordan. The whole trip from Beirut to Jerusalem here described occupied forty-one days.

Constantine the Great. By John B. Firth. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. [The Heroes of the Nations Series.]

In this learned and thoughtful book Mr. Firth has touched upon nearly all the questions which render the character of Constantine a puzzle and his reign an era of perpetual fascination. If the modern writer wishes to save himself trouble, he will take strong ground either for or against the Emperor, because in both cases a fine show of evidence can be mustered from the fourth century to support the position adopted. But when Lactantius comes to be compared with Zosimus and Eusebius with Julian, difficulties emerge which can properly be faced only in a mood of painstaking enquiry and candid hesitation. Mr. Firth places a good deal of reliance upon Eutropius wherever he can be used, but the brevity of this author is such that he cannot be taken as a satisfactory guide in most matters of detail. Few writers attempt nowadays to exculpate Constantine from the charge of having put to death, in a mood of anger or suspicion, his son Crispus and his wife Fausta. Such crimes belong in a different class from the ordinary assassinations that accompanied the rise of a Roman general to imperial power—assassinations, in the present case, like those of Maximian, Licinius, Licinianus and Cæsar Bassus. Whatever meaning they may have, they point to the existence in Constantine of sharply conflicting instincts. At times he is a savage, but most of his acts point to an appreciation of higher standards than were grasped by most Romans of the later Empire.

Mr. Firth finds in a phrase of Eutropius a hint of the fact which accounts for many of the contradictions and inconsistencies in the Emperor's career. *Aliquantum mutavit*—that is to say, as he grew older he changed somewhat and changed for the worse. That the epitomist is not hostile in his general tone may be gathered from such a passage as this:

"At the opening of his reign, Constantine was a man who challenged comparison with the best of princes; at its close he deserved comparison with those of average merit and demerit. Both mentally and physically his good points were beyond computation and conspicuous to all. . . . He was devoted to the arts of peace and to the humanities, and he sought to win from all men their sincere affection by his generosity and his tractability, never losing an opportunity of enriching his friends and adding to their dignity."

Aurelius Victor bears testimony to the same process when he contrasts the irreproachable character of Constantine's rule during the first ten years of his reign with the reckless extravagance that marked its close. From Eusebius, of course, nothing but adulation can be expected, but Zosimus and Julian unite in stigmatizing the love of adulation and self-indulgence, which finally overcame the active and clear-sighted hero of the battle at the Milvian Bridge.

The practical effect of accepting this view of Constantine's development is that one is forced thereby to give up a popular theory. The first of the Christian emperors ceases to be a mere political schemer and a convert because conversion helped him to win a throne. On the other hand, Constantine stands out as one who had a genuine interest in Christianity, but was unable to resist the temptations which were placed in his way by the exercise of absolute power. The last twelve years of the reign present a strange medley of contradictions. In 325 the Emperor is at Nicæa, presiding at the first general council with all the dignity and decency imaginable. In 326 he is at Rome giving orders for the execution of Crispus, and shortly afterwards for that of Fausta. Between 326 and 330 he is building Constantinople with all the clear-sightedness of a great statesman; and yet with such haste and neglect of architectural precaution that large parts of the town fall an easy prey to earthquakes. From 330 to 335, he is occupying a singular position between Arians and Catholics—meaning to be a Christian, but not holding a clear course with reference to the great dogmatic issue, and postponing the date of his baptism as long as possible, perhaps in hope that his chance of heaven would be brighter if his life after baptism were im-

maculate. In 335 he divides the Empire among his children, without any such reference to the public welfare as had actuated Diocletian when he established the prætorian prefectures, but rather in the spirit of a father dividing a private patrimony among his sons. This act is, in the opinion of Mr. Firth, the most marked proof of his degeneracy which can be cited. "Such a partition meant the stultification of his political career, for he thus destroyed at a blow the political unity which he had so laboriously restored out of the wreck of the system of Diocletian."

Professor Bury has said that "the evidence seems to show that Constantine's religion was a syncretistic monotheism; that he was content to see the deity in the sun, in Mithras, or in the God of the Hebrews." From this view Mr. Firth differs entirely, in so far as it applies to Constantine's attitude towards religion after the overthrow of Maxentius. Two facts are usually taken to disprove the sincerity of Constantine's adherence to the Christian faith. These are the atrocities he committed after he had openly declared himself a Christian, and his unwillingness to use the full leverage of his imperial position against paganism. But Mr. Firth, who would be the last to extenuate Constantine's misdemeanors, ranks him among convinced, though not among devout, Christians. A proneness to superstition he admits, along with a gross materialism of religious conception, such as saw the confirmation of Christianity in his own triumph. But, says Mr. Firth,

"had he been indifferent to religion, or indifferent to Christianity, had he even been anxious only to hold the balance between the rival creeds, he would never have surrounded himself with episcopal advisers; never have set his hand to such edicts as those we have quoted; never have abolished the use of the cross for the execution of criminals, or have forbidden Jews to own Christian slaves; never have called the whole world time and again to witness his zeal for Christ; never have lavished the resources of the Empire upon the building of sumptuous churches; never have listened with such extraordinary forbearance to the wranglings of the Donatists and the subtleties of Arians and Athanasians; never have summoned or presided at the Council of Nicæa; and certainly never have made the welfare of non-Roman Christians the subject of entreaty with the King of Persia."

Though written as a volume for a popular series, this book should not escape the attention of scholars, since it is based upon a first-hand study of the authorities, and is the fruit of independent reflection.

Giotto. By Basil de Selincourt. (Library of Art.) London: Duckworth; New York: Scribners. 1905.

In the face of what has already appeared, especially of recent years, in the way of serious and authoritative criticism on the same subject, M. de Selincourt has evidently not been lacking in either courage or self-confidence in taking upon himself the task of again discussing, in a book of something over 200 pages, the personality and genius of the great Florentine master. Although evidently written *con amore*, and with a sincere but at the same time laudably temperate enthusiasm and appreciation, it is hardly distinguished by any exceptional novelty or originality of thought, and the author can be said to have added little, if anything, to the now generally accepted estimate of Giotto and his work. There is even less to justify the somewhat aggressive tone which he allows himself to adopt at times, in regard to certain other critics of the so-called "modern" school. We sympathize to no small extent with M. de Selincourt's attitude in these respects, but his championship of tradition is not always supported by the soundest of defences.

As was to be expected, the author follows, in the main, the older and more traditional list and chronological arrangement of Giotto's works. He looks upon the frescoes from the life of St. Francis in the Upper Church at Assisi as the earliest manifestation of the master's art, although he seems himself in doubt as to the authenticity of the last nine subjects, so obviously the work of another hand. He then passes to the Allegories in the Lower Church, as being next in date, refusing to accept the fine series in the right transept. The very early "Stefaneschi" altar-piece at Rome he considers subsequent in execution to the Allegories. He denies Giotto's participation in the strong works in the Chapel of the Magdalene at Assisi, using again, as one of his arguments, the lack of traditional confirmation of it. He summarily dismisses from the list of Giotto's works—"at least in their present state"—and to our mind rightly, though he gives no reasons, the damaged frescoes in the Florentine Bargello; casts a possible doubt upon the altar-piece in the Louvre; makes no mention of the fine little "Presentation" belonging to Mrs. Gardner in Boston, and passes over, with equal silence, the exceedingly Giottoesque frescoes in the Refectory of S. Antonio at Padua.

As is usual, the greater part of the book is, of necessity, given up to the frescoes of the Paduan Arena and the Bardi and Peruzzi chapels in Santa Croce, at Florence. In the author's comments on these works there is much that is both interesting and suggestive—much that bespeaks the intelligent and appreciative amateur, in fact, rather than the sterner and less emotional critic. Frankly speaking, it is precisely here that M. de Selincourt's book may lay claim to its saving merits; taken as a guide-book, it will serve its purpose perhaps as well as, if not better than, most of the volumes which have hitherto occupied themselves with an exposition of the master's works, and as such will form even a welcome addition to the descriptive literature of its kind. We should, perhaps, have dwelt less at length upon its defects were it not for its pretensions, and for the fact that M. de Selincourt falls under a graver imputation than that of any critical shortcoming—one which he shares with several other recent writers upon art, viz., the only too obvious and studied suppression of all allusion to preceding authorities to whom his pages show, in far more places than one, an evident indebtedness. We should not have alluded to this fact did it not touch upon a habit that is becoming too general among a certain class of writers to pass longer unnoticed.

Pictures in Umbria. By Katherine S. Macquoid. With fifty original illustrations by Thomas R. Macquoid, R.I. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905. Pp. xvi+319.

The genesis of this book appears to be as follows: In the early eighties the authoress spent several weeks or months in Perugia, where she seems to have enjoyed a very pleasant and not unprofitable holiday, visiting all the principal objects of interest in the city itself, and making the usual excursions to Assisi, Spello, Foligno, and Lake Trasimeno. To a keen eye for the beauties of nature and an appreciative, if not very discriminating, interest in art, she added a knack of ingratiating herself with the common people, whose quaint sayings she carefully recorded. For nearly twenty years the information thus acquired lay fallow, and then, with the assistance of M. Paul Sabatier's 'Vie de Saint François,' the chronicle of Matarazzo, the 'Fioretti,' 'The Legend of the Three Companions,' and Miss Duff Gordon's 'Story of Assisi,' she compiled the work before us.

It would be easy to point out numerous inaccuracies, but the book is evidently not intended for students; and probably nobody would be more surprised than Mrs. Macquoid herself if we were to take her seriously. What is of far greater importance, considering the class of readers to whom these pages will appeal, is the fact that, although the authoress writes in the present tense, she describes a Perugia which is in many respects different from the Perugia of to-day; and we can well imagine the exasperation of the tourist who, using her book as a guide, goes to look for the fountain in the Piazza del Sopramuro, or for the statue of Pope Julius in the Piazza del Papa. In the place of the former he will find the Garibaldi monument; while the latter has been removed to make way for the electric trams.

One excellent thing Mrs. Macquoid has done, and it should be noted to her credit: she has called attention to the too little-known museum of Professor Bellucci, with its unique collection of charms and amulets; but, when all has been said, the illustrations are by far the most interesting feature of the book. It was worth publishing for them alone.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Annandale, Nelson. The Faroes and Iceland. Oxford: University Press; New York: H. Frowde. $1.50 net.
Bowley, Arthur L. England's Foreign Trade in the Nineteenth Century. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Brown, G. Baldwin. William Hogarth. Imported by Scribners.
Corpus Poetarum Latinorum. Edited by J. P. Postgate. Fasc. V. London: George Bell & Sons.
Fletcher, William I., and Mary Poole. Poole's Index to Periodical Literature: Abridgement Supplement. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $5 net.
Gibb, E. J. W. A History of Ottoman Poetry. Vol. IV. Edited by Edward G. Browne. London: Luzac & Co.
Gray, Charles H. Lodowick Carliell: His Life and a Discussion of his Plays. Chicago: University Press. $1.50 net.
Hall, Charles Cuthbert. The Redeemed Life after Death. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.
Kellogg, Vernon L. American Insects. Henry Holt & Co. $5 net.
Lott, Noah. The Silly Syclopedia. G. W. Dillingham Co.
Miles, Eustace. An Alphabet of Athletics. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Nesbit, E. The Rainbow and the Rose. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.
Pasture, (Mrs.) Henry de la. Peter's Mother. Dutton. $1.50.
Villari, Luigi. Russia under the Great Shadow. James Pott & Co. $3.50 net.
Vitelleschi, Marchesa. The Romance of Savoy. 2 vols. Dutton. $7.50 net.
Welcker, Adair. For People Who Laugh, San Francisco: Adair Welcker. $1.25.
Wilson, H. L. The Boss of Little Arcady. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Wollant, Grégoire de. The Land of the Rising Sun. The Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Viollet, Paul. Infaillibilité et Syllabus: Répose aux Etudes. Besançon: Jacquin.
Wrong, George M. The Earl of Elgin. London: Methuen & Co.
Young, George. Corps de Droit Ottoman. 3 vols. Oxford: University Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Zampini Salazar, Fanny. Cavalieri Moderni. Rome: Enrico Voghera.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1905.

The Week.

Our Chief Executive evidently agrees with a noted philosopher that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. Such, at all events, is the reflection suggested by the report sent out from Oyster Bay on Monday that the extra session of Congress had been abandoned. It is true that the successive postponements of the extra session had robbed it of all but a sentimental importance. The three weeks in November, every one knew, could serve no purpose but to save the President's pride. But the "irreducible minimum" now appears to have been given up on the representations of Senator Knox. The President is really to be congratulated on his surrender to common sense. But it must now occur to him that the pace of legislation is often in reality slackened by the premature cracking of the Executive whip. Doubtless among our experienced Senators, as once among those of Rome, "those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads." The "continual dropping" of friendly remonstrance, personal appeal, and coaxed delay has served to wear away the stone of adamantine purpose. But what excoriations at the President's hands have "the craven" and "the weakling" suffered for like infirmity of purpose!

Despite the "stand-pat" attitude of the Senate and Secretary Shaw on the tariff, the ghost of revision and reciprocity will not down. President Roosevelt, so it is announced from Washington, has decided to negotiate another reciprocity treaty with Germany. He may have but slight hope of favorable action thereon, but he will at least obtrusively dump on the Senate the final responsibility for any depression in our export industries which may result from the new German tariff after March 1, 1906. It will be well for the worshippers of the protectionist fetish to bestir themselves before that date. Germany has already notified our Government that, after March 1 next, the benefit of "the most favored nation" clause will cease to apply to us. Treaties have already been concluded between Germany and seven European States providing for the mutual enjoyment of preferential tariff rates. There is no way, apparently, of our getting into this charmed circle but by paying the price of admission. The German Agrarians, who have the ear of the Imperial Government, insist as obstinately upon our making concessions as do our tariff Bourbons upon the immutability of the Dingley schedules. We may have a chance to see experimentally what happens when an infinite force is brought to bear against absolutely immutable resistance. Meantime, it would not be surprising to see Secretary Shaw's dictum reversed, and, instead of the Republican party appealing to "the producer," to see "the producer" with burnt fingers appealing to the Republican party to prevent the loss of German markets.

Appeal to our treaty rights as against the Chinese boycott has been made by the Administration, but it can come to nothing. Guarantees in our treaty with China that our merchants shall be permitted to "sell" in each of the ports open to commerce cannot carry with them any correlative obligation on the part of the Chinese to buy. And if the hope is to compel the Chinese Government to put down a strike or to break a boycott, that is a doctrine of international law which would return to plague its inventors. If our Federal Government disclaims the power to prevent Chinamen from being massacred in this country, it cannot very well argue that China is bound to make her subjects handle and buy American goods, willy-nilly. We know precisely how we provoked the Chinese boycott. It was by cruel and discriminating legislation. If we propose to stand by that, let us endure the money loss without whimpering. But if we really desire to remove the boycott, we know how to go to work.

Wu Ting Fang denies that the direction of the Chinese boycott is in his hands. At the same time his attitude, as expressed in his interview on August 9, will give many of our citizens an unexpected sort of shock. The ex-Minister understood this country so well, and was so popular here himself, it somehow seems as if he might take a more sympathetic, a more tolerant view of our present difficulties. But no; while saying that he regrets the boycott itself as calculated to cause friction without good results, he speaks out regarding the provocation given by this country for retaliatory action. He seems not to have any more sympathy with our system of treating every Chinaman as an ignorant coolie until he proves himself something else, than if he had never been banqueted and invited to lecture in every city in this country. The attitude of Americans toward Mr. Wu has, indeed, always been peculiar. He was on such good terms with us that we unconsciously assumed that he must be on our side in any dispute, even if it were with his own country. Some of the comments heard during the Boxer troubles, when he came into such prominence, showed an amusing forgetfulness of the fact that the Minister was, after all, a Chinaman, and presumably a loyal one. When he went back to China, too, his departure was talked of almost as if he were an unofficial emissary of this country. It was a harmless enough consequence of our belief that no one who once studies our institutions can fail to see that they are better than his own, wherever he may live.

The memorial to the Porto Rican Insular Legislature passed by the League of Municipalities the other day, asking for a greater measure of self-government, is in several respects a remarkable document. A certain quaintness in phrasing does not detract from the reasonableness of the plea itself. "We do not believe," acknowledge the petitioners, "that Porto Rico, after obtaining her municipal freedom, will serve as a special model of local administration without a blot or hitch. . . . What we should assert, and do hereby assert, is the right to work out our own salvation and advancement. Let us reap profit from our good acts and derive benefit from the lessons of our errors." Again, "There are cities in the United States, the immoral administration of which gives rise to the protest of all good citizens, but over there no one has ever thought of depriving the municipalities of their autonomy and charging the State with the solution of local affairs." Concretely, what the representatives of these sixty-five insular municipalities desire is the amendment of the Foraker law, the organic act of the island. As this requires the assent of Congress, another memorial is to be addressed to that body. It has been one of the unpleasant consequences of the paternal form of government installed by us in Porto Rico, that it has made the natives look to us for everything, including material prosperity, and hold us responsible for every lack. At best, the present limited local governments are makeshifts.

Two county Democratic conventions in Maryland, those of Talbot and Caroline Counties, have failed to endorse the Poe-Gorman suffrage amendment, and this has put confidence into the opponents of that measure. The attitude in these Eastern Shore counties, however, seems to indicate dissatisfaction with the particular measure to be submitted this fall, and not with the general principle of restricted suffrage. The fact of

the matter is that the Poe amendment cannot stand analysis, no matter with what view it is approached. As the Baltimore *News* says: "If it had been drawn up in great haste under the pressure of some terrible emergency, there might have been some possible excuse for its character." The long open letters published in newspaper advertising columns, which are a time-honored feature of Maryland politics, are playing their usual part this year; "Tocsin" taking the most prominent part for the amendment. But "Publius" has made one retort which reveals as well as anything possibly could the motives behind the movement for disfranchisement. "Ulysses" had asked, "If the negro fusion be inimical to good government, why should not white Republicans be equally detestable?" And Publius thunders back, "They are."

An interesting situation is created in Virginia by the contest for the Senatorship between Senator Martin and Gov. Montague. The primary law which Gov. Montague was instrumental in getting passed by the State Legislature, provides that candidates for the United States Senate shall be selected by the qualified voters of the parties. The State primary is to be held on August 22. In effect, it amounts to the popular election of Senators; and the present campaign has been growing in interest since Gov. Montague early in the year announced himself as a candidate to succeed Senator Martin. This means that, for the first time in many years, the people of Virginia are hearing able discussion of national affairs, and getting an accurate notion of the history and character of the United States Senate. "The fight," writes Prof. W. E. Dodd of Randolph-Macon College, "reminds one of ante-bellum days, when Whig and Democrat, Unionist and Secessionist, met upon every public platform to discuss the issues of the day." The people are listening eagerly to the rivals, thus disproving the familiar argument of the machine boss who asserts that the ordinary citizen cannot be induced to take an intelligent interest in politics. The real difficulty is with the voiceless and conscienceless candidates. Suppose we had in this State a law compelling Platt to go to the people for endorsement on a statesmanlike presentation of State and national issues!

The South Carolina dispensary began on July 1 its thirteenth year as an institution, and the indications are that this will be in every sense an unlucky one for it. Last year its opponents began a bitter, uncompromising fight which not only has put the dispensary advocates completely on the defensive, but brings actual overthrow at least within the range of possibility. There has existed for some time a law which permits counties, on petition of a certain proportion of voters, to hold a special election on the question of dispensary or no dispensary. Two counties, Marlboro and Greenwood, went "dry" many years ago. Last year two others, Cherokee and Pickens, voted out the dispensaries. And now a canvass made by correspondents of the Charleston *News and Courier* shows that in eighteen others elections have been ordered or petitions are now being circulated. In fourteen of these, according to the same authority, the chances are believed to favor the prohibitionists. The dispensary is called popular in only twelve counties, two of these, the so-called "city counties," preferring it to prohibition, although license, which the law does not permit under any circumstances, is the system really desired. Charges of various abuses in the conduct of the State liquor-shops have been current for some time, and an official inquiry now in progress has confirmed the most damaging of these allegations. The testimony given before the investigating committee at Spartanburg has shown the system to be honeycombed by both political and commercial corruption. From the stories told, it appears that dispensers were forced to pay tribute to the County Boards of Control in order to obtain and hold their positions; that they recouped themselves in part by taking valuable presents from liquor houses, or extra quantities of liquors, which they then sold without accounting to the State, and that these liquor agents attempted to dictate the appointment of dispensers. Details were also given of the raising of a fund in Spartanburg which went to a local newspaper to win its support for the dispensary. With all its faults, the dispensary does pay. The citizens of Pickens County, who voted it out a month ago, are already receiving notices of a tax for road improvements which used to be paid out of liquor profits.

In commenting upon the general consternation caused by the arrest of four citizens of western Kansas charged with perjury in connection with fraudulent entries on homestead and timber claims, the Topeka *Capital* remarks: "The fact is that the men are charged with what has become a common practice in the West." One of the accused, a former county clerk, is said to have bought the title to a homestead for $50, and to have furnished the witnesses to swear that the seller had lived on the land for five years, as required by law. As a matter of fact, the land had been taken up only two years before the sale, and had been abandoned. The *Capital* says that many claims in Kansas have been given up in the same way. Homesteaders have often failed to fulfil the residence requirement, though the records show that the customary perjury has been committed in a cheerful spirit. It is unfortunately true that the land laws have been looked upon as obstacles to be got around rather than as a wise protection of the genuine settler's rights. The big cattlemen and the timber speculators have lulled the official conscience to sleep. Land titles have been as easy to acquire as military honors in a South American republic; and it is not strange that the new and stricter policy of the Interior Department confuses the Kansas mind.

Conventions seeking greater uniformity in law or administration in the various States are becoming noticeably frequent. Insurance Commissioners from several States have gathered in this city, in consequence of the Equitable scandal, seeking jointly some light on the situation which shall result not only in greater security but in greater uniformity in the conduct of insurance business throughout the country. The invitation of the Governor of Pennsylvania to the other States to send delegates to the coming interstate congress aiming at more uniform laws on marriage and divorce is another instance. A third illustration of the same tendency is to be found in the acceptance by the Governors of twenty-six States of the invitations extended by the National Civic Federation to be represented at the National Conference on Immigration, to be held in this city in December next. The ever-growing homogeneity of this country, together with the expansion of many kinds of enterprise beyond the jurisdiction of a single State, make the need of such conferences increasingly great. It might not be impossible to organize these noncontinuous conventions in some sort of a central bureau, such as was contemplated in the body of delegates whose function, as originally conceived, was to amend our Federal Constitution from time to time, as need might require.

The avowal on Thursday by the Insurance Commissioners of six States that they were dissatisfied with the Hendricks report is strong confirmatory evidence that the Insurance Department of this State is too deeply immersed in politics to safeguard the public interest. The belated public acknowledgment by its officials that the so-called preliminary report suppressed essential facts such as the Depew loan and the Union Pacific blind pool, throws additional discredit on an already suspected public agency. The powers of the Insurance Commissions from these six States—Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kentucky, Tennessee, Nebraska, and Missouri—while technically small, are in reality extensive. By the recommendation of retaliatory legislation, or the withdrawal of licenses to

New York companies to do business in their respective States, very considerable pressure can be brought to bear. The investigation on which these State officials are intent is technical in its character, as contrasted with the main quest of the legislative commission, which is concerned primarily with past illegality and future remedial legislation. The more light that can be let in on this subject from every quarter, the better will the interest of the policyholder be subserved.

The failure of the Fiala Arctic expedition will surprise no one. From its inception it was doomed to an inglorious end, precisely like its Ziegler predecessor, the Baldwin expedition of 1901. Neither expedition was conceived in the proper spirit, and neither appears to have been vigorously led. Fortunately, there was no severe loss of life in either undertaking, as in other ill-starred Arctic expeditions. On the other hand, the expense of the ventures is probably out of all proportion to the scientific results achieved. Both expeditions were lavishly, if not extravagantly, fitted out at the very time that Peary was walking the streets begging for money for his project. Yet his demonstrated ability to lead and his extraordinary polar experience were overlooked by Mr. Ziegler. This, rightly or wrongly, gave the impression that he was more desirous of achieving fame for himself than of insuring the discovery of the Pole. Certainly, Mr. Peary's admirers will now be more than ever convinced that if the money wasted on the Baldwin and Fiala expeditions had been put into his hands, it would have made certain the success of his undertaking by enabling him to plan his work on a larger and better scale than hitherto.

The Czar has approved the project for a national Parliament. If the Japanese terms at Portsmouth are regarded as too severe or humiliating for acceptance, this grant of an elective assembly may easily become the popular rallying-point for a continuation of the war in the East. If, on the other hand, peace is concluded with Japan, the concession of a representative element in the Government may be used to bolster up the waning prestige and popularity of the ruling family, grand dukes and all. The newly created Legislature is to number about five hundred members, chosen through a system of indirect election. Its functions will be mainly deliberative and consultative. It will thus have the right to express the aspirations and sentiments of the Russian people. Further than this, the national assembly will have the right of veto upon ministerial proposals laid before it, provided a two-thirds vote can be obtained against a projected law. Englishmen and Americans would feel more confident of its eventual success if the power of the purse were indisputably committed to its keeping. Without control over supply, constitutional government is likely to degenerate into a farce. The nature of the newly created body will, it is said, be proclaimed in a coming manifesto, and its first session is set down for November.

Norway's practically unanimous vote for secession was to have been expected. Her leaders have taken no step without being fully in touch with popular sentiment, and this has favored extreme measures, with an intensity of feeling very difficult for foreigners to understand, since there is no immense issue like that of slavery to make men favor disunion. Whether the old union with Denmark will be reëstablished in the shape of an understanding; whether Russia will be emboldened to move upon Sweden, and whether Germany will profit by the realignment, are questions eagerly debated abroad. Björnstjerne Björnson, writing in the *Figaro*, thinks that the divorce of Sweden and Norway may possibly result in a formidable alliance of all the Germanic peoples in the world, which he would like to see. This Pan-Germanic League should, he thinks, include Great Britain, the United States, Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sweden, Norway, and even Luxemburg. Such an extraordinary combination would surely be thought to destroy the Russian peril, the Slavic peril, and the Yellow peril by creating a Germanic peril.

With French soreness over the Morocco imbroglio what it is, it is hard to understand how Germany could wish further to complicate matters by putting through a loan to the Sultan in advance of the projected conference. Yet it is reported from both Berlin and Paris that this has been done, and dispatches from the former city are calling attention to the political as well as financial value to Germany of the loan of $2,500,000 to the Sultan of Morocco. Fully three weeks ago the move was rumored, but at the time Paris was quieted by denials. The latest news, however, is that the French are indignant over the statement that the loan is an accomplished fact. It does not ease the situation for them to be told that the loan is "personal." The Sultan's personality cannot thus be severed from that of his State. If ever a monarch could say, "L'état, c'est moi," it is the Sultan. To loan money to him is practically to loan money to Morocco, and the French contention is that this is a violation of the agreement to leave everything as it was till the conference. Probably some explanation will be forthcoming from Germany.

Distress and consequent disorders in the south of Spain appear to be mounting every day. Painful stories of starvation and of a sort of reign of terror seem to be only too true. The state of things was clearly foreseen, however, months ago. A practical failure of crops in Andalusia, Estremadura, and in parts of Aragon was made certain by the unprecedented drought through the winter and early spring. The worst fears have now been realized. Hundreds of thousands are reduced to misery. A couple of weeks ago, in the city of Cadiz, no less than 20,000 out of a total population of 70,000 were asking for public assistance. Since then affairs have grown worse through all that region. The telegrams report that the rich are fleeing from their homes in dread. There is a peculiar reason for this. Most of the land in Andalusia is held in vast estates, the peasants being practically tenant farmers. This system of *latifundia* tends both to unscientific agriculture and to intensified class feelings. When famine comes, the peasants, who at best have but a narrow margin separating them from want, turn upon the great landlords as so many despoilers. Add the depreciated currency and the high prices of the necessaries of life, and you have a situation truly unhappy. The new Liberal Ministry will have its hands full in bringing the country safely through so severe an economic crisis.

Rumors of the impending retirement of Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, are again current. The recent enlargement of the powers of Lord Kitchener without previous notice to the Viceroy provoked so sharp a protest from the latter that the Government receded in part from its original position. Friction is still said to exist between the two, and this, combined with the ill-health of Lord Curzon, is given as the probable cause of the latter's retirement. His resignation is expected even before the Prince of Wales sets out on his projected tour to India. In connection with the prorogation of Parliament, it is at least interesting to note the conjecture freely hazarded in England that Lord Curzon, provided his health permits, will one day succeed Mr. Balfour as leader of the Conservatives. Their electoral *débâcle* cannot be deferred much longer, and the Liberals are then almost certain to come into office. As leader of the Opposition and reorganizer of the jarring elements supporting the present Government, Lord Curzon might easily be the person selected. Not only is his ability acknowledged on all sides, but he is fortunately not committed to any of the fiscal heresies which have proved such a source of bickering and weakness in both Unionist and Conservative ranks.

THE PRESIDENT'S AUGUST SPEECHIFYING.

It was Mr. Root, we believe, who described the President as a man of such simplicity that he "thinks out loud." The loud part, at least, may be freely admitted. And as for the ingenuousness of Mr. Roosevelt in letting the people know how his mind is working, that, too, is pretty obvious. With him, coming events, or what he thinks or hopes will be coming events, cast their shadows before in a speech. He was plainly thinking out loud on Friday at Chautauqua, and went further than he ever has gone before in letting the world see the play of his intellect about the Monroe Doctrine.

Apparently, he wished to inform European nations, with the South American and West Indian republics, as well as his own countrymen, that all his intentions are honorable and peaceful. It may be that he thought his words laid down a policy absolutely clear and safe; but we fear that the interested foreigners who have long been eagerly asking Americans just what President Roosevelt means to do under his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine, will be thrown by his language into redoubled uncertainty. For note the exceedingly vague definition by the President. He does not propose to allow the Monroe Doctrine to become "fossilized." It must be continually "adapted" to "meet the growing, changing needs of this hemisphere." In other words, the Doctrine is a conjurer's hat, out of which anything he pleases may be pulled. It is like Newman's theory of the evolution of Catholic belief—whenever you need a new article of faith, you have the authority ready to produce it. The Monroe Doctrine being thus conceived of as embodied national wilfulness, President Roosevelt serves notice that we shall employ it as a justification for whatever we choose to do—meanwhile, keeping the nations guessing what that choice will be. Nothing can be more disquieting in international relations than such indefiniteness. "That is the very reason we regard President Roosevelt as a dangerous man," said a Frenchman recently; "we don't know what he is going to do. He is like an automobile running wild, which may lurch in your direction at any moment."

Disposed as he is to make the present-day use of the Monroe Doctrine as putty in his hands, it is not strange that Mr. Roosevelt reads into its history what he pleases. He says it was designed to prevent "great military Powers" from obtaining new footholds in this hemisphere. But the real objection was, not that the Powers were military, but that they were distant and alien. The Monroe Doctrine was, in its essence, a charter of self-government. It was a protest against any government, good or bad, being forced upon a people across the seas. But of all that President Roosevelt has entirely lost sight. Force is not repugnant to him provided he do the forcing. Europeans must not impose their will upon our sister republics, but we may freely. An unconscious juxtaposition in the President's speech brings this out with really comic effect. He, "personally," does "not want to see any foreign Power take possession . . . of the custom houses of an American republic in order to enforce its obligations." Noble love of independence! we at once exclaim. Splendid hatred of oppression! But Mr. Roosevelt instantly adds, "The alternative may at any time be that we shall be *forced to do so ourselves*"!

The course which he distinctly marks out for himself is that of a roving policeman, with no orders except his own instincts (which he protests are good), seeing to it that the republics of the Americas each maintain "a just and orderly government." The judge of what is just and orderly is, of course, himself. One thing upon which he comes out strong is that they must pay their debts. Only, he puts in the caveat, the debts must be just—"we shall ourselves thoroughly examine all these claims, and see that none that are improper are paid." And he thinks in this way to quiet international controversies! Why, for every question he lays by such means, he will start up ten new ones more dangerous. He may settle our own disputes with the Dominican republic, but, in the act, embroil us with France or Belgium or Germany by his off-hand decision that their claims upon San Domingo are "improper." It is a perfect thicket of nettles into which he is jauntily thrusting his hand.

In the President's passion for making the world altogether such as he is, he ignores one of the fixed elements of the problem. This is the obstinate preference of people that have tasted liberty and seen that it is good, for doing things in their own way. It may not suit us, but if it suits them, that means contentment, self-respect, freedom to develop along natural lines. Those are political blessings, all of which would be destroyed by such a forcible imposing of the will of a foreigner as President Roosevelt proposes. He is almost painfully conscious of his own benevolence, but he does not see that benevolence at the tip of a bayonet may be hateful. The satisfaction of self-government appears to mean nothing to him—that is, in another. If any nation should undertake to cripple our sovereignty as he proposes to do that of our neighbors, he would be the first to draw an indignant sword. But others he is for clubbing into order. He knows nothing of that large and serene confidence in liberty which Thiers had, who called it a "great lottery organized by the Creator," in which the nations do well to take shares since, "even if they lose sometimes, they oftenest gain." Our fathers thought the free choice of the governed results in a better government than can be imposed from without even by the wisest and most benevolent Sultan, Czar—or President.

No one can read attentively the President's remarks at Chautauqua about railways without seeing that he is not nearly so sure of his ground as formerly. He betrays a nervousness and irritability on the subject, quite new to him. No longer is he for the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill to fix rates. All that he asks now is power to "remedy the abuses in connection with railway transportation." Not yet, it appears, has he looked to see if existing law does not furnish adequate power, provided that it were used. And how, after having refused to allow his chosen investigators to prosecute Paul Morton, can the President rage, as he does, against those rich men who knowingly violate the law? He may be sure that the Morton case will be thrown in his teeth many times at Washington next winter. How unconsciously Mr. Roosevelt drops into the language of a benevolent autocrat, is seen again and again in this speech. He says that it is "impossible" for him longer to show "leniency" to offenders against the anti-Trust laws. But that is the tone of a gracious monarch. A Constitutional President has no business to be either lenient or merciless; his sole duty is to enforce the law. And what could be more futile than the President's begging the corporations to acquiesce in the "mild kind of governmental control" he proposes, lest some agitator come to power and deal with them in a far more "drastic" manner? Sensible men will consider his proposals on their merits; as they will those of the wilder confiscator when he turns up.

Chautauqua had been preceded by the temperance convention at Wilkes-Barre. Here the President's vehement nothings suffered by comparison with the quiet but piercing directness of the Catholic priest whose letter he quoted. If the President must preach, the priest shows him how to do it. With his eye on the facts, the clergyman states how prone workingmen are to abuse their opportunities. "The higher the wages, the more money they spend in saloons. The shorter the hours, the more they absent themselves from home. An apparent disregard for family ties is growing." Beside such study at short range of the actual working of trades unionism in the anthracite regions, the President's balanced phrases appeared more than ever like a juggler's tossing of his balls—"I strongly believe in trade unions, wisely and justly handled, in which the rightful purpose to benefit those connected with them is not accompanied by a desire to

do injustice or wrong to others." That is very like confessing faith in a vacuum. For our part, we feel that the President missed a fine chance to utter a forcible and timely word. The coal workers are being artfully plied by agitators with every incitement to discontent and trouble-making. Their leader, John Mitchell, lives upon disturbance, and has openly threatened it for next year. He practically annexes President Roosevelt as a fellow-unionist and a sympathizer. The opportunity for a strong disclaimer and for sound if unwelcome advice was tempting; but the President preferred to hide himself in a cloud of meaningless platitudes.

TRUSTEES OF CIVILIZATION.

The addresses of Secretary Taft in Manila and the comments which the Secretary's words have evoked are peculiarly significant. It is no mere picturesque junket that he is conducting, albeit the welcome accorded him has not been devoid of Oriental color. It is clearly not a purposeless tour of inspection to satisfy an aimless curiosity that has been in progress, but the carefully calculated semi-official entry of an accredited minister of a distant sovereign. Mr. Taft's former official position in the Philippines, his present status as *de facto* Minister for the Colonies, and the not at all violent improbability that he may be his party's nominee to succeed President Roosevelt—all conspire to confer triple importance upon his well-weighed declarations of the Executive's purposes as regards the Philippines.

It was on Friday last that Secretary Taft explained the alignment of American opinion upon the question of our colonial possessions in the Pacific. He conceded frankly that there was "a considerable number who have the real Imperialistic idea." The "real Imperialistic idea" he described as "extending the influence of America, by purchase and conquest, into the Orient . . . for the purpose of controlling the Pacific and getting the largest share possible of the Orient trade." The second party —and this he declared to be the most numerous—are those who originally saw with reluctance our sway extended over the Philippines, but who now take the view that we are by the fortune of war constituted trustees for the Filipinos. According to this view, Providence, like a glorified Mr. Ryan, has made us the guardians of the interests of untutored millions in the Pacific, and consequently it falls to us to preserve intact the assets of self-government, which in due time we shall pass over to the policyholders. Still a third attitude of mind the Secretary refers to in his mention of those who would immediately give up the exercise of authority in the islands. The two factions who support this policy do so from the most curiously contrasted motives. The first desire to relieve the United States of a burden; the second to relieve the Filipinos of an injustice. The former would escape from an expensive liability; the other would atone for what they conceive to be a national sin.

The Secretary's remark that "this third party has been twice defeated in an election on that issue" was doubly inaccurate. It overlooked the fact that withdrawal from the Philippines has never been more than a collateral issue in our elections, Congressional or Presidential. It also obscured the fact that one faction which to-day advocates getting rid of the Philippine incubus is of quite recent origin, and reflects the growing attitude of the man in the street who has no interest in the distant archipelago, and is annoyed at having its affairs thrust upon his attention.

But it is mainly with Secretary Taft and his co-trustees of civilization that we have to do. That this comfortable notion of trusteeship for an inferior race is held in good conscience, but with a somewhat somnolent indifference by the greater number of unreflecting voters, is not improbably true. We desire to address ourselves to these trustees in the capacity of legal adviser, for it is by no means certain that they will not eventually be ousted on the ground of incompetence to administer the trust in question.

First of all, it is worthy of notice that this humanitarian philosophy, the deed of trust as it were, is an instrument of very doubtful validity. We had taken Manila by reason of our war with Spain. We were confronted with a native movement professedly aimed at autonomy. This we crushed by force of arms. The uneasy conscience of our democracy demanded a salve, and the doctrine of trusteeship was concocted only after military conquest was under way. Besides the spurious origin of this doctrine of an international trust, it is also to be noticed that the deposit of civilization supposedly committed to our hands during the minority of our Filipino wards has been devised on purely à-priori grounds. It meets not the requirements of a sub-tropical race backward in the march of industrial progress, but the needs of a highly developed economic organism habituated to universal suffrage and presupposing universal education. We are to educate the Filipinos up to the competence for autonomy, but the autonomy may not be that of Japan, for instance, but must be like our own. A careful student of the matter has declared that "in history we have no example of the autonomy of one nation being created by the efforts of another, and no nation has as yet successfully determined the social evolution of another race by conscious political methods." Secretary Taft, since making his now famous speech in Manila, has stated that, "if the government of the country [*i. e.*, the Philippine Islands] were transferred now, it would soon be controlled by those who hold mortgages." This, it must be confessed, is a horrible alternative; but as between the native mortgage-holder and the alien office-holder, the choice is not an easy one. Not even the native mortgage-holder would proscribe free trade, the one indispensable stimulus to the industrial growth of the islands.

Moreover, President Roosevelt, Secretary Taft, and the other trustees must be aware that their benevolent object has not only to overcome the opposition of the Filipino, but the avowedly selfish and conscienceless purpose of those described by the Secretary as having "the real Imperialistic idea"—exploitation of the native through lust of gain and blood. The trader who wants the monopoly of the Philippine market, the home producer who will not concede the least competition of Philippine products, the concessionaire who thirsts for franchises, the military man who has little sympathy with real democracy, are all prompted by selfishness to thwart the purposes of this international trusteeship. The potential enemies of the benevolent plan are still more numerous than the classes already enumerated. As Hobhouse points out, "In relation to dependencies and weaker races our imperial democracy is a governing class, and it can only be taught as other governing classes have been."

Last of all, the success of our experiment with our subjugated wards so far has been most meagre. Secretary Taft says that complete self-government is unthinkable for a generation or more. It is a question whether all our work in the islands may not be undone. The *Army and Navy Journal* of August 12 says "the withdrawal of military control was premature and unsafe," and that "beneath the surface of an insecure peace" is "widespread native discontent and disloyalty." The same journal declares that Gov. Wright's utterances on July 28 "are the first official acknowledgment" of these facts, and that the situation "requires a prompt and radical revision of our Philippine policy." We think that this is not unlikely, but, instead of favoring "a reorganization of the whole administrative system along military lines," we would suggest to the trustees of civilization to reconsider their problem in the perspective of history, and to inquire whether there is a reasonable prospect of success along the lines of their present policy.

SECRETARY SHAW'S SPEECH.

Any lingering doubt that Secretary Shaw is a candidate for the Presidency was dispelled by his speech at Roanoke,

Virginia, on August 8. He spoke under an August sun, much less exhilarating, one would suppose, than the "October sun" of Webster's last appeal for the Presidency in the same State; but his address is as unmistakable as was that of the defender of the Fugitive Slave Law, a half-century ago. It is, in fact, all adrip with Presidency-seeking. No public orator not in quest of the White House as a residence is compelled to utter just the sort of platitude and forced compliment which inexorable custom requires of a Presidential candidate. The people whom he happens to be addressing are always just a *leetle* the finest that it has been his good fortune ever to have met, etc. For details, see Mr. Shaw's tribute to the Virginians; also, Birdofredum Sawin's election address.

Those flourishes safely over, the Secretary settled down to his argument, which is about the crassest bit of protectionism that we have had even from him. There may be method in this. If President Roosevelt is not again frightened away from his determination to urge tariff revision upon Congress, it is quite possible that there will be something like an upheaval in the Republican party. The Protective Tariff League and the Home Market Club will then be looking about for the most reactionary and blind protectionist "wholehogger" in public life, and their eye, Mr. Shaw aparently hopes, will naturally fall upon him. At any rate, his speech has much the effect of hanging a placard upon his breast, reading: "For undiluted tariff Bourbonism, apply within."

He says that he and the protectionist policy peculiarly address "the producer." This is an irresistible reminder of one of Dr. Johnson's colloquies: "Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?" "They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may." Secretary Shaw's reasonings and appeals are so behind the times, so off the facts of the actual situation, and so little in touch with the opportunities and the duties now confronting the country, that they can only be set down as foolishness, whether they be addressed to the producer or to his despised consumer. For he betrays no glimmering sense of the moral questions involved. He refers to the duties of 10 per cent. on cut diamonds, and the industry it has transferred to this country. Has he never heard of the evil results of the McKinley duty of 25 per cent. on cut diamonds—how it provoked smuggling on an enormous scale, and finally drove the dealers to admit that they had asked too much protection? That was before Mr. Shaw's term as Secretary, but such a student of the subject as he is should have known of the incident and reflected on its teachings. Yet the tariff as the mother of cheating and perjury seems never to have swum into his ken.

No more does he consider for a single moment the political and social mischief of the tariff, as it actually exists among us—that is, as secured by bribery, scrambled for as a piece of party favoritism or plunder, and, by its operation, intensifying class feeling, stimulating discontent, and making the way straight for socialism. Furthermore, the Secretary lisped not a syllable about the bearing of our protectionist system upon our relations to world markets and foreign nations—above all, just at present, to our dependent subjects in the Philippines. Almost at the very time when Mr. Shaw was speaking, the foremost Filipinos were appealing to Secretary Taft and the visiting Congressmen for a "square deal" on the tariff. By that they mean either greatly lowered duties or free trade. But if Secretary Shaw has his way, they will get the least square deal imaginable. His beatific vision is of a tariff that will keep everything foreign out, and maintain every product and necessary of life within our sacred Chinese wall at the dizziest of high prices.

In all that the Secretary says about screwing the cost of everything up to the highest possible level, and living happily ever afterwards, he has the air of a man emerging from a long stay in a cave. The sun is shining and he can only blink at it! We have so long and so unhappily made experiment of the protection which protects everybody, and then protects nobody. The result is an artificial state which is both precarious and perilous. When all are once jacked up together, the only question is when all will fall in a heap together. Yet, while we remain jacked up, everything gets capitalized at an artificially high figure. How this disables us in foreign competition has often been shown. And it is just the problem how to get our share of the world's trade which is now pressing hardest upon American manufacturers, leading to party revolts and upsets in New England, to reciprocity conventions and other forms of agitation for tariff revision in the West. Yet the Secretary of the Treasury has not a word to say about it. He appeals to the American producer to go on taxing himself rich, while what the said producer is crying out for is such a relief from tariff taxes as will enable him to compete in foreign markets. American production has outrun the infant stage. Mr. Shaw's cradle song is fearfully out of date. We are waking up to the great race for industrial supremacy which the leading nations of the world are entering upon, and we find ourselves too pursy and short of breath to run well. But when we propose to go into training and get rid of superfluous and embarrassing flesh, the Secretary of the Treasury tells us that our true wisdom is to go on gorging upon protection, and get fatter than ever.

HOW PHILADELPHIA WAS BLED.

The President's godspeed to Mayor Weaver, on Thursday, in the work of pulling down the gang that has made Philadelphia a synonym for corrupt municipal government, calls attention afresh to what is going on there. Just now the city is digesting a long affidavit made by a contractor who had been ruined and driven from Philadelphia by ring methods. The statement of this man, George C. Dietrich, casts a lurid light upon the ruthlessness of men who rule a city for what they can get out of it.

Dietrich was ruined because, in 1902, he underbid the firm of D. J. McNichol & Co., the ring's favorite contractors, for the job of building a pumping plant, a part of the great filtration system of Philadelphia. Successful on the first bid, Dietrich, who was outside the political breastworks, saw the plans altered, "to reduce the estimated cost," and the work readvertised. On a second bid he was again successful, his offer of $532,000 being $191,000 lower than McNichol's, and yet leaving, as he figured, a margin of $120,000 to protect himself against accidents and delays, and to provide a reasonable profit. But he had not figured on the cost of protecting himself against the persecution of the ring that was enraged at the loss of a good job. In the three years since he undertook the work, however, he has learned the price of opposing the men who have been perhaps the most successful followers of the Croker theory of municipal government that the country has produced.

In the first place, as his affidavit shows, Dietrich was told that a certain bonding company would furnish his bond to the city. A Philadelphia Councilman was the company's agent, and, after putting off the contractor for eight of the ten days in which the bond must be filed after the contract was signed, told him that the company had refused to stand behind him. Failure to file the bond in the ten days would have involved not only the loss of the contract, but of the $15,000 deposited with the bid. From another company Dietrich got a bond that the city had to accept, and it was then that he began to comprehend the difficulty of "raising doughnuts in a potato patch." John W. Hill, who was recently removed from office by Mayor Weaver, was the supervising engineer of the filtration plant. A tool of the gang who had sworn to "break Dietrich for butting in," Hill began by condemning some 5,400 barrels of cement really above the specified quality. In getting this decision reversed, Dietrich learned that he must buy his cement from a certain firm approved by the combine. In whatever direction the contractor turned, he found Hill blocking his way. To one of his inspectors, who was assigned to watch

the building of the pumping station, Hill said: "Keep after that Dutchman [Dietrich]; you must nail him down to a hair." This injunction was obeyed. The "Dutchman" gives some details:

"I started to do the concrete work, and before doing so I purchased two McKilvery concrete mixers, and had them delivered at Lardner's Point. The two mixers were seen by John W. Hill a number of times before I started to use them. He made no objection, and allowed me to use the mixers until they became second hand and it was impossible for me to return them to the McKilvery people. After they had been used for a short while, Mr. Hill condemned the two concrete mixers, and allowed me to furnish and set up a Chambers concrete mixing machine.

"This he allowed me to use until it became second hand, and then said the other contractors were complaining because he was allowing me to use a Chambers machine, and that he would have to condemn it, and not allow me to use it any longer. On station No. 3, Ryan & Kelley's [an 'approved' firm] job, John W. Hill allowed the use of the same make of machine. So he insisted that I get a cube mixer. I bought a cube mixer, set it up, and ran it for about three weeks. After that was second hand, he said, 'Dietrich, you can mix your concrete by hand.' These concrete machines cost me upward of $5,000 set up. And all they are worth second hand is practically as old junk."

Hill's inspector, after reading the contractor's affidavit, declared the other day that the case had been understated. "In all my experience," he said, "I never knew of a contractor on a big operation to be so hampered, harassed, bullied, and annoyed as was Dietrich." But the baiting was effective; the contractor turned over the cement work to a subcontractor to whom he sold, at half-price, some sixteen carloads of limestone grit that Hill's inspectors had rejected. This material was immediately used by the sub-contractor, a man approved by the ring, and no inspector went near the work. Dietrich got into financial difficulties in January last. He found that he could not force a settlement with the city, and the bank from which he had borrowed money came to his assistance. "I agreed with the cashier," he says, "to have some one see Mr. Durham [then the unchallenged boss of the Philadelphia ring] in reference to a settlement." The man was found, and Durham was seen. The cashier reported that Durham said to the agent: "Had I known that your bank was interested in Dietrich, I would have told them to keep hands off." The result of Durham's intervention was that Hill agreed to approve the completed work provided Dietrich signed a waiver of all claims against him and the city. Pressed by creditors, and attacked openly by McNichol as incompetent, Dietrich left Philadelphia in July "for a few days' rest." "The losses I had sustained had almost driven me insane," he wrote to a creditor. He told a friend that he was to return about the 14th. His friend wired: "Stay where you are; your creditors are falling over themselves." So Dietrich gave up and went to Seattle.

The contractor's story has been verified in practically every particular; and it is expected that Mayor Weaver's investigators of the ring's methods will induce Dietrich to return and assist in the work of catching and jailing some of those buccaneers who so successfully allied "business" and politics in a corrupt and heedless city.

THE FUNCTION OF STATISTICS.

Philosophers have often bemoaned the slight effect which great mechanical inventions have had upon the moral betterment of mankind. Ruskin, in one of his typical jeremiads, deplores the fact that, while we refine, polish, and temper the metals, we are as backward as our forebears in all that makes for uplifting the human spirit or brightening the outlook of mankind. And Emerson sounded much the same note in his disparagement of the purely material progress of the age, where he accuses the space-defying telegraph of bearing "nothing on its beam."

One agency, however, which owes its being largely to the scientific tendency of our age, is often overlooked or underrated, despite the fact that its contribution to the sum of social improvement is by no means negligible. This agency is the compilation and application of statistics. It falls frequently, we must grant, into grave disrepute. Its early pretensions were often ludicrously excessive. It is perverted occasionally, as in the recent cotton report of the Agricultural Department, to base uses. But when all is said and done, it remains an indispensable aid to the intelligent legislator and to every serious student of social conditions. The railroad or the telegraph has transformed the conduct of business hardly more than have statistics the work of legislation and administration. These services were emphasized at the tenth session of the International Statistical Institute, recently held in London. A survey of the progress of statistics reveals the interesting fact that they are almost coeval with the century of great mechanical inventions. The steam engine is practically of the same age as this method of assessing the facts of society; and the great expansion of statistical activity is almost conterminous with the Victorian era, which witnessed the growth of banking, railways, telegraphs, and telephones. This industrial development may in reality be regarded as the stimulus of the science of statistics. It furnished most of the data to be scrutinized, and it made their analysis worth while.

The International Statistical Institute represents a movement for the essential improvement of this agency for social reform. The enhanced utility of the telegraph when the feasibility of an ocean cable was demonstrated is to be repeated, as it were, in the moral sphere by making scientific statistics no longer insular or continental, but universal. Students of comparative economic conditions know what difficulties are presented by the reduction of the statistics of different nations to a common basis. The different systems of classifying Governmental expenses in different States make comparative public finance still a matter largely of conjecture. Many of the papers presented at the recent sessions of the Institute have been devoted to just such attempted comparisons. City mortality, the classification of occupations, the methods of industrial remuneration, and the mutual relations of international trade have all illustrated the diversity of methods of computation. Foreign trade, in particular, would seem to demand some international coöperation if its statistics are ever to become satisfactory. It is not at all reassuring to have the British blue-books tell one story and our own Treasury statistics another. Collaboration in this domain would make statistical uniformity possible, not only in the valuations attached to merchandise imports and exports, but in the estimates of those more recondite factors in foreign trade such as freight charges, travellers' drafts, embassy and naval charges, interest remitted on foreign investments, and the like. These "invisible imports," as they have been called, will be dragged fully to light only by conjoint effort.

It is a fact of significance that the tone of professed statisticians nowadays is so restrained and yet so hopeful. In the bright lexicon of its youthful imaginings the case was far otherwise. It was supposed that a social physics was all but within our grasp, and sociology was to be added to the list of predictive sciences. There was often apparent a note of hardness, contemptuous of the age-long à-priori speculations on politics. It was somehow imagined that, through the agency of this new method, objective fact would impinge uncolored and undistorted on the mind. No reputable and thoughtful student of statistics would to-day hold a brief for that early conception of the function of the science. Curious as it appears, statistics can never be absolutely divested of the personal equation. They can never make even a beginning except by assumptions. Vital statistics illustrate the matter perfectly. It would seem as though birth-rates and death-rates could depend on nothing but accurate counting and properly calculated percentages. But at the outset some purely conventional treatment of still-births must be adopted. Whether they are counted among both births and deaths, or among one only, or discarded altogether, will make a very perceptible difference in the numerical results. Moreover, at the beginning it

must be decided whether the percentage of births and deaths is to be computed on the basis of the initial population, or upon the basis of the population as its numbers are altered by these very processes.

Indeed, the very humility of statistics is its salvation. In the tangled web of social life there are so many inter-related strands of cause and effect that we can never hope wholly to disentangle any one thread and with absolute accuracy determine its influence. Statistics, however, indicate certain currents or streams of social tendency, and afford a basis of reasoning on the ground of probabilities, instead of leaving us to pure unverifiable conjecture.

It was a curious exemplification of the attitude of the modern scientific statistician to note how the obsolete and somewhat exaggerated note sounded by Mr. Leonard Courtney in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet was the target of quiet banter. Mr. Courtney said: "There was a poetry of statistics, and, if they had only got the gift divine, they would be able to see, in the arrays of figures which seemed so dull and uninviting, pictures of the movements of life as exciting and interesting as any poetry could contribute." To this Lord Onslow, for the statisticians, retorted good-naturedly: "Their work and duty was often termed dull. It was the business of the statistician to state facts, and the business of the statesman to made deductions from them. The facts were sometimes dull, but the inferences were almost always entertaining. [Laughter.] The statesman drew true inferences from the facts, but the politician, he regretted to say, often ventured into the realm of prophecy. [Laughter.]" It is a good omen that the newly born science acknowledges herself only a humble vestal in the Temple of Truth.

CRITICS OF THE CENSUS.

It has been pointed out by a preacher of a curious turn of mind that the only public evil charged against Satan in the Old Testament was the taking of a census. And it will be remembered that when "Satan stood up against Israel and provoked David to number Israel," the consequences to all concerned were dire in the extreme. In modern times, too, so much bad feeling, such endless recriminations, are left behind by the census man that the belief in Satanic influence is still very plausible.

This is the year for State censuses, half-way between the counts of the Federal Government. As a rule, the actual enumerations have now been completed, tabulated figures are just beginning to dribble from the various central offices, and from one locality after another rises the regular quinquennial howl of protest against the accuracy of the results, whatever they may be. A large proportion of the Massachusetts towns and the southern counties of Minnesota are among those registered as actually losing population; while Milwaukee and Portland (Oregon) are leading at present in the complaint that they are not credited with all the gains they have really made. Milwaukee admittedly had 285,315 residents in 1900 and Portland 90,426; now the State authorities give them respectively only 312,954 and 111,000. "Only 22 per cent. gain," sigh the Oregonians, while the idea that Milwaukee has added only 9 per cent. to its population in five years is too ridiculous for discussion. Des Moines, though a much smaller city than either of these complainants, has succeeded in obtaining a partial recount, and thereby raised its population at a stroke from 74,174 to 75,428, which not only entitles the city to be mentioned hereafter in the class of those "of 75,000 or over," but automatically increases the salaries of the mail carriers.

Arguments against the correctness of a given count are never lacking. First, and perhaps simplest, one can go out and discover persons who were not counted. Some of them will almost surely be persons of great consequence, whom the canvassers for the Social Register or even "Prominent and Progressive Men" would not have thought of skipping. Their omission, therefore, gives the chance for ridicule. "If they didn't see George W. Binks, what in the name of goodness could they have seen?" After thus casting a whimsical doubt on the competency of the enumerators, a more serious argument is presented in the shape of a computation based on the city directory. Milwaukee's directory, for instance, contains 24,637 more names this year than it did in 1900. "Is it possible," asks the publisher of this work, "that I should have found over 24,000 of the 27,000 people who are all the increase given us by this census?" After the directory argument come the ratios of school population, the number of new buildings put up, the postal receipts, the registration and vote, and, finally, the "careful estimates of conservative citizens."

It certainly does not behoove any city which, like New York, has had its noses counted this summer, but does not yet know how many were found, to make light of protests of this kind. We may be making one almost any day. If the State census should give this metropolis a paltry 200,000 gain, for instance, the welkin would be made to ring, without doubt. Boston, too, is anxiously awaiting an announcement of her growth, and would not take a disparaging showing in silence. A peculiarly reproachful tone is adopted when a census taken by the State itself has failed to do justice to its own communities. This summer wrangling, while perfectly natural and to be expected, is really a phenomenon of not a little import.

Population is, of course, a peculiarly tender point. Every city of 25,000 maintains a "Forty-Thousand Club," every city of 75,000 a "Hundred-Thousand Club"; Chicago has, we believe, a "Three-Million Club." And the census-taker can, with a single line of figures, blast or exalt the reputation of any of these praiseworthy organizations. But the notion that the function of official statistics is to aggrandize somebody or something has a far wider prevalence. What are a good proportion of the attacks on the Government's crop service but very thinly veiled assertions that the crop reports exist for the special purpose of getting the farmer high prices for his products? It is easy to trace the same doctrine into still further implications. Would Carroll D. Wright, for instance, have been applauded by the Republican Administration as a good and faithful servant if his famous report on "Wages and the Cost of Living," issued on the eve of a Presidential campaign, had shown that wages had not kept pace with the cost of living? No one has charged the deliberate falsification of statistics in the generality of the Government's work, yet the fact remains that the output of the various statistics-producing bureaus is regarded as a legitimate asset of the party in power, as much as the third-class postmasters.

If he is actuated by improper motives, the maker of statistics certainly has large indirect powers. It is not purely sentiment that makes Milwaukee fight against reduction from twelfth city to fourteenth, and Portland cling to her place as forty-second. But though we argue that such and such figures must be wrong, no one can say positively what they ought to be without doing the work over again, and that is usually out of the question. So the critics of the census are themselves vulnerable. One Milwaukee paper, which seems to be little concerned over the possible recount, asks: "Why would it not be a wise precaution to have the City Council pass an ordinance requiring the counters to find 350,000 people, flat? Or how would it do to decide by vote what the population of Milwaukee shall be?" Often ways almost as preposterous have been adopted to "make things come out right" by statisticians who knew beforehand what the result ought to be.

THE SAFETY OF SUBMARINES.

The discussion of the safety of the modern submarine has lately been raging on both sides of the Atlantic since the series of accidents of the last three or four months. In these mishaps, skeptics as to the usefulness of the submersible torpedo boat have seen a distinct limitation of the powers of such

craft. They even hint at radical defects not yet discovered. The makers of the boat which sinks evenly on its own keel eagerly point out that the accidents have all occurred on vessels which dive headforemost when descending; and they have a very strong case. In England, two weighty authorities, Sir William White, for many years chief constructor of the British navy, and Capt. Bacon, R. N., who has lately been in charge of the English submarine tests, have been discussing the recent accidents; Capt. Bacon having read a striking paper on "The Causes of Accidents to Submarines and their Salvage" before the Institute of Naval Architects.

Capt. Bacon affirmed that dread of danger on submarines is far greater outside the King's navy than within. There is reason for this. When an accident does happen to a boat, the entire crew is generally lost, and under circumstances all the more distressing to the public because death in this new form permits of free play of the imagination. Yet the sufferings of the *Farfadet's* crew as they knocked hopelessly against the sides of their steel coffin and felt their air gradually giving out, were, after all, only what happens to hundreds of miners, of whose entombing and slow suffocation people read without unusual perturbation. In a navy, men are accustomed to take chances. A certain number meet with violent deaths every year, even in time of peace. There were 70 accidents to ships in the British navy in 1903 which cost lives in 27 cases; in 1902 there were 93 accidents, which resulted in 106 deaths. What counts is not so much the danger arising from the storing of great quantities of energy in an easily available form; the true measure of the peril is the skill required and the adequacy of the appliances used in emergencies. Capt. Bacon thinks that his service has done very well; its submarines have covered more than 30,000 miles with their own engines, and have had but three fatal accidents, of which only two may be properly regarded as peculiar to the nature and functions of the submarines, the third being due to an inexcusable violation of a perfectly simple regulation. Hence he reasons that submarine service is not exceptionally dangerous.

Of the two most serious English accidents, the court which investigated the *A8* disaster could find no reason for that boat's fatal dive to the bottom. The *A1* was sunk because water entered the boat after she was struck by a steamer, and this overcame the reserve of buoyancy which in this Holland type of boat seems to be altogether too small. The *A8* might have been saved had it been possible to close her hatch in time as she plunged. The entrance of water was also the reason for the loss of the French boat *Farfadet*, and of the Russian *Delfin*, which went down in the Baltic. It is not generally known that the American submarine *Porpoise* dove 120 feet to the bottom on the admission of water into her hull, and was almost miraculously saved from the fate of the *Farfadet*. These experiences may have led Rear-Admiral Melville to go on record to the effect that "the diving principle is wrong for a submarine boat. With such a form of construction you destroy longitudinal stability." Rear-Admiral O'Neil was quick to see that the admission of even a little water would overcome the small margin of reserve buoyancy. Collision, Capt. Bacon points out, ought to be avoided at any cost, because of inevitable leaks. In the case of the *A1*, the water found its way in under the conning tower, which will probably not occur again, owing to the adoption of a water-tight hatch at the base of the tower. In this English expert's opinion there is no excuse whatsoever for gasolene explosions. As to salvage operations, Capt. Bacon finds it not at all difficult to recover a boat sunk at a moderate depth; but to get her up in time to save the crew is another matter. This difficulty has led to the serious suggestion in Washington that our future submarines be built with strong eyelets at bow and stern, into which hooks could be placed by divers, thus permitting a derrick to lift the boat to the surface.

But even this arrangement presupposes the presence of divers and derrick. The builders of the Lake submersible boat claim that their boats do not need either. An advocate of this "submersible"—as opposed to the submarine or diving craft—makes in a letter to an English naval officer, recently published in the *Army and Navy Journal*, some very interesting statements about the relative safety of the two types. This anonymous expert, who has taken many dives in Holland boats, has always noticed a downward bow pull that increases with the speed and the depth of submergence. He does not think it possible to construct a diving boat which can be driven at a high rate when near the surface, on account of the difficulty of controlling it in a vertical plane. He explains that the submarine submerges by overcoming nearly all buoyancy through filling water ballast tanks until the centres of buoyancy and gravity are close together. When the boat is sufficiently "down by the head," she is forcibly submerged by going ahead under an electric motor and by means of a special horizontal diving-rudder gear. To control this properly and to keep the water-ballast tanks nicely adjusted requires expert skill.

According to its owners' claim, the Lake submarine sinks on an even keel through symmetrically disposed hydroplanes and great longitudinal stability. Moreover, it is asserted that, in the event of an accidental submergence owing to negative buoyancy, a drop keel can be released, and the craft thus brought to the surface automatically. Should this contrivance fail, the crew can at least escape through the diving chamber, which is watertight, and can be opened only from inside the boat when it is closed on the outside. Finally, the Lake boat appears still safer because it carries its gasolene in a superstructure isolated from the inner hull, in which have occurred the explosions, which Capt. Bacon thinks unnecessary, in boats of the other type. We have already pointed out that the French naval authorities, the leaders in underwater work, have definitely abandoned the submarine in favor of the submersible. We have not yet been able to find out, however, why the Lake boat so eagerly snapped up abroad never could get from our own naval authorities an adequate test. A board of American army officers has pronounced it the "nearest approach to absolute perfection known." But Congress or our naval authorities stick to the less safe type—a fact more striking in view of the Holland boat scandal in Congress of two years ago.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

The friends of peace in both England and Germany—which means also the friends of humanity, of education, of research, of progressive civilization—have awakened, none too early, to the need of counteracting the men and agencies that would embroil the two countries. There has been something like a propaganda of war on both sides. The *National Review*, for reasons of its own, has been for months harping on Germany as the one malignant enemy of England; while the London *Times* and the *Morning Post* and lesser Tory newspapers have given too frequent expression to the same idea. In Germany, of course, there have not been wanting army Hotspurs to give the English as good as they sent, in the way of threats, while a part of the press has equalled the English journals referred to in petty misrepresentation and nagging. Bad feeling was steadily being heightened by these tactics, and it was time that serious minds in either nation should set about showing what were their real sentiments.

Mr. Bryce's public statement on the subject last week must have a marked effect in both countries. He spoke not merely for himself. His deliberate utterance was made only after consultation with leading public men in both parties, and with others who stand for what is best in Great Britain; and he solemnly assured German inquirers that no English politician of standing, no leader in any department of English thought, had the slightest idea of a war with Germany, or could contemplate its

advocacy by reckless writers with anything but abhorrence and dismay. Such a voice must carry far.

On their side, enlightened Germans have been doing their part to frustrate the mischief-makers. After his visit to England last year, Professor Paulsen wrote an article in the *Rundschau*, deprecating the rash words too freely used in the press of either empire, and breathing the heartiest good will and most ardent love of peace. He was, of course, well fitted to speak for the learned world of Germany. Even more significant, however, is a paper by Professor Delbrück in the August number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Delbrück is precisely one of those professors whom the English Teutophobes have accused of wishing to "educate" Germany up to the point of attacking England. But what does the implacable enemy say? Why, that an Anglo-German war could have but one issue—"ruin for victor and vanquished alike." He goes on: "I venture to say that the greatest misfortune that could befall Germany, next to a defeat in a war with England, would be a victory over England—indeed, one might say that a victory over England would be a still greater misfortune for us than a defeat." His reason is that all other countries would at once unite against Germany. He roundly affirms:

"Nothing is more false than to suppose that amongst German well-educated people and at the German universities real hostility against England is nurtured, as is declared far and wide to be the case by the harrying press in England, and, as I have heard from English friends, is in reality believed in England. Expressions about this alleged hostility that are repeated in England are in great part misrepresentations or pure and simple untruths, which the English press refuses to rectify."

Taking up the specific allegation that Germany is now aiming at "the supremacy of the North Sea," Professor Delbrück disposes of it in (as it must seem to the English Jingoes) the most heartless fashion. There can be no such thing, he affirms. Supremacy in the North Sea is, strategically, only a part of supremacy in the Atlantic Ocean. The latter, England unquestionably has. Germany could not hope to dispute it now, or for many years to come. Hence the cry of endangered supremacy in the North Sea is simply an artful diversion on the part of the *National Review*. It knows that none of its readers would believe it if it said that the Germans were preparing to beat the English at sea, so it limits the peril to the North Sea, where the Emperor is to build "special fleets," etc. But Delbrück tears the straw out of that bogey. Supremacy at sea means supremacy in all parts of the sea.

After the recent meeting of the Society of Friends at Leeds, a public letter was sent to the "Friedensfreunde" in Germany. In it there was the strongest repudiation of the efforts of "certain politicians and editors, in your country as well as ours, to sow the seeds of distrust between us." Not simply as Quakers, but as citizens, the Society desire to give Germans the most solemn assurance that, no matter what irresponsible writers or speakers might say, anything like an unprovoked attack upon Germany by England was absolutely impossible. These statements were commented upon in a friendly spirit by the German press; the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* remarking that all such advances would be hailed in Germany with outspoken satisfaction. Evidently, it is just as easy to call out international good feeling as craftily to provoke international enmities.

Let it not be imagined, however, that all this will have any effect upon the Jingoes, except to exasperate them. What do they care for mere professors? How much respect have they for the exponents of religious sentiment? With Hamlet, they regard all thoughts that are not bloody as nothing worth. They are the only true patriots. In them alone resides the gift of far-sightedness. All the secrets of strategy and world-policy are locked up in their capacious brains. So they will doubtless go on as before. It is one of the terrible things about those who plot and plan for war that they snap their fingers at the men whom, in all other provinces of life, the nation would be disposed to follow. The Bryces, the Delbrücks—why, any naval lieutenant big with "strategy," or the most insignificant wielder of the journalistic "we," is entitled to brush aside their opinions, their advice, their warnings, as of no account. But the demonstration has been made. If anything were needed to accentuate the madness of a war between Germany and England it would be the clear proof which we now have that the thinkers, the scholars, the real publicists of both nations regard the causes of difference and friction as infinitesimal, compared with the reasons for a hearty and fruitful friendship.

THE ALIENS ACT.

LONDON, August 9, 1905.

The Aliens Bill will seemingly, by the time this letter reaches New York, have become the Aliens Act, 1905. No measure of less immediate importance but of more significance as a sign of the times, has ever been passed by the Imperial Parliament. It is the outward manifestation of a new spirit; it is the outcome of a widespread belief, the strength of which is proved not more by the action of the Government than by the inaction or acquiescence of the Opposition, that some check ought to be placed on the hitherto unrestricted flow of foreigners into England; and this belief itself is the offspring of changed circumstances and of new sentiments. The time has passed away when both philanthropists and politicians accounted immigrants as accession to the strength of the country. Men already imagine that the world is too small; you may love your neighbors, but you may easily have too much of them, especially if they are paupers. "The fewer the better cheer," is growing into a maxim of popular statecraft. If this is so at the beginning of the twentieth century, how will civilized nations regard the influx of foreigners at the end of the twenty-first, or of the twenty-second century? The inquiry excites painful misgivings. The civilized world is clearly coming face to face with a most serious problem, and one who notes the current of opinion may, without being a pessimist, dread the approach of even an apparent conflict between patriotism and philanthropy. These are not times when any man would readily depart from the traditional maxims of public spirit and humanity; and the Aliens Bill of 1905 marks changes in English policy and opinion which it is difficult to notice without some apprehension.

First, the bill introduces a revolution in the traditional policy of England. This country has hitherto welcomed the arrival of foreign settlers. Whether we may accurately talk of a "right of asylum" is an inquiry of academical interest, fit for the discussion of professorial jurists or for subtle examination by any Minister who is a master of logomachy rather than an effective leader of men. But if we set aside verbal quibbles or refinements, one must admit that all sorts and conditions of men have, for many generations, been allowed to settle in England, and that the children of such settlers have, in virtue of their birth, become subjects of the British Crown, and, as far as descent goes, have been entitled to the full rights and privileges of Englishmen. Nor can any one deny, either, that free immigration has been a benefit to the English people, or that this freedom is curtailed by the Aliens Bill. The measure, therefore, is, in principle at least, a revolution in national policy.

Secondly, the Aliens Bill is, for good or bad, part of a movement for the protection of British industry. The bill is, indeed, supported by many persons who honestly repudiate a protective tariff, but it certainly commends itself to every consistent Protectionist. Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy does not enlist my sympathy, but no one can deny to him the possession of several high qualities not often found among modern English statesmen. One of these is the habit of speaking out his mind with reckless clearness. His position with regard to the Aliens Bill has been made as clear as day. He lays little, if any, stress upon many of the objections taken to the free admission of foreigners. He supports the bill because it is a step in the direction of Protection. He argues that if the principle be admitted that the working classes must be protected by law against competition with the labor of underpaid foreign immigrants, the conclusion will soon be drawn that the English workman must be protected from competition with goods made abroad by underpaid foreign laborers. Restraint on free immigration will lead, he conceives, to restraint on free importation; if the interests of English workingmen demand interference with the free immigration of laborers, it

also, holds Mr. Chamberlain, justifies interference with free trade.

Thirdly, the bill, and still more the debates to which the bill has given rise, betray and stimulate some alarming alterations of public opinion. This country still, for example, desires to provide an asylum for political refugees; but sensitive sympathy with the wrongs of exiles fleeing from oppression at home, which fifty years ago was entertained by all classes of Englishmen, and especially by our artisans, has lost much of its intensity. Nor is this change of feeling hard to explain. The modern exile smells too strong of dynamite. Assassination savors more of murder than of warfare, and is an arm used as often against the best as against the worst of rulers. The course of events, too, has increased the sense of international obligation, and the dogma that "crime is local" is now felt to belong to a barbarous age. But a change which may be justified may nevertheless beget new evils. It would be a bad day for England, and for the world, if the mass of the English people became insensible to the presumption in favor of foreigners who resist oppression, or if English workingmen ceased to admire heroes such as Garibaldi. It excites some serious fears to find that when Mr. Atherley Jones, a Radical of the old school, protests against any measure by which political refugees might be excluded from our shores, he still meets, indeed, with some support, but is clearly felt to be speaking the language of a bygone age.

The debates, again, on the bill, combined with other circumstances, raise an uncomfortable suspicion that zeal for religious liberty has waxed somewhat cool. The ardor with which the Liberals of 1830, who had inherited the best ideas of the eighteenth century, preached the doctrine of toleration, had by the middle of the nineteenth century produced the most salutary effects. No class gained more from this popularization of toleration than did the English Jews, and no country was more amply rewarded than was England for the gradual opening of all careers to our Jewish fellow-citizens. Of the violent anti-Semitism which has embittered public and private life throughout the Continent, we have in England, one is thankful to say, known little or nothing. It is impossible, however, not to notice (though the matter is one which an English writer must touch upon with extreme reluctance) symptoms of a slight though ominous change of popular sentiment. Of recent years anti-Semitism has on rare occasions —and only, it is true, in one or two parts of the United Kingdom—led to acts of public and oppressive violence. A disagreeable warning has been given that toleration is a virtue which does not always command popular sympathy, and that the national executive must be prepared, at every moment, to check with instant severity any inroad made by mobs on each man's right to perfect religious freedom. Boycotting takes its most odious form when it is combined with persecution. There is, however, something in the tone of the day which assuredly suggests that the Aliens Bill of 1905 may be found to stimulate sentiments of racial and religious hostility. No doubt the bill does not originate in anti-Semitic fanaticism, but the constant reference to the evil of admitting to England Polish and German Jews has an ugly sound.

The defenders of the measure are perplexed how to deal with this topic. They express, no doubt with sincerity, their abhorrence of religious intolerance. They pay deserved tributes to the lavish and touching generosity with which rich Jews support their poorer co-religionists and prevent the necessity of their applying for parochial relief. Yet apologists for the bill are almost of necessity placed in this dilemma: if the Aliens Bill does not restrict the immigration of German or Polish Jews, it will fail to meet the wishes of such English workmen as desire a change in the present law. If it does restrict the settlement of Jewish aliens who are admittedly supported, or found employment, by English Jews from the moment of their arriving in England, then the intimation, sometimes thrown out, that Jews will not practically come within the operation of the bill, is misleading. In any case, it is very difficult to believe that the measure, even as it stands, will not do something, though one hopes not much, to stimulate or sanction anti-Semitic sentiment among the poorer members of the community. The practical effect of the measure must be very small, but its moral effects may be considerable.

Here we touch on the weakest point of this bill, as of many other proposals now laid before Parliament. As a law it must be ineffective. If it is to attain its end, its provisions must receive vast extensions; but as a precedent and an example it may in the long run have vast and most dubious results. It inaugurates a thorough-going revolution in the traditional policy of the country; it marks a step on the path which leads towards Protection; it may, especially if it becomes the parent of more stringent measures, stimulate a form of religious intolerance which is abhorrent to every liberal-minded Englishman. The English public have not yet mastered the elementary truth that the main importance of laws lies in their effect upon public opinion.

AN OBSERVER.

Correspondence.

VENEZUELA CONCESSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your paper of July 20 you had a notice of the dispute between the Bermudez Company and Venezuela. I was more or less connected with Venezuela from 1853 to 1890; spent much of my active life there; travelled over it from the Atlantic to the Andes, and the Caribbean Sea to the basin of the Essequibo River; knew its people, its politics, and its history. I think it will be found that every contract, or concession, issued from the ministry of "Fomento" (which department has control of all interior development), winds up with a clause to the effect that all disputes as to the operation, or interpretation, of this concession shall be decided by the Supreme Court of the republic, and shall in no wise become the subject of any diplomatic or international interference. I have the exact wording of this clause somewhere among my papers, if it is of interest to you.

Concessions have, I think, invariably been accepted with this agreement, fairly stated, and I do not see how the Government at Washington can take any action—at least, so long as it treats diplomatically with Venezuela as a civilized, independent Power. The remedy lies deeper.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. AUSTIN.

SANTA BARBARA, CAL., August 5, 1905.

HOT BREAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was born and raised in Vermont, on cold bread. I can remember that even the raised biscuits for the ladies of the Sewing Circle were always allowed to cool before being offered to the guests. I was for several years a sufferer from dyspepsia. Very soon after circumstances had led me into the habit of eating hot bread one or two times a day, I recovered from the dyspepsia. This is a lovely *non-sequitur*, I know; but I don't offer the fact as a serious argument for hot-bread eating, as "P. Q. R." does his mortality figures for the cold-bread habit, in the *Nation* for July 27. I do think, however, that well-made hot bread is very wholesome.

J. C. D.

August 8, 1905.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of July 27, 1905, is a letter headed "Hot Bread," in which the question is asked, "whether it is not hot bread that is responsible for the too early taking off of the population of the South?" In the Columbia, Mo., *Herald* for July 28, 1905, this question is asked, "Is it because of hot biscuits or despite hot biscuits that Missourians are born more numerously and die less rapidly than the citizens of other States!" The question comes at the end of a paragraph headed, "Why It Is Better to Live in Missouri," and beginning:

"Hot biscuit is one reason—indeed it is several. Bread is the staff of life. Man may live on toast, crackers, cornbread, crullers, anything into which cereal enters as the chief constituent. Mere living, however, does not satisfy the Missourian. He insists on hot biscuit. Three times a day is his accustomed average, though by the perversity of cooks and because of other reasons he does not always attain the average. The editor of a great Eastern magazine visited the home of a rural Missourian this month. The editor had been born in Maine and brought up—'raised,' in the Missouri vernacular—in Massachusetts. The good housewife thought to please her guest, so beside the usual hot biscuit she placed a plate of light bread—or simply bread, as he called it. It was observed, however, that the editor ate only hot biscuit. 'While I am a New Englander,' he said in explanation, 'my soul loatheth that light bread.'"

Yours truly,

S. T. U.

COLUMBIA, MO., August 5, 1905.

Notes.

The seventh edition of that excellent and most handy compilation, 'The International Directory of Booksellers and Libraries, and Bibliophile's Manual' (Rochdale, Eng.: James Clegg), will be ready for publication in October next. The scope is more comprehensive than the title, as lists of publishers, learned and scientific societies, theological colleges, book-illustrators, and

noms de plume revealed, are supplied. The renewal is prompt, only two years having elapsed since the sixth edition.

With keen delight we welcome a new edition of Mr. Arthur H. Norway's 'Naples, Past and Present' (Methuen & Co.), a work almost beyond praise. Scholarly, trustworthy and beautifully written, learned but never dull, it fulfils and more than fulfils its professed object of serving "not as a guide, but as supplementary to a guide." History, religion, legend, folk-lore, art—nothing is omitted; and so vivid are the descriptions that, as we read, we can almost see the figs blackening in the sunshine, and hear the scent-laden breezes rustling through the myrtle groves. Unquestionably, the next best thing to visiting Naples is to buy this book. So excellent is it that we are strongly tempted not to criticise the one thing criticisable. Truth, however, compels us to remark that the proofreading of the "List of Illustrations" appears to have been very careless. It contains such solecisms as "Porta Capuano," "Strada di Tribunali," and "Vittorio Emmanueli"!—mistakes, be it noted, which find no counterpart in the body of the work. *That* is all which could be desired.

Mr. John Bigelow's 'Life of Benjamin Franklin' (Lippincott) has reached a fifth edition, and is issued as "revised and enriched." Since the first appearance of this entertaining work, distinguished as it was by using the Autobiography for the first time, many new discoveries have been made concerning Franklin's career. As editor of Franklin's writings, Mr. Bigelow enjoyed an unusual opportunity for obtaining items, more or less important, that had escaped the notice of previous editors. Some of this material is embodied in his new edition of the 'Life,' and much has been omitted as unsuited to a running account of the man's career and work. So far as the additions depend upon documentary evidence, they certainly enrich the volumes, and it is a pity that the editor did not confine his attention to such matters. Unfortunately, he prides himself upon a belief that Franklin wrote the speech which has long passed as a composition of Jonathan Shipley, and he regards this as the most important addition to the 'Life.' The evidence he submits is not conclusive, although it is interesting to see how he has used a few sentences in different letters to support his case. There is no good reason for believing that Franklin more than suggested certain points or arguments, and the speech attained too wide a circulation and notoriety to permit the question of authorship to be disputed. Some portraits have been added, and the inclusion of so many letters of Franklin and his friends makes the volumes a storehouse for readers and investigators.

In this connection we note the first issue, by an English publisher, of Franklin's Autobiography, with an account of his later life by William Macdonald (London: Dent). The text is, of course, that used by Bigelow, and the editor seeks to describe Franklin as the "complete citizen—of his city, his country, and the world." The task is superficially done, and is marred by the strong prejudices of the writer. In outward appearance it is the most satisfactory of all editions of the Autobiography.

A new edition of A. K. McClure's 'Our Presidents and How We Make Them' has been published by Harper & Brothers. The illustrations consist of portraits of twenty-five Presidents and of the author, whose politico-journalistic career is well known. The book, with its full record of platforms and votes, is brought down to the present time, and includes the Roosevelt-Parker canvass of 1904. The author's running account of the contest itself, as in other cases, is marked by impartiality. All these summaries, if not very critical in tone, are readable and to the point.

'The Men Who Made the Nation' (Macmillan), by Edwin Erle Sparks, is an outline of United States history from 1760 to 1865 on a new plan. It consists of short biographical sketches of a dozen men about whose lives the events of our history have grouped themselves, beginning with Franklin and ending with Lincoln. These lives are written entertainingly, and illustrated with many reproductions of contemporary prints, sketches, facsimiles, and caricatures. The author has confined himself to political men, most of whom in their time held high office, but his list also includes Horace Greeley, whom, as a journalist, he regards as a maker of that public opinion which was to determine the fate of slavery. A good many pages are given to Robert Morris, "the financier of the Revolution," and, on the whole, thanks to the author's lively style, we get, in a very small compass, a better history than many a historian with a more ambitious method might have produced.

Having already referred to the new and beautiful reprint of 'Purchas His Pilgrimes' (Glasgow: MacLehose; New York: Macmillan), we need say little in announcing the publication of the third and fourth volumes. The narratives embraced by this instalment of the work relate to the East Indies, and contain, besides their record of seafaring experience, a good deal of information about the court of the Great Mogul. The names of Sir Henry Middleton and Nicholas Downton are familiar to all who have examined the early letters of the East India Company, while Sir Thomas Roe's journal has recently been edited for the Hakluyt Society. The writings of these and many other pioneers of Eastern trade or diplomacy who come within the range of 'Purchas' possess a special degree of interest at the present time.

'Memoirs of a Royal Chaplain, 1729-1763' (John Lane) contains a series of letters from Edmund Pyle, D.D., to his friend and former tutor at Cambridge, Dr. Samuel Kerrich, with liberal annotations throughout by the editor, Mr. Albert Hartshorne. Pyle (1702-1776) was an adherent of Bishop Hoadly, who helped him to the chaplaincy about 1740, and to other preferments; he was Archdeacon of York and Prebend of Winchester from 1756. A man of the world and of his time, his interest was in the politics of Church and State: art, science, and literature make little figure in his epistles, and Wesley and Methodism are beneath his notice. He writes with no waste of words, with great frankness, and with pretty full and accurate information, as to a large range of externals; so that the letters are valuable for the display not of a specially elevated or attractive clerical character, but of the facts and feelings of that age from the point of view of a minor ecclesiastical politician. Of jealousies and of "graft" there is a plenty, and of deeper currents little or nothing. "The poor-spirited old man of Lambeth" (Archbishop Potter), he tells us in 1747, had twice asked and been refused audience; "at length he obtained it, but had better been without it," for George II. called him "a man of a little dirty heart," whereat the heart is supposed to have broken. Mr. Hartshorne seems to have the English affairs of the eighteenth century at his fingers' ends, and explains or enlarges whatever his author left scanty or obscure. He also furnishes a short sketch of Pyle, a long one of Kerrich, and an index of twenty pages.

The somewhat undignified title of 'Johnny Reb and Billy Yank' (The Neale Publishing Co.) represents an exceedingly well-written and good-tempered account of experiences in the Confederate ranks during the whole of the civil war. Mr. Alexander Hunter, clearly of admirable social and personal antecedents, was carried away by his impulses (or principles) when a very young student of the University of Virginia, and he did his best, first in the infantry and then in the cavalry, to make it uncomfortable for the Army of the Potomac. That he wasn't killed as well as seriously wounded seems to have been no fault of his own, and his adventures, which covered a wide range, are vividly as well as modestly told. It is a brilliant military autobiography by an intelligent enlisted man; and it would have been better for the Lost Cause had he and more of his equals been commissioned. Mr. Hunter is fairly entitled to his views as to the failure of the Confederacy, and he briefly summarizes the causes thus: Mr. Davis as President and his favorites as generals; the imbecility of the Confederate Congress; the death of Stonewall Jackson; giving Early an independent command; the irrational management of the War Department; the failure to arm the slaves, with freedom as their reward. Per contra, the producing power was not materially depleted for fighting purposes, and, except "President Davis's rows," there was no dissension among the Southern leaders, as was conspicuously the case at the North. Mr. Hunter thinks the Army of Northern Virginia would never have been vanquished had not the United States navy maintained a sealing blockade. The index is far too meagre, and there are many lapses in the proofreading of proper names.

'Southern Writers,' edited by W. P. Trent (Macmillan), is a volume of selections designed primarily for school and college classes in the South. The editor deprecates the inference that it is to be regarded as "a sectional product in the unpleasant sense of that term"; the literature of the South is part of the history of the South, and as the one is studied, so should the other be. The volume is intended to furnish supplementary reading and information which teachers can use in connection with other work. The editor modestly speaks of his task as having proved "not inconsiderable." As he has managed to get into his volume, in addition to the selections, sketches of more than eighty writers and public men (George Washington and Jefferson Davis are both on his list), we should be inclined to apply a stronger term. There are three periods—first, the literature of the Colonies (1607-1789); second, the literature of the Old South (1790-1865); third, the literature of

the New South (1866-1904). Poe is treated as a Southern writer, by virtue of his Maryland ancestry, though he was born in Boston and was not, in any true sense, a local writer. The book is open to the criticism that it tends to foster the provincial illusion that the larger the number of names the greater the repute of the locality. For reference it is valuable, and appears to be well done.

Princeton University has, all these years, been without a guide-book, except so far as a two-volume history, more than twenty years old, may be so regarded. Mr. John Rogers Williams has now supplied this lack in 'The Handbook of Princeton' (The Grafton Press), which in very good taste describes most of the interesting objects and places of patriotic association in that university town of Revolutionary memories. The continuous growth of the great institutions makes it difficult to keep the record strictly in accord with the conditions, but, except in one or two very minor matters, the accounts here given are accurate and sympathetic. The book is fully illustrated for the eye of the absent. The reader might prefer a more copious index, and the writer probably regrets that he, or the Grafton proofreader, allowed the types to speak of Jonathan Edwards as a great physicist (p. 126), when he must have meant metaphysicist.

The series of "Persian Historical Texts," happily inaugurated in 1901 by Dawlatshah's 'Tadhkiratu 'sn-Shu'ara,' or 'Memoirs of the Poets,' published by Professor Browne of Cambridge (Eng.), the general editor of the series, finds a worthy continuation in the 'Tadhkiratu 'l-Awliya,' or 'Memoirs of the Saints,' by Faridu 'd-Din 'Attar, edited by Reynold A. Nicholson, lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge. This Iranian mystic of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is, perhaps, best known by his pantheistic poem of the "Mantiqu 't-Tair," or "Bird-Parliament," edited and translated in French by Garcin de Tassy and abridged in English verse by Edward FitzGerald; but far more important as a history of Persian esoterism is his 'Memoirs of the Saints.' This treatise contains in the majority of the manuscripts seventy-two biographies of eminent Sufis, supplemented by some twenty-five lives of mystics of a later period. The volume under consideration includes forty of these biographies, the remainder being reserved for the second portion of the work. Treatises on Sufi philosophy are only too scarce. The 'Ssufismus' of Tholuck is antiquated, and Palmer's 'Oriental Mysticism' is extremely rare, so that almost the only books accessible are three brief studies by Ethé, a dissertation by Frank, and the chapters by Pizzi and Browne in their histories of Persian literature, while the single Iranian text generally available is Whinfield's edition and translation of Shabistari's 'Gulshan-i-Raz,' or 'Rose-Garden of Mystery.' The present volume, therefore, is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of one of the chief systems of Oriental mysticism. It is much to be hoped that the series, which is admirably printed in the Beirut type, will ultimately include some of the more modern "tadhakir," such as the 'Haft Iqlim' or the 'Atash Kadah.' Al. lovers of Oriental literature will wish the series success.

Volumes xxiii. and xxiv. of the New Jersey Archives (First Series) are respectively a calendar of New Jersey wills and kindred papers, recorded or unrecorded (1670-1730), and preserved at Trenton; and a further body of extracts from newspapers chiefly of New York and Philadelphia, touching New Jersey affairs (1672-1765). The volume of abstracts of wills possesses much value from a personal and genealogical point of view, and has prefixed an elaborate introduction by Mr. William Nelson, corresponding secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society. It is thoroughly indexed, as is also volume xxiv., which even more strikingly embodies the social customs and conditions of the period. Here we see the foreign slave trade in active operation, with landings and sales on the Delaware. And an advertisement of such a sale of fresh importations in May, 1762, contains this notice: "It is generally allowed that the Gambia slaves are much more robust and tractable than any other slaves from the Coast of Guinea, and more capable of undergoing the severity of the winter seasons in the North American Colonies; which occasions their being vastly more esteemed and coveted in this province and those to the Northward than any other slaves whatsoever."

Nothing is more striking in volume x. of the sixth edition of 'Meyer's Grosses Konversations-Lexikon' (Leipzig: Bibliographisches Institut; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) than the increased space accorded to Japan. As compared with Italy, which gets 44 pages (inclusive of 12 on the literature), Japan has 25 (with 5 of these devoted to literature and art); and the Russo-Japanese war is still to be treated in its own alphabetical place. In the fourth edition of Meyer, 1887, the respective spaces were: Italy, 52; Japan, 16. There is no pro-Russian bias visible in the statement of the relations of the two countries antecedent to the war. There is an unusually attractive collection of maps. The article on Canalization calls for one of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Canal, and the map of Kiel and its harbor shows the eastern end of this national waterway, while a general map records the whole German system. Under Cameroon and the Cape, African interests are catered to; Japan and Russia touch in maps of the island Empire and of the Caucasus, while Germany's intervening hand appears in Kiaochau Bay and the city of Tsinglau. Italy calls for diverse maps. Cairo and Jerusalem along with Karlsruhe and Carinthia are cartographically depicted. Finally, some delicately colored plates illustrate the article on Ceramics.

Pari passu with the foregoing and from the same publishers proceeds 'Meyer's Hand-Atlas,' with parts 13-18. Maps of North America, of the Dominion, of the United States in two sections, and of the Philippines occur, among others, in this instalment; and one of Sweden and Norway, with Denmark, has a timely interest. Add a map of Japan, and one of London and its suburbs, from Harrow to Barking and from Bromley to Tottenham.

Attention should be called to a delightful résumé to be found in a recent issue of *Science* of the argument against the theory of evolution. The writer in *Science* has taken the trouble to reduce to exact form this counter-position as it exists in the mind of a professor in the Drew Theological Seminary, as set forth by him in a recent article, and as usually taught, doubtless, in that institution and others of the same class. It is a masterpiece of delicious unreason, and should be preserved, by those who are interested in logic, as a specimen of the lengths to which human inconsecutiveness can go.

The July number of the *Mayflower Descendant* (Boston) records the speedy appearance, with Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s imprint, of Mr. Morton Dexter's work, 'The England and Holland of the Pilgrims,' which was originally undertaken by the late Rev. Henry M. Dexter, was completed by Prof. F. B. Dexter of Yale, and has been rewritten by the present editor. He, by the way, has had a hand in photographing, copying, and translating the *Mayflower* marriage records at Leyden and Amsterdam. One may see in this July number the Dutch script of the record for Degory Priest and Isaac Allerton, with printed text and English version. Six others will follow, one monthly.

The first number of a German journal devoted to the study of modern English words, entitled *Bausteine*, has just been received. The editors are Leon Kellner and Gustav Krüger, and the enterprise has the support of the Neuphilologischer Verein of Vienna. According to the plan announced a year ago, the scope of the journal includes the following divisions: long articles on the vocabulary of single writers and of separate departments of knowledge and on the use of separate words, the explanation of difficult passages in English books, a bibliography (in charge of Dr. Brotanek), reviews, and book notices, and, finally, a department of questions and answers. The principal articles in the first number, both in German, are by Dr. Kellner on "Suggest, Suggestive, Suggestions," and by Helene Richter on "Chatterton's Rowley-Sprache." The first impression of the new journal is decidedly favorable: the treatment is scientific, the proofreading (a matter of special importance in a journal of this kind) is careful, few errors having been noted, and the mechanical execution is excellent. English readers will rejoice over the use of Roman script, and all students will heartily endorse the index which will be included in the final *Heft* each year. The subscription for the six parts that will form the year's issue is 18 marks, and the publishers are the Langenscheidtsche Verlagsbuchhandlung of Berlin.

In the annual report of the Essex Institute (Salem, Mass.) for the year ending May 1, 1905, we read of the acquisition of a copy of Hawthorne's 'Fanshawe,' a great rarity, and an autograph letter by the same writer—oddly enough the first to come into the Institute's possession. More important is the announcement of the actual printing of an index to the first 40 volumes of the Institute's Historical Collections, and that the initial volume of the Rev. William Bentley's Diary, filling 550 pages, is in the hands of the printer. This thesaurus has long been known to antiquaries. It is the product of a mind at once full of book learning and interested in a great variety of subjects for observation and study. It extends from the close of the Revolution to Dr. Bentley's death in 1819, and is for Salem a sort of family Bible. His eccentric character is pictorially portrayed in the July

number of the Institute's Historical Collections, as well as by reprints of Judge Waters's historical East Church address in 1868 and of the remarkably graphic and humorous address of Miss Marguerite Dalrymple, given from memory without notes in 1897, when this lady was in her eighty-seventh year.

The British Museum was visited in 1904, according to the annual blue-book just issued, by nearly a million people, of whom 226,323 were students. Among the more important additions to the Library were sixty-seven English books printed before the year 1640; and to the series of incunabula, or books printed before 1510, fifty-eight foreign examples. Among the noticeable accessions to the manuscripts is Philip Massinger's drama "Believe as You List," written throughout in the author's own hand; almost the only extant holograph drama by any of the great Elizabethan writers. Add the autograph of Keats's "Hyperion," already published in facsimile. Other autographs of historic interest are "Memorandum, by Lord Wellington, on the Campaign in the Peninsula in 1811, drawn up for the English Government at the end of the year, and written wholly in his own hand," and "Letter of Benjamin Franklin to P. Collinson on the advantage of free trade."

The meeting of the British Association at Cape Town and Johannesburg, the third held outside of the mother country in the more than seventy years of its existence, promises greatly to advance our knowledge of South Africa, as the majority of papers and addresses will present scientific subjects from the South African point of view. Prof. G. H. Darwin, in his presidential address, proposes to consider evolution in the world of matter as distinct from the world of life. Sir William Crookes is expected to lecture on diamonds, Dr. Haddon on the anthropology of the country, Col. Bruce on the causation and prevention of stock diseases as well as on the sleeping sickness; others upon the evolution of gold production, the geologic history of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, etc. At the joint meeting of the geologic and geographic sections Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard is expected to take part. Not least interesting or useful will be the work of the educational section, which, though of recent institution, is already firmly established. The president, Sir Richard Jebb, will show the growing importance of university education as a factor in the life and development of the nation, with special reference to the conditions which exist in South Africa. Other subjects are rural education as applied to colonial life, the higher education of women, and the important question of native education. The burning question of the day in Johannesburg does not seem to be approached except in two papers on the life history of colored laborers in the Transvaal. We must not omit to record among the distinguished company bound for the Cape Dr. J. A. H. Murray, chief of the Oxford English Dictionary, who, not without a wrench, we must believe, thus takes his first real holiday in a quarter of a century.

—The Library Board of the Virginia State Library has done well in publishing the 'Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1773-1776, including the records of the Committee of Correspondence.' This is an admirable beginning of a plan that contemplates a full issue of as many of the Journal records as can be found, and will prove a most valuable addition to the legislative and personal history of Virginia. Many documents and proclamations are used to illustrate the general course of events, and a full index makes the record easily available for the investigator. The editor, John Pendleton Kennedy, State Librarian, has performed his task with judgment, and the result is highly creditable to the State. The original publications are very rare. Mr. Kennedy tells us in his preface that there are copies of the Journal of 1773 in the Library of Congress and in that of the Massachusetts Historical Society; of the Journal of 1774, an imperfect copy is in the Library of Congress; "the Journal of 1775 was never printed in full," and of the epitome in pamphlet form copies are in the British Museum and in the Library of Congress. No session of the House of Burgesses was held in 1776, though two attempts were made to obtain a quorum. Hence the five hundred copies of the volume now printed make these Journals for the first time accessible to the general public. The minutes of the Committee of Correspondence, with the letters received by this Committee, follow directly the Journals for the years 1773, 1774, and 1775, respectively; but they are not entirely complete. These minutes and letters have been printed in the Calendar of Virginia State Papers, volume viii. (Richmond), 1890, under the authority and direction of the then Secretary of the Commonwealth and State Librarian, and it contains letters from Alexandria, Dumfries, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, and Baltimore not found in the volume of Journals.

—Mr. Kennedy quotes in his preface the noteworthy resolutions of the House of Burgesses of March 12, 1773, offered in Committee of the Whole by Dabney Carr (as Jefferson informs us), and reported to the House by Richard Bland, chairman of the Committee of the Whole, appointing the first Committee of Correspondence and Inquiry appointed by any colony for "correspondence and communication with our sister colonies." Mr. Kennedy reproduces, also, from a broadside in the Library of Congress, the important association entered into by eighty-nine members of the House of Burgesses and others against the use of tea and other East India commodities, except "saltpetre and spices," on May 27, 1774, and suggesting a general congress; this document will also be found in both Wirt's and Henry's 'Life of Patrick Henry.' He omits, however, from the preface and from the minutes of the Committee of Correspondence the important action taken by "25 of the late Representatives legally assembled by the moderator" on Monday, May 30, 1774, after the dissolution of the House by Lord Dunmore. This is given in the Calendar of Virginia State Papers, volume viii. (pp. 52, 53), and is referred to in the letters written next day to the Committees of Correspondence of North Carolina and of Maryland. Besides other action, this meeting called "the late Representatives" to meet on August 1, which convention (that is, the House of Burgesses under another name) appointed delegates to the first Continental Congress, and adopted both non-importation and non-exportation agreements after a time specified. The Journals of the House of Burgesses end with the meeting of June 24, 1775. Their virtual continuation is found in the Journals of the Virginia Conventions of July and December, 1775, and May, 1776. The volume is beautifully printed by the Colonial Press of Richmond, and with it is supplied an enlarged print of the coat-of-arms of the Colony, with the ancient motto "En dat Virginia quartam," and beneath a view of the Virginia Council Chamber. A photolithographic facsimile of the last three entries precedes the title-page.

—The essential character of war is vividly brought out in Richard Barry's 'Port Arthur: A Monster Heroism' (Moffat, Yard & Co.), the sum of his observation as a correspondent during a considerable part of the siege. The wonderful, almost suicidal, feats of courage, inspired by patriotic duty, which transform a people whose daily life, even in camp, is one of gentleness and serenity, divides his attention with the physical suffering that springs from the state of war. The very latest and most effective appliances for destroying life were in deadly operation for months on that tongue of land, and thousands upon thousands were killed and wounded. "Wounded" loses its significance where the meaning of war is not comprehended by personal observation. Frequently, as before Port Arthur, to be wounded implies far more than temporary incapacity or, indeed, the loss of a limb. For many, happily not for the majority, but still for hundreds, it meant to lie on the field between hostile fires, with no possibility of relief, until slow destruction under a torrid sun or in bitter cold ended life. The Russian slopes were strewn with forms riddled with bullets and mangled by shell, many impossible alike of rescue in life or burial in death, and along parts of the lines the living were in the closest proximity to the putrefying corpses. The killed were happier than such wounded. The Japanese army, to which Mr. Barry was accredited, won from him the highest and most sympathetic regard. The sentinel who had rebuffed him under a misapprehension, would not be pacified until he had accepted tea and a cigarette in token of forgiveness. Gen. Kodoma, the Chief of the General Staff, granted him a happy interview. Gen. Nogi, commanding before Port Arthur, extended frequent courtesies. Mr. Barry seems to have received what he fully reciprocated, hearty good will. An army without a guardhouse, officers and men alike without profanity, regiments equally zealous, whether drawing by hand the most enormous ordnance taken into the field, "playing at children's games to the chamber music of women, as gentle as girls," or transformed into demigods of war, are his constant admiration. "You should see them fight!" is one of his exclamations when description fails. He seems to have fully appreciated the decision of the General Staff, that correspondents may have privileges but have no rights, and, acting on that doctrine, he took full advantage of the situation. Not strictly a well-written book, this is nevertheless full of the vitality of the field, and the impression that it gives of a record made on the spot is heightened by the numerous illustrations from the author's own camera.

—The series of "Temple Biographies" (Dutton) has for its latest volume 'Thomas Harrison, Regicide and Major-General,' by Mr. C. O. Simpkinson of Balliol College. During the past three or four years considerable interest has been shown by English historians in the Fifth Monarchy men, and particularly in their uncompromising leader. Mr. Dugald Macfayden, the general editor of this series, goes farther than any other modern when he says of Harrison's followers: "It is due to them to recognize that they held, with zeal which shames our listlessness, an ideal which for purity and splendor is, when compared with those for which our generation gives its strength, as a Matterhorn among mole-hills." Such language, we submit, is not near enough the truth even to be passable rhetoric; but, all extravagance of preface-writing aside, it is well for an age which willingly admits the strength of Cromwell's character, to understand the nature of his relations with colleagues like Rainsbrough, Harrison, and Powell. Long before Robespierre sought to bring in the reign of reason and universal benevolence by the guillotine, the Fifth Monarchy men had demanded the execution of Charles I., because his life stood between them and the attainment of their desire to establish God's kingdom on earth. One interesting feature in the programme of these extreme Radicals is that they would have disfranchised the ordinary Christian altogether, choosing their parliament from the ranks of the godly, and thus placing ultimate power in the hands of those who had been "gathered" into a select pale. The distinction between Church and World, always in the forefront of Christian thought, has never been drawn more tightly than it was in England between 1647 and 1655. That Cromwell suffered himself to be driven towards regicide by the left wing of the Independents is hardly less certain than that, on becoming convinced of their wrongheadedness, he used his might to break down their organization. In Harrison himself is found a singular combination of traits. He certainly impressed many of the hard-headed among his contemporaries as being a man of piety and real enthusiasm for the lofty ideals which he professed. Yet he had a craving for pomp and display, laid his hands on money with the promptness of a ward politician, and was not particularly scrupulous as a party manager. His credentials to fame and influence were activity, great personal courage, and the possession of a clearly outlined policy. No one else was so active in bringing Charles I. to the block, and, as the chief regicide, he was honored by the special hatred of the Royalists. It does not require a literary education, which Harrison lacked, to save a man of shrewd sense from running into a vagary like that of the Fifth Monarchy programme, and the leaders of this sect seem to us disqualified by their lack of mental balance from holding a high place among the irreconcilables of history. But their presence in the England of the Great Rebellion furnishes a useful standard by which to measure the development of radical thought under revolutionary influences, and the personal virtue of firmness saves from contempt the most impossible of their projects. Mr. Simpkinson's 'Life of Harrison' is scholarly and sympathetic, without being marred by the parade of extenuation.

—M. N. E. Dionne's 'Champlain' in the "Makers of Canada" series (Toronto: Morang) is a highly eulogistic life of the great explorer and colonizer. French Canada honors the founder of Quebec as it honors no one else among the laymen of the seventeenth century, and this reverence, at once natural and creditable, gives its chief color to the present memoir. Among all the pioneers, none is more respectable than Champlain. He was not only religious, but moral, and the Hurons, long after his death, looked back to his personal habits as constituting a standard of rectitude and decency. For M. Dionne, Champlain is also a champion of the faith, the convinced ally of Jesuit missionaries, and one who had determined that the French part of the New World should be untainted by heresy. In his striking panegyric of the art of navigation, Champlain himself said: "This is the art which won my love in my early years, and induced me to expose myself almost all of my life to the impetuous waves of the ocean, and led me to explore the coasts of a portion of America, especially those of New France, where I have always desired to see the lily flourish, together with the only religion, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman." This passage, emphasized by the erection of Notre Dame de la Recouvrance, will suffice to explain why French Canada looks upon Champlain as far more than a mere navigator and writer of voyages. For material, M. Dionne has gone chiefly to Champlain's own writings and to the reports of the missionaries. Designed as a contribution to a popular series, we do not meet in this book with any long discussion of disputed or technical points; but M. Dionne takes time to consider large issues such as the expediency of Champlain's attack upon the Iroquois, and is not prevented from breaking a lance at intervals with Faillon. For us the most interesting portion of the narrative is concerned with the taking of Quebec by the English in 1629. M. Dionne, who is a special authority on matters relating to the local annals of Quebec, furnishes some pointed details concerning the situation which existed when the town surrendered. "The population of the whole colony in July, 1629, was divided as follows: inhabitants, 23; interpreters, 11; clerks, 14; missionaries, 10; domestics, 7; French, arrived from the Huron country, 20. . . . Since the year 1608 there had been only seven births, three marriages, and forty deaths. One man had been hanged, six had been murdered, and three drowned." Into the subject of Champlain's voyages we are unable to enter, nor can we recapitulate his services to the New World; but these and all cognate topics are dealt with by M. Dionne with both sympathy and information.

—Another aid to teachers and students of English constitutional history is furnished by the 'Select Statutes, Cases and Documents' which Mr. C. Grant Robertson has recently brought together (Putnams). This sort of compilation was begun many years ago by Stubbs in his 'Select Charters,' and has been carried forward past the mediæval period by Professor Prothero and the late S. R. Gardiner. Mr. Robertson's volume, which has grown out of his own lectures on Constitutional History at Oxford, begins at the Restoration and comes down to the first Reform Bill. Among existing works, the one with which it comes into closest comparison is the 'Select Documents' edited by Prof. G. B. Adams and H. M. Stephens. The concluding portion of the latter work covers the same ground which is covered by the first part of Mr. Robertson's book, where documents like the Act of Uniformity, the Test Act, the Act of Union with Scotland, and other measures of similar importance are printed. There is less abridgment in the present work than in Adams and Stephens, while a totally new feature comes in with the section devoted to cases like the Trial of the Seven Bishops, the impeachment of Sacheverell, the case of Sir Francis Burdett, and Stockdale *v.* Hansard. Altogether, thirty-two of these cases, beginning with Skinner *v.* the East India Company (1666) and closing with Bradlaugh *v.* Gossett (1884), are given. Besides the documents which are printed at full length, others relating to the period since 1832 are included under the form of an abstract—for example, the Municipal Corporations' Act of 1835, the County Councils' Act of 1836, and the Parish Councils' Act of 1894. Mr. Robertson adds very few notes of his own, and such as he supplies are brief; but as the book will chiefly be used by teachers in close conjuncture with their own lectures, the paucity of comment does not call for adverse criticism. The most novel feature in a collection of this kind is the introduction of legal cases. "No apology, I take it," says Mr. Robertson, "to-day is necessary for allotting in a volume of this kind . . . a considerable place to cases in constitutional law. The part played by the law courts in defining, extending, limiting, even creating constitutional law, machinery, and rights, is explained and justified in the leading authorities, and the argument need not be repeated. Certainly a student who had studied the period in question and was ignorant of the leading cases would have a very partial, unsatisfactory, and misleading knowledge of his subject, both as regards historical and philosophical principles and historical matters of fact." With this view we heartily agree, and are glad to see reports of the leading constitutional cases included in this useful repertory of documents.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF TROPICAL DEPENDENCIES.

The Far-Eastern Tropics: Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies. By Alleyne Ireland, F. R. G. S. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The interest of the American people in the Philippine Islands has much declined since 1898, when patriots of the spread-eagle type were rejoicing that the United States was at last about to emulate the European monarchies in becoming a Power colonizing and ruling beyond her own limits, and when not a few philanthropists and clergymen were assuring us that the right way to deal with domestic difficulties—the right way, for instance, to reform corrupt city governments—was to assume new national responsibilities which would so stir the spirit of the nation as to bring about an improvement in

every sphere of public activity. But though this interest has declined, though these happy results have not yet revealed themselves, though the ordinary citizen thinks little about his tropical subjects on the far side of the Pacific Ocean, still the fact remains that the United States is responsible for the Philippines, and sees no present prospect of escaping from that responsibility. It becomes, therefore, a matter of practical urgency to know how to deal with the islands; and all the light which competent observers can throw upon the problem ought to be gladly welcomed. It ought to be welcomed all the more when it comes from a writer who stands outside United States politics, and cannot be suspected of manipulating facts or suggesting arguments in favor of or against what is called an Expansionist policy.

The book before us makes a contribution to the solution of this problem which has the merit of being unconnected with party politics, and which has the further advantage of being concise—so concise that readers who would be repelled by a fuller and more elaborate treatment may find time to peruse it. Mr. Alleyne Ireland tells us in his preface that he is "a British subject, who was in 1901 appointed Colonial Commissioner of the University of Chicago for the purpose of visiting the Far East and preparing a comprehensive report on colonial administration in South Eastern Asia." This report is to be a very large affair. It is now being prepared, and will be published in America during the next four years. Meantime Mr. Ireland gives us, in this volume of 426 pages, a sort of preliminary survey of the field which his large treatise is to cover. It is written in a broad and popular way, being a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the London *Times* and of another series which appeared in the (New York) *Outlook;* and is a group of brief "studies of various phases of British, American, French, and Dutch colonial administration and policy." Beginning with Hongkong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, the Federated Malay States, and the Straits Settlements, all of which are British, he proceeds to French Indo-China and Dutch Java, winding up with four chapters on the Philippine Islands. Statistics, bibliography, and tables from the recent Philippine Census find a place in the three appendices.

Mr. Ireland is an effective writer, clear, vigorous, and direct, putting his points in a broad way; and though he has the summary manner of the journalist, with some carelessness and laxity in the use of words, he is free from most of the faults one is apt to find in a journalistic treatment of large and difficult subjects. He belongs to the school which some would call anti-sentimental, or even anti-humanitarian, but which he would no doubt describe as being the school which sees facts as they are, and considers that native races must be improved and native territories developed in the interests of the world at large, with slight regard to the wishes of the natives themselves. This point of view, however, which is often presented with brutal frankness by those who desire to hurry on the process of exploiting tropical territories, is not offensively obtruded in these pages, which may be read with pleasure as well as with interest by those who desire to find in small compass an outline of the experiments tried by four different nations (in what is almost the same kind of work) in the various regions we have already mentioned.

It is impossible to summarize here the descriptions given of the various methods of administration that have been adopted in these regions, or even to show how the three problems most constantly recurring have been dealt with. These problems are that of securing a revenue sufficient to pay for the internal development of the country by public works; that of using natives for administrative purposes under the control and supervision of Europeans; and that of finding a due supply of labor for agricultural and mining operations. That Mr. Ireland judges the English to have been most frequently successful in handling these and other matters, need not be attributed to any partiality for his own countrymen. The English have had far more experience in colonial administration than any other people. They have had Indian dominions for a century and a half, West Indian dominions for an even longer period, and East Asiatic dominions for a century. It is true that the Dutch acquired territories in Java before the English possessed any tropical territories, but the sphere of Dutch action has been far less wide. Spain had a longer experience and a more extended one than either of these Teutonic nations; but as Spain was almost uniformly unsuccessful either in raising her subjects or in acquiring their loyalty, or in making the most of her dominions for economic purposes, and as her colonial career has now been closed, there is little except warning to be drawn from the record of her conquests and her failures. France has, according to Mr. Ireland, turned over a new leaf in Indo-China, and is now governing her possessions there is so efficient a way that they are rapidly gaining prosperity and have become self-supporting. This, however, is an affair of the last few years. The examples which it is really instructive for America to study are those afforded by England and by Holland. Of these, those best worth studying because they present most resemblance to the conditions existing in the Philippine Islands, are the Federated Malay States, British North Borneo, the principality of Sarawak, and Java.

British North Borneo is a territory with a population of about 175,000 persons, nearly all uncivilized natives, though there are a few Europeans and more than 12,000 Chinese scattered over 31,000 square miles. It is worked under a charter by a British trading company under British protection, with a power reserved to the British Government to require the abandonment of any part of the proceedings or system of the company which they disapprove, and with a prohibition of any trading monopoly. Otherwise the company is autocratic. There is a governor, appointed with the approval of the British Government, who rules the country through officials, the higher among whom are of course Europeans. Native chiefs are permitted to remain and to deal with their subjects, under the supervision of the officials. The country seems to be peaceful, and the people contented, for their customs have not been disturbed and they are secured against gross injustice and oppression. But the company has, in Mr. Ireland's opinion, not done enough to develop the resources of the country. It does not trade, but tries to pay a dividend to its shareholders out of taxation, and revenue will not be elastic until much more has been done to open up communications and to bring in industrious immigrants from China or Japan. His view is that the company had better have itself entered upon commercial enterprises, and that it has failed to make the most of the country because it has been constantly hoping to sell out to the British Government, as the Niger Company did some years ago, upon terms advantageous to the shareholders.

The Federated Malay States consist of some native principalities on the Malay peninsula, behind the (British) Straits Settlements. They are a British protectorate, but one far more directly controlled by the home Government than is North Borneo. The British Government, which possessed colonies hard by in the Straits Settlements, was led by the disorders and misrule which existed in these independent Malay States, and especially by the need for repressing piracy, to extend its influence over them by placing residents at the courts of the native Rajahs. This process began in 1874, and now these States, with an area of 26,300 square miles and a population of 800,000, are practically ruled by the British residents, under the direction of a resident-general.

"Each State is governed by a State Council composed of the Sultan, the British resident [who is virtually master of the situation], the secretary to the resident, a number of Malay chiefs, and one or more prominent Chinamen to represent the interests of the Chinese community. As the members of the Council hold their seats by appointment and not by election, and as no law is submitted to the Council for enactment until it has been approved by the Governor of the Straits Settlements and the Colonial Secretary in England, there is here no greater independence of legislation than is enjoyed in a British Crown colony" (p. 118).

Mr. Ireland goes on to speak in warm terms of the excellence of the small British staff which practically administers these principalities, while interfering hardly at all with the social customs or the religion of the people, or the position of the native nobility, and he adds:

"British rule has given the native in the Malay States security for life and property; it has abolished slavery and the exaction of unpaid labor; it has provided free education and free hospital treatment and medicine for all; it has established permanent land titles; it has exterminated piracy; it has put an end to the recurrent scourges of smallpox and cholera; it has constructed over a thousand miles of metalled road; it has built *out of current revenue* three hundred thousand miles of railway, which carried nearly four million passengers in 1902, and earned in ten years a revenue of over $7,000,000; it has (perhaps unwisely) left the native practically untaxed (raising revenue mainly from an export duty on the tin extracted by Chinese miners and from opium, spirit and gambling licenses paid by Chinese); it has raised the revenue of the States from $400,000 in 1875, to $22,500,000 in 1902; it has in the same time increased the foreign trade of the States from $1,500,000 to $127,000,000; it has kept the peace, and maintained the law" (p. 120).

Our author becomes even more dithyrambic in his praise of the administration of Sarawak, that remarkable principality in Borneo which was founded by the late Sir James Brooke, a young Englishman, who, after some military experience as an officer in the East India Company's service, had

gone out to Borneo with the hope of doing something for the people. He was led on till he became Rajah, and ruled for twenty-six years the dominion now ruled by his nephew. It is a benevolent autocracy, with which the British Government in no way interferes, though, of course, claiming the right to control foreign policy in return for the protection which it guarantees against foreign aggression. The account given of the paternal administration of this region of 50,000 square miles and about 500,000 people is extremely interesting. It is conducted by a few Europeans; the native chiefs are consulted and guided rather than driven; the relations between natives and Europeans are friendly; and the country is prosperous and peaceful.

Mr. Ireland comes last to the Philippines, and has severe strictures to pass on the policy followed by American administrations there. He comments on the folly shown in encouraging Aguinaldo, treating him as an ally and asking favors of him before it had been determined whether to retain the Islands. He is surprised that no attempt should have been made in the earlier years of occupation to ascertain what expedients other nations had employed in their tropical possessions, and to profit by the experience those nations had acquired. He criticises the examination for admission to the Philippine civil service, pointing out how low a standard of attainments it fixes compared with the examination for the British Indian [and Colonial] civil services. He condemns the mode of governing the Islands by a commission, holding that in countries in a backward political condition it is far better to put one man at the head, to whom the natives, accustomed for many centuries to no kind of government except a despotism, may look as their ruler; and he contrasts the results of having a commission at Manila with the results achieved by the one-man government of Gen. Leonard Wood in Cuba. He argues strongly against the control exercised by Congress over legislation for the Islands, and complains in particular of the limitations by act of Congress of the area of public land which may be sold to a corporation to 2,500 acres, and of the refusal of Congress to reduce the Dingley tariff rates upon articles exported from the Islands to the United States.

"Shorn of any real authority to determine independently the measures best suited to the needs of the Islands, compelled to legislate with one eye on the American public and the other on Congress, driven to adopt an apologetic tone in regard to all measures which are likely to arouse public sentiment in the United States, the Philippine Commission can neither command the respect of the people nor carry on its own work according to the plain needs of the situation. It has been stated frequently that, as a matter of fact, Congress has sanctioned every Act submitted to it by the Philippine Commission. This is perfectly true, but it is not due to Congress adjusting its mind to Philippine legislation, but to the Philippine Commission adjusting its legislation to the mind of Congress" (p. 211).

Mr. Ireland advocates the introduction of Chinese labor into the Islands, rating low the industrial capacity of the native Filipino; and he thinks that the American Government has begun at the wrong end in taking so much pains about education and spending so much money upon it. In his view it is far more important to stimulate economic development both by bringing in efficient labor and by constructing roads and other public works. The capital mistake, in his judgment, has been to apply to the Philippines ideas of policy conceived to be sound for America herself.

"A high tariff, an extended system of education, the exercise of political rights by the greatest possible number of the people, the exclusion of contract labor, and the application of the American navigation laws, all of which appear to have the approval of the American people as component parts of their home policy, have been transferred wholesale to a country which is separated from the country of the ruling power by every circumstance of climate, race, and civilization. The task which has been undertaken is, in fact, to make an American out of a Filipino" (p. 252).

It need hardly be said that our author does not expect success in this task. That there is some truth in his criticisms and his prognostications of the failure of a policy which thinks that instruction is sure to make semi-civilized people, long accustomed to indolence, become industrious, and to fit them for self-governing institutions—this may be admitted. The English have found that the natives of India are making a very slow progress, if any progress at all, towards that capacity for working a representative municipal system which they have tried to introduce. Nevertheless, here and elsewhere, Mr. Ireland strikes us as being rather too sweeping in his views, and rather too confidently positive in his expression of them. Still, his chapters on American administration in the Philippines, and the lessons he draws from what has been done by the English in some of their colonies (not in all colonies, for the English too have their failures) and recently by the Dutch in Java, for the Dutch have reformed the faults of their former administration—these things are well worth the study of all who desire to see the responsibilities undertaken so hastily and lightheartedly in 1898 discharged in a spirit and by methods creditable to the American people.

FIVE NOVELS.

Love's Cross-Currents. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. Harper & Bros. 1905.

The Breath of the Gods. By Sidney McCall. Little, Brown & Co.

Mrs. Darrell. By Foxcroft Davis. Macmillan.

The Lunatic at Large. By T. Storer Clouston. F. M. Buckles & Co.

A New Humanity; or, The Easter Island. By Adolf Wilbrandt. Translated from the German by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. London: Maclaren & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

There are few nowadays who do not need to be reminded that Mr. Swinburne once tried his 'prentice hand on fiction. Some forty years since, the attempt counted as a youthful indiscretion, since it is always indiscreet to write outside one's *genre* until it is certain what one's *genre* precisely is. But now it is forty years on, and Mr. Swinburne's tradition is fixed as firm as Sappho's or Tennyson's, and could not be confused though Mr. Watts-Dunton were to persuade his friend to resurrect half a dozen sketchy novels. Genealogy apart, the story of 'Love's Cross-Currents' is commonplace enough. Mr. Swinburne describes a situation rather than a progression of affairs, and the single incident of the book, a death by drowning, brings about no reversal and no dénouement. The epistolary novel is always a strain on the attention; and elaborate as Mr. Swinburne has made these letters, the most careful reader is left with a feeling of mystification. If an explanatory prologue is held to be a weakness when it is made an essential part of a drama, what is to be thought of a novel whose introductory chapter is a key without which the reader could not hope to follow the drift of the story? Mr. Swinburne had better have written out the whole in the style of his "Prologue," and avoided this "compromise between a story and a play."

It is a most uncomfortable family to which he introduces his readers. Five cousins are first complicated by the caprices of their parents. Following the parental example, the two girls of the family marry in haste, and soon discover a marked preference for the cousin to whom they are not united. But the Cheynes and the Harewoods, with their fluctuations of sentiment, are but the puppets of the protagonist Lady Midhurst, who is aunt or grandmother of the group. The pastime of her old age is to embroil her kinsfolk, and her favorite exercise to appear as the god from the machine and avert any unconventional consequences. Her letters to the young people are a series of cynical platitudes, seasoned by advice and suggestions that might bring a blush to the cheek of Chesterfield. As a love story, the book is entirely ineffective. What interest there is lies in the motives and machinations of this elderly relative, and the reader must be gifted with unusually acute sympathies if he is to keep up with the caprices of the younger correspondents. No young people ever wrote such elaborate letters, no aunt ever made mischief with so little to gain by her intriguing, and the intrigues of a clever old lady can seldom have had such barren results. The style is not peculiarly Swinburean, but it is naturally more vigorous, more telling than is common with writers of modern fiction. There are half a dozen stanzas of poetry in Mr. Swinburne's weaker manner.

A comprehensive review of 'The Breath of the Gods' would presuppose many months and years of sojourn in Japan. Are the Japanese phrases scattered throughout the book accurate? Is it a true picture of the land and its people? In short, is the local color as correct as it is startling? Confident answers to these questions are possible only to a traveller and a psychologist. Readers less well endowed will have to make, so to speak, a comparative study in local color, and argue from the known to the unknown. Thus, when we see that the American minister and his wife, daughter, and secretary are all conceivable American characters, we incline to think that the four principal Japanese personages, the despotic old *kerai* with his subservient wife and ideally beautiful and perfect daughter, and the great lord whom the daughter marries, may also be lifelike. But then the exaggeration and obvious caricature displayed in portraying the two Frenchmen, only distinguished by their differing component parts of sensuality and cunning, make us wonder whether the au-

thor really does see true where race prejudices are involved. The motto of the whole book might be said to be "Banzai Nippon," and every Japanese virtue, beauty, or charm seems to the author vastly superior to the same quality elsewhere. This may be the case, but the arguments are not convincing; indeed, the more glowing the descriptions, the less we believe them. Small obvious inaccuracies also tend to shake our faith. The Chinese poet Toemmei may be correctly quoted, but Burns certainly is not. The flora of Japan may be as glorious and sweet-smelling as we are led to believe, but "scented goldenrod" for an American herb sounds no less anomalous than "dumb perfumed music." Interiors in Tokio may be as the author paints them, but in Washington it is scarcely usual to have a grand "coming-out party" on a "white duck floor covering." Yuki's obi-domès and adzuma-coats may be true to life, but one starts to read of a "little French dressmaker on her knees beside" the American girl on the night of her first ball, with her mouth full of pins, to complete the toilet—pins so necessary, indeed, that the débutante on hurrying down stairs calls back: "Do not attempt to sit up, madame. Yuki is to stay all night and will help me with the pins."

To quote from memory one of Andrew Lang's criticisms, we feel that so much of the local color of which we can judge is wrong that we hesitate about pinning our faith to that which is unfamiliar. When, furthermore, we see that the author revels in tall talk and wallows in sentiment, reminding us vaguely first of "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and then of Marie Corelli, we feel that we need not afflict our souls over the verisimilitude of Yuki's death. In the novel, she loves a young Frenchman, but marries an old Japanese; she then becomes an incarnation of loyalty to her husband and her country, yet incurs the suspicion of the one and risks the welfare of the other in order to shield her quondam lover in illness; she has every reason to live for her land and the patriotic work she is doing, and yet she dies without exonerating herself so that her "sacrifice" may be complete. To the Occidental mind it all seems Much Ado About Nothing. But as, putting aside the truth or improbability of the story, the book is interesting in all parts and thrilling in some, we may read it with all the greater satisfaction because we give it the benefit of the doubt.

'Mrs. Darrell' does not leave on the mind any very salient impression. The story is slight, the characters shadowy, and the style, except for a strange abundance of *non-sequiturs*, exceedingly commonplace. Though occupied, we might even say obsessed, with the "smart set" and their doings, the book is in itself entirely without distinction. We follow Mrs. Darrell from Washington to India, from India to London and back again to Washington, without mustering up much interest in her love affairs, real and imaginary. She fancies herself in love with Reginald Darrell, elsewhere called "Jack," and discovers in a short time that she really loves Hugh Pelham "with all her soul, her mind, her heart," though the author reassuringly tells us at the end that "their unfortunate attachment had been in the highest sense elevating." Her husband dies, and while her Bayard of a lover is in Africa and represented, or rather misrepresented, by a bullying Scotch solicitor, the terrified and impecunious widow all but consents to marry the villain of the piece, the typical unscrupulous and godless millionaire from the West, with his well-known mysterious fascination for women. The villain is exposed by the lover of his own daughter, who figures as secondary heroine, and Mrs. Darrell marries the virtuous Pelham. There are just two good characters in the book—the heroine's old Virginian father, and a Washington "grande dame" of advanced years, but perennial youthfulness. We have met them before in various places; still, as old friends they are doubly welcome in an otherwise dull book.

The 'Lunatic at Large' is not at all probable, and not very edifying, but it is certainly well written and entertaining. Readers will be almost sure to smile at the wit, and laugh aloud at some of the escapades of the escaped lunatic who gives the book its title. How the impecunious London doctor ever induces the head of a respectable private asylum to receive a patient without explanations of any sort, and apparently at a merely nominal fee, we are never told. But it is essential to the story that he should do so, as the doctor is thereby enabled to enjoy with a pseudo-lunatic friend the foreign trip prescribed for and doubtless defrayed by the hero. This is, however, not unmixed enjoyment either during its course or at its close, for the two conspirators return to find that the real lunatic had escaped from his asylum shortly after their departure. His escape is effected with such cleverness, and his subsequent career with the German Baron whom he partly bearleads and partly leads astray in London and at the seaside, is so full of real wit and ingenuity that we are not wholly unprepared for the climax. The simple-hearted and forgiving Baron heaps coals of fire on his head by extricating him from his last dilemma, and the hero completely vindicates his restored sanity. Probably even the most just-minded person will regret that it is the sane, slow-witted German and not the quick-witted ex-lunatic who marries the utterly impossible but distinctly attractive Lady Alicia à Fyre, especially as the dialogue between her and the hero is the best thing in this extremely readable book.

In Helmut Adler, the leading character of Wilbrandt's novel, figures the engaging Nietzsche, drawn portrait-wise as to both personality and teachings. Modern European fiction, as the translator observes, abounds in the gospel of Nietzsche. A score of authors, in a score of novels, are busy with the themes of the ape-man, the over-man, the god-man. We were worms, we are apes; the over-man among us is to arise and evolve a race of god-men. Helmut Adler, in a night of agony at his wife's coffin, brings forth ideas which are to redeem humanity. To an island he will repair with a few chosen ones, and found a race of true men, noble, but, above all, strong. No advocate he for "equality-mongers." "Our idea will have nothing to do with the mass. . . . It aims . . . at a selection." Equality means simply an encouragement to the weak to live—the perpetuation of the ape: "sentimental pity with the eternal worthless." One of the fiercest of Helmut's quarrels, indeed, is with the nephew who proclaims his uncle a Socialist. Equally to be crushed is the doctrine of self-obliteration. Helmut's other chiefest clash is with the vegetarian hermit, who is "always talking his slave-morality, his feminine virtues—renunciation, abstinence, meekness, disgust of life: all this is good for slaves and cripples, but not for man." "My idea," Adler cries, "is not the 'release,' the liberation of the masses, but their enchaining through the might of the Spirit, through the power of the Elect! Dominion of the great ones, of the noble over the ape-men." "Our great misfortune, Christianity!" he exclaims. "It is changing the world into a vast hospital." Disgust for the ape-man, and aspiration, are the requirements for those who are to work with him, the self-constituted Phœnix who shall rejuvenate humanity.

Disciples are not lacking to Adler. When his published works shall have procured the funds, the island is to be bought, and then—"perhaps after thousands of years—the half-man will become a complete man." Opium and madness, however, overwhelm Adler; the apostle of strength succumbs to the least distinguished of weaknesses; and over this wreck sounds out a song from the heart of Schweitzer, his friend, doctor, and disciple—the song of the Easter Island as it now comes to him, clear and ordered:

"Much renunciation and a little hope; nothing more. That each person should begin with himself; each one, of course, being a whole crowd in himself; a crowd of inherited traits, qualities, impulses, weaknesses. Well, that each one should found amid this crowd of characteristics an *aristocracy*—that is not the word exactly; that he should pick out from this crowd a selection; copying, of course, the noblest examples, of the most enduring, of the best, of the most humane; and that he should guard this 'inner island' from the world, cultivating it and tending it with deepest affection; and so developing all its qualities to the full; not by pursuing a life that is half-life, shut out from the world, . . . but living a life full of activity, of eagerness, of love for the very living; . . . then one must seek the other; these 'Easter Islands' must find out each other, they must grow larger and larger—in the midst of the world itself. . . . Perhaps in ten thousand years there will develop from this concentration of the best a better humanity!"

Thus are embodied in the different characters varying philosophies. Westenberger is the recluse, returning to nature; Adler the preacher of the New Humanity, with his mad, bad, not all ignoble ideal of a world of strength and achievement, where should be no room for the weak or the pacific—or even for the good, the nice, the well-behaved. Bergmann, the flighty musician, may well stand for the world-spirit, gayly dispelling the shades when they threaten too seriously, yet himself shaken into manhood at the last. Emil is the spirit, let us say, of the nether-world, in whom the truth has no part—the moral shadow; Malwine, the woman element, patronized by her father, Adler, as nice, neat, and young-lady-like, but "ego-less," with "nothing for the Easter Island"—in reality the moral buttress of the family.

If the book is doctrinal and the doctrines heavy, it is not therefore a heavy book. On the contrary, there is so much sincerity in each point of view, combined with so much lightness of pen, that it is even absorbing reading; the way is tortuous, indeed, but not slimy.

FISKE'S CHESS IN ICELAND.

Chess in Iceland and in Icelandic Literature. With Historical Notes on Other Table Games. By Willard Fiske. Florence, 1905. 4to, pp. x., 400.

The late Professor Fiske was a man of many interests, not the least fruitful of which has been his devotion to the game of chess. In his early life he had taken an important part as player, organizer, and author in the development of American chess, and in his latest years he devoted much of his time to the advancement of chess in Iceland. From this latter activity arose his interest in the history of chess and other games (readers of the *Nation* will remember an able series of letters on "the origin of chess," which he contributed to this paper in the summer of 1900), of which the present book is the ultimate result. It is cause for sincere regret that Professor Fiske died as the last sheets were passing through the press, but fortunately so little remained to be done that Prof. Horatio S. White and Messrs. George W. Harris of Cornell and Halldór Hermannsson of Reykjavík have been able to complete the volume in the form its author intended it to take.

In attempting to give an account of the contents of the work, the reviewer is placed at some disadvantage by its unconventional arrangement. For this, Professor Fiske apologizes in his preface; it has resulted partly from changes of plan and the pursuit of new researches that suggested themselves as the book grew, and partly from the eccentric method of composition by which each sheet of print was sent to press as soon as sufficient copy was completed. The former precludes all considerations of proportion, the latter leads to numerous repetitions and modifications of opinion in the light of new information. Originally Professor Fiske merely intended to reprint two old magazine articles of his own upon Icelandic chess in history and literature. These, however, proved on examination inadequate in the light of modern knowledge, and they were accordingly amplified by the addition of further notes and references. While making these hasty additions, Professor Fiske came across references in dictionary and saga to the long-obsolete Icelandic game of *hnefatafl* or *hnottafl*, and turned aside to endeavor to solve the question of what it was, or at least to clear the ground by showing what it was not. Since lexicographers had identified it in turn with nearly every European boardgame, his investigations took the form of an inquiry into the nature and history of each of these games, and he began to collect and describe the literature of the subject so far as it was accessible to him. So absorbing and fruitful did this investigation become that the original plan receded into the background, and he saw that if he were to complete the treatment of Icelandic chess and the elucidation of the nature of *hnefatafl*, a second volume would be necessary. This he has not lived to write, but it is possible that such material as he had already collected may eventually appear in the Cornell publications relating to Iceland for which Professor Fiske has left provision.

Iceland obtained its knowledge of chess from England towards the end of the twelfth century. Professor Fiske has no difficulty in establishing a close intercourse between the two countries at the time, and gives a list of noted Icelanders who had studied in England in the latter part of the century. Any of these may have been the first to introduce the game into Iceland, where the game soon took a prominent place in popular favor. Transcribers and editors of the older literature added definiteness to the vague references to table games by substituting *skáktafl* for the colorless *tafl* or already forgotten *hnefatafl*, and players soon elaborated an extensive terminology At a later time the isolation of Iceland led to curious modifications in the rules of the game, which Professor Fiske explains at length. It is only in the course of the last century that Icelandic players have begun to adopt the ordinary European method of play.

Since *hnefatafl* has been variously rendered draughts, merrels, fox and geese, and tables, Professor Fiske next proceeds to investigate these games in turn. Before any identification could be accepted, it was necessary to show not only a resemblance in the method of play, but also the possibility of the game having reached Iceland sufficiently long ago to satisfy the evidence of the early sagas. Professor Fiske had no difficulty in showing that none of these games satisfy the conditions. The slight information we possess as to the nature of *hnefatafl* shows it to be a game in which one player with a number of pieces attacked his opponent's *hnefa*, while the opponent possessed in addition to the *hnefa* a number of pieces by which he endeavored to frustrate the attack. The only game that we know which appears to answer to this description is the Welsh *tawlbwrdd* (often translated throwboard, but in the first element of which Professor Fiske rightly sees the Latin *tabula*); from a passage in the 'Ancient Laws of Wales' ([1841] p. 436) it appears to have been at least a similar game.

The earliest authority for European boardgames is the magnificent MS. 'Libro del Acedrex' of Alfonso X. of Castile, written about 1283, and now preserved in the Escurial, near Madrid. This work not only treats of chess and various methods of using the dice, but adds a long section on the game of *tables*, and on other games, of which the most interesting is a group bearing the generic name of *alquerque* (=the Arabic *al-qirq*). Professor Fiske obtained access to a copy of this MS. too late to make full use of it, and his sections on draughts, merrels, and fox-and-geese need some revision in consequence.

In draughts (checkers) he sees merely "a greatly simplified chess, apparently devised in Spain during or before the thirteenth century." While this date and the country of origin are probably correctly stated, the arguments by which it is sought to establish the chess-ancestry of draughts are unconvincing, and unsupported by any available evidence. It is one of the difficulties in tracing the pedigrees of European board games that they received in mediæval Latin new designations upon the model of the classical *ludus latrunculorum*. Thus the Arabic *shatrang* (except in Castilian and Portuguese) became *ludus scaccorum* (*scaccus*=a chessman), the Arabic *qirq* became *ludus merellorum* (*merellus* = a coin or counter), the Arabic *nard* became *ludus tabularum* (*tabula*=the backgammon man). *Ludus dominarum* is a similar name, in which *domina* will mean the draughtsman, a use almost certainly derived from the chess term *domina*, used at first for a second queen obtained by the promotion of a pawn, and ultimately for any queen. There is considerable evidence to show that draughts is a development of an old form of merrels or *alquerque*. In Catalan it was formerly called *marro de punto* (*marro* is still Catalan for merrels, and *punto* is the name of a square of the chessboard); in Sicilian it was formerly *marrella*, while one of the varieties of *alquerque* in the Alfonso MS. shows the same method of capture, and the rule of "huffing" an opponent's man when it has omitted to make a possible capture.

So, also, fox-and-geese, admirably as it is treated here, has a closer connection with merrels than Professor Fiske suspected. It appears in the Alfonso MS. among the *alquerque* games as *de cercar la liebre* ("catch the hare"). In England, in the household accounts of Edward IV. (1461-1483) we find one for the provision of "two foxis and 46 hounds of silver overgilt" for two sets of "marelles." Fox-and-geese, in some varieties, appears to agree in part with the description of *hnefatafl*, but Professor Fiske is able to show that this game, now called in Icelandic *refskák*, is of later introduction into the island than chess.

To judge from many passages in the literature of the Middle Ages, the three most popular indoor pastimes of that period were chess, merrels, and tables. There still exist a large number of MSS. of the XIVth and XVth centuries in Latin, French and Italian, which contain collections of problems in these three games. Professor Fiske gives extracts from some of these, but at the same time repeatedly expresses his regret that he had not been able to make fuller use of them. His work, however, loses less by the omission than he imagined, and, after a careful study of these MSS., we have discovered no new information of material importance.

Of these games, merrels, or morris, is a very old and widely spread game. Professor Fiske quotes from an early Arabic work a passage establishing its existence in Medina as early as the VIIIth century. As Arabic scholars agree that *qirq* is not an Arabic word, its ultimate origin still remains to be discovered. Alfonso X. describes several varieties of it, and it appears to have been especially popular in the Middle Ages in France and England. From the latter country it came to America with the earliest settlers, though, apparently, the American variety that is now usual, the twelve men's morris, is unknown on the continent of Europe, and almost obsolete in England. In the latter country merrels has fallen in public esteem, and is now chiefly met with in rural districts, where it is played under a variety of local names.

The third of these games, tables, is the subject of the largest portion of Professor Fiske's book. The whole section is replete with evidence of patient and accurate scholarship. Professor Fiske has established the fact that "tables" was a generic name for any game played upon the backgammon board, and that it included a large number of varieties. He has recovered the rules of many of these varieties, and shows that the ordinary English game of backgammon is identical with one of the games described in the Alfonso MS. Spe-

cially full is the account of the Icelandic game *kotra*—a name derived from *quater*, one of the throws of the dice; indeed, he has left but little for the future investigator to discover in the history of tables in Europe. The outstanding problems relate to the ancestry of its Arabic forerunner, *nard*, and its connection with classical games that required the use of dice. But before this can be done it will be necessary for some student to make a careful study of the mass of information relating to Roman games that has hitherto not been used.

There is only one work with which Professor Fiske's book can be compared. It is more than 200 years since Dr. Thomas Hyde of Oxford published his 'De Ludis Orientalibus,' the earliest and still the most scholarly and reliable work upon Oriental games. What Hyde did for the East, Professor Fiske has now done for the West, with at least equal skill and patience. It is fortunate that, when this long-neglected corner of the history of civilization came to be written, it should have fallen into the hands of such a man as Professor Fiske, who combined the necessary practical skill in games with the linguistic and historical knowledge that has enabled him to deal scientifically with his authorities. The history of chess is still obscured by the unhistorical spirit of its earlier historians; Professor Fiske has spared this group of board games from a like reproach.

The Interdependence of the Arts of Design: Six Lectures delivered on the Scammon Foundation at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1894. By Russell Sturgis. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905.

Mr. Sturgis's first lecture deals with "Modern Judged by Ancient Art" as regards representation and sentiment; the second, with the same comparison as regards decorative effects; the third, with the industrial art in which form predominates, and the fourth, with those in which color predominates; while the fifth and sixth lectures are devoted, respectively, to the use of sculpture and painting in architecture.

The book, which is somewhat profusely illustrated, bears otherwise the traces of its origin, and reads rather like the slightly revised report of extempore talks than like a formal treatise; the text tending to become a sort of running commentary on the pictures, enlivened by a broad culture and a much wider knowledge of the subject than find room for expression, but rather incidental and inconclusive, containing many interesting hints and excursions, but with no course of reasoning pushed very far. It is as if the speaker had relied on his store of learning for his matter and his lantern-slides for suggestion, and had found so much to say that very little of it got itself said completely. He treats the matter of many volumes in the space of one without the rigid selection that would be necessary to make a few truths entirely clear. Something of this effect is, doubtless, due to the temperament of the lecturer as well as to the form of the lecture, for Mr. Sturgis is always inclined to see at least two sides to every proposition, and to feel that in art and criticism nothing is unqualifiedly true. Probably he would be quite content that his lectures should be found stimulative, and would disclaim the intention of being formally instructive.

Of course, Mr. Sturgis's inconclusiveness is only relative, and there are certain pretty definite conclusions to be found in these lectures, as that, for instance, modern art has gained little over the old in expression and has rather lost in decorative beauty; that it has gone farthest in the observation and record of external nature; that in the minor arts it does better with color than with form; that it can produce fine statues and paintings, but is uninventive in pure ornament, and the like. And even where he is inconclusive he is suggestive, which is perhaps better. The lectures must have been valuable to the students for whom they were primarily intended, and may be read by others with pleasure and profit.

There is one point incidentally discussed by Mr. Sturgis, which we venture to pick out for comment—hardly for criticism. In describing Oriental damascened work in metal, he alludes, in passing, "to the fortunate possession by the Arabic-speaking people, as also by the Chinese and their fellows of the Far Orient, of a system of written characters which are beautiful in themselves," and goes on to say: "It is easy to see that it is of immeasurable benefit to the decorative arts in Japan, in China, and in the Moslem East, that their written characters, which replace the letters of our alphabet, are capable of such exquisite treatment." Now that this has been said so often is, in itself, some proof that it is true, and its truth as regards the minor decorative arts is patent; but it is at least curious that great figure designers always seem to prefer the most rigidly plain lettering, and that all attempts to construct decorative variants of our Roman alphabet have been the work of ornamentalists, never of great figure painters. Even any marked irregularity of lettering seems always to have been intolerable to the great figure designers, with the single exception (of course a very significant one) of the designers of Greek coins. It would almost appear that Ruskin was right, and that the great masters of the figure valued their lettering for its ugliness as a contrast with the beauty they dealt in, were it not that they evidently took great pains with its proportion and spacing, and that certain Renaissance inscriptions are, in fact, delightful to look at in themselves and apart from their surroundings.

We believe that what the great figure designers have cared for in neat lettering is not ugliness contrasted with beauty, but one kind of beauty contrasted with another—formality, rigidity, and angularity contrasted with freedom, grace, and curvature. The Greeks designed the figure so severely that they did not need the contrast of formality in their lettering, but they did enjoy the contrast of angularity with curvature, and seem to have made the forms of their letters as angular as possible. The formality of our Roman alphabet is so valuable as a contrast to the rich curves of free figure designing, and as an escape from the over-luxuriance that would come of marrying cursive lettering to such design, that it is far finer for the purposes of a fully developed art than any Oriental alphabet. Imagine the inscriptions on the frescoes of Raphael or Michelangelo replaced by Arabic or Chinese, and ask yourself if the loss of appropriateness and the right kind of beauty would not be greater than the loss of intelligibility. Often enough the inscriptions are there, we believe, more for the delight of the artist in the effect of them than for any necessity of explanation. Imagine an Arabic inscription on a Greek coin, and ask yourself whether the undeniable beauty of the letters would not be too insistent, too distracting from the beauty of the figure sculpture, whether it would not be out of place and intolerable. The fact seems to be that the Arabic characters are so beautiful that they must be themselves the principal subject of any work of art in which they appear; and even the more rigid and formal characters of the Chinese and Japanese are ill adapted for subordination to fully matured figure design. If the Oriental ornamentalist is fortunate in his alphabet, the great European designers of the figure have been no less fortunate in theirs.

Scandinavia. By R. Nisbet Bain. Macmillan. 1905.

The First Romanovs. By R. Nisbet Bain. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The literary activity of Mr. R. Nisbet Bain is attested by the appearance in quick succession of two volumes on northeastern Europe, whose titles we cite above. The book on Scandinavia, which is a contribution to the Cambridge Historical Series, takes up the political development of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden at 1513, and follows it to 1900. At the present moment, when the eyes of the world are fastened upon the "sovereign State" of Norway, Mr. Bain's last chapter will probably be read with the greatest interest, for therein he discusses the relations of Norway and Sweden since 1814. From this date forward Norway has sought to secure full political equality with Sweden, and, as the Act of Union was ambiguously worded, there has been perpetual friction over the meaning of the Constitution. The present crisis, however, may be said to date from 1880, when the radical irreconcilables gained control of the Norwegian Storthing, and made the position of conservative mediators like Frederick Stang untenable. From 1884 to 1889 the radicals under John Sverdrup had a ministry of their own; but as the responsibilities of office made Sverdrup less anxious to dissolve the Union, his party fell apart, and at last became demoralized by the split which arose in 1887 over the church organization question. With the radicals who triumphed in 1891 and 1897, Mr. Bain has little sympathy, and flatly styles Viggo Ullman "a professional agitator." His general attitude towards the Norwegian patriots or secessionists may not unfairly be deduced from the first sentence of the preface, where he says: "The political history of Scandinavia is the history of the frustration of a great Baltic Empire." In the early part of the sixteenth century, all the main tendencies seemed to be pointing towards the attainment of that unity which would have made Scandinavia a leading power, and which was frustrated by the unfortunate ferocity of Christian II. in ordering

the "Blood-bath of Stockholm" (1520). The last vestiges of union are now being shattered by Norwegian ambition.

"The treasonable coquetting with Russia," says Mr. Bain, "of ultra-Radicals like Björnson and Ullman, who have gone so far as actually to propose the virtual cession of two ice-free ports to that power, is eloquent of Norway's suicidal tendencies. With Russia at her very door, an independent Norway would be far more dangerous to Sweden than an independent Ireland would ever be to Great Britain. Nor can it be fairly said that Sweden has not endeavored to meet half-way the views of her sister State as regards foreign representation."

This passage will serve to indicate Mr. Bain's point of view in dealing with the current political situation. For the rest, his epitome of Scandinavian annals is clear and well arranged, giving about equal prominence to Denmark and Sweden.

'The First Romanovs' is a work which covers less ground than is traversed in the Scandinavian volume, and is marked not only by a greater fulness of detail, but by greater concentration of purpose. Here Mr. Bain seems almost to support a definite thesis, for in tracing the fortunes of the Romanoffs from Michael, the founder, to Peter the Great, he gives to a single family the credit of having created Russia. His inference would be that at this moment the country is quite unfit for constitutional government, as it is understood in western Europe. Bishop Creighton, after his return from the coronation ceremonies, was at some pains to point out the absurdity of applying English standards to Russia, and Mr. Bain is even more distinct when he says:

"It is an indisputable historical fact that Russia owes everything to the Tsars—her prosperity, her greatness, her empire, her very existence. The Tsars have made many mistakes, and the mistakes of an autocracy must always be more glaringly obvious than the mistakes of any other form of government; but any impartial critic, taking a broad historical view of the one hundred and ninety-eight years [*sic*] during which the Romanovs have held sway, must admit that no other European dynasty has so conscientiously, and on the whole so successfully, done its duty."

As Michael Romanoff became Tsar in 1613, we find it difficult to account for Mr. Bain's chronology in the foregoing passage, for 292 years have, by our arithmetic, elapsed since then.

Mr. Bain's description of the anarchy which preceded Michael's accession forms a picturesque starting-point for a defence of strong government.

"Rarely," he says, "has any European country been in such desperate straits as Russia was in 1613. The Swedes occupied all her Baltic provinces, as well as Novgorod, her commercial metropolis. The Poles held all her western and most of her central provinces. Savage hordes of Tartars and Cossacks swarmed in every direction, leaving a smoking wilderness behind them. In the extreme north, thousands of native freebooters and vagabonds pillaged, burned, and slew. In the extreme southeast, Zarucki, the last of a long line of pretenders, aimed at carving out a kingdom of his own on the Volga. From every quarter of the Tsardom came tales of woe."

Three centuries later, the last sentence is almost equally true, and Nicholas II. has enough before him if he would realize Mr. Bain's conception of what, in the light of history, a Tsar should be.

It must not be inferred, however, that this book is a panegyric of absolutism, or that it minimizes the importance of men like Matyeeff, Nikon, Pososhkoff, and Vasily Golitsuin. Roughly speaking, the first half is devoted to Michael, Alexius, and Sophia, the second half to Peter the Great. Political in the main, the narrative is interspersed with interesting chapters on the social and religious life of old Muscovy, as well as with a detailed account of Peter's administrative system. Mr. Bain is one of the few Englishmen who can write on Russian and Polish subjects from a first-hand knowledge of native sources, and the present volume is in many respects the best he has given us.

Napoleon: The First Phase. Some Chapters on the Boyhood and Youth of Bonaparte: 1769-1793. By Oscar Browning. John Lane. 1905. 8vo, portraits.

Mr. Browning informs us in his dedication that this, his latest book, has been inspired by the work of Lord Rosebery, his lifelong friend; hence his title. Unfortunately the choice suggests comparison, and, if there is little to choose in the historical value of the two books, in every other respect the "Last" is immeasurably the superior of the "First" Phase. Lord Rosebery has a personal and interesting style, and, whatever his subject may be, Napoleon or Pitt, bibelots, horse-racing or passive resistance, there is generally both matter to amuse and to instruct. With Mr. Browning the case is far otherwise, and in his present book he does not even attempt to excite our interest by furnishing us with new facts on Napoleon's youth, contenting himself with summarizing briefly from other writers, and chiefly from the admirable works of Masson and Chuquet. His publisher, Mr. John Lane, does not imitate his author's proper candor in this respect, but presents the reviewer with a typewritten Literary Note in which it is stated that "This period of the Emperor's life has never before been attempted in detail." The fact is, as Mr. Browning himself is perfectly open to admit, that Chuquet, Masson, Jung, Nasica, Coston, Libri, and others have long since explored this field; what he offers being merely matter equivalent to two or three magazine articles extracted from them.

There is one feature of the present work that might in a novice be passed over, but which in an official expositor of modern history at one of the great universities of the world creates little less than amazement. Carelessness, to use no more unpleasant word, is the predominant note of the book. At nearly every page the reader with any nicety of sense as to the use of the English tongue is offended by the Gallicisms into which the use of French authorities leads the writer. Thus, to note a few instances, we have "polygon" for "range," and are told that Louis Bonaparte slept in a cabinet—a remarkable feat. And we get even beyond Gallicisms into a sort of no-man's land between French and English fit only for the creators of Volapük and other international tongues, in which we find French soldiers crying "victorie," and a committee of the French Government described as the "Councel Éxecutif Prouisoire." Among many similar mistakes that constantly irritate the reader, a few more may be noted. Thus, we are told that the Corsicans vowed the Bonaparte family to "eternal execution"; we are confronted with the word "cameraderie," more suggestive of photography than friendship; we find such a well-known name as that of Bourrienne nearly invariably misspelt, and we are introduced to such strange and incorrect forms as the Countess *of* Potocka. This feature of the book is the more noteworthy because a somewhat similar quality is apparent in Mr. Browning's judgments. His description of Saliceti as "cold and petulant" may conceivably be only a vague effort at epigram, but his statement that Pozzo di Borgo "eventually succeeded in crushing Napoleon" can only be described as nonsense. Pozzo had influence, and it was wielded against the Emperor, but to ascribe decisive importance to it is what no recognized authority has done or is ever likely to do. A similar symptom appears in the less strong case of the flight to Varennes. Mr. Browning describes this as "the most important incident of the Revolution," but one may suspect a prejudice arising from his own acknowledged competence on that special topic—for Mr. Browning has done good work in earlier days, but, alas, whereas of the books on Napoleon the *last phase* is better than the *first*, with Mr. Browning it is just the other way about.

Early Dutch and English Voyages to Spitsbergen in the Seventeenth Century. Edited with notes, by Sir Martin Conway, London: The Hakluyt Society. 1904. Pp. 80, xiv, 189. Illustrated.

This addition to the valuable library of reprints of rare documents concerning exploration and the history of navigation, which the Hakluyt Society has given to the world, comprises historical papers relating to the Spitsbergen whale fishery, together with an introduction and explanatory notes, a bibliography, and a very full index.

The group of islands collectively known as Spitsbergen was discovered and named in 1596 by Jacob Hendrikzoon Heemskerk, who, with Jan Corneliszoon van Ripp and Willem Barentz, as pilot, were seeking, by direction of the States-General, in two Dutch ships, for a passage through the Arctic seas to China and Japan. This same Heemskerk later earned great fame in the Dutch navy by his courage and ability in action off Gibraltar. The next visitor to these shores was Hendrik Hudson, who was exploring in 1607 for the Muscovy Company of London. He visited the east coast of Spitsbergen and examined several bays, but in reality added little to geographical knowledge. However, the reports brought back by this expedition of the great number of whales frequenting this coast led directly to the establishment of the Spitsbergen whale fishery, in which the fleets of most of the then maritime nations contended for the mastery during many years.

With that nonchalance in disposing of newly discovered lands characteristic of the time, English, Scotch, and Dutch rulers furnished their subjects with patents of monopoly in the fisheries of Spitsbergen, while interlopers claiming the freedom of the seas disregarded impartially the conflicting claims of all others alike. At the head of the whaling profession in those days stood the Biscayans, who took service now with one, now with another party, when they were not foraging on their own

account. The trying out of blubber took place on the shores, since the whales frequented the bays and inlets, and the Dutch headquarters at Smeerenburg is said to have harbored, during the height of the fishery, a summer population of 20,000 men. The huts, try works, and other outfit were left behind when the fleets departed for the winter, and the first comers in the spring frequently destroyed the property of this kind belonging to their rivals. As a measure of protection, a few attempts were made to leave a small number of men over winter, as watchmen, but in several cases these unfortunates perished miserably of cold and scurvy. Gradually the whales diminished in number, or forsook the bays which had been their resort, the whalers kept to the open sea in pursuit, the shore fisheries dwindled, were at last abandoned, and the Arctic calm once more prevailed where for years rivalry, rising to the point of bloodshed, had been almost the rule.

The scattered documents bearing on this episode in the commerce of Europe have a sociologic as well as an historic interest. In this volume, Sir Martin Conway has brought together the narrative of Hessel Gerritsz (1612), entitled 'Histoire du Pays nommé Spitsberghe'; that of William Heley and his associates, relating to the troubles at Spitsbergen in 1618; the journal of seven seamen left at Spitsbergen in 1633; of Jacob van der Brugge and his party, who wintered at Smeerenburg in 1634, and fortunately survived; and the journal left by the party which took their place the following winter, and were all found dead on the return of the ships—together with several chapters descriptive of the quarrels of the whaling parties among themselves, from contemporary documents. All these were well worth preservation, and are illustrated by facsimile title-pages, maps, and sketches. The publication is in the well-known form adopted by the Society, to which students of history, geography, and adventure are under serious obligations.

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The Nation.

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The Week.

As we go to press, peace still hangs in the balance at Portsmouth, owing to the Japanese claim which we have elsewhere argued to be unwarrantable. Upon a deadlock, the President has once more stepped upon the scene as *deus ex machina*. "You refuse," he is reported in effect to have said to Russia, "to surrender Saghalien, to pay indemnity. Never mind. Saghalien is, you must admit, in *de facto* possession of the enemy. Now let Japan weight that counter in the adjustment as heavily as she will, on condition of restoring the island. The total payment on this account may prove to just about equal that of the indemnity, when both sides should be satisfied. If not, ho for arbitration on the proper sum." Happy thought!

In the Czar's proclamation of a Russian National Assembly, we witness merely the natural and inevitable result of the political forces which have long been at work in Russia. They have come to this expression sooner than they would have done but for the great break-up due to the war, but they were bound to come one day. Self-sufficient autocracy is passing away. The governed are to have something to say about the government. It is easy, of course, to point out how far the Czar's proposals are from full representative government. The people are to elect delegates, but the latter, so far as now appears, are to have only a sort of consultative and veto power. But it is the beginnings which count in political revolutions. The first step once taken, the others follow. It is obvious that the Russians themselves regard the Czar's manifesto as their induction into the methods of free government. In spite of Tolstoy's mystical warnings, they are tasting liberty and finding that it is good. That the process of passing from the old to the new régime should be slow, is probably best. Sir Donald Wallace has forcibly insisted upon the need for some sort of interregnum between autocracy and constitutionalism. This makeshift Assembly may provide it. And when we are tempted to think the old order too long in passing, let us remember, as Villari reminds us, that the English Revolution was forty-nine years in coming full, that the French lasted from 1789 to 1815 (or 1871), and that of Italy from 1821 to 1870.

Speaker Cannon has been able to obtain only the vaguest idea of what was done at the reciprocity conference in Chicago. "They had a conference on something," he says, but what did it amount to? Nobody of importance was there—that is, no eminent stand-patter. Of course, Gov. Cummins and ex-Senator Harris of Kansas attended, but they must be indulged in little fancies like that. Eugene Foss of Boston was present to tell of the strenuous work of Senator Lodge for reciprocity; but Foss is merely another crank. Douglas was made Governor of Massachusetts on a platform demanding freer reciprocal relations with Canada, but, of course, Mr. Cannon is not concerned about that. It is doubtful, also, whether the Speaker ever heard of Gov. Elrod of South Dakota, who now joins Gov. Cummins as a disciple of the "Iowa idea." "I am a protectionist," he declares, "but such a protectionist as those at the Chicago Convention. . . . I believe in a protection which means ultimate free trade." He sees no other result of any successful policy of international trading, and thinks that the tariff schedules must be modified at once to meet new conditions. Perhaps Mr. Cannon will be surprised to learn that Gov. Elrod was the candidate of the "old" Republican organization against a "radical" party man, and that tariff insanity is not supposed to run in the family.

Mr. Foss did well to expose at the Chicago Reciprocity Convention what he called the "bunco game" which Senator Lodge played upon Boston business men. The latter sought out the Senator in Washington, and got from him profuse pledges of assistance in the matter of the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty. Later, however, they called upon Secretary Hay, who "mildly intimated his surprise at the confidence the committee reposed in the good intentions of Senator Lodge." Mr. Hay was not so easily fooled. He had accurate information, and knew who was doing his reciprocity treaties to death. The late Secretary had a pretty talent for sarcasm, and, if we are not misinformed, used often to exercise it at Lodge's expense. Indeed, his "surprise" at any one's being taken in by that gentleman was not always "mildly intimated." Those who have heard him discourse on Lodge's heroic defence of the makers of bogus jewelry, know what a provocative to laughter—and to scorn—was lost to the world through his remarks being private.

Having failed in its efforts to induce the Cuban Government to pass a bill to admit American rice on more favorable terms, we hope the Administration at Washington will lend no countenance to the wild talk about this being a deathblow to Cuban reciprocity, if not to Cuban independence. The Cuban Congress was entirely within its rights. Our Congress would certainly look queer in railing at it for refusing to reduce customs duties. President Palma, too, was acting as a Constitutional Executive when he declined to put pressure upon the Congress of Cuba in order to get the bill passed. It is even stated that, in addition to the urgency of our Minister, Mr. Roosevelt himself wrote Palma a letter urging the passage of the bill. The Cuban President might have replied that, in Havana as in Washington, it was sometimes impossible for the Executive to make Congress do as it was bid. Anyhow, it is no case for reproaches, much less threats. The self-governing Cubans have done what they thought was for their best good. Let not the result be to restore Borrow's old picture of "insolent Yankees swaggering at the Havannah; with the air of saying that they would come and take the country when they got ready."

It seems to be taken for granted that there will be Federal control of insurance simply because Senator Dryden, representing New Jersey and the Prudential, urged it upon the President last week, and Mr. Roosevelt did not say him nay. But there are several lions in the way. One of them is the Constitution, as interpreted by several decisions of the Supreme Court. They have denied the power of the United States to interfere with insurance companies chartered by a State. The President's own Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. Garfield, in his report of last December, specifically declared that "the decisions of our courts regarding insurance" make it highly doubtful if Federal regulation would be legal. Even Senator Dryden admits that the weight of judicial opinion is heavily against his bill, but he thinks there is "an even chance" that the Supreme Court might be induced to reverse itself. He reports the President as willing to approve the bill and throw the matter into the courts. Thus we see what a mistake Mr. Bryce made in excluding the Constitution of the United States from his classification of "flexible" Constitutions. The correct theory is that it can be flexed "while you wait."

President Roosevelt felicitously expressed his obligation to the banner Republican State when he remarked that he had 500,000 reasons for esteeming Pennsylvania. It is painful to report that 60,000 of those reasons were worse than

null and void. The second canvass of the registration lists in Philadelphia brings the number of fraudulent names up to 60,083, or more than one in seven of the voters listed last fall. This amazing total fully confirms every charge made by those "slanderers of Philadelphia's fair fame" whom the city so long refused to listen to. The first canvass made by the police brought to light only 31,749 illegal voters, the second added 28,334, and changed the totals in all but twelve wards. Thereupon, the utterly discredited Republican City Committee comes to the front again with the bland assurance that it will take the work in hand now, and outdo all others in purging the registration lists. As the Republican *Press* remarks, this will mean "plenty of work for the leaders. James P. McNichol will have to show that there are more than 4,000 fraudulent entries on the voting lists of the Tenth Ward; 'Charlie' Seger will have to beat the 3,000 record of the Seventh, and Sheriff Miles will have to do better than 3,700 for the Thirteenth, etc." How many of the names stricken out were real "phantoms," pet dogs or canary birds, the lists as now published do not show. "Removed," "never lived there," "not citizens," "no such number," "dead," and "not known," do not tell the whole story. Yet the difficulty of making the test is shown by the number of dismissals from the police force for neglect of duty and disobedience while it was in progress, and the number now awaiting trial, which is larger than ever before in the history of the city. But Philadelphia's history contains few events more important than this wholesale disinfection of the electorate.

Of all paradoxical ways of accounting for the final downfall of J. Edward Addicks, the most extraordinary is to say, as the Delaware dispatches do, that he has "lost the support of the Union Republican organization"—as if the Union Republicans ever had any other aim or object than the support of Addicks, and there remains any reason for the existence of their organization now that he is "down and out." As well say that the Protective Tariff League has lost its interest in the Dingley bill, or that the Society for Foreign Missions will no longer try to spread the gospel. When an association is formed for one and only one specific purpose, and it abandons that purpose, it is, to all intents and purposes, dead. Addicks, of course, may continue his "great campaigning" from now till doomsday; the only argument which ever won a vote for him is no longer available, now that the sheriff is levying on his property. The really interesting question about Delaware politics remains. The two Republican wings will now flap together, we are told, and Delaware will have two Republican Senators—if the Democrats do not capture the Legislature. But what will the voters do at the next election if nobody is prepared to buy them? Habits of years are hard to break.

The lower branch of the Georgia Legislature, by a vote of 106 to 6, has passed a bill which abolishes the battalion of negro troops in the State militia. It is expected that the Senate will also pass the measure, and that Gov. Terrell will approve it. The discussion in the House indicated the strength of the colorphobists in Georgia. Mr. Land, the author of the bill, said that, under the Dick National Militia law, it might conceivably become necessary for white troops to associate wih negro troops, and that "the easiest way to get rid of the question was to muster out the negro troops." Mr. Wright was more direct. He was opposed to giving any negro officer the chance to outrank a white officer under any circumstances. Mr. Felder favored the bill because the existence of negro troops in the State "kept white boys from entering the military service." Representative Hall, one of the six who opposed the measure, pointed out the danger of the State's losing the annual Federal appropriation of $25,000 if the colored troops were mustered out simply because of their color. Further, he said that these negro soldiers had in no instance failed to come up to the standard in efficiency and conduct, and that there was not the remotest danger that they would ever be put into white regiments. Mr. Stovall supported Mr. Hall in the statement that the negro troops were made up of the best of their race in the State. But the bogie of "equality," once raised, sent the bill through with a rapidity and unanimity that should have pleased even the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr.

In the anthracite war of 1902, the price of peace was advanced by the consumer of anthracite coal in the form of higher prices for that kind of fuel. It is some compensation to learn that the three-year treaty of peace concluded between operators and miners has worked well. It is not reassuring to remember, however, that the labor agitator who lives on trouble is pointing significantly to the date—March, 1906. Before that time comes, it is to be hoped that arrangements may be made to continue the present *modus vivendi*. The axis of the present agreement is the Board of Conciliation. This body consists of six members, three representing the miners and an equal number the operators. The anthracite region is divided into three districts, and in each district a representative of the majority of the workers, who *ipso facto* is a union leader, is chosen to the Board. Before the Board of Conciliation considers a complaint, it exacts evidence that the parties litigant have first tried to settle the difficulty between themselves. Failing such settlement, the Board hears and passes on the complaint, referring all tie votes to a referee, Mr. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor. The Board also declines to act on a complaint in case of a strike or lockout while the case is pending. Since June, 1903, there have been 141 grievances filed, 10 by the operators and the remainder by the workers. Of these complaints, 19 were wholly and 3 partially sustained, while 11 were mutually settled, and 3 were compromised. Of the remainder, 28 were not sustained, and 46 were withdrawn, while the other 31 cases are pending. In only 17 cases did a deadlock ensue which required an appeal to the referee. The tribunal in question has apparently prevented sudden interruptions of mining, and has brought a large measure of tranquillity and prosperity to the anthracite district. Its benefits have been too pervasive to be forgotten, and any interruption of industrial peace by agitation for a universal eight-hour day or further exclusive recognition of union miners would be a public misfortune.

A recent Census Bulletin confirms the long-established fact of a progressive decline in the natural growth of population in the United States. As early as 1820 the tendency towards a slackened rate of increase was noticed. The same tendency is operative in Great Britain, and normally follows a progressive rise in the economic standard of living. Professor Wilcox, who analyzes the census data in the recent Bulletin, points out that the exact birth-rate for the United States is not known; yet he regards the proportion of children to the total population, and especially to the women of child-bearing age, as "an approximately accurate and significant clue" to the natural growth of population. Since 1860 the ratio of children to women of child-bearing age has shown a decrease with every decennial census. For children under five years of age, the decline in the ratio between 1860 and 1900 has been from 634 to 474. (It is noteworthy that between 1890 and 1900 not a single State in the North Atlantic division took part in the decrease.) Among the negro population also the proportion of children is far less in 1900 than in 1880. Confirmation of the general theory that the decline in the birth-rate is consequent upon a rising standard of living, is the newly attested fact of the larger families born to mothers of foreign stock, the difference being almost two to one in their favor as compared with native Americans.

It is fortunate that the court of inquiry was able to determine so precisely the cause of the terrible explosion

on the *Bennington*. We have here no insoluble mystery. One of the boilers was ignorantly and recklessly handled and blew up, that was all. But the disaster cost the navy more men killed than did the entire war with Spain. Of the men immediately responsible, all are dead. Yet the court very properly brings home the ultimate responsibility to the young ensign, C. T. Wade, who neglected to check off the work of his careless subordinates, did not make the tests of the safety of valves and boilers required by the navy regulations, and in general showed himself "negligent in the performance of his duty." The court of inquiry, therefore, recommends that he be tried by a general court-martial. This is well. In no other way can discipline in the navy be maintained. Yet it is undeniable that other questions lie behind. Responsibility for the *Bennington* calamity has to be pushed still further back. Who was responsible for placing this young and incompetent officer in charge of the *Bennington's* engineering? Has the amalgamation of line and staff so depleted the numbers of competent engineers that the Department has no recourse except to entrust costly machinery and invaluable lives to ill-trained men? That is the large question which presses upon Secretary Bonaparte for inquiry and report; and unless and until it be seriously considered, the lesson of the *Bennington's* long list of dead will not have been taken to heart.

Assistant Secretary Loomis admits that he is to resign; but he adds that he is to "go abroad"—that is, to have a diplomatic appointment—or, at least, that he "hopes" to do so. The trifling formality of the President's acquiescing does not present itself to Mr. Loomis's mind as an obstacle. He is only concerned about the exact country where he is to be sent. It certainly ought to be a land where the people cannot read. Any nation whose citizens are able to understand the true bearings of Secretary Taft's report on Loomis could not but feel insulted to have such a man sent to it as minister. And possibly even President Roosevelt will at last get tired of hearing Mr. Loomis announce himself as indispensable to the public service.

President Roosevelt's recent exposition of the Monroe Doctrine at Chautauqua is received in South America with evident annoyance. The *Prensa*, an influential journal at Buenos Ayres, reflects the sentiments of the progressive, self-respecting republics in our Southern Hemisphere. Their feelings are similar to the indignation an honest, law-abiding citizen would express if he were notified to pay his debts by a roistering and fighting frequenter of the village tavern. Of the imaginary evil which the President mentions, viz., European interference in America, the *Prensa* quietly says there is "not the slightest danger." Nor does that journal fail to point out how far the Roosevelt formula departs from the Monroe Doctrine. "President Monroe only stated that the United States would not tolerate European territorial conquests, while Mr. Roosevelt assumes it to be a duty to compel South American nations to fulfil their obligations." These ungrateful South Americans also repudiate their ever having recognized the "Doctrine" in any guise, and this unilateral exposition of its contents they pronounce not only unwarranted, but humiliating to themselves. They even go so far as to say that the President's real motive is not so much to protect South America as to increase the prestige of this country as a World Power. Instead of seeing in the President's deliverance a guarantee of peace, they regard it as a menace. It is fortunate that Argentina is strong and stable enough to prevent her being the object of the "Doctrine's" activity. But some of the little cripples among the South American republics will get their ears boxed if they don't look out.

Lord Curzon's final resignation is an event of great significance both for India and for England. He breaks with the home Government on the great issue of civil control of the military. Lord Kitchener, like every general, thinks it irksome and intolerable that his plans should be passed upon by civilians. He wanted to enlarge the Indian army and make it ready to meet Russia on the Afghan frontier, and went over the Viceroy's head to the Secretary for India. That official, Mr. Brodrick, at first consented to give Lord Kitchener a free hand, but, upon the solemn protest of the India Government, accompanied by a threat of instant resignation from Lord Curzon, retreat was made, as usual, and a form of compromise patched up. Even this, however, Curzon now charges that the Balfour Ministry did not live up to honorably, and accordingly he throws up his office in disgust. This abrupt termination of so distinguished a service as Viceroy must cause a great shock of surprise and distrust in India, while in England it will be received with something like consternation. It is such a fine illustration of Balfour's contention that no one but the Tories can manage colonial and foreign affairs successfully! For so able a man as Balfour is, he seems to have a singular talent in repelling able lieutenants. One after another they have dropped away from him—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Lord George Hamilton, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Milner, and now Lord Curzon—leaving him surrounded by a set of mediocre Ministers and administrators whom Lord Rosebery was not far wrong in calling a "series of transient, embarrassed, and, I may add, astonished phantoms."

As we surmised, Germany has an explanation of the "personal" loan by German bankers to the Sultan of Morocco, but it throws a comic light upon the character of that potentate. According to the story, he approached Germany with a demand for something very like blackmail. To be sure, he had agreed to an international conference for the purpose of regulating his affairs, but many of his proud subjects were rebelling at the notion of foreign interference, and, really, there was nothing to do but buy them off. Unfortunately, the Moroccan Treasury was low, the monarch's privy purse had not a piastre in it, and, therefore, if Germany would be so kind, etc. In this view, the German loan was simply a kind of righteous bribe to prepare for the great work of civilization in North Africa. But it was for this sort of thing that France and Germany were on the verge of war!

M. Yves Guyot, in a paper read before the Statistical Congress, revived the moribund "standard man" long enough to speculate about his consumption of food. Starting with the assumption that such a standard was to be found in the military or naval services, he compared the official rations with the average consumption of the civilian classes. The amazing difference which he discovered between these two totals, so far as France was concerned, led him to propound two alternative conclusions. Either the masses are starved in order that the army and navy may be well fed, or the soldiers and sailors are systematically overfed and pampered by the State. The similar comparison which he proposes for every country in the world would be a complicated matter, but it is easy to follow his reasoning in some of the familiar lines. For example, if we take a few of the agricultural products, which are necessarily used fresh, and therefore neither exported on any large scale nor stored from year to year, we can ascertain easily about what the *per-capita* ration should be. But it gives perplexing results. The 59 eggs a year of the average American old enough to eat eggs seem a meagre allowance, but the 390 quarts of milk uncommonly generous. One-third of a can of sweet corn a year is almost incredibly little, considering the apparently lavish use of this article of diet. But which of us eats 2¾ watermelons a year, the number that the census shows to be raised for every inhabitant more than five years old? Our civilian American does not seem, at any rate, to have so well balanced a bill of fare as the soldier.

A PREMIUM ON AGGRESSION.

"*Convey* the wise it call," and *indemnity* is as good a name as any other for the last booty to be wrung from the defeated. It is not the magnitude of the Japanese demand which the Russians resent, but the pretence; and their feeling will sooner or later be shared by all thinking men, and by nations not blind to the consequences of Russia's yielding this point in the negotiations for peace. M. de Martens had no difficulty, the other day, in exposing from historical examples the innovation now sought to be established as a part of international law. No precedent can be found for payment of an indemnity during a war still undecided, and still fought by the losing party on foreign soil. The case is really much as if Japan and the United States should come to blows in the Philippines—as may yet happen—and, on our being worsted and deprived of all but the last island of the archipelago, "indemnity" should be exacted over and above American evacuation. It is true that the islands are nominally American soil, but neither in fact nor in our national consciousness are they any more a part of the United States than Mantchuria is a part of Russia. We could relinquish them, indeed, with a profit, and would that we might. But to pay "indemnity" for their being taken from us, even for our own fault, with the war confined wholly to that distant scene and never directed against this continent, would rouse the old American sense of humor which Dewey and McKinley and Lodge and Roosevelt and Taft have nearly extinguished.

Russia, in other words, is not *in extremis*, is not hostilely occupied except on an insignificant margin, can spare for her steady national existence the fleets she has lost in Eastern waters, and comes to the conference as Japan in fact comes, to consider how best to end a drawn game. Both nations would gladly be spared any further expenditure of blood and treasure; and Japan could have been gratified if she had been content to have her victories confirmed, and had not aimed to make Russia pay all that her humiliation has cost her opponent. "Get out of here," said Japan with reference to Mantchuria and Korea, "that I may replace you." After Port Arthur, Liao-Yang, Mukden, and the naval overthrow in the Korean Straits, Russia stands ready to get out and to retire within her own boundaries. If Japan can extort other territorial concessions looking to her security against a repetition of clashing, well and good. To expect reimbursement for all her outlay in deliberately providing for this success, is either childish or monstrous.

Nor does it make for peace. "Indemnity" will, if secured, leave the new Russia as permanently hostile a neighbor as the old—and *popularly* hostile, as opposed to the greed of expansion in the ruling classes which brought on the present war. When we consider the Tsar's essentially peaceable disposition, we may feel assured that his consenting to a conference was an act of conscience fairly to be called national, in confession of the utter needlessness of the embroilment with Japan. It has been attended by the concession of the beginnings of self-government in his Empire, amid an awakened public consciousness full of hope if full of doubt, and ready to surge in any direction that will make manifest the new national spirit. "Indemnity" will reconcile the Russian people to a war thrust upon them by autocracy, and will give them their first sense of being really attacked by a foreign enemy. The ranks will be filled, the carnage will go on, tribute will not be paid. On the other hand, any adjustment short of tribute will find favor, and will bequeath no such rancor as to prevent the Russians and Japanese from being on good terms hereafter.

The indemnity extorted by the Germans in Paris was a guarantee of peace, no doubt; but peace in the sense of non-collision between the two countries. The true peace which results from neighborly regard and abandonment of ambitious designs, is yet far off. Have armaments been diminished on either side of the frontier? Might not the present relations between France and Germany be fitly described as a truce? The milliards were a penalty, moreover, for the Second Empire's having declared war, wickedly and groundlessly. The novelty of Japan's demand lies in the fact that she, no matter with what provocation, *began* the war, struck the first blow—struck it without warning, as a savage nation may do, and yet with the utmost deliberation, as a sequel to years of secret preparation. This is what other nations must face if they sanction it as a part of the international code. We know, of course, Japan's plea that her first blow was defensive, and the war a defensive war. So said the South when it fired upon Sumter. There is no richer field for casuistry than a defensive war. Napoleon III. used this pretext in declaring war against Prussia, which, after Sadowa, had grown too weighty for the European equilibrium. Any war can be so construed, by a Power desirous to pick a quarrel, and will be if the hard-and-fast line is not maintained between those who attack and those who repel.

Let the Japanese justify their pretensions of being champions of peace in the Orient. Grant that, by superiority in bloodshed on land and sea, they have established their claim to recognition among Christian nations by Christian Majesties and Presidents. Let them pose as the benefactors of Russia in having given to her outworn social fabric a shock that precipitates the dawn of freedom. But let them distinctly be told that all their pacific protestations are but cant so long as, having originally assaulted Russia, they press for "indemnity." This highhandedness is not going to be dropped by a military Power flushed with successes it dared not dream of, and provided (supposing she gets it) with millions of sweat money to be immediately put into fortifications, arms, and ships of war in *majorem gloriam Nippon*. Mankind will take warning.

RECIPROCITY AT CHICAGO.

The late reciprocity convention now in session at Chicago afforded a capital commentary on Secretary Shaw's recent tariff utterances in Virginia. The Secretary said that on the tariff issue the Republicans appeal to the producer with the promise of high prices for his products, while the Democrats appeal to the consumer with the guarantee of lowered cost of living. It could very conclusively be shown that the latter is the more fundamental consideration. The gathering of the Reciprocity Convention itself supplied the proof. For, while the policy of free trade or a revenue tariff is capable of reducing prices to all consumers alike by creating a more abundant supply of all articles of consumption, the protective policy, by creating an artificial scarcity of certain kinds of articles only, is of necessity a policy of discrimination. If it caused the same relative scarcity of all articles, what each producer gained in selling he would lose in buying. But in practice it makes some articles relatively more scarce than others, and thus it puts high prices into some producers' pockets, while it is incapable of helping other producers at all. The forgotten producer has begun to cry out, and thus the Secretary's creed proves not worthy of all acceptation, even among producers themselves. Of what avail is it to the wheat-grower, who must sell at the world's level of prices, to know that the sugar-grower gets, through the tariff, a higher price than could otherwise be had? How much ought it to console the shoe manufacturer, whose market is limited by the duty on hides and materials, that the iron baron or the wool-grower is being enriched by the tariff? The old tariff umbrella is not large enough to cover all producers—to say nothing of consumers—and the cry for reciprocity is a sign that those producers who are getting soaked want to come in out of the rain.

There are various kinds of reciprocity, whether secured by treaties granting mutual concessions or by the device of dual tariffs. Such a reciprocity arrangement as that secured by the Hawaiian sugar growers inured to the exclusive benefit of that island. They supplied only a part of our entire demand for

sugar. The price of the article was determined by the cost of the most expensive part of the supply imported. Reciprocity produced in this case no reduction in price to the American consumer. It also deprived the Treasury of millions of revenue. The benefit primarily went to the Hawaiian sugar planter. This is the type of reciprocity that the producer is ready to shout for. But opportunities of this kind are rare. Even if one were found, it could be taken advantage of only by giving some foreign country the analogous opportunity of collecting what is practically a bounty from our consumers.

On the other hand, where reciprocity is a mutual lowering of duties in competitive products which leads to both an enlarged market for producers and lower prices to consumers, it is doubly welcome. To be sure, its advantages are only a partial instalment, on a begrudged plan, of what free trade would give. It suffers also from injecting into the revenue-producing machinery an uncertainty of yield which a consistent tariff for revenue only would avoid. But small favors in tariff matters are thankfully received. The dread of the word "reciprocity" and the conjuring with the spirit of retaliation under the name of a "dual tariff" were both discreditable to the Chicago convention. The dual tariff, or the maximum and minimum system, means tariff wars as often as it does mutual concessions. Witness the late unhappy struggle between France and Italy. Until some method is found of getting something for nothing, the more hopeful way of obtaining relief from the tariff burdens is not to cringe to the tariff barons or the Trusts, but to smite them both under the fifth rib.

The speeches and resolves of the Chicago convention must be hailed as, on the whole, a blow at the feet of clay of the image before which the stand-patters grovel. Gov. Cummins bore emphatic testimony to the crimes committed in the name of protection—its senseless and selfish extremes of the present day being, as he said, enough to make the fathers of American protection stare and gasp. And the deliberate and formal utterance of this representative body of Republicans, as the great majority of them were, gives the lie direct to the complacent assertions of Dingleyites joined to their idols. It puts on record the fact that American industries "can no longer depend upon the home market"; that the export trade is "vital" to this country; that the present attitude of the United States is "antagonizing foreign nations whose good will we desire"; and that Congress ought at once to set about making "concessions" (polite for reductions) in our existing tariff which can be made "without injury to industry, trade, or the wages of labor."

All this is well, but the delegates, if they had looked closely, would have seen that a maximum and minimum tariff is, in intent and effect a threat. Buy from us, or we will hit you over the head. Now, commerce never thrives on anger. Getting a nation wrathful is the worst of all ways to make it take more of our goods. Look at the object-lesson writ large for us in the Chinese boycott. From the merely commercial point of view, the Chinese are foolish. They are glutting their passions at the expense of their own pockets. But does any such consideration ever deter an enraged people? Yet we propose, with the harmful effects on our trade of Chinese enmity visible to all the world, to go on and make better customers of France and Germany by first making them angry with us too! So far have we got from the sound philosophy and the commercial sanity and wise statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel, who said that the only effective way of meeting higher tariffs abroad was by lowering tariffs at home.

Furthermore, it is altogether probable that the real lords of the tariff think of this whole "dual-tariff" plan as merely one device more with which to stave off the demand for reducing duties and further to fool the revisionists. The latter have been fed on the east wind of "reciprocity" lo! these many years; now let them fatten on the equally filling diet of a dual tariff. Years may elapse before such a tariff can be got through; years more before it would ever be applied within the discretion of a protectionist President. In the meantime, the snugly ensconsed and reassured beneficiaries of the Dingley tariff will go on exacting the uttermost farthing from their fellow-countrymen, while almost giving away their goods to the foreigner. The plain truth is that the Home Market fanatics and the high and dry protectionists all around do not intend to yield anything whatever. Nothing can be got from them by fair words. They think themselves all-powerful in the Senate; they control the Republican party; they have intimidated President Roosevelt; so why should they be asked to give up one penny of the bounty they get under the name of protection? It is all very well for Chairman Payne out in Manila to talk pleasantly about lowering duties on Philippine goods; but the high priest of the stand-patters, Speaker Cannon, at once lets it be understood that nothing of the sort can be done, and that if Congressman Payne does not leave off his nonsense, he may find on his return that another man is to be at the head of the Ways and Means Committee. In a word, talk as they may about one resort or another to deceive tariff reformers, those who are enabled by the Dingley act to levy taxes upon the people have no notion of surrendering a particle of their private gain through public law.

Argument is wasted on unblushing greed. The case for tariff revision is overwhelming, but the only reply of the fortified protectionists is, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

THE WOOL TARIFF ONCE MORE.

In the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for August Mr. C. W. Wright publishes a paper on "Wool-Growing and the Tariff since 1890," which presents all needed facts and figures on the situation during the last fifteen years, and demonstrates once more that the duties on this raw material are both futile for aiding the wool-growing farmers and harmful in burdening the consumers. Mr. Wright sets forth his results in matter-of-fact terms, and in no way intimates whether he is a protectionist or free-trader. But his very moderation makes his conclusions the more convincing. He proves beyond doubt that the wool tariff has been powerless to prevent the decline of wool-growing in the heart of the country, and has not been necessary to bring about its advance in the trans-Missouri grazing regions.

The abrupt changes in the duties on wool under the Wilson and Dingley Tariff acts have served unintentionally as experiments to demonstrate these facts. The Wilson act, in 1894, put wool on the free list—the one radical and fearless change made by that Senate-manipulated measure. The Dingley act in 1897 restored the duties to the rates of 1890. Under the McKinley tariff we had a period of high duties from 1890 to 1894—virtually the same as through the whole preceding period from 1867 to 1890; then free wool from 1894 to 1897; then high duties again since 1897. The free-wool experiment of 1894-97 was not allowed to remain in operation long enough to work out its full results. It happened to coincide with the general depression that followed the crash of 1893, and so never was in effect under normal conditions. Time enough was not given for the manufacturers to accommodate themselves to the new conditions of freedom, and the full effects on manufacturers and consumers were never tested. But so far as wool-growing is concerned, some important facts were plainly established. In the first place, it appears that wool-growing in the agricultural region of the North—that is to say, anywhere from the Atlantic seaboard to the Missouri River—will be carried on to a certain extent without any duties at all, and, on the other hand, will not be stimulated beyond that extent even by the highest duties which the most fanatical protectionist has ventured to propose. When wool was admitted free in 1894, wool-growing in

this region declined. Part of this decline was doubtless due to the abolition of the duty. Part of it was due to the general business depression. At all events, the number of sheep fell sharply. In the North Central States (Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and adjacent States) the number fell from 12 millions in 1893 to 6½ millions in 1898. But—and this is the striking fact—high duties have not restored the number. In the North Central region there were in 1904 actually *fewer* sheep than in 1897; and the same is true of the other agricultural States, North and South. As Mr. Wright says: "There are now, after eight years under the duties of the Dingley tariff, fewer sheep than at any time throughout the period when wool was admitted free!"

The explanation is simple: the farmers find other things more profitable. Wheat, corn, cattle, the dairy pay better. Production in these has advanced; whereas, notwithstanding the stimulus of the tariff, wool-growing has declined. A certain number of sheep can be kept by the farmer virtually without expense, nay, with advantage to his land. Mutton grades of sheep pay best in this way; especially as, in recent years, fashion has increased the demand for those kinds of wool which come from the mutton sheep. But beyond the number which will thus be maintained, sheep-raising and wool-growing do not pay as well as wheat, corn, and cattle; and no tariff will help the case. As Mr. Wright says, the period of distress in the trying years 1893-97 taught the farmer this lesson thoroughly. Under the duties of the earlier period, before 1894, there had been brave attempts at sheep and wool, not merely as by-products of the farm, but as independent sources of profit. But the period of stress put an end to this, and the revised duties under the Dingley act have been absolutely without effect.

On the other hand, in the great grazing regions beyond the Missouri River—in the arid district where agriculture is impossible without irrigation, and where almost all of the land is suitable for ranching only—wool-growing is able to maintain itself without the tariff. Here, and here only, we have an independent sheep industry; not a by-product of general farming, but sheep (or cattle) as the sole products of the land. And here the number of sheep actually increased during the period of free wool! The number of sheep in the Northern Rocky Mountain region was 4,400,000 in 1893, and 6,300,000 in 1898; in the Southern Rocky Mountain region it was 7,200,000 in 1893, and 7,300,000 in 1898. In the Northern region there has been a further growth since 1898; the number of sheep being 11,600,000 in 1904. In the Southern region there has been neither growth nor decline; the number of sheep is now practically the same as in 1898. Montana is now the most prosperous of the sheep-growing States. There, sheep-ranching on free Government land pays. It would pay under any circumstances, as is proved by the steady increase during the period (1893-97) of free wool and business depression. It pays better, of course, when the price of wool is made higher by the tariff; but the tariff is not necessary for the maintenance or even the prosperity of wool-growing. It simply adds so much to the profits, ample in any case, of the sheep-ranchers.

In other words, with free wool, we should have no revolution in the industry. The farmers would continue to keep sheep very much as they do now—more for mutton than for wool—but without great change as to numbers. The ranching States would doubtless have less sheep than they have now; but the experience of the free-wool period shows that they can hold their own on a great scale without any tariff help. There would very likely be some shifting from sheep to cattle in the West, and pretty surely some cutting-down of the present high profit of the sheep-ranchers. The imports of wool would increase somewhat. They are already rising, even in face of the duties, for the country simply cannot produce enough wool for its consumption. With wool cheaper, cotton and shoddy would be used in less degree. One of the remarkable facts noted by Mr. Wright is the actual decline during recent years in the use of wool *per capita* in the United States; a clear consequence of the high price of wool. In sum, nobody would lose, except a small knot of trespassers on the public lands of the West; and the consumers would gain.

But—and here's the rub—the protective system would be deprived of one of its greatest shams. The wool duty is held forth as the shining example of benefit to the farmers; it stands for their share of the largesses of all-inclusive paternal care. That it is in fact practically of no consequence to them does not prevent it from being paraded and lauded and clung to. It enables the wool manufacturers to secure what *they* want in the way of duties, after granting to the growers what these are supposed to need; and it makes for cohesion in the whole protective scheme. It has no economic justification, but it has surprising political strength. It will probably hold its own for some time to come; and then—who knows?—will topple over with a crash, and bring with it a reconstruction of our whole tariff system.

FLURRIES OF REFORM.

"Senator Mitchell seems to have been a victim of one of the waves of reform which are now sweeping over the country." This explanation of the conviction of Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon is offered by his counsel, John M. Thurston, formerly United States Senator from Nebraska. Mr. Thurston also asserts that, but for the statute of limitations, "many leading men in Montana and other Western States might have been company for Senator Mitchell in his trial." None can dispute the correctness of Senator Thurston's statement. In the West, eminent citizens, zealous in religion and politics, have abetted these land frauds with the same pride and enthusiasm with which, in the East, gentlemen of similar standing have joined swindling syndicates, and looted insurance companies. In fine, the illegal traffic, especially in timber and mineral lands, has been so lucrative as to be highly respectable. The common excuse for Mitchell, heard on the streets of Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, or wherever a friend volunteers to stand up for him, is that he is no worse than thousands of others. He suffers because his misdoings came to light at a time when people were excited about honesty. "Look at your sweet Depew," cries the Mitchell apologist; "he is Senator from the Vanderbilt railways; look at Dryden, Senator from the Prudential Insurance Company and the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey; look at the Pennsylvania Railway delegation in both branches of Congress, and then confess that your Eastern moralists are merely posturing when they condemn poor Mitchell for lending a friendly hand to the land companies."

Moreover, the great land companies, mining companies, and lumber companies are, like our blessed railway and insurance companies, substantial concerns, the backbone of business, controllers of many votes. "There is something to be said," remarked Mr. Thurston gravely, "for the big land companies of the West, in spite of the manner in which they are alleged to have procured their lands. These big land companies have been one of the principal factors in building up the Western country. Especially is this true of the lumber industry." The inference is easy, indeed obvious. The man who helps these beneficent institutions to get what they want, is a philanthropist. To call Senator Mitchell or Depew a hoary-headed old rascal is both unjust and cruel. Neither of them has inquired too harrowly into the technicalities of law or morals; their eyes have been fixed on higher things, nobler aims. Each has been devoted to those mighty commercial interests which are the true soul of a commonwealth; each in his own courageous, though somewhat careless, way has been an advance agent of prosperity.

To convict of crime, or even to censure severely, a man who has sacrificed whatever of conscience he ever had to the god of material success is, in these days, like stoning the prophets. And

yet a considerable number of us are in a mood to do just this. In the last two or three years, public sentiment has been deeply stirred, and men who call themselves practical are seriously asking whether wholesale debauchery of legislatures, boards of aldermen, and electorates is not too heavy a price even for so precious a boon as the largest insurance society on earth, the most extensive railway system, unlimited franchises for trolley lines, the most powerful lumber company, or the richest gold mine. The revelations of venality in Missouri, the uncovering of frauds in the postal service and in the Department of Agriculture, the scandal in regard to Justice Warren B. Hooker, the colossal knavery in the management of the Equitable, and the wide discussion of "tainted money" have set men to thinking that the Ten Commandments, though antiquated, may, after all, be a fairly safe guide in both politics and business; that in the long run dishonesty is not always the best policy. As Mr. Thurston naïvely puts it, "There is at present an epidemic of reform among the people of the United States, and their efforts appear directed toward men in the Government service." This, as Mr. Thurston generously admits, "is not to be condemned."

Neither is it to be accepted as evidence of a political millennium. Our citizens are somewhat stirred just now, but, as Mr. Thurston and Senator Mitchell are well aware, they will quiet down again. Patience to wait till a squall of reform has blown itself out is, as Senator Thomas C. Platt has more than once noted, a cardinal virtue in the politician who lives by graft. He and time can wear away the stoutest army that ever rallied to the banner of reform. The fact is significant that the conviction of Senator Mitchell was procured only with much difficulty; and, but for the firm backing of President Roosevelt, the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Heney, might have failed entirely. Apparently, the popular rage is fully satisfied with one "victim," for the jury has split in the case of Representative Williamson of Oregon. In our own virtuous State, public indignation did not remain at white heat long enough to melt the Odell machine, and as a result Warren B. Hooker is still an ornament of the bench. Observers at Washington predict a similar result in future trials of postal thieves. Machen and one or two notorious offenders are in the penitentiary; but the Government is already dropping the indictments of those against whom the evidence is not absolutely overwhelming. Possibly some of the worst of the rascals, if they can stave off trial long enough, will go free.

Nor is there any way, so far as experience teaches, to keep civic courage always screwed to the sticking-place. We must get along either with waves of reform, or with no reform at all. Human nature being what it is, the man who directly and immediately profits by dishonesty will be always alert, while the man who is robbed indirectly, secretly, and penny by penny, will inevitably suffer periods of apathy. Eternal vigilance is the price that will never be paid. Yet no one but a hired advocate can argue that spasmodic morality is worse than none; that because we do not catch all cut-throats and plunderers, we should let all of them off; that Senator Mitchell should not go to the penitentiary because Senator Depew remains a dishonored member of many directorates. To fall into this cheap fallacy would be deliberately to subvert every principle of decency.

THE GOSPEL OF EFFICIENCY.

Within a generation political philosophy has drifted from its traditional moorings. The reaction in this country has not proceeded to the same lengths as in Great Britain. We have not dragged our anchors so far, but, on the other hand, our democratic cables were supposedly stronger than those of an hereditary monarchy. Political reasoning, two or three decades ago, was colored by a dominant set of ideas which are to-day regarded as anything but axiomatic. The thinking of 1870 was permeated with certain assumptions about fundamental personal rights which are to-day viewed with confessed skepticism.

English Liberalism had thriven on the earlier food. It had rescued more than one submerged tract of personal liberty from the flood of private interests. It had extended the suffrage by insistence on the right of the individual to a share in government. "One man, one vote," was the goal it set before itself. It had broken down abuses and had abolished hoary privileges which transgressed the liberty of the individual. It had done away with the attempt to hold English-speaking colonies by force of arms. It had striven to destroy slavery and the slave trade in other states; and, if it retained sway over inferior races, it had aimed, on the whole, at a mild and tolerant rule. In the United States the principle of equality before the law was held with even more fervor. The war amendments to the Constitution show how far this doctrine was pushed. Not only was liberty given the slave, but the ballot was placed in his hand. Out of our full-hearted belief in the universality of these doctrines, we gave quick approval to movements abroad that seemed to promise political liberty or national independence. So strong was this genuine feeling that our politicians notoriously traded on it. Each party outbids the other in expressions of sympathy for Irish Home Rule.

To-day, all these political ideas are frost-bitten. If John Stuart Mill or Charles Sumner could return to this world, he would be simply bewildered by the radical change in political thinking. To talk of human rights as a political datum, or even as a political end, is supposed to-day to be the mark of a speculative Rip Van Winkle. It is not free government or self-government that holds the stage, but what is called "good government." Administrative efficiency, not a spontaneous national life with growth and movement, is the idol of the hour. "Even the vestal fire of justice is apt to flicker out in the ideal commonwealth of the efficient." Instead of abolishing slavery in its own colonies and aiding to break up the slave trade, "John Bull-Cohen," as the Australians dub their sire, is to-day importing coolie laborers into the Rand at the instance of the Rand shareholders. Instead of universal suffrage, he is preparing his sons for universal conscription. Instead of free trade, he is flirting with retaliation, reciprocity, fair trade, food duties, and protection.

The same spirit or tendency rules here. Does Porto Rico want to be self-governed and not governed from Washington? "Civic fibre," so the Rev. Lyman Abbott tells them, is not to come from self-government, but from large crops. What Porto Rico needs is not autonomy, but a good sewer system. If most Republicans would speak their minds out frankly today, they would admit that the disfranchisement of the negro in the South does not worry them. Lincoln was backward enough to believe that no man is good enough to rule over another without his consent; but Secretary Taft tells the Filipinos, "Work, don't agitate," for the United States will brook no interference for some generations. And if there has been a suspiciously long lull in expressions of sympathy for "the most distressful country," is it not because we are dimly conscious that we have an Ireland of our own in the Pacific?

Whatever the common causes of the reaction in both countries, we in the United States were doubtless beguiled through our sympathies. Our abhorrence of Spanish misrule in Cuba was taken advantage of by unscrupulous politicians to let loose upon us the curse of Imperialism. We were besought not to fear taking up foreign responsibilities through "the craven fear of being great." Not only our fine altruism, but our latent avarice, was appealed to. When we had acquired subjects abroad, we were no longer without sinister "national interests." Humanitarianism first slew its thousands, and then greed its tens of thousands. We took up "the white man's burden," and then, as Mr. Dooley said, "we put it on the coon." Powerful financial interests long defeated any tariff concessions to Cuba, and

have prevented justice to the Philippines.

All this change had not gone far when both in England and here a philosophic support was sought for in a distorted application of the doctrine of biological evolution to national politics. The old idea of righteousness exalting a nation was pronounced pure fustian. There was no test of fitness but survival. Success became the touchstone of international politics. The ape and tiger qualities have consequently been unmuzzled both here and in Great Britain. Forcible aggression and the maintenance of race ascendency have characterized the British policy of Imperialism since 1884. Preparations are here making for running a similar course as regards this hemisphere. In 1875 the naval and military expenditure of the United Kingdom absorbed less than one-third of the total expenditure; in 1904 it absorbed one-half, and had risen in absolute amount to £72,153,000. In the United States, $62,500,000 approximately was spent in 1875 on army and navy, or less than one-quarter of our Federal expenditure. In 1904 $218,000,000 approximately, or over 37 per cent. of our Federal expenditure, went for the same objects. The spirit of Imperialism is the same here and abroad. It means immense outlay, war not peace, privilege not equality. All the philosophic disguises that may be invented cannot conceal the facts.

SURVIVALS OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM.

Some months ago in Iowa legal proceedings were begun to end the corporate existence of the Amana Society, whose remarkable settlement on the Iowa River is believed to be the largest and strongest communistic society now in existence anywhere in the world. The District Court recently handed down a decision confirming the Society's rights in every particular. "It is undisputed," says Judge Byington in his opinion, "that the donation of personal property and personal labor and the holding of property in common is a fundamental tenet of this faith. Render this impossible, and you destroy the ability to observe their religious faith. Deprive the Society of the right to acquire and hold real estate out of which to make a living, and you deprive its members of the means with which to make a living." Therefore, in carrying on its various secular occupations, the Community of True Inspiration—its official name—is neither exceeding its corporate powers as a religious body nor doing anything "obnoxious to a sound public policy."

America has been the field for so many social experiments in the past that it would have been a pity on more than one account for any of them, however fantastic, to be terminated by force. The decision which allows the Amana Society to work out its own salvation for the future, ought at least to direct attention to the survivals of communism in this country. All told, there have probably been considerably more than a hundred attempts to establish communistic villages here, nearly all of them before 1850. John Humphrey Noyes, who founded the Oneida Community of Perfectionists in 1848, himself enumerated 47 previous failures. England gave us the Shakers, who established themselves in the East in 1794 and the West in 1808, and still flourish with about 1,000 members. Germany sent, besides the Amana colonists, the Zoarites and the Harmonites, or Rappists, whose membership had dwindled in 1900 to eight, and who sold their property to a Pittsburgh syndicate and dissolved in 1903. The French Colony of Icaria, in Iowa, went out of existence in 1895. The Oneida Community itself became in 1881 an ordinary joint-stock company. The Amana Society's long and successful life during a period when nearly all similar enterprises succumbed, is therefore a most interesting phenomenon.

The judicial decision already quoted summarizes the present status of the Society. It has about 1,750 members, owns 26,225 acres of land worth about $40 an acre, 5,386 acres being under cultivation. Its crops are worth annually something like $75,000; the product of its woollen and cotton mills, fanning mills, and blacksmith shops is valued at some $325,000 a year; and its live stock at present is reckoned at more than $70,000. There are seven villages on the Amana tract, with 280 dwellings, 51 barns, 4 hotels, 7 general stores, 3 drug stores, 7 blacksmith shops, worth altogether about $400,000. In every case where a comparison is possible, these figures show a decided gain over those given by Charles Nordhoff, who wrote an account of the community in 1875. The population, for instance, has risen from 1,450 to 1,750 in these thirty years. In this respect, the community is unique, for all the others described by Nordhoff, if they have survived at all, have suffered heavy losses.

It has been the paradox of communistic effort in this country that those who cared least about it have succeeded best at it. Of all the elaborate social reconstructions attempted by the disciples of Fourier and Robert Owen, not one succeeded. The last non-religious colony, Icaria, whose founder, Cabet, allowed fifty years for the peaceful conversion of the whole world to communism, perished itself only a few years after the expiration of that period. Not only have the sole survivors been religious societies, but they have been societies which made the communistic features of their life a matter of entirely secondary importance. Prof. Richard T. Ely, writing two years ago of the conditions at Amana, observed that "the ideas which underlie rational democratic communism have but little sympathy in them." He speaks further of the way in which "communistic practices spring up unconsciously without any thought of social transformation." Nordhoff also pointed out that the Inspirationists were brought together solely for religious reasons. Once united in a congregation and desiring to avoid contact with the rest of the world, their next question was to get a living. Since some members did not favor a purely agricultural community, factories or workshops had to be built, and capital for these enterprises was not to be had except by sinking all private means in a common fund. These people had no theories about it when one of their leaders, under inspiration, declared for communal ownership.

The religious side is in all respects first. The Amana Society's woollens and cotton prints have a high reputation, but as the Society does not believe in strife, legal or physical, outsiders counterfeit their marks unprosecuted. The extreme simplicity of their life does not arise from poverty. "One might have a flute but nothing more," Nordhoff was told when asked about their recreations. They live up so consistently to their beliefs about marriage, which is discouraged but not prohibited, that when any member, no matter how prominent, marries, he or she is at once reduced to the "children's order." Two of their early leaders, Christian Metz and Barbara Landman, dared to marry, and, like naval officers reduced so many numbers, had to win their way back to the top, in this case by giving renewed evidences of spirituality.

Even from external evidence it is manifest that the residents at Amana do not rank social doctrines with religious. For instance, there is no effort to make the colony completely self-sustaining, like one of Fourier's phalanxes. What the Society does not itself produce, it buys freely from outside. It sends its physicians to college, and even abroad, to be educated, and, while they must give their services to members, it permits them to take paying patients outside. If a man has honey or vegetables to spare, his selling them for pocket money is winked at. Even the credits at the Society stores, arranged somewhat on the Bellamy system, are not uniform; certain members, like these same doctors, receiving $100 a year, while some of their neighbors, whose legitimate wants are conceived to be less, get as little as $40.

There is the best of object-lessons in all this of the way in which human institutions actually grow up. Everywhere, in the second quarter of the last century, were enthusiasts who knew exactly how society should be reorganized,

who not only could draw unimpeachable plans to the last detail, but were willing to sacrifice everything, and even suffer persecution, to see them in practice. One and all, these visionaries made abject and humiliating failures. But a dissenting sect of German immigrants, caring nothing about industrial problems and asking only to be let alone, comes across the water and blunders into striking success in the same field.

THE PLÉBISCITE OF THE NORSEMEN.

KRISTIANIA, August 5, 1905.

Norway is just now in a state of patriotic eruption more interesting to the seasoned traveller than even its fjords and glaciers. After the momentous action taken by the Storthing on the 7th of June, it was freely charged by Swedish writers that the sudden dissolution of the Union was the work of self-seeking lawyers who misrepresented their country. It is thus not surprising that the Riksdag insisted upon a decisive popular vote in Norway as the first condition of negotiations looking toward a formal recognition of the Union's defunctness. The Storthing has promptly accepted the challenge, largely in deference to the opinions of mankind at large, and has fixed upon the 13th of August as the day on which the electorate shall vote aye or no on the simple question of approving or disapproving what was done on the 7th of June. Thus is democracy vindicated in one of its strongholds.

In view of the uncertainties that beset prophecy, especially in the field of politics, it might perhaps seem more prudent were I to wait until the vote has been taken before writing a letter about it to the *Nation*. However, my object in writing is not to discuss the vote itself, but to offer a judicial comment upon the recent developments on which the plébiscite of Sunday week—already marked as henceforth a red-letter day in the Norseman's political calendar—will set the high seal of popular approval. For the only element of uncertainty in the horoscope is the size of the vote that can be brought to the polls. The middle of August is not a very good time for polling the people of Norway. Many of the well-to-do are away from home, fishermen and sailors are on the sea, herdsmen far up the mountains. Moreover, some evidently look upon the whole affair as a useless formality. But vigorous efforts are being made to bring out the vote, the papers are printing strong appeals, the chairmen of all the party organizations have united in a common address to the people, the women are making themselves heard, and the result will no doubt be decisive enough. It will tell the world what the Norsemen think about the main issue of the dead Union. It will show a virtually unanimous support of the Storthing and the Michelsen Government. For several weeks I have been reading papers of every stripe, and talking with people of all stations, and I have yet to find a real dissenter.

There are, indeed, many whose mood is anything but exultant, and who regret keenly that a satisfactory union with Sweden, on the basis of a complete sovereignty provided by the Constitution, could not have been effected. They do not like to think of little Norway standing alone against any of the great Powers that might cast a covetous eye upon it. Suspicion of Russia is bred in the Norseman's bone, as in that of the Swede. He really wishes to live on terms of amity and alliance with his brethren at the east, but he is firmly resolved not to live in a relation of dependence. He feels no bitterness toward the Swedish people, though he sharply criticises the dominant party in the Riksdag. No rancor is felt toward King Oscar, though regret is freely expressed that he should not have seen fit to spend more time in Norway. (The Constitution provides rather vaguely that the King "spends some time each year in Norway, unless serious obstacles prevent.") But all parties, from the Socialists to the extreme Right, are now agreed that the work of June 7 must not and shall not be undone.

On the whole, the dominant impression produced on my own mind—the mind of a bookish outsider who has long had a warm feeling for all three of the Scandinavian peoples—by the recent reading of numberless pamphlets, leading articles, open letters, and so forth, is one of admiration for the superb poise exhibited by the Norsemen under very trying circumstances. By a section of the Swedish press, that called *Stor-Svensk*, or Great-Swedish, which is the local name for Jingo, they have been deluged with abuse. Even by writers of repute, from whom one would expect a more calm and objective view of the matters in dispute, they have heard their public men, whom they trust and admire, denounced as traitors, rebels, madmen, and wretches dead to all sense of honor. They have read blustering talk of war and wild rumors of military preparation on the part of Norway. But thus far I have met with no venomous retort by a Norseman—nothing that could fairly be called bad-tempered. Their leaders are calm and conciliatory—the importance of future friendship is kept steadily in mind; but the calm is that of men who have come to a decision, and are prepared to stand by it. Among the derisive epithets hurled at them by the bellicose party in Sweden is one which means "fussy," but there is no fussiness discernible in their present temper. What one reads and hears everywhere is a quiet determination that the Union as it has been shall be no longer. This granted, the Norseman is ready to discuss all other questions in a tractable and conciliatory spirit.

As I write, there lies before me a little pamphlet consisting of five articles that have lately appeared in the Kristiania *Aftenpost*. One is by an ex-Councillor of State, another by a university professor, a third by a venerable clergyman, a fourth by an officer in the army, and the last by a prominent jurist. The clergyman's contribution takes the form of a short open letter to Swedish Christians. After speaking of the high hopes that thrilled the hearts of all Norsemen in 1903, when there seemed a fair prospect that the claims of Norway would at last be granted, he goes on to say:

"I know that many of you think we gave up hope too quickly; very well—I speak confidently and with full assurance—then forgive us the supposed wrong. Understand us and forgive us. Understand, you Swedish pastors, who love your country so ardently, as is now being made evident, that it is from great love to *our* country that we have acted, in doing what before God we believe to be right. . . . I do not wish to write much, but I wish to write from heart to heart. Let me close with these words: Give up the desire to rule over us, and you shall come to own us. Offer us again a brother's hand after the dissolution of the Union, and you shall have no more faithful friend than Norway. It is not in fear of war that I write—every drop of Norse blood is ready to be shed if we are attacked; not in fear of war, but in fear of the awful loss of things precious, especially of love between the two peoples of the peninsula. For we love Sweden and its people. You should know that. We love you in spite of your hard words, because we see through the words to the high heart of the Swedish people."

The officer writes an open letter to Swedish friends and comrades. After rehearsing the events that led up to the separation, he comes to the question of "honor," always a ticklish one for the military mind. "How," he asks, "can the honor of the King or of Sweden be hurt by the dissolution of an equal partnership, which one of the partners had found unsatisfactory?" He continues:

"We offered you our hand in sincerity, but you did not take it. We offer it again and ask for your friendship—not from fear—for we trust fully and firmly in the goodness of our cause, and rely confidently on that higher justice that rules the fate of men and nations; but because, as I have said before, we sincerely desire peace and good relations for the sake of the welfare and progress of both nations. Give us your hand and do it quickly, before the poison which is being spat out by small and short-sighted men shall penetrate to the heart and destroy our kindly feeling for your land and people and yours for us. To conclude: Believe what you will about us, but do not believe that we are so stupid as to make, under any circumstances whatever, an attack upon Sweden. But, if we are attacked, we shall defend ourselves as long as there is an arm in Norway that can handle a weapon, or a silver spoon that can be turned into money."

With such sentiments as this the press of Norway has of late been ringing. They represent beyond a doubt the feeling of the country. And, this being so very evident, how astounding it is to find in the Stockholm *Dagblad* such a deliverence as the following:

"Can it really be possible that there is one single Norseman who regards Norway's cause as just and could go to war with Sweden in honest faith that it is so? Of course the Norsemen are being misled and blinded by their independent professional politicians; but that they should be so to such a degree that they can seriously look upon their cause against Sweden as just, is quite too preposterous."

Or take the following, as a pendent to the clergyman's utterance quoted above. It is again from the Stockholm *Dagblad*, and emanates from an aged Swedish professor who is expostulating from the brink of the grave, he says, with his erring Christian brothers in Norway:

"Have we here in Sweden ever learned to regard Norway as a dependency? Or have the Norse youth been brought up in that belief? Has not Norway enjoyed a domestic freedom greater than that of almost any other country in Europe? Compare it with what Finland has endured. Can the trifling and for the most part purely formal limitations in the sphere of foreign affairs prove that Norway has been a dependency? . . . What a small thing is this consular question! Has there ever really been anything to complain of? . . . And then it is not unreasonable that the older brother in a family should have a

little the best of it, at any rate until the younger brother is full-grown."

These words show better than pages of learned exposition the nature of the causes that have produced the rupture between Sweden and Norway. Here is a Swedish gentleman, of high culture and the best intentions, making a most laudable effort to be fair, and—using language fit to make a Norseman clench his fist and tear his hair; comparing Norway with Finland, and implying that its freedom is the generous gift of Sweden; speaking of its foreign affairs as a trifling matter, and likening it to a little brother that needs to be managed until he is full-grown. And all this after solemn assurances that nobody in Sweden thinks or wishes to think of Norway as a dependency! The fact is, that the great majority of the Swedes, and especially those who take part in public affairs, do look and always have looked upon Norway as a sort of appendix to Sweden (I purposely avoid the use of a technical word). In the beginning they regarded it as an offset for the loss of Finland, a legitimate prize won by war and diplomacy. It was not legally a part of Sweden, but was thought of as a sort of autonomous province which chose to call itself a kingdom, and which it was expedient to let go its own way on account of the extreme touchiness of the Norsemen in matters of form. And this mode of thinking is so ingrained in the mind of the Swede that it has become as "natural" as the air that he breathes. He cannot understand why it should be so offensive to the Norseman.

Thus only can we account for the extreme heat of such a writer as Sven Hedin, who has an eminently scientific mind and is honored by all the world as an explorer. In an article recently contributed to the German periodical *Die Woche* he speaks of the Storthing's action as illegal, revolutionary, and horribly insulting to the aged and excellent King Oscar; of a long-desired sovereignty now finally won by seditious and unlawful means; of an epidemic madness that has seized upon an entire people, misled by a government of lawyers. And he is in great concern, not for the dignity and honor of Sweden, which has behaved so ideally during the crisis, but for poor little Norway drifting hereafter alone before wind and weather!

It is clear that such deep-lying differences of opinion as I have brought to view, with regard to the nature of the union between the two states, were no longer to be reconciled or patched up by compromise. It was necessary that the one side yield to the other, peaceably or under compulsion of defeat in war, or else that the Union be dissolved. For the Norseman repudiates the idea that he has been scheming to secure anything that was not his plain right under the law, or that he has been for years engaged, to quote a phrase of Hedin's, in "chasing the soap-bubble of sovereignty." He calls attention to the fact that Norway was a free and independent kingdom for some centuries before anything trustworthy is known of Swedish history; and to the fact that, in theory at least, it has never been anything else. He admits ruefully that, during the long Danish connection, owing to the temporary decadence of national spirit, the theory was reduced to a barren ideality; but he insists that the basis of the union with Sweden is not the ancient history of Norway, but the act of Union and the Constitution of 1814, the first sentence of which reads: "The kingdom of Norway is a free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable realm, united with Sweden under one king." He asserts that what he has aimed at in recent years was by no means the destruction of the Union, but the effectuation of a union such as the fundamental law of the land provides for. He declares, further, that if there was revolution in the proceedings of June 7, it was not of his making.

And up to a certain point it is difficult to evade his logic. Stated as briefly and unquestionably as possible, the course of the "revolution" was as follows: In May last a consular bill in which the country was well known to be greatly interested was passed by the Storthing and laid before the King by his Council of State, who were unanimous in its favor. The King vetoed it, as he had an unquestioned right to do. The Constitution provides that a vetoed bill shall be returned, and, if passed without change by three successive Storthings, it becomes a law notwithstanding the veto. Upon failing to secure the King's approval of their bill, the Government resigned, which was the natural and regular and indeed the only constitutional course for them to pursue. To have retained office under the circumstances would have been absurd and in a sense revolutionary, since the effect would have been to convert a constitutional Government into an absolute monarchy. At this stage of affairs the "regular" procedure would have been for the King to accept the resignation of his Council and form a new ministry that would take the responsibility of dropping the proposed bill. But no such men were to be found in Norway, as King Oscar well knew. So he declined to attempt the formation of a new Council or to accept the resignations of the old one. Thus government in Norway was brought to a standstill; wherefore the Parliament, as the ultimate source of authority in a free country, declared the throne vacant and proclaimed a provisional Government.

One sees that there is room for endless logomachy over the question, Who broke up the Union? There is surely much force in the contention of the Norsemen that the responsibility for the "revolution" rests not upon them, but upon the King and his Swedish councillors, who sought to prevent a free and independent people from managing their own affairs in their own way. To the charge of precipitation and of having deliberately planned the *impasse*, they reply that the question at issue was no new one; that for many years they had endeavored in good faith, by means of negotiations between the two Governments, to secure a mutually satisfactory consular law by which they could guard the separate interests of Norway, as the separate interests of Sweden have always been guarded by its consuls; that they had seen their efforts year after year thwarted by the Swedish politicians, until patience had ceased to be a virtue and become the sign of servility. It was necessary to bring matters to an issue or else to accept the hateful status of a dependency.

For the Swedish side of the controversy it is urged that, in the absence of explicit law either in the Constitution or in the Act of Union, the foreign affairs of Norway, and with them its consular business, were from the first left in the hands of the King, to be managed at his good pleasure; the theory being, of course, that if the Union was to be effective as against a foreign enemy, a division of authority in the conduct of foreign affairs was inexpedient. The Swede asks impatiently why an arrangement which was acquiesced in by Norway for some seventy years, and thus acquired something of the sanctity of law, should suddenly have become intolerable. To this the Norsemen are ready with their reply along two lines of argument. First, they say that their long acquiescence was a matter of convenience and of understanding with the King in his capacity as King of Norway, bound to take the advice of his Norse Council of State; that it was never in any sense an agreement or even an understanding with the Swedish Government; that in recent years, owing partly to changes in Swedish organic law, about which of course the Norsemen were not consulted, it has come about that the King, in his conduct of the foreign affairs of both countries, takes only the advice of his Swedish Council of State, which is in no way responsible to the people of Norway. Of this the Norseman justly complains. His second line of argument is that commercial conditions have greatly changed; that whereas half a century ago the consular question was of small importance, in recent years the foreign commerce of Norway has increased until it is about three times as great as that of Sweden; that the policy of the two countries as regards tariff on imports is very different, and that they have become to some extent competitors in the world's markets. The Norsemen say that, under such circumstances, the continued control of their consular business by their commercial rivals is intolerable and unworthy of a free people. Such a state of affairs, they declare, even if they should patiently submit to it a little longer, must inevitably be a constant source of ill-feeling between the two countries and hence an ever-present danger to the Union.

Summing it all up, I can see nothing but blindness and fatuity in those Swedish writers who treat the Norseman's consular question as a trifling matter and call him "fussy" for caring so much about it. They forget that, in political history, where the patriotic instinct is concerned, the great questions are usually trifles that happen to be symbolical. One thinks of the tea in Boston harbor, for example. The Norseman's national feeling is strong, and he has the same right to it that other people have to theirs. His value as a friend and ally of Sweden can not be increased by wounding his patriotism. To me it seems clear that, owing to the course of events and to radically different constructions of organic law not in itself explicit, the Union had become unworkable and a source of danger and weakness instead of strength. The well-wisher of both peoples may cheerfully say, Peace to its ashes!

But what of the future? one asks. Well, there are certainly hard problems enough in sight, but there is also a good prospect that they will be solved without a resort to arms. Sensible men in Sweden see plainly, through their wrath and regrets, that a war with Norway would be criminal madness. It would serve no purposes but

those of the arch-fiend. So there will be no war. There will be difficult, perhaps tedious, negotiations over the settlement of counts, over the tariff and what not. On all these matters the Norsemen will be very conciliatory and careful of Swedish susceptibility. In the end there will be a defensive alliance between two very friendly peoples, who will understand each other better and respect each other more than they have done hitherto. And as for the bugaboo of danger from without, one may predict with confidence that much water will run into the sea before the Muscovite bear, henceforth a sadder and wiser bear than we have been wont to think of, will be eager to lay his paw upon either Sweden or Norway. CALVIN THOMAS.

AN ARCHITECTURAL STROLL IN FRANCE.—II.

PARIS, August 7, 1905.

The reader of 'À travers la France,' by M. André Hallays, will not regret following him in his excursions, and will find many interesting pages, not only on historical monuments, but also on historical characters. On his way through Montbard, in Burgundy, he is forcibly reminded of Buffon. There are not many people, I am afraid, who now read Buffon's 'Histoire Naturelle' or his 'Discours sur le Style.' There are, however, in the 'Histoire Naturelle' many admirable descriptions; all that is remembered of the 'Discours sur le Style' is the proverbial maxim, "Le style c'est l'homme." M. Hallays says that, "of all Buffon's works, the one which has preserved all its beauty, all its life, all its freshness, is the park at Montbard; so much so, that there are probably more travellers bent on admiring these old trees than there are readers for the old works of the naturalist.

Buffon bought in 1744 the castle of Montbard. It was an ancient fortress which had often been inhabited by the Dukes of Burgundy. Buffon demolished the feudal castle, with the exception of a half-ruined tower where he had his "cabinet de travail," and a formidable donjon. He kept also the fortifications which surrounded the hill on all sides, and transformed them into terraces, on which he planted trees. "The gardens," writes in 1785 a visitor (Hérault de Séchelles, who became one of the Terrorists of the Convention), "are composed of thirteen terraces, as irregular as the house, from which one discovers an immense view, magnificent prospects, meadows, rivers, hills, and the whole town of Montbard." The park, which was bought by the town, is now a public promenade. There are no longer gardens in it, but the trees are admirable. At the foot of the donjon there is a column erected by Buffon's son with this inscription:

Excelsæ turri
Humilis columna
Parenti suo
Filius Buffon
1785.

This son of Buffon was an officer, married to Mademoiselle de Cepoy, and divorced from her. Madame de Buffon became the mistress of the Duke of Orleans (Philippe Égalité). She was a rival of Mrs. Elliott, who was a Conservative, whereas Madame de Buffon was a partisan of the Revolution. The interesting Memoirs of Mrs. Elliott enter into curious details on this subject.

Montbard has a statue of Buffon, and another of Daubenton, his collaborator. Émile Montégut, in his 'Souvenirs de Bourgogne,' a work which cannot be too highly commended, has judged the statue of Buffon in these terms: "This man in bronze is a naturalist? He might as well be an orator, a provincial *intendant*, a politician. Where do we find in this image a sign, a mark, which indicates the nature of the intellectual occupations, the services rendered, the glory acquired?" This criticism had its effect; round the statue of Daubenton the sculptor placed three sheep.

M. André Hallays took with him to Montbard, to read there, a forgotten opuscule, 'Le Voyage à Montbard,' by Hérault de Séchelles. Sainte-Beuve says of him that he was "a light, unfaithful, and ironical spy." M. André Hallays calls him the first of the reporters. He was, at the time of his visit to Buffon, advocate-general at the Parlement, though he was only twenty years old. Hérault de Séchelles gives an account of his visit to Buffon which is very much in the style of the articles of our modern reporters. What can be noted in it now is the portrait he gives of the great man: "I see a fine face, noble and calm. Though he is seventy-eight years old, you would only give him sixty; and he had just passed sixteen nights without sleep [he was suffering from the stone]. . . . His hair was curled when I saw him; it is one of his manias, and he confesses it. . . . He had on a yellow dressing-gown, with white stripes and blue flowers." Hérault de Séchelles notes with care Buffon's passion for fine clothes, and all the habits of this "good, great man"; but, with all his show of admiration, he insists too much on the naturalist's little ridiculousnesses.

Very different from the worthy and, on the whole, admirable Buffon was Bussy-Rabutin, whose famous château next received a visit from M. Hallays. Rabutin's rivulet flows at the foot of Mount Auxois, the *Alesia* of Vercingetorix and the scene of his last stand against Cæsar. Bussy-Rabutin wrote to his friends that his house was one of the finest in France; which was going beyond the truth. The principal part, in pure Louis XIV. style, was built in 1649 by the Count de Bussy. There are, as usual, two wings, making with the middle part a court of honor. These wings, formed by arcades, are the remains of a château of the Rennaissance. Four towers, which are at the four angles, give the whole a feudal aspect. The park is built on a slope, and great stone staircases, marble vases, and rocks impart to it a grand character. On one side of the château is an elegant parterre, which is said to have been planned by Lenôtre; but, says M. André Hallays, "What French garden has not been attributed to Lenôtre?"

Roger Rabutin, Count de Bussy, having fallen into disgrace with Louis XIV., was ordered to retire to his estates. He was only forty-six years old. He was a most brilliant officer, and had served with great distinction under Turenne and Condé. He once, with an armed band, abducted Madame de Miramion, whom he wished to marry; and was saved on this occasion only by Condé. He caused great scandal in a famous orgy at Roissy, where, with other libertines, he sang very scurrilous songs. He afterwards composed the 'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,' in which the great ladies of the court, Madame de Maintenon among the rest, were libelled. He was sent to the Bastille, and, his health giving way, was allowed to go to Burgundy.

His château was in reality his prison, and he consoled himself only by adorning it, and by writing innumerable letters, which are models of style, and many of which have been preserved and are still very readable. Under his direction, painters decorated the walls of the château with allegories and devices, which are, so to speak, the history of his amours, his regrets, his likes, and dislikes. It was the custom of the seventeenth century to have on the panels illustrated devices; among all those made by Bussy's orders—the phœnix, the torn flag, etc.—there is a fine portrait of the Count by Lebrun. The devices were chosen with care. "Decipit et placet," "Allicit ut perdat," etc. Many are the allusions to Madame de Montglat, who was Bussy's goddess, and about whom he wrote to Madame de Scudéry: "You see that I love much the lady concerning whom I cannot be silent; I confess it, provided I may speak of it. I don't care what people think of it, but I will speak of her in prose and in verse." One of the towers, the gilt tower, as Bussy called it, was specially dedicated to Madame de Montglat. Her portrait is there, with the portraits of the ladies of the times most celebrated for their adventures—the sisters D'Angenne, Madame de Gouville, the Duchess of Châtillon, the Duchess of Choiseul, the Marquise de la Baume, the Marquise d'Humières. There are also many mythological pictures, with verses and maxims in verse inscribed under them, which compose a sort of "art d'aimer."

Count Sarcus, a proprietor of the château, preserved all the remains of the park, and dedicated a room to the memory of Bussy's famous cousin, Madame de Sévigné. He placed in this room a series of female portraits, executed by Bussy's order. Madame de Sévigné was always fond of her witty cousin; her letters to him are charming, and the manner in which he introduced her in his 'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules,' is one of the greatest reproaches that can be brought against his memory. M. André Hallays very justly writes: "This Bussy had probably in his person, in his manners, perhaps in his voice, something which seduced and disarmed. He was wicked and treacherous; but people came back to him. He did to Madame de Sévigné the most cruel and cowardly injury by putting her portrait in the 'Histoire Amoureuse': it is the most perfect and the vilest page he ever wrote." She was very angry with him, but, after an explanation, she forgave him. So did not Louis XIV., who would never again give Bussy a place in his armies.

We must follow M. André Hallays to many places in his rambling tours. Let us stop a moment with him at Avignon. It is resolved, it seems, to demolish Avignon stone by stone: "Among all the old cities of France, there is none which more deserves the respect and the affection of its inhabitants. . . . On a marvellous site, under an incomparable sky, its palaces, its ramparts, its churches tell us the brilliant past of the little pontifical republic, which,

from the 14th century to the French Revolution, lived wealthy and free." Avignon possesses admirable works of art of all periods: the tomb of John XXII., in ogival style; the former *rétable* of the Celestins, a marvel of Renaissance style; the Hôtel Crillon, and the chapel of the Black Penitents, which belong to the 17th century; the chapel of the Virgin of Saint-Agricol, and the rooms of the Hôtel Villeneuve-Martignan, in the best style of the Provençal 18th century. Avignon has frescoes by Simone Memmi; pictures by Mignard and Parrocel; sculpture by Bernus and Peru. "But," insists M. André Hallays, "the original beauty of Avignon is its girdle of walls which Stendhal has described with admiration." The mayor of Avignon has formed a project to demolish them, and M. André Hallays has begun a campaign against this project. These beautiful walls have been saved once already, at the time when the Paris-Lyons-Marseilles Railroad was constructed; it is to be hoped that they will be saved again. If they are sacrificed, even in part, to the spirit of modern so-called improvements, it will not be the fault of the ardent and passionate lover of the past whose work we have read with the greatest interest.

Correspondence.

AMERICAN CONSULAR AGENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an American Consular Agent and a subscriber to the *Nation*, who recognizes its reputation for fairmindedness, permit me to suggest that, in your editorial of July 27, you may be doing Mr. Dolge serious injustice.

All Consular Agents are permitted and expected to engage in trade. They are not Consuls in the strict sense of the word, but correspond to the Trading Vice-Consuls of the English service. They have no fixed salary, may not communicate direct with the Department of State, and are responsible to the Government only through the Consul or Consul-General in whose district they act. A Consular Agent is, in fact, simply the agent of his superior officer, appointed for the convenience of merchants and travellers, to a post within the district of the principal Consulate, but usually at some distance from it. His compensation is one-half the official fees paid into the agency per year, unless the total of such fees exceeds $2,000, in which case the surplus is turned into the Treasury. He also retains such fees as he may receive when acting in a notarial capacity. He is not entitled to any office allowance, furniture, or even stationery.

In nearly every case the Consular Agent is a trader who, for the sake of the fees he may or may not receive, and for the slight prestige which always accompanies an official position of any sort, has volunteered to act as a Consular officer. Such a Consular Agent is not indebted to his official position for his commercial prosperity, but, on the contrary, often owes his official position to his business standing. This privilege to engage in trade which the Government extends to Consular Agents, is not only not regrettable, but, under existing conditions, desirable and even necessary. By it the Department of State is able to maintain, without aid from the Treasury, 387 Consular Agencies scattered throughout the world, while the Consulates and Consulates-General in regular standing number only 331.

For the purpose for which Mr. Dolge was named Consular Agent at Caracas, it is a matter of minor importance whether he conducts his official business in the office of his laundry or elsewhere. His nationality doubtless had something to do with his appointment, since, although most Consular Agents are foreigners, the Department of State selects Americans whenever possible. The Consular Agency at Caracas is one of the four over which the Consulate at La Guaira has control. For the year ending June 30, 1904, the official fees amounted to $783, half of which went to Mr. Dolge as his compensation for the year. There were no notarial fees. Mr. Dolge received his nomination in 1904, while Mr. Bowen succeeded Mr. Loomis as Minister to Venezuela in 1901. M.

SWEETS AND BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A book called 'The Candy-Maker,' published in New York city, tells us how a taste for ice cream can often be developed in a community where perhaps it had been before unknown. One might ask himself a similar question: How to develop a taste for good literature? I have no suggestion to offer, but, as I am a foreigner and spent my childhood days abroad, it is possible that some of my observations will be of interest to Americans.

I have sat hours in a variety store in New England, watching the children buying candy, but, although my observations run through a long period of years, I cannot remember a single case of a child asking for a book. It is true that they keep only dime novels in such a store, but the storekeeper has always a memorandum-book in which he notes the articles for which there is a demand if they happen not to be in his store. A German lady who spent forty years in this country would often ask me, after a visit to an American friend of hers, What do they do in their bookless house? Now when I was a boy abroad, we often spent our pin money on regular study-books, such as in chemistry or in botany, or a grammar of a foreign language, etc. A short time ago I procured a Botany of a certain region, and immediately recognized it as the same one I bought while a child. What pleasant memories it recalled! I fancied myself standing again before a *Parnassia palustris* or an *Epilobium angustifolium* with that self-same book in my hand. Verily, I say unto you, I derived as much pleasure from it as an American boy from swallowing his candy. I still follow the same pursuit, and am as unable as ever to answer the usual question, what is my object in doing it.

εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας
ἕδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ αἱρόμενος
ἄγρευμ' ἀνθέων ἡδομένᾳ ψυχῇ,
τὸ νήπιον ἄπληστον ἔχων.

One of my chums bought on a similar occasion a copy of Virgil in Latin and learned it by heart. I have known people doubt a similar trait told about Euler. *Infer digitum tuum huc et noli esse incredulus, sed fidelis.* How many times I saw him, when asked to translate a passage in Virgil, take any book which happened to be at hand—an Algebra or a Physics—and translate from it his lesson in Virgil. Books in physics and chemistry were bought by the score, and the experiments described therein performed. While rummaging through the library of a teacher in a normal school in this country, I found as a rule only old books—a heirloom from her parents; and when a new book came to light, a card was sure to fall out from it indicating that it was a present from a friend. How often does one in this country encounter an elderly gentleman reading a book? I have often seen a former teacher taking a book out of her husband's hand, simply because, to her mind, it was an indication that he was growing childish. It is so seldom that one meets here a person who likes reading books that I do not wonder at my New England landlady telling me some time ago that I was nothing but a book. But I am afraid I have said enough already to arouse the anger of the Agrigentines, so that it is time to put a stop.

Πότερα θέλεις σοι μαλθακὰ ψευδῆ λέγω,
ἢ σκληρ' ἀληθῆ;
Ἀτὰρ σιωπᾶν τά γε δίκαι' οὐ χρή ποτε.

Yours very respectfully,

O. T.

August 18, 1905.

THE VIRGINIA JOURNALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I thank you for your kind mention of the Journals of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which appears in the issue of the *Nation* of August 17. We are exceedingly grateful to you for this compliment, which will add much to the interest of the book, both at home and abroad.

One matter I should like to call your attention to is the statement that the "letters from Alexandria, Dumfries, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg and Baltimore are not to be found in the volume of the Journals." These letters were resolutions of similar committees at the points in question, and do not form part of the work of the Committee of Correspondence of Virginia. There are numerous letters of this kind and resolutions from other points throughout the Colonies that were forwarded from time to time, and it was apparently the duty of the consignee to forward such papers as fell into his hands to the nearest point where any interest was shown in the work of such committees. A number of these letters are here in this Library, from Boston, Philadelphia, Annapolis, and other places, not addressed to the Committee of Correspondence of Virginia, but simply enclosed as evidence of action at the points in question. The Calendar of State Papers contains four or five of these, and excludes probably ten times as many more, and the records of the Committee of Correspondence of Virginia, as transcribed in the Minute Book of that organization, do not contain a single letter or resolution that is not to be found in the Journals of the Burgesses as edited by me. I call your attention to this fact since they were purposely excluded for reasons above stated.

The original Journal of the Committee of Correspondence does not contain an entry

under date of May 30, 1774; hence the action taken by the twenty-five late representatives was not an action of the Committee of Correspondence. These twenty-five men met in the old Raleigh Tavern, and, as twenty-five was not a quorum, their action was simply in the form of a resolution, and their minutes were not deemed a part of the minutes of the Committee of Correspondence. The value of the paper, however, is important, and it might have been placed in the preface with good results.

I would further add that the original Journal of the Committee of Correspondence is in perfect order, and their transcripts are clearly legible. We have copied the entire work, and, so far as recognized by the Committee of Correspondence at the time, have published their complete records.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN P. KENNEDY,
Librarian.

RICHMOND, VA., August 21, 1905.

Notes.

Mr. Albert Cook Myers, of Kennett Square, Pa., gives notice in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography* for July that he is preparing a companion work to his 'Immigration of the Irish Quakers into Pennsylvania,' namely, one dealing similarly with the immigration of the English Quakers into Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Mr. Myers desires any documentary aid that may be offered in the shape of old diaries, journals, letters, and the like, with views of old Quaker houses in England of the seventeenth century.

Mr. J. F. Muirhead writes to us that he would be grateful for corrections or suggestions for the third edition of 'Baedeker's Handbook to Canada,' which he is now preparing. These may be sent him in care of Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153 Fifth Avenue, New York.

We read in *Polybiblion* for July that the catalogue of anonymous works on the history of France in the Bibliothèque Nationale now in progress, with volume one about to be put in use, will consist of three volumes. The first will alphabetize the personal names which occur in the titles of such works; the second will do the same by geographical names; and the third will include under various headings works not already comprehended. M. Levallois is in charge of the enterprise. *Polybiblion* also makes merry over the literature that has grown up regarding the authorship of the seventh stanza of the "Marseillaise," the veteran polemist being M. E.-J. Savigné, mayor of Sainte-Colombé-les-Vienne, who stands up for the Abbé Pessonneaux, as Anatole France for Louis du Bois. His latest brochure is entitled 'Un Couplet de la Marseillaise et l'Abbé Pessonneaux; Preuves Authentiques et Définitives.'

Shortly forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are 'Colonial Administration,' by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch; the fourth volume of Herbert Paul's 'History of England,' and the sixth and last of Austin Dobson's edition of the 'Diary and Letters of Mme. D'Arblay'; 'Andrew Marvell,' by Augustine Birrell; 'Abbotsford,' by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, 'The English Lakes,' by A. Heaton Cooper, and 'The Scenery of London,' by G. E. Mitton, all illustrated in color; and a Life of Wagner by John F. Runciman.

Messrs. Putnam promise 'Sex and Character,' by the late Otto Weininger; a translation of Julius Wolff's poem, 'The Wild Huntsman,' by Ralph Davidson; 'Mohammed and the Rise of Islam,' by the Rev. David Samuel Margoliouth, Laudian Professor of Arabic at Oxford; 'The Companionship of Books,' by the Rev. Frederick Rowland Marvin; and a work on Kate Greenaway by M. H. Spielmann.

'A Southern Girl in '61,' by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, daughter of Senator Wigfall of Texas, and 'The Jewish Spectre,' by George H. Warner, are announced by Doubleday, Page & Co.

We have now three biographies of Lord Elgin. In the 'Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin,' by Theodore Walrond, the documents are connected by narrative, and the work is an excellent portrait of this eminent servant of the British Empire. The Life by the late Sir John George Bourinot, Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, reviewed at the time of its publication in this journal, is one of a series of "Makers of Canada," and treats the subject specially from that point of view. The new Life ('The Earl of Elgin'), by Professor Wrong of Toronto University, is also one of a series, Methuen's "Colonial Library," and is a full narrative of the whole of Lord Elgin's career. Mr. Wrong has some new matter in the shape of privately printed letters, and his preface suggests that fresh light has been recently thrown on the importance of Lord Elgin as the builder of Colonial institutions and as the first British negotiator with Japan.

There lies on our table a copy of the Catalogue of the Woodside District Library, one of the system instituted by the municipality of Glasgow after the pattern of the branches of our New York Library, and likewise provided with buildings by the munificence of Mr. Carnegie. It is a neat, compact, and handsomely printed little volume, alphabetically arranged, with classification and analysis. A curious policy, against which gifts and acquisitions will constantly tell, is to furnish each branch library with different works on "specific subjects, as, for example, astronomy, or the French Revolution, or domestic economy"; thus forcing the reader to seek in the catalogues of the other branches (always on hand at each) what he wants besides what he finds. This does not seem to befit the age of card catalogues, even though provision is made for drawing upon any given branch library from any other. If Rousseau comes under the head of French Revolution, we remark that his 'Social Contract' is the only one of his works allotted to the Woodside District, and that in English. In other respects the catalogue exhibits the disproportions and omissions of brand-new libraries.

We have received the stately 'Quinquennial Catalogue of the Officers and Graduates of Harvard University, 1636-1905' and the companion Quinquennial Catalogue of the University's Law School, 1817-1904. Surely, of all lists of names, these belong in a class which may well challenge the highest veneration of mankind. They differ from catalogues of authors, for example, in possessing a thread —rather, a cable—of unity, spun by many generations of discipline to the genius of learning in one spot. To this spot, moreover, have been drawn, in Harvard's case, a large percentage from other States than Massachusetts or sections than New England, and no inconsiderable (in fact, a highly signficant) proportion from foreign parts. Take only the letter K, with its Kaan, Kagan, Kahn, Kahnweiler, Kallen, Kalopothakes, Kaneko, Kangisser, Kanthlener, Katigbak, Kattenhorn, Katzmann, Keleher, Keough, Keown, Kerans, Kimura, Kishimoto, Knudsen, Kofoid, Komura, Kozaki, Krokyn, Kurino—a mere skimming of surnames within the past thirty years that would have made the Puritan founders of the University stare and gasp, though in 1769 we encounter Kast and in 1768 Keous. Much curious reflection arises on studying the *novi homines* who still remain a single entry in the index. How does it happen, again, that a name so familiar as Bascom should show but two representatives (1768, 1802), and none for a century? Will the prime and solitary entry Boodro (1899) blossom out in time in such array as present Bradford or Coolidge? The Harvard Law School Catalogue lists 8,509 names. The oldest living graduate is Daniel Tarbox Jewett, class of 1833, still practising law in St. Louis in his ninety-ninth year.

The fifty-fourth annual issue of Otto Hübner's useful little 'Geographisch-statistische Tabellen' for all countries has just appeared (Frankfort: H. Keller; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The editor, Dr. Juraschek, has been tempted to obliterate Korea and reëstablish Norway, in view of impending events, but has refrained. From the latest censuses he computes the population of Europe at a round 401,500,000; and of the whole earth at 1,525,000,000. European emigration, he observes, has now taken on the dimensions of a tribal or racial displacement; in 1903 it passed the million mark, from having been less than 440,000 in 1898. Especially striking are the tables at the end, showing the social composition of Russia's population, according to the census of 1897, with a hereditary nobility of 1,221,939, a bourgeoisie of 13,391,666, a peasantry of 96,943,857, and some 14,000,000 unclassified; the principal religious sects, with fewer Jews than Lutherans; and the chief nationalities by "governments"—truly a conglomeration, from Greeks to Kalmuks, Finns to Chinese, Tartars to Germans, Bulgarians to Ostiaks.

Secretary Taft's defence of the Philippine Administration against its critics, especially Mr. Alleyne Ireland, is the leading article of the *National Geographic Magazine* for August. But for the writer's position, it would be unworthy of further notice, so unqualified is he, from either ignorance or prejudice, to discuss questions involving the British colonial policy. In justification of the use of English in education, which is his principal topic, he says: "We have in the Philippines a much severer struggle to teach the Filipinos than they would have . . . in India, because we have a people who have no common language that is fit to be used by a civilized people," there being "twelve different dialects or languages in the Philippines." The statement is one which provokes a smile when one remembers that Lord Curzon governs fourteen distinct races speaking seventy-eight

different languages and dialects. There is the further implication that the reason why English is not taught in the elementary schools in India is that the British policy is to keep the Indian in subjection; and Secretary Taft states distinctly that he is "not aware as yet of any attempt on the part of England" to educate the people of tropical countries "up to the point where they may be capable of self-government." It is hard to treat such assertions seriously, in view of the Baboo product of English education in India, and the knowledge of the fact that the universal conviction of all well-informed Englishmen in India, from Lord Curzon down to the humblest missionary, is that the true development of the Indian mind and character can come only through his education, when a child, in his native language; for which reason, English in the elementary schools is prohibited. Our policy of having a large number of American officials is defended on the ground that this system gives the Filipinos an education in partial self-government. The English method of governing by a few responsible officials, the Secretary regards as simple despotism, utterly ignoring the fact that the English policy is to govern through the natives, maintaining native laws and customs so long as they do not conflict with natural rights, and thus affording the highest possible training in self-government, and one which is bearing fruit throughout India, but especially in the municipalities.

A sketch of the present condition of our knowledge of the ocean is given in the *Annales de Géographie* for July, with graphic pictures of the life revealed to us by the researches especially of the "Mæcenas of Oceanography," the Prince of Monaco, and, we may add, Prof. Alexander Agassiz. There are regions in which are colonies of Gorgonia grouped together and forming at great depths on the ocean floor veritable phosphorescent forests, oases of light in the midst of a desert of infinite shadow. There are fishes of strange forms which, like phantom ships, suddenly shoot colored rays athwart the ocean night. A practical side to these studies, as shown in the oceanographic conference held in Paris last winter, is the aid which they give to the fishing industries. The article on the forestry question in Spain has a special interest at the present time. The fact that there is no part of Europe so barren of forests as the Iberian peninsula is an evidence of Spanish decadence, for their value was known and appreciated centuries ago in Spain as perhaps in no other country. The great Alfonso X., *el Sabio*, in the thirteenth century, enacted laws for their preservation. In 1496 a decree was issued enjoining the communes to keep their woods in good condition, and prohibiting the felling of a single tree without the special authorization of the Prince. Now, several societies have been formed for the purpose of reforesting the land, and a Fiesta del Arbol is kept in many places in imitation of our Arbor Day, at which time the public-school children plant trees. In the region about Barcelona, which is the centre of the movement, 174,000 trees have been planted in the last five years.

A sympathetic sketch of the life of the late Desiderio Chilovi, librarian of the Central National Library in Florence, who died on June 7, or but a fortnight after his seventieth birthday had been honored on May 23, accompanies the latest issue of his *Bollettino* from the pen of S. Morpurgo. A pleasing portrait stands at the head, and Chilovi's bookplate, with its campanile, harking back to his birthplace in the Trentino, at the end. He had served the Library for forty years, and died before he could behold the new building which he had promoted with untiring energy. His writings were in his latter years—a 'Cronaca di un Idillio,' reminiscences of his childhood: 'Rosa Silnà,' an unpublished patriotic romance, laid in the Trentino and in Bohemia. He even contemplated a burlesque comedietta, and two children's books, one of which was to be a narration in epistolary form, but the letters to be facsimiled from the MS. to excite greater interest.

There are always new questions for the overtaxed managers of institutions to be bothered about. The Bates College corporation is to ask the Maine Legislature to repeal that provision of its charter which requires that the president and a majority of the Board of Fellows and of the Board of Overseers shall be members of some Baptist church. The apparent object of this movement is to enable the college to share in the pensions of the Carnegie foundation. But (aside from conscientious scruples to the effect that education ought to be preponderatingly Baptist any way) how is one to know that when a college ceases to be denominational, it may not cut off denominational subscriptions and donations, the result of devout self-sacrifice on the part of pious adherents, to such an extent as to counterbalance what the Carnegie Fund might be able to do for possible long-lived professors? Here is surely a knotty question.

The prevention of senility was the subject of a suggestive address by Sir James Crichton Browne before the Royal Institute of Public Health at its fourteenth annual congress. While not denying the fact that the most vigorous period of human life in its entirety was between twenty-five and forty years of age, he maintained that to say with Professor Osler that men above the latter age were comparatively useless, was to fly in the face of the biographical dictionary. After citing numerous instances in almost every department of human activity in refutation of this age-limit, he said that were a balance struck between the truly great and effectual achievements of men at from thirty to forty on the one hand and forty to fifty on the other, he should be inclined to think that, in proportion to the numbers living in those two decades respectively, the advantage would be with the latter, not only in magnitude but in profitableness to mankind. Long after fifty, and even sixty, contributions had been made of inestimable value to knowledge and the arts and sciences. In reference to the question how the processes of decay could be checked, he said that it was a good working hypothesis that the natural life of man was a century, and that every child should be brought up impressed with the obligation to live to one hundred, and should be taught faithful obedience to the laws of health by which the irregularities that tended to frustrate that laudable ambition would be avoided. By this means a century of life might be attained, and attained in health and vigor.

The sixth annual convention of the National German Association for School Hygiene, at its meeting in Stuttgart, spoke out plainly against the overburdening of pupils in the middle and higher classes of the public schools. The Prussian schedule, which is generally the model for all Germany, demands an average of school work of six and one-half hours for six days in the week—on some days as much as eight hours' school attendance being required. The Association declares this too much, for pedagogical reasons, making it impossible for pupils to do home work or to acquire independent thinking, and still more harmful from a hygienic point of view. It agreed to a resolution favoring confining all the real study work to the morning hours, and reserving the afternoon for such work as drawing, singing, and especially for physical exercises, such as calisthenics, swimming, and games, and for work at home. This can be done if the recitation periods are limited to forty-five minutes, so that thirty-six weekly periods can be distributed over the six days. The assertion was made that in a number of schools this plan had been tried and proved a success; and the Association accordingly appealed directly to the school authorities to cooperate with the medical and educational societies of the country to bring about a general reform in this direction.

—The biography which Mrs. Colquhoun Grant has just published under the title 'A Mother of Czars' (Dutton) finds its central figure in Marie Feodorovna, wife of Paul I., and mother of Alexander I. and Nicholas I. Unlike Catherine the Great at all other points, this princess resembled her stepmother in being a German of little dynastic importance. And as Sophia Augusta of Anhalt-Zerbst had been baptized into the Greek Church under the name of Catherine, so Sophia Dorothea of Würtemberg became by act of second baptism Marie Feodorovna. In studying the career of her heroine, Mrs. Grant does not pretend to have consulted Russian authorities, but takes virtually all her data from French sources. As a result, the contribution which she makes to historical knowledge is slight; and even as an adaptation of French memoirs her book is open to some criticism on technical grounds. This, however, is not to deny the usefulness of such a work in our present state of ignorance regarding nine-tenths of the Romanoffs and their wives. Mrs. Grant relies chiefly upon the life of the Baronne d'Oberkirch as edited by the Comte de Montbrisson, and devotes nearly half her space to an account of the trip which the Grand Duke Paul and his Duchess made throughout Western Europe in 1781. This portion of the narrative relates chiefly to the court of Louis XV., and depicts a kind of life which has been written of in a thousand memoirs. The action becomes somewhat more interesting on the return of Marie and her husband to Russia, but the details of their life during the latter part of Catherine's reign are hurried over, nor are we furnished with a very spirited account of Paul's assassination. Under the régime of her sons, the Dowager-Empress was treated with great respect, and exercised much more influence than she had had during the life of her husband. For personal virtue she offered a brilliant contrast to Catherine, but in saying this one

has spoken her chief praise. Mrs. Grant calls her "brave and steadfast," but she is not a woman to catch the attention among those great dames who put the best enthusiasm of their hearts into the struggle against Napoleon. Neither as a study of personality nor as an historical monograph can this volume be praised with much heartiness, but in our present dearth of books on Russian subjects it deserves to be known by those who feel a curiosity in the personal fortunes of the Romanoffs.

—'Catherine de' Medici and the French Reformation,' by Edith Sichel (Dutton), embraces fifteen chapters or separate essays on the period of the later Renaissance in France. While all three studies are made to centre round the figure of the Queen, a number of other well-known personages, like Diane de Poitiers, Jeanne de Navarre, Ronsard, and Bernard Palissy stand out prominently in the grouping of characters. With all of Miss Sichel's sweeping generalizations we are unable to agree, and some of them seem to us rather destitute of meaning, or at least to have the sound of logomachies. Take, for example, the following sentence: "Every movement has its person, its representative; and since men are entangled in actions, and actions disguise motives, it is in women, the clear mirrors of current feelings and tendencies, that integral types of an age will be found." This is a singular statement to make in a book which deals with a woman so immersed in action as was Catherine de Médicis; and, quite apart from such a contradiction in terms, the antithesis is not very illuminating. Nor are we assisted by the remainder of the same passage: "In Italy the prevailing corruption was so subtly interwoven with poetry, its women were surrounded by so rich a glamour, that real outlines are hard to distinguish; but in France, with its brilliant skepticism, its dry, scintillating atmosphere of matter-of-factness, types stand out as crisp and lucid as French aphorisms. In France, therefore, we shall not be slow to find figures that sum up whole periods; women who are, as it were, epigrams, expressive of profound experience." Catherine de Médicis has been called by a large variety of names, many of them uncomplimentary, but we doubt whether she has ever yet been called anything so unusual as an "epigram expressive of profound experience." We pause to illustrate a style of utterance which is not rare in this volume, and which detracts to some extent from the favorable impression one forms of the writer's more solid qualities. Miss Sichel has read widely in the memoirs of the later Valois period, and is familiar with the leading phases of the later Renaissance in other countries; but when she gives way to her love of ample language, one loses sight for the moment of her attainments and the appreciation of character which is shown in many passages. We also notice here and there signs of carelessness in the form of statement, as where it is said (p. 23) that the marriage of Henry with Margaret took place two days before the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Having made the foregoing cavils, we are free to say something more pleasant in conclusion. Miss Sichel's essays are interesting, and the book as a whole marks a distinct advance on the author's 'Household of the Lafayettes.'

—Prof. P. Hume Brown is one of the few authors who can deny themselves the pleasure of writing a preface, and his 'Scotland in the Time of Queen Mary' (Methuen) is left to explain its chief motive as it advances. From a brief allusion in the text we infer that the six chapters of this book were originally six lectures delivered before the Society of Antiquaries, but the reference in question owes its chief importance to a statement which bears upon the title. Obviously, it would be a simple matter to weave John Knox, Maitland of Lethington, and many other celebrated persons into a work on Scotland in the days of Mary Stuart; but these leaders and the policies they stand for are put altogether aside to make room for the physical, social, and economic aspects of the country as it was during the second half of the sixteenth century. Even Mary herself is obliterated to gain space for a sketch of national life. "What," says Professor Brown, "were called in her own day the 'strange accidentis' of her public and personal career, were mere eddies in the irresistible stream which bore her people onward to fulfil 'the orb of their fate.'" When one begins to dissect a community as the people of Scotland are dissected and analyzed in the present volume, it is easy to become immersed in details and to lose sight of the town for the houses. But Professor Brown supports one proposition which gives a certain unity to all the multifarious pieces of information he has brought together concerning the state of the land, the appearance of villages and towns, the industrial conditions and the amusements of the masses. This is the statement that before the Reformation Scotland had no real nationality. "Previous to the great religious conflict there never was an issue before the Scottish people that went deep enough to elicit the conflicting instincts and tendencies which must be awakened before what we call a nation becomes possible." The War of Independence, though it had stimulated a national sentiment, is not permitted by Professor Brown to rank with the Reformation as a formative agency, because in the fourteenth century the Scottish people were still in a rudimentary stage of development. The range of topics here treated is extensive, but we shall single out only two subjects for special mention. Professor Brown's account of Scotland as it appeared to foreigners and his description of town life are both excellent pieces of workmanship in historical mosaic. Addressed in their first form to antiquaries, these six chapters should be in the hands of all who would know what manner of country Scotland was when it passed through the most acute spiritual crisis of its history.

—In almost every Italian town there is a group of painstaking, intelligent scholars who devote their lives to the study of its records and monuments, seeking no other reward than the consciousness of work well done. Their writings, frequently of the greatest value, are published, as a rule, in some local magazine, some "Bollettino" or "Miscellanea di Storia Patria," which, circulating almost exclusively among *eruditi* like themselves, is, as often as not, very difficult to procure after the lapse of a year or two. Under these circumstances, it will probably be useful to call attention to the work of Prof. G. Degli Azzi Vitelleschi on the relations of the Republic of Florence with the Guelph communes of Umbria during the fourteenth century ('Le Relazioni tra la Repubblica di Firenze e l'Umbria nel secolo xiv., secondo i documenti del R. Archivio di Stato di Firenze'). The first volume, which, as yet, alone is published (Perugia: Unione Tipografica Coöperativa), contains a "Regesto" of all the letters (*carteggi*) preserved among the Florentine archives which passed between the magistrates of Florence and those of Perugia, Orvieto, Città di Castello, Gubbio, and other Umbrian cities, from 1309 to 1400. The "Regesto" is preceded by a preface, which is a masterpiece of clearness and condensation, and is followed by an appendix containing a list of the Umbrian magistrates who, whether as Potestà, Captains of the People, or Executors of the Ordinances of Justice, bore rule in Florence during the fourteenth century. There is also a very complete index. The name and reputation of the author are a sufficient guarantee of the excellence and accuracy of a work which cannot fail to prove highly acceptable to students of the Trecento; the more so because the letters which it contains help us to make good many of those deplorable gaps which exist in the precious *Annali Decemvirali* of Perugia during the period in question.

GEOLOGY AND LANDSCAPE.

Landscape and History, and Other Essays. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., D.C.L. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

There is always a measure of risk incident to the republication of magazine articles by a man of established reputation, for he is judged, and rightly judged, by the standard of his books, and he suffers if the collected articles fall below that standard. In the present instance, however, this procedure will certainly not injure, if it does not materially raise, the credit which Sir Archibald Geikie has won for himself as a clear and agreeable writer on scientific subjects, no less than as an independent investigator. The essays fall into three classes. One deals with landscape and its relations to historical events and to literature. A second class is purely technical, and handles several geological problems, such as the age of our planet and the rival theories which used to be associated with the names of Hutton and Werner, and used to be popularly called the Plutonian and Neptunian hypotheses. The third includes two biographical sketches, of Charles Darwin and of Hugh Miller respectively. There is also one essay, not strictly referable to any of the foregoing divisions, which examines a question of great present actuality—the position of scientific study in education, and the extent to which it can be made to furnish a training in the higher mental faculties and aptitudes. Thus something is provided for every kind of reader—for the man of science, for the student of history, and for the intelligent amateur. On the whole, however, the essays are popular, rather than technical; and there is very little in them beyond the reach of the average educated man, who nowadays knows more about the more obvious and surface-lying facts of national science than he did even twenty years ago, increasingly difficult as the underlying principles have become.

The first essay, entitled "Landscape in History," though it gives its name to the volume, and has some suggestive remarks upon the changes in the surface of countries which have to be regarded by the historian as conditioning the events he describes, is to us less interesting, because touching a more familiar theme, than the third, called "Landscape and Literature." This essay deals with the influence which the external aspects of nature have exerted upon poets who have in modern times shown themselves sensitive to impressions of natural beauty. Among these poets, one of the earliest was James Thomson, author of the once famous 'Seasons,' a work which, it is to be feared, is now but little read either in America or in England. Thomson was a Scotchman, born in A. D. 1700, in Roxburghshire, "within hearing of the ripple of the Tweed, within sight of the Cheviot and Lammermair Hills, and in a region famous in Border ballad and song." Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his admirable 'Primer of English Literature,' perhaps the most original and illuminative effort to deal with a vast literary subject in very small compass that our generation has seen, makes the remark that the love of nature and the feeling for natural beauty have been far stronger in the Scotch poets than in those of South Britain, and suggests that the larger strain of Celtic blood may have something to do with this, as it is certainly true that there is more feeling for nature in primitive Celtic literature than in the primitive literature of the Teutonic peoples. Thomson is a case in point. He was a younger contemporary of Addison, Prior and Pope, but how different! His 'Winter,' published in 1725, is full of Scottish Lowland landscape, and brings into English poetry an appreciation of natural beauty which does not take root there until we find it first in Gray, who belongs to the next generation, and then, much more developed, in the still younger Cowper.

Sir A. Geikie has some excellent observations on the kinds of landscape which Thomson and Cowper described. He shows how Thomson's earlier descriptions are entirely of Scottish scenery, and how, when the poet had come to know England, he began to appreciate its softer landscapes, and to paint them with equal exactness and felicity. Cowper's life, during its productive period, was largely spent in the valley (or rather plain) traversed by the English Ouse, the Ouse of Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire—a region comparatively featureless, with wide stretches of level or slightly undulating land, and broad, slow-moving streams.

"The scenery of the Ouse Valley," says our author (p. 84), "is thoroughly characteristic of the southern lowlands. The ground lies on limestones and clays, belonging to the oolitic series, which, though they have been greatly denuded, have yielded in a generally equable manner to the progress of decay. They possess no such differences of structure as to allow one part of them to project in crag or scar above the rest. They have been worn down into a gently undulating plateau or plain, covered with cornfields and pastures, and dotted with occasional woods and 'spinnies' or patches of trees. Farms and villages diversify the landscape, while to the north lies the forest-like expanse of Yardley Chase. Through this champaign the River Ouse has cut for itself a winding valley, the bottom of which, quite flat, and from a few hundred yards to upwards of a mile in breadth, lies rather more than a hundred feet below the general level of the country. Along the flat alluvial plain, the stream, flowing sluggishly among rushes and sedges, curves in circuitous bends, often dividing so as to enclose insular patches of meadow, which it entirely overspreads in times of flood. The slopes rise softly from the river plain, now projecting, now retreating, as the valley winds from side to side. A gentle ascent brings us from the banks of the Ouse up to the highest part of the ground in the vicinity, and places before our eyes a wide sweep of rich agricultural country, with peeps of village spires and gleams of the winding river."

This picture of the landscape that lay before Cowper, which we have quoted as a sample of Sir A. Geikie's descriptive style, is followed by passages extracted from Cowper's 'Task,' passages too long to be repeated here, which show how well he discerned and reproduced what met his eyes. The same method is applied with no less care and skill to the poetry of Robert Burns, who lived even closer to nature, and was more intimately touched by her moods, as one may see by his half-complaints that she did not respond to his own moods. The opening lines of his famous and, in its way, unsurpassed "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon" are an example. Sir Archibald well notes that

"the landscapes of Burns are marked by some curious limitations. Though he was born within sight of the picturesque mountain group of Arran, it does not come within his poetic outlook. [This was remarked by Wordsworth.] Though the craggy ocean pyramid of the Clyde rose so stupendously from the firth in front of him, he makes no use of it further than to tell how 'Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig.' Indeed, if we examine his treatment of scenery, we may observe that it is the nearer detail that appeals to him. His pictures are exquisite foregrounds, with seldom any distinct distance."

"Deaf as Ailsa Craig" was probably a proverbial phrase among the Ayrshire folk who saw this great, grim rock rise before them out of the weltering waves. Perhaps the reason why the splendid peaks of Arran twenty or thirty miles away did not touch Burns, was because his sense of scenery is so intensely subjective. For him, it must be associated with human emotion. One must be in the midst of it to feel it. The granite pinnacles of Arran had nothing to do with the life of the poet or his companions. When one comes to a reflective and philosophical poet, such as was Coleridge or Wordsworth, the case becomes different, and the distant landscape tells upon the spirit quite as much as do the sights and sounds hard by. With Wordsworth and the scenery of the Lake Country, Sir Archibald deals briefly, but well; and then passes on to a less familiar but interesting theme in his remarks upon the landscape of the Western Highlands of Scotland in its relations to the so-called Ossianic poems. Hard as it may be to discriminate between the really ancient element in those poems and that which was introduced by James Macpherson, himself a Highlander, there is doubtless not only a fidelity to nature in them, but even a certain measure of the old Celtic sentiment about nature, as we have it in undoubted fragments of old Celtic writers like St. Columba.

The fourth essay, "On the Origin of the Scenery of the British Islands," is more distinctly scientific in subject and treatment than the first three. Taking the mountains, the table-lands, the valleys and the plains of Great Britain, our author examines the geological causes which have made these what they are, and incidentally deals also with the divide which runs through the island from south to north, with the lakes, and with the coast line. He dwells chiefly upon the forces and influences which have laid out and moulded the present surface, but touches also on the character of the scenery as the result of those forces. It need hardly be said that he is a leading apostle of the modern school which attributes nearly all of the features of the surface of country, as we see it now, to denudation; that is, to the action of water and of weather generally upon the solid earth. It follows from this that the orographic character of a region, the heights of its hills and the arrangement of its valleys, is often not what we should expect from its geological structure. Sir A. Geikie illustrates this from the case of the Lake District in the North of England, and similarly remarks, as regards the Scottish Highlands:

"The present ridges and valleys of the Highlands are entirely the work of erosion. When they began to be traced, the area probably presented the appearance of a wide, undulating table-land. Since that early time the valleys have sunk deeper and deeper into the framework of the land, the ridges have grown narrower, and the mountains have arisen, not by upheaval from below, but by the carving away of the rest of the block of which they formed a part. In this evolution, geological structure has played an important part in guiding the erosive tools. The composition of the rock-masses has likewise been effective in determining the individuality of the mountain forms."

It must of course be remembered, as the last two sentences of this extract convey, that the character of a rock has a great deal to do with the final aspect of the surface—that is to say, with the aspect of the landscape. The hard rocks yield to the weather much more slowly than do the softer ones. They are usually more unequal in the degree of hardness which particular parts show, so that, when they wear down under climatic influences, some parts resist longer than others, and remain as bold, possibly precipitous, heights. Moreover, their crystalline structure gives to different sorts of rock a different fracture, and causes the forms which are so characteristic of such rocks as gneiss, granite, trap, porphyry, carboniferous or Jurassic limestone. Rock study is an essential element in the comprehension of scenery, though comparatively few landscape painters have troubled themselves with it. J. M. W. Turner did; and from his pictures you can generally discover what is the rock of the country which he is painting, if it be a hilly country.

The ordinary observer finds it hard to believe that the action of weather and of streams can have caused those striking inequalities of surface which one sees in such regions as the Highlands of Scotland, or the Alps, or the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada. The time required is almost unthinkably vast. To this question of geological time, there is devoted an interesting essay, the sixth, composed as an address delivered to the geological section of the British Association at its meeting of 1899. A controversy arose upon the subject more than thirty years ago, initiated by William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin) when he argued from physicial and astronomical data that the age of our planet could not be nearly so great as most recent

geologists had believed. Hutton, one of the most illustrious among the founders of the science, could find no trace of a beginning, no rocks which could be even plausibly regarded as being the earliest formed. And since Hutton's time both geologists and the disciples of Charles Darwin, who need enormous periods of time for the formation of species upon the Darwinian lines, have continued to assume enormous periods of time for the bringing of the earth into its present condition; periods far exceeding thousands of millions of years. Lord Kelvin, however, who in 1868 was disposed to fix four hundred millions of years as a maximum, has now reduced his estimate to a lower figure, "something more than twenty and less than forty millions of years." Sir A. Geikie, in this essay, and in the fifth (address delivered as president of the British Association in 1892), sets out the ground on which geologists are justified in controverting Lord Kelvin's view. He holds that there is "no evidence to show that geological processes are now slower and feebler than they used to be," and that "nothing has yet been detected throughout the whole vast succession of sedimentary strata which necessarily demands that more violent and rapid action which physicists suppose to have been the order of nature during the past." The question is far too large and too difficult to be discussed in this place; but the considerations our author puts forward well deserve to be weighed. In his own demands for time, he is comparatively moderate, holding that "one hundred millions of years could suffice for that portion of the history which is registered in the stratified rocks of the earth's crust." He suggests that observations far more numerous and more exact than any yet made are needed before we can even approximately determine the rate at which sedimentation is proceeding in the sea and in lakes, and the rate at which subaerial denudation goes on in wearing down the surface of rocks and reducing the level of the surface generally.

Much interesting matter is to be found in the other essays, to which we have here no space to refer more particularly. None better deserves the attention of the intelligent traveller or historian than the last, which treats of the Roman Campagna; a region which the geologist loves because it presents so many curious phenomena of volcanic action and of the deposition of sedimentary rocks, and which has a still more exceptional interest for the student of history because few parts of the earth's surface have witnessed a longer series of remarkable events. Sir A. Geikie describes very clearly the forces by which the hills, and the undulating plain, and the course of the Tiber became what they now are, and suggests that the volcanic forces of which such abundant traces remain, may have been more active in the early days of the Roman city than we have been generally led to believe. The essay is one to which there might well be allotted a place in a good guide-book to Rome, for the traveller would find it most helpful in studying the scenery which he surveys from the top of Janiculum, or from the more commanding height of the Alban Mount.

THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN INGLESANT.'

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of J. H. Shorthouse. Edited by his Wife. Two vols. Macmillan. 1905.

The volume of biography and correspondence which constitutes in every sense the better half of the publication before us amply confirms the impression already derived from Shorthouse's principal work, that his power resided rather in his moral nature than in his intellect. There is little in his letters or the records of his conversation that can be considered profound, striking, or even suggestive; and yet we do not tire of a succession of insignificances from whose confluence the vision of a character delicate without weakness, refined without effeminacy, and spiritual without pretension gradually evolves itself. We have to do with a Quaker Anglican, a man in whom the mysticism inbred in the genuine Quaker took the form of a veneration for sacramental symbolism, which made him a worshipper with the Church of England. Much about the same time another Friend, of character equally high and more masculine understanding, John Bellows, was recording his extreme thankfulness that the study of Barclay's 'Apology' had knitted him to Quakerism for ever. A comparative study of the two men would form an interesting chapter in religious psychology.

Shorthouse had certainly something to show for his conversion, for without it he would hardly have produced 'John Inglesant,' his one but sufficient title to celebrity. It may indeed be affirmed that a man capable of writing such a book could not but become an Anglican of the best type, no matter what his original creed. It is no uncommon experience (and, with the growth of culture and the study of the past, it will become more and more frequent) to encounter survivals from an antique period into a later one. Keats and Landor were such bequests from Greece and Rome, and Shorthouse displays a similar reversion to the seventeenth century. It is this, even more than the literary merit of 'John Inglesant,' that gives him an abiding place in literature. He fills a place occupied by no one else; he is the visible type of that remarkable reaction towards the monarchical and ecclesiastical ideals of the seventeenth century which has distinctly colored, though without largely modifying, English opinion in the nineteenth. In so far as it has denoted worship of the House of Stuart, this can only be stigmatized as idle and mischievous superstition; but reverence for the Cavalier ideal of loyalty, chivalry, and courtesy, and "the beauty of holiness," is a more respectable sentiment, and has enriched England's national life with elements it could ill have spared. In the first half of the nineteenth century it was deformed by much bigotry and unfairness; but the Puritan ideal also gradually worked its way, and Shorthouse, Anglican by taste and religious conviction, Latitudinarian by an innate spirit of equity, Nonconformist by ancestry, came just at the right time and in the right place to depict the age with justice to all its conflicting tendencies. This was his own conscious aim. He says in a letter to Mr. Gosse, April 1, 1883:

"When many years ago I began the book ['John Inglesant'], my principal, perhaps sole object was to endeavor for my own pleasure to realize, if possible, something of that exquisite age-spirit which combined all the finest feelings of our nature, and all the sympathies of our existence, with a certain picturesqueness of tone and result which seems to me to mark the seventeenth century."

It is the perfect accomplishment of this admirable design which gives Shorthouse an enduring place in literature. 'John Inglesant' might have been even a better novel than it is, and yet have failed to secure the author the permanent position which he holds as the representative of the movement of the English mind in the nineteenth century towards the seventeenth century of the pre-Restoration period. The thing is done now, and need not be repeated. It is the especial service of this memoir and letters to show how entirely Shorthouse belonged in spirit to the period of his predilection. Though a manufacturer of chemicals, and, as would appear, by no means inattentive to business, he appears just the kind of man whom we can imagine consorting with Wotton or Walton. It is not the political or military aspects of the age that chiefly interest him; like his own hero, had he taken part in the civil war, he would soon have become "sick and weary of the sight of fighting, and especially of plundering." His sympathy is with its spiritual conflicts, particularly the great problem which so beset the Anglican divines of that period, whether a reconciliation with Rome was possible or not. From one point of view 'John Inglesant' may be regarded as a solemn trial of this question, resulting in a negative verdict. This explains and justifies the transfer of scene to Italy, for only there could the case be fairly tried out. Nothing is more remarkable than the author's perfect fairness, so unlike that of the ordinary polemical novelist. The book has been not unreasonably described as a satire upon the Jesuits, but neither the Jesuits' persons nor their principles are ever represented in a ridiculous light. The same candor is evinced in the treatment of personages with whom the author has less sympathy, such as Hobbes and the paganizing Cardinal. Both are allowed to speak for themselves exactly as they would have spoken in real life.

The close association of 'John Inglesant' with the seventeenth century helps the book in another way, by justifying the romantic atmosphere which envelops it. No work of fiction is better entitled to the character of a romance. Every incident and every personage is more or less romantic—stands aside, that is, from the current of ordinary existence with a distinct deflection to the side of beauty and picturesqueness. In an age like ours, such a tendency might appear fanciful or artificial; but the first half of the seventeenth century actually was a romantic age, and receives more justice by being treated as such. Every minor detail is perfect: the main fault of the book is a fundamental flaw, inherent in the conception itself. It is inconceivable that the Jesuits, being such as they are described, and having such a pupil as Inglesant is described, should have failed to hold him. They could easily have subjected him to a discipline which would have made him entirely theirs, and unquestionably would have done so. It is true that if the story had taken this

course it would not have represented the author's mind, and would not have been worth writing; we must feel, nevertheless, that its charm has been gained at the expense of truth to nature. There are too numerous indications of the subject having been read up, without living contact with it at first hand. In the astrological scene, for instance, Mercury is said to be going a square of the sun; but a square is an aspect of 90 degrees, and Mercury can never be further from the sun than 28. In the description of the conclave, a key is said to be given to the Bishop of Rome, as if there could be a Bishop of Rome during a Papal interregnum; nor was the late Pope Innocent the Tenth a kinsman of the Barberini. The mission to the Duke of Umbria, and the magnificent reward conferred upon Inglesant for doing nothing, delightfully as they are told, almost border upon the absurd; yet they are based upon a real transaction, the acquisition by the Papacy of the dominions of the last Duke of Urbino. But agents very different from Inglesant were employed in that business.

'John Inglesant' has been frequently compared with 'Marius the Epicurean,' and the parallel is not unreasonable. The relation between the books may be described as charm of story versus charm of style, and we must think that story carries it. Pater is a stronger and deeper thinker than Shorthouse, and a greater artist in words, but he lacks the especial qualities of the novelist. His story flags for lack of incident, while every page of 'Inglesant' tempts the reader on to the next. 'Marius' is in some measure a palinodia. Shorthouse, so far as can be judged by these letters, seems never to have retracted anything after he had worked his way to what he describes in 1880 as "a perfect toleration of and indifference to all creeds and opinions as alike the outcome of a central light." Beyond this one can hardly progress, and there seems much excuse for the unknown person who too dogmatically assured a friend of Shorthouse's that "the author of 'John Inglesant' would never write another book." It would have been better for his fame if he had not, as his later writings, though not devoid of interest, failed to impress the world, and left him as conspicuously as ever "the man of one book." This character will not be modified by the pleasing though in no way brilliant letters now published, or by the essays and tales which occupy the second volume, none of which can be called striking or original, though few are without some charming passages of description or feeling.

Russia. By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.L.E., K.C.V.O. Entirely new and much enlarged edition, revised, and in great part rewritten. With portrait of the Author and two colored maps. Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

Sir Donald Wallace's famous book is too well known and too highly prized to make it necessary for us to review at length this new edition. It remains only for us to inform our readers of the author's reason for issuing it, his aims, and the precise manner in which he has carried them out, in order that they may realize how a book of extreme value on a remarkably difficult subject has been rendered invaluable—nay, indispensable—for those who wish clearly to understand present conditions and future possibilities in the realm of the Tsar. In his latest Preface, the author tells us that it was originally his intention to write an entirely new work, embodying his more recent researches and observations; but, finding that constant reference to past events would be necessary, and that an enormous proportion of his former book must be included in the new one, he decided to recast and complete his old material. No decision could have been wiser; and it is in line with Sir Donald's usual good judgment, which, together with his keen comprehension of the really important factors and of what the public wished to know, formed the most salient characteristic of his original work.

The early chapters remain practically unaltered, occasional footnotes bringing the general subjects treated up to date. In the chapter on "The Village Priest" more is necessary. On page 61 (after omitting, on the previous page, an explanation of how the ikons gradually came, in many cases, to be almost entirely covered with metal plaques, representing clothing), the author adds an important exposition concerning the attitude of the Eastern Orthodox Church toward science, recasts the following paragraph, and amplifies the chapter with two pages of new matter, dealing with the present statistics of the clergy and the new type of parish priest now in process of evolution. The chapter on "Imperial Administration and Officials" illustrates in addition the process just described, and the same course has been adopted for several later sections; two pages have been transferred, bodily, from the former chapter on "Local Self-Government" to pages 342-4, greater clearness and consecutiveness of treatment being thereby secured. Rather an amusing omission follows the statement (p. 331) that the Russian Empire, "even at the present day, is far from being a compact, homogeneous State." In the original, the text proceeded thus: "In many respects, it resembles our Indian Empire more closely than a European country, and we all know what India would become if the strong, cohesive power of the Administration were withdrawn." But on page 337 the author counterbalances this by citing an instance of the "Circumlocution Office" in India, which precisely corresponds to the Russian method held up to criticism.

To the chapter on "Moscow and the Slavophils" Sir Donald adds a description of the coronation of the reigning Emperor, in 1896; and his recital of the effect produced upon him by the church music is worth quoting for its poetry and its accurate expressiveness:

> "Listening with intense emotion," he says, "I involuntarily recall to mind Fra Angelico's pictures of angelic choirs, and cannot help thinking that the pious old Florentine, whose soul was attuned to all that was sacred and beautiful, must have heard in imagination such music as this. So strong is the impression that the subsequent details of the long ceremony, including the anointment with the holy chrism, fail to engrave themselves on my memory."

Added paragraphs at the end of the chapter deal with present-day Slavophils. In addition to some rewriting, the chapter on "Landed Proprietors since Emancipation" has received extensive additions, whose importance will speedily be recognized when the reader reflects how much experience has been accumulated by those proprietors since the date of the original edition. The valuable augmentations of the following chapter on "The Emancipated Peasantry" are more than twice as voluminous as those just mentioned. The former chapter (which occurred early in the book) on "The New Local Self-Government" is replaced, at this later point, by one entitled "The Zemstvo and the Local Self-Government," containing a great mass of new matter so arranged that the logical sequence is much clearer. "The New Law Courts" has been brought down to date and recast extensively. Entirely new chapters have been added on "Revolutionary Nihilism and the Reaction," "Socialist Propaganda, Revolutionary Agitation, and Terrorism," "Industrial Progress and the Proletariat," "The Revolutionary Movement in its Latest Phase," and "The Present Situation." Sir Donald's well-known clarity of comprehension, arrangement, and statement have not failed him in treating these complicated topics; and his conspicuous fairness, as well as his reasonableness, wins the admiration of the reader, who feels that at last he has threaded his way intelligently through the dark labyrinth of Russian affairs. The chapter which originally concluded the book, on "Expansion and the Eastern Question," has been judiciously rewritten, brought down to last May under the title of "Territorial Expansion and Foreign Policy," and moved forward one place.

Sir Donald's final remark is that he is conscious he is offering a very lame and impotent conclusion, for which he pleads extenuating circumstances; and he declines to make any predictions, declaring that what the situation may be by the time his book is published he does not profess to see. Nevertheless, all that it is possible for any man to contribute to an understanding of that situation at any time in the future, he has succeeded, in the highest measure, in supplying by the firm foundation of this admirable volume.

Schubert. By Edmondstoune Duncan. E. P. Dutton. 1905.

While Franz Schubert had almost as great an influence on the course of music as Richard Wagner, the literature relating to the two is absurdly disproportionate in quantity. This is largely due to the scant relics of the great song-writer; there are extant only thirty-two of his letters as against more than half-a-dozen volumes by Wagner. Apart from Schober and Spaun, hardly any of Schubert's friends suspected what a great man he was. His diary was sold piecemeal by a mercenary dealer, and only a few leaves have been recovered. Under such circumstances the writing of a life of Schubert is a considerable literary feat, and an author cannot be blamed if he has little or nothing new to tell. Yet Mr. Duncan has succeeded in preparing an interesting and useful volume of 280 pages on this composer; the best, on the whole, in the English language, apart from Grove's long article in his 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' which, however, has never been issued separately, as he intended it should be.

The chief fault of Mr. Duncan's book is a curious habit of repeating biographic

details or criticisms in different sections of it. For instance, Schubert's alleged infatuation with the Countess Esterhazy is discussed on pages 22, 48, and 98, yet the prosaic truth, as told in Friedländer's 'Beiträge zur Biographie Schubert's' and elsewhere is not revealed. Mandyczewski, the editor of the complete edition of Schubert's works, also fails to get the consideration due him. Nor are the best two German books on Schubert (Heuberger's, and Riggli's, Reclam edition) mentioned in the Bibliography, though it takes up ten pages and is in some respects excellent. It also fails to mention important contributions to the Schubert literature printed in America; Dvorák's essay in the *Century Magazine*, for example, which Sir George Grove pronounced the best article on that composer ever written. Were it not for the author's name, one might suspect him of being a German professor: some of his best and most important things are printed in footnote type in the Bibliography, where they do not belong. Under Kreissle von Hellborn he digresses to Grove and then subdigresses, to the extent of a page, on the subject of Schubert's counterpoint. What he says is admirable. Whereas even Grove had declared Schubert to be deficient in counterpoint, Mr. Duncan says quite truly (here he would have found Dvorák agreeing with him) that he "was one of the greatest contrapuntists who ever lived. He could *inspire* his counterpoint, as old Sebastian Bach knew so well how to do." He was admittedly one of the greatest quartet writers, and "no quartet writer, to be successful, can be deficient in counterpoint."

Mr. Duncan is at his best in discussing the poetic side of Schubert's songs; he has something new to say regarding the important and much neglected subject of translations, calling the attention of publishers, among other things, to Coleridge's wonderful version of "Des Mädchens Klage," which, to be sure, comprises only the first two stanzas. There are eight portraits and facsimiles in this volume, but the best thing in it is what the author says on the "Unfinished" Symphony. It may be questioned, he says, whether the impression conveyed by this title (which, of course, was not Schubert's) "is realized to any extent by the hearer of this symphony. The unity of the four-movement type of symphony (or sonata) is probably an illusion of habit, which works like Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (Op. 90) or that in F sharp (Op. 78)—another two-movement sonata—were intended to illustrate."

Wild Wings: Adventures of a Camera-Hunter among the Larger Wild Birds of North America on Sea and Land. By Herbert Keightley Job. With an introductory letter by Theodore Roosevelt. With 160 illustrations after photographs from life by the Author. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. xxviii., 341. 1905.

Birds by Land and Sea. By John Maclair Boraston. John Lane. 8vo, pp. xvi., 282. 1905.

For years the Rev. H. K. Job of Kent, Conn., has devoted his annual vacations to hunting with a camera. In his quest for the larger game, he has travelled over almost all the Atlantic Coast, from the Florida Keys to Labrador, as well as inland, visiting many unfrequented and out-of-the-way places. On these expeditions he has met with numerous interesting episodes, and appears to have enjoyed exceptional opportunities to study the life habits and to secure photographs of the domestic affairs of many rare and little-known birds. In his 'Wild Wings' he gives an account of the birds he has met, and pictures the luck he has experienced as a camera-hunter. Of the sport itself, he says:

"Of all the various outdoor recreations which I have tried, when it comes to genuine, exciting sport give me hunting with the camera. In past years I have tried shooting and collecting, but this new hunting entirely outclasses them. It requires more skill than shooting, and hence is a finer sport. The results are of more interest and value, and, withal, the lives of the wild creatures are spared for our further pleasure."

The book is divided into five parts, each of which consists of a number of chapters or sketches. Most of these have appeared before as magazine articles, but have been somewhat expanded and more fully illustrated in the reissue. Part I., "Adventuring in Florida," embraces the following five chapters: Cities of the Brown Pelican; Following Audubon among the Florida Keys; In the Cape Sable Wilderness; The Great Cuthbert Rookery; On Lonely Bird Key. These give one an idea of the wealth of the sub-tropical avifauna, and are illustrated by a fine harvest of photographs, showing home-life views of such birds as the Roseate Spoonbill, American and Snowy Egret, Ward's Little Blue and Louisiana Heron, White and Wood Ibis, Florida Cormorant, Man-o'-War Bird, the Noddy and Sooty Tern, etc., etc. Part II., "Other Wanderings South," consists of three chapters, treating of the Black and Turkey Vultures, the bird inhabitants of Smith's and Cobb's Islands and of the adjacent and intermediate Virginia marshes and sandspits, and the living Egret, with an account of the revolting manner in which this bird has been almost exterminated to supply the millinery trade with "aigrettes." Part III. has to do with the sea-birds inhabiting Bird Rock in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Seal Island off the southern coast of Nova Scotia; and records some sea trips off Cape Cod, Mass. In Part IV. divers experiences with a host of snipe and plovers in various localities, chiefly during migration time, are related; the nesting affairs of the Least Sandpipers, Wilson's Snipe, and Ring-necked Plover displayed, and the breeding of the Oyster-catcher, the Willet, and Wilson's Plover described. The East American birds of prey take possession of Part V., which involves the search for hawk's nests and adventures with owls.

Mr. Job supplies a most interesting series of illustrations, direct from life, showing the nesting habits, flight, and characteristic poses of many of our larger wild birds. His book should appeal to a large circle of readers, especially the ornithologist, the sportsman, and the nature-lover, as well as the omnipresent camera fiend.

Mr. Boraston records for us a year's study of birds "with field-glass and camera." His observations were made on "early morning, evening, and week-end rambles," in the vicinity of Stretford, near Manchester, England.. A chapter is devoted to each month, under which the doings of the characteristic birds of the season are discussed. Beginning with September, the month of avian unrest, we are told by Mr. Boraston how the birds of his region, especially the swallows, prepare for their journey south; incidentally he calls attention to the various ideas entertained in the past regarding the autumnal disappearance of birds and bird migration. Month by month the arrivals, departures, and changes in the local fauna and their environment are considered. Mr. Boraston shows the gradual replacement of the summer birds by arrivals from the north during October, November, and December, and depicts graphically the struggle for existence of these winter sojourners. January starts the returning tide, which ends with busy May and June, the housekeeping days among the birds and the busiest time for the author's camera. The month of June was spent on the island of Anglesey and on Puffin Island, on each of which the author has bestowed a chapter. Here rock-bound shores furnish many of the sea-birds a nesting site, and the text and illustrations give one a graphic conception of the region and its winged inhabitants, as well as of the trials, tribulations, and pleasures which may be experienced by the bird student and bird photographer.

The seventy-two half-tone illustrations which are scattered through the volume speak well for the author's patience and skill with the camera. They represent adult, young, or homelike views of forty-two of the ninety species considered. Those portraying the Ringed Plover, Blue Tit, Song-Thrush, and Garden-Warbler are superb. The book is printed on a good quality of paper, bound in cloth, with a pleasing cover design in gold, representing a flight of swallows.

Ivories. By Alfred Maskell, F. S. A. (The Connoisseur's Library). London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. Pp. xiii., 443.

This large volume is printed on excellent laid paper of old-fashioned look, light and fine, so that the book is not heavy in the hand, although there are 88 inserted plates. The photographic reproductions are not of the usual half-tone sort; they are apparently produced by the gelatine process in some of its forms, and for this purpose the thickly coated paper has not been required. The pictures are printed in very light or pale color, probably with deliberate purpose, to give the appearance of ivory or bone; but they are sufficiently clear, and, in most cases, the relief is marked in an adequate fashion. There is, of course, a failure in minute details. A different process would be required to give perfectly the most delicate parts of a Chinese pierced pattern or a Byzantine relief. There are hundreds of objects shown in the plates, and a number of them are certainly intelligible enough to him who will look with understanding eyes.

The preface states that the author has made his references, "as far as possible, to objects which are easily accessible and may be seen in our great national collections—the South Kensington Museum, the British Museum, the Mayer Collection at Liverpool, and the Wallace Collection." In this, too, the author doubtless consulted his own convenience (for it would

be an endless trouble to go about Europe making photographs), as well as that of the few students of his book who will follow up his examples and verify his statements in the museums of Great Britain. Neither is there any complaint to be made; for, indeed, every needed quality and peculiarity of minute sculpture, in ivory, in bone, in hardwood, and the like, is set forth in these plates. The ivory-covered chair at Ravenna is given, and also the throne of Ivan III. in the Kremlin, and the "Chair of St. Peter" at Rome; so that in these cases at least a photograph was brought from foreign parts. The painted statuette of the Virgin (*Vierge ouvrante*), of the Louvre, and the similar statuette called the Boubon Virgin, now in private hands, are given, so that this peculiar form of mediæval religious *mobilier* is sufficiently shown. If the magnificent statuette of Villeneuve-lez-Avignon is not given, a not dissimilar group, "Madonna and Child," in the British Museum, is selected; and it may be thought that the special beauty of the French piece is in its wonderful painting and gilding, which is only a secondary quality in dealing with carved ivories. An enthusiast would certainly be gratified by a larger selection from such an extraordinary display as was made in Paris in 1900. Consular diptychs, early mediæval book covers, fourteenth-century tables and shrines and tabernacles—it is hard to draw the line and decide by which name to call these pieces—heads of croziers and archbishops' staves, tankards and the doors of cabinets of the seventeenth century; and from the Far East a few of the Japanese netsukes and a Chinese hollow ball,

"Laborious Orient ivory sphere in sphere"—

all these are to be found in this collection.

The enthusiastic student will be more vexed by the scarcity of the quite modern ivories of Dieppe, perhaps, than by any other shortcoming. Mr. Maskell seems to be aware that English collections are without sufficient representation of post-Renaissance ivories, for he says as much in connection with the Dieppe work; but, indeed, it is a constant annoyance in these English handbooks that the local Continental schools are so generally disregarded. And then, of course, in order to make a really adequate encyclopædia of ivory-carving, of minute sculptures of any kind, one would have to devote much time to travel from town to town throughout France, and perhaps with not less inducement to the more important towns of Germany; while as for Spain, we all know by rumor and by inference how rich the convents and the churches must be. In fact, the museums alone do not show all that there is, and the priest of many a small parish church must be persuaded to unlock the sacristy and open his armoires and his cope chests before the student will have satisfied himself and will feel sure that there are not many realms left to conquer. The clergyman brought from his home or kept from his *déjeuner* in this fashion is always gracious if you contribute something handsome to his poor-box—if your hopes have been realized.

The text being not very systematic, and the index inadequate, this book will never be very convenient for reference. It is one to read rather than to refer to; and, unfortunately, it is a little too long-winded to be read with comfort. There are remarks, too, which are curiously uncalled for, and some suggest a not very practised eye, or eye and mind. The author seems a little too much surprised by some of the things he has discovered and described, and a little too indifferent to others. While our praise, therefore, cannot be very hearty, this still remains the largest book of the sort, with the most complete display of pictures.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Modern Mystic's Way. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
Amram, David W. Leading Cases in the Bible. Philadelphia: Julius H. Greenstone.
Bassett, Mary E. Stone. The Little Green Door: A Novel. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.50.
Cameron, Prof. A. G. Selections from Zola. Henry Holt & Co. 80c. net.
De Hostos, Eugenie M. Tratado de Sociologia. Madrid: Bailly-Bailliere é hijos.
Ellis & Spedding. The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon. Edited by John M. Robertson. London: Routledge: New York: Dutton. $2.
Fortune, T. T. Dreams of Life. Fortune & Peterson.
Gulick, Rev. John T. Evolution, Racial and Habitudinal. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Hall, Charles C. Christian Belief Interpreted by Christian Experience. (Barows Lectures 1902-3.) Chicago: University Press.
Leveson Gower, Hon. F. Bygone Years. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Milyoukov, Paul. Russia and its Crisis. (Crane Lectures.) Chicago University Press. $3.20.
Neville, James J. Letters of a Self-Made President. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co. $1.
Reich, Emil. Select Documents Illustrating Mediæval and Modern History. London: P. S. King & Son.
Reid, G. Archdall. The Principles of Heredity. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.
Savage, Rev. Minot J. America to England, and Other Poems. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.
Scott, Rev. Joseph John. The Life of Christ. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.
Sharpe, Reginald R. Calendar of Letter-Books of the Corporation of the City of London. Letter-Book G, circa 1352-1374. London.
Steindorff, Prof. Georg. Religion of the Ancient Egyptians. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.
Taylor, B. L., and W. C. Gibson. The Log of the Water Wagon. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 75 cents.
The Muses' Library: Adelaide Anne Procter's Legends and Lyrics.—Coventry Patmore's Angel in the House.—Keats's Poems, 2 vols., edited by G. Thorn Drury.—Andrew Marvell's Poems and Satires, 2 vols., edited by G. A. Aitken.—Johnson's, Goldsmith's, Gray's and Collins's Poems, edited by Col. T. M. Ward.—Thomas Carew's Poems, edited by Arthur Vincent.—Herrick's Poems, 2 vols., edited by Alfred Pollard.—Poe's Poems.—Gay's Poems, 2 vols., edited by John Underhill.—Henry Vaughan's Poems, 2 vols., edited by E. K. Chambers.—Drummond of Hawthornden's Poems, 2 vols., edited by Wm. C. Ward.—Donne's Poems, edited by E. K. Chambers.—Coleridge's Poems, edited by Richard Garnett.—William Browne's Poems, 2 vols., edited by Gordon Goodwin.—William Blake's Poems, edited by W. B. Yeats.—Waller's Poems, 2 vols., edited by G. Thorn Drury. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton.
Ular, Alexander. Russia from Within. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75 net.
Vardon, H. The Complete Golfer. London: Methuen; New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
Vilmorin-Andrieux, MM. The Vegetable Garden. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50 net.
Wessely, J. E. French-English Pocket Dictionary. New ed. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. $1.00.

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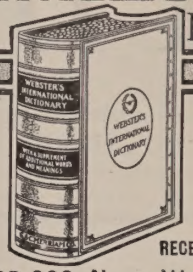

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1905.

The Week.

To Japan her meed of praise. She has magnanimously won a moral victory over herself worthy to rank with those compassed by her arms on land and sea. She has revoked her untenable claims, though underwritten by her British ally as wholly reasonable, and apparently regarded by President Roosevelt, in his endeavor to effect a compromise, as at least inevitable and irresistible. Japan may be thankful that Russia did resist, and that the good old rules, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword" and "Those who dance must pay the piper," are still operative. We need not repeat the reasons we advanced last week why the peace now being formulated at Portsmouth is a genuine peace, and not a breeder of fresh conflicts in years to come. Each side sponges the slate, and the high contracting parties are not the same who began their stupendous trial of strength at Port Arthur and on the Yalu River. The Russia of February, 1904, is dead, thanks to the happy coincidence of pressure from within and without; and with this new Russia it should be Japan's policy to come into friendly relations. She is a natural ally, and never more so than now, when her sea power is shattered and her motive for making hostile demonstrations in Far Eastern waters is removed. The English alliance is factitious, based on fear and hatred of the old Russia, and not on any special regard for Japan. It may have been renewed, as reported, but it is hollow. Japan, like the republic of Venice, has cast the die and committed herself to expansion on the mainland, where to be on good terms with her mighty neighbors is surely the part of wisdom.

The United States has the honor of being the scene of this ever-memorable peace-making. The President has the personal renown of having brought about the conference; but too little is known of the circumstances of his intervention. He will be lauded by the multitude for having assisted in breaking the deadlock, but he entered upon this delicate task in a manner to impugn his impartiality, and with a scheme which had no chance of acceptance. On this it is not necessary to dwell now. The rejoicing of the hour is, that further slaughter has been averted, and that the Old World has composed its differences in the New. If we could hope that this event marks the last great war between nations calling themselves civilized, then there is no holiday in our calendar which we might not exchange for the date of ratification —not even the Fourth of July.

"There never was an hour in all our splendid history," said the ardent Mr. Fairbanks on August 23, "when there was a more acute moral sense among the great masses of our people and more uprightness in their relations of life than there is to-day. . . . There is a widespread determination among the people that those who pollute the law shall be compelled to answer for it." Participating in these sentiments as he undoubtedly does, there must be some unpleasant features about the Vice-President's position. For instance, a new charge has been made against Senator Burton, of taking, with a brother who is not remembered at Washington, $14,000 for representing the Chickasaw Indians before the Interior Department. Then a further addition is made to the roll of Senators "under fire" by the reported discovery that Senator Hopkins of Illinois received from the sanitary district of Chicago fees between two and three times as large as the law allowed. In two years, to be specific, he was voted $24,034, although the statute limited the compensation of any one attorney to $5,000 per annum. These may be called purely technical offences, as were those charged in the original prosecution of Burton. But there could not be better examples of that "thought of personal aggrandizement" so deplored by the Vice-President, who has to preside over the deliberations of these men, and show them that "courtesy" to omit which in the Senate is worse than the crimes of any of its members.

Secretary Bonaparte is by no means so anxious as Van Buren to walk in the footsteps of his predecessor. Another order of Paul Morton's he has just reversed, so as to invite competition from Canadian railways in carrying naval supplies across the continent. Mr. Morton, with a stern patriotism which his railroad friends could not too highly admire, had ordered that contracts should be made only with lines that ran "exclusively in American territory." He could not bear to think of ammunition and stores destined for American ships in the Pacific being sullied by crossing Canadian soil. But Secretary Bonaparte, as a less high-soaring but more business-like official, was desirous of getting his freight bills as low as possible, and so opened the bidding to all hands. Nor was he to be moved from his purpose when some able strategists employed by the American roads went to him and pointed out the grave danger that, if naval supplies were forwarded over foreign railways, "there would be an opportunity for foreigners to obtain information regarding them"! Mr. Bonaparte shouldered even that awful responsibility.

People will more than half believe that the Republicans are afraid of losing Ohio if Gov. Herrick keeps on flying signals of distress. In addition to his attempt to dissociate himself from Boss Cox of Cincinnati, he has now gone on his knees to Senator Foraker, imploring him to come and stump the State. Be it remembered that the Dick-Herrick-Cox machine has been fighting and snubbing Foraker in the most open and cruel way. After he had said that, in his opinion, the renomination of Gov. Herrick would be unwise, the smug little organization took pains to show its hatred for the Senator, and its contempt for his political influence. But it is one thing to carry the primaries and control the State convention triumphantly, quite another to produce the necessary votes at the polls. As the latter task must so soon be undertaken, Senator Foraker has been sent for to come to the help of the alarmed bosses. We presume that a pledge to support him for reëlection to the Senate must be involved, so that Ohio may yet be spared the unspeakable disgrace of seeing Boss Cox fulfil his ambitions and become Senator Cox.

Though somewhat overshadowed by the contest for the Senatorship between Gov. Montague and Senator Martin, the campaign for the nomination for Governor at the Virginia Democratic primary, which was held on August 22, was of unusual interest. Representative Claude A. Swanson, the successful candidate, had to some extent thrown his political fortunes in with Senator Martin, and the party organization undoubtedly helped them both to win. But Swanson had also struck out on local issues that made a strong appeal to the young and progressive element. He was first to take up the demand for more State aid to education, pledging himself to do his best to turn an expected surplus of three-quarters of a million dollars next year over to the schools. As the first test of the new primary law, under a Constitution that has practically eliminated the negro and many ignorant white voters, the result is encouraging. The "white aristocracy of electors," as a Richmond correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* a few days ago predicted they would, "looked a little cross-eyed" at the candidacy of Lieut.-Gov. Willard, which was thought

to be based largely upon a rich man's desire for political honors, while Judge Mann's appeal as the enforcer of the Mann temperance law, was too limited to produce any great effect.

The diatribe which Atlanta's Mayor launched against Chicago's on Thursday before the League of American Municipalities was properly ignored by the delegates. Yet his wild charges were not much more ridiculous than the views of those who see in Chicago's present situation a vindication of the municipal ownership idea. The time to draw conclusions from an experiment is when it begins to show results, and even if all were progressing smoothly in Chicago no one could reasonably have expected anything decisive in less than six months. As a matter of fact, aside from a few preliminary victories in the courts, Mayor Dunne's plans have not by any means gone smoothly. Conditions have forced the Mayor, who made his campaign on an extremely distinctive and positive platform, into substantially the position occupied not only by the rival candidate, Mr. Harlan, but by his predecessor, Mayor Harrison, as well. He is now doubtful of the wisdom of condemnation proceedings to secure the unexpired street railway franchises, and is confining his proposals to those lines on which the franchises have already run out. In other words, instead of treating the traction system as a unit, the city will enter the field as a competitor of the existing lines, but with a sadly incomplete system.

This system will have to be built by private capital in any case. It includes 270 miles of track, and, roughly, covers the city. The Mayor himself considers it "a satisfactory municipal system of street-car lines." But it has been promptly pointed out that several of the streets embraced within this system, some very important to it, were also included by Judge Grosscup's recent decision in the list of streets where the franchises remain in force until 1953. Even waiving this point, the result will be, as the Chicago *Daily News* puts it, that "the double fare . . . will then become in all quarters of the city a prominent feature of travel between one's home and one's place of business. In short, to simplify the traction question, Mayor Dunne would make it more complex. To wipe out existing difficulties, he would make more difficulties. To cure the present bad service, he would invent new abominations." This, after all, may not be quite a fair argument for Chicago. The city made up its mind to endure heroic treatment, if necessary; professed itself to be perfectly willing to undergo hardship to the desired end. But other cities should notice just how heroic Chicago's treatment is likely to be. And, when all is said and done, that city's opinion on the general desirability of municipal ownership is worth no more to-day than the views on warfare of a recruit who has just taken his first enlistment papers.

Mr. Jerome will probably be confirmed in his unwillingness to be a candidate for Mayor by the evidence of divided counsels in the City Committee of the Citizens' Union. One-third of its number voted on Thursday against recommending Mr. Jerome's nomination. Now it is plain that he is in no sense an active candidate. He has not said, as no public-spirited citizen ought to say, that no great emergency could arise which would make it his duty to stand for the Mayoralty. Yet his attitude and peculiar position are such that nothing but an imperious and united demand could swerve him from his announced plan of offering himself to the people for another term as District Attorney. It appears, however, that the Citizens' Union is far from being of one mind on that subject. The Republican organization would pretty clearly accept Jerome for Mayor only as a bitter dose, or with reservation of all rights to vote for him or not as it pleased thereafter. At present, therefore, we do not seem to have the political conditions which would make the nomination of Mr. Jerome for the Mayoralty either possible (from his point of view) or desirable.

That anxious search has to be made for a commanding anti-Tammany candidate, is a biting comment upon the kind of men our party politics is breeding. Is it not extraordinary that, in a city of 4,000,000 people, there is not to-day one man who, by conspicuous public service, by proved integrity and capacity, by hold upon popular confidence and admiration, is spontaneously turned to in such a crisis as the present? In no other field is New York so barren. If it were a question of finding a leader in some great financial undertaking, in a vast engineering work, in scientific investigation, in art, in learning, in philanthropy, dozens of names would leap to the lips. It is only in politics that the careful selection of small men has finally eliminated nearly all the towering figures. The hope of better conditions, in this particular, is one of the things held out to us by Mr. Jerome's independent candidacy. If he succeeds, it will be a signal to men of generous nature and honorable ambitions the country over to come forward and seek that public service for which they are fitted, but from which the boss system excludes them—except at the cost of intolerable indignities and loss of manhood.

The answer of the Equitable Life Assurance Society to the suit brought by Attorney-General Mayer is a virtual admission of all the serious charges against the management. The counsel of the Equitable frankly confesses the misconduct of the officials, and prays that they be compelled to restore the money which they have wasted, lost, or stolen. This statement removes the last vestige of doubt as to the scope of the legislative investigation. Members of the committee have been reported as saying that they were after "conditions, not men." True, the committee is not a grand jury; but in this instance it cannot even begin to uncover the conditions without uncovering the men who created them. People have a right to know how much of the looting is chargeable to the greed of Alexander, Hyde, Depew, and others high in office, and how much to political intrigue; to know, for example, who got that mysterious sum of $685,000. We cannot tell how and why the policyholders of the Equitable were robbed without telling who robbed them. Whether the trail leads to the Republican National Committee or to the State Republican machine and Edward H. Harriman and Benjamin B. Odell, jr., it must be followed to the very end.

In the Oneida district of Pennsylvania on August 23, 800 miners were suspended because they "knocked off" work on the occasion of John Mitchell's visit, in order to give him an elaborate reception. President Mitchell denounces this as "tyrannical," and promises that the "rights" of the men shall be protected. On what theory the privilege of parading before the union leader during the working day can be called a "right," we are at a loss to see, unless, indeed, Mitchellism is a religion, and the suspension of these men interferes with "the free exercise thereof." Just so a Mohammedan's employer must allow him certain periods for prayers. Or, possibly, it may be argued that the clause of the 1903 agreement providing that "no suspension of work shall take place by lockout or strike, etc.," implies that suspension of work *shall* take place for other reasons, such as a union jamboree. Natural as is the desire of the mine workers to do honor to a beloved and successful chief, it is incompatible with the commonest rules of industrial organization to stop work for this purpose whenever the spirit moves.

John Mitchell at Tamaqua on Sunday, explaining his demand for recognition of the union, said that he had found to his satisfaction that there could be no "permanent industrial peace" without it. What is his view, then, of the present conditions in the mining region, where the Board of Conciliation has worked for the last two years with conspicuous

success? The award of the anthracite coal strike commission in 1900 expressly adjudged and awarded: "That no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization. . . ." Certainly the anthracite region has never borne outwardly a more peaceful aspect than in the last two years and a half. Differences were never settled with less friction. Probably the condition of the miners themselves was never so good, even if the steady employment at the mines has enabled the operators to provide themselves with stores of coal against a future strike. But all these considerations are as nothing beside the fact that the union must have something specific to fight for. Membership can be drummed up at the promise of a battle when a merely prudential organization among this class of workmen would be in danger of falling to pieces. Mr. Mitchell may reiterate that his mission is "one of peace"; but the knowledge that his following grows in times of strife but declines when things are quiet, does not naturally encourage the leader to play the part of pacificator.

We have been almost ashamed to comment upon the outcry in the South over Booker Washington's having sat down to dinner with Mr. Wanamaker in a hotel. One hates to believe that so many of his fellow-countrymen can be so childish. We had also hoped that Southern people had taken to heart the lesson of their silly attacks upon President Roosevelt for eating with Mr. Washington. But here comes the Charlotte *Observer* asserting that "Mr. Wanamaker's offence is greater than Mr. Roosevelt's." This, it is explained, was because a dinner in a public room is "purely a social function," and "a negro was unmistakably on a social equality." Mr. Washington, the *Observer* admits, is "a good negro; more than that, he's a great man," but still, the purity of the race, etc., etc. And it is men capable of such sentiments who complain if they are called backward and provincial in setting up standards which the rest of the civilized world has outgrown.

The advocates of an international system for collecting agricultural statistics and issuing crop reports have made the most of this summer's cotton-report scandals. David Lubin of California, speaking before the Statistical Institute at London, declared that, statistical science having secured a stable medium of exchange, its next task should be to "eliminate from dangerous price fluctuations the most important things of exchange, the things known as the staples of agriculture." Continuing, he reasons: "Under the proposed Parliament or International Institute of Agriculture it will be the farmers of the world and the consumers of the world who will determine the price between them." But will not the chief tug of war take place between the various crop-producing areas? If our Southern States can be roused to wrath by our own cotton estimate when they consider it too large, what will be their feelings when such a bear report emanates from an international bureau in which cotton-buying England and Germany have a hand? Imagine the influences that would seek to affect the international grain market in such a Presidential year as 1896, when low prices for farmers' products might have turned the election the other way. Whether the substitution of international jealousies and rivalries for the speculator's wiles will greatly improve matters, is a point which the champions of the suggested system need to consider.

While we are palavering about a trade agreement with Germany, France has gone to work and made one with Russia. The two situations are not unlike. France takes large quantities of raw materials from Russia, as Germany does from the United States. Something like $40,000,000 a year of Russian lumber and flax and cereals and oil enter France. French exports to Russia, like Germany's to us, are mostly of manufactured goods, and are comparatively small in amount. About $9,000,000 was the total last year. Of course, the thing the French commissioners in St. Petersburg had to debate about was, not the desire of the two peoples to exchange goods at a profit to each, but the efforts of the two Governments to make trade difficult—that is, the tariff. The Russian scale of customs duties is high and advancing. The French have their maximum and minimum tariffs, and their sacred protectionist system as well as we. But an agreement, so it is reported, was come to; tariff barriers are to be mutually lowered. Protection is mighty, but business is mightier. When American business men really become angry, and demand that the tariff get out of the way, they will be surprised to see how meekly it will take its hat and go.

Dr. Karl Peters, who recently returned to Germany from his South African expedition, is more than ever convinced that that part of the world was never intended for white men, even though there are now railways and towns where Livingstone found a wilderness to explore. He has expressed his opinion that the whole of South Africa is unsuitable for agricultural purposes of a permanent kind, and that therefore the scheme of the "United States of South Africa" will remain a dream, as the country, being a mining region, has a too fluctuating population. It has become more and more markedly a miner's camp; and so long as the supply of diamonds, gold, copper, iron, coal, petroleum, etc., lasts, it will be in part a white man's country—after that, it will revert to the dark races. Already the so-called Ethiopian movement, with the motto, "The black continent for the blacks," is making headway rapidly. The champions of it are mostly ministers of the Abyssinian Church, and the Zulu press is used as well as the pulpit, with results which Dr. Peters calls "simply astonishing." The treatment of the blacks by the English, with their so-called "contract" system, resulting in conditions not unlike slavery, is as oil on the flames. Noteworthy also is the growth of the Asiatic element in Africa. Hindus and Chinese are everywhere. There are already entire towns of Hindus, and the suburbs of Capetown and Johannesburg are Hindu. Dr. Peters sees in this invasion "the first great reaction of the temperance nations against the alcohol-drinking Europeans," providing a rich field for future conflicts.

Sir Martin Conway makes an appeal for contributions from the United States, as well as England, in aid of the newly formed "League for the Preservation of the Beauty of Switzerland." Its aim is announced to be to prevent that "building of hotels, making of railroads, enclosure of waterfalls," etc., by reason of which many of the most beautiful spots in the Alps are in danger of losing a part of their charm. Sir Martin remarks that the Swiss imagine that all that has been done is "agreeable to the tourist-crowd," but he warns them that they are killing the goose that lays the golden hotel-bills. Just what is to be done, however, he does not indicate. His real complaint, we suspect, he does not openly state. It is that there should be a tourist-crowd at all. When some people say natural beauty, they mean an exclusive opportunity to enjoy it. And there is much to be said for that view. How can a landscape seem truly beautiful with a group of those German parvenus in the foreground whom *Fliegende Blätter* so loves to caricature? What mountain or valley can really appear of unsullied beauty when beset by agile Americans who have been "doing some jumping" through Italy, and are now furiously covering their Switzerland, travelling every night, and staring nature out of countenance every day? Modern social conditions are really at the root of Sir Martin Conway's trouble, and they cannot be changed. The man who insists upon having beautiful nature all to himself has, in these days, either to "git up airly," or to retire to a more and more inaccessible peak in Darien.

GOVERNMENTAL AUTOMATISM.

The demand of the times is for graft-proof systems of administration. Convinced by sad experience that untrustworthy men will get into office, and despairing of raising the standard of public morality, the aim of a certain school of statesmen seems to be to invent plans that can be administered by dishonest men, if worst comes to worst, without serious harm to the public interest. A minor, though very apt, illustration of this tendency came last week from South Carolina. A legislative investigating committee has discovered that the local agents of the State Dispensary have sought and received large sums of money and costly presents from brewers and distillers for putting their particular brands of liquor on sale. Senator Tillman, father of the system, practically confesses the abuse, and offers a remedy. Is it the appointment of better men for local dispensers? No; but the elimination of all the commercial brands of beer and whiskey at once, by having the State bottle its own liquors. "If we have to discriminate," runs the argument, in effect, "dishonesty creeps in. Let us, therefore, give everybody the same thing, whether it is what he really wants or not."

There is hardly a line of administration in which a similar theory cannot be traced. The matter of buying supplies is the most conspicuous instance. The Post-Office has to fasten its letter-boxes somehow. It picks out a particular box-fastener, and we have Machen and Lorenz and the Groffs to deal with. The Navy Department wants submarine boats, and, because there is more than one kind, we have a scandal in Congress. But the statutes try hard to minimize the possibilities of such happenings. Every man trained in private business methods who enters Government service chafes under the necessity of advertising for bids for every trivial lot of supplies, and taking the lowest, whatever his private opinion may be of the bidders. Read the restrictions which every city charter or administrative act throws about the purchase of patented articles to see how much thought has been given to heading off corruption.

In administration, every detail tends to reduce itself to a hard-and-fast formula. The efforts of Mr. Madden, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, to purge the lists of publications entitled to the second-class rate probably resulted in as much ill-feeling and recrimination as any bit of governmental activity in recent years. A librarian or a buyer for home perusal has little doubt as to what publications are "legitimate" and what features objectionable. Yet the efforts of the Department to draw the line led it into all manner of difficulties, with unreasonable and inconsistent rulings. If conditions are becoming more satisfactory, it is because absolutely definite rules as to sample copies, premiums, prize offers, etc., are being worked out.

It has been assumed by many students of the railway-rate problem that Government regulation would mean, within a short time, a system of zone or distance tariffs, not because this is desired in itself, but because of the sheer inability of any commission to stand the pressure of rival localities. Favoritism and inflexibility are thought of as the sole alternatives. Some of the safeguards alluded to have been tested by experience, and no one would dream of upsetting them. The merit system itself rests on the same fundamental theory. But in the general effort to make laws that are virtually self-enforcing, there may be danger of forgetting the fact that we are merely exchanging specific responsibility of the executive for general responsibility of the legislature. And the legislature itself has wrestled just as hopelessly with the everlasting difficulty.

The case of national pensions contains the whole story. Our system was demoralized first by the difficulty of deciding whether admitted disabilities were or were not traceable to the war. So Congress in 1890 said: "Never mind whether the veteran's ills are due to the war or not. Give him the pension if he is disabled." But "disability"—a term most elastically defined—had still to be discovered, until the famous Order No. 78 said, in effect: "Never mind whether he is disabled or not. Give him a pension if he is sixty-two years old." Congress retained the right to alleviate the harshness of existing law by passing private pension bills for those whose needs the statute did not precisely meet. These private bills are defended as a sort of system of equity, tempering the rigors of the law, giving more heed to all the circumstances of the individual case. Yet what is the result? Simply that every Congressman or Senator is told how many such bills he can have in a session. Injustices may cry to heaven in one district, while another may not have a surviving Unionist unpensioned; but the quota rule prevails.

The whole practice of legislative log-rolling has its origin in this same weakness of officialdom—confessed inability to exercise wise discrimination. Congress as a whole could not muster the courage to say squarely: "Mud Hen Creek has no commercial importance and no possibilities, and doesn't deserve a dollar of the public money." So every other member claimed as much river and harbor money as the Mud Hen Creek statesman, and some of it went for extremely good purposes. And, if the shameless scramble for "pork" has largely been done away with—a most important reform for which the present chairman of Rivers and Harbors deserves much credit—it has been by laying down hard-and-fast tests which any stream must meet in order to receive improvement.

After all is said and done, we must trust somebody in the public service. If we reduce the duties of an executive officer to the mere application of a yardstick to the matters that come in his way, we are simply transferring our faith to the authority which provides the yardstick. Government by the methods of the slot-machine, though the logical end of the attempts to make Government functions automatic, might not prove to be the best thing in the world.

REFORM BY PRECEPT.

We are in the habit of looking to the annual address of the President of the American Bar Association for direct dealing with the moral and social problems of the hour. Professor Tucker did not, last week, depart from this good precedent. In one passage of his speech he took up specifically President Roosevelt's Harvard complaint against those members of the bar who, for great fees, prostitute their great abilities to the service of unscrupulous wealth in the working out of "bold and ingenious schemes to evade the laws." Partially admitting that the charge is well founded, Professor Tucker proposed a remedy for the evil. It is the adoption in all law schools of "an enlarged and comprehensive course in 'legal ethics,' to be taught by men of lofty ideals."

With all respect, we submit that this is quite to mistake both our malady and its cure. We are not perishing for lack of knowledge. Every shyster lawyer who extorts an illegal fee from a poor and ignorant woman, as well as every "leader of the bar" who gets rich by devising methods for wealthy scoundrels to cheat and steal and yet go unwhipped of the law, knows perfectly that he is doing a disreputable thing. He does not need to be told that his acts are as repugnant to the ethics of his profession as they are to elementary morality. It is not ignorance that we have to attack, but moral perversity. Motives, passions, desires are at fault, and social standards are awry, not intellectual perceptions. And whenever a society is suffering, as ours is to-day, from topsy-turvy morals and blinding ambitions, it cannot be won back to clear honesty and true estimates of life by the exhortations of a thousand pulpits or of ten thousand professors.

Education as of itself a moralizer of whole peoples is no longer preached by men who try to keep their brains clear of cobwebs. Against Professor Tucker, we cite Prof. William James: "Fifty years ago, the schools were supposed to free us from crimes and unhappiness; but we do not indulge in such sanguine hopes to any such extent to-day." And in the address from which we quote,

this loyal son of Harvard added—never more loyal than when he said it—"There is not a public abuse on the whole Eastern coast which does not receive the enthusiastic approval of some Harvard graduate." Let Lodge, let Penrose, let James H. Hyde deny it! Young men are not to be fooled by mere words. You may tell them in the law schools till you are gray and bald and bent that the legal profession ought to be a beacon of the purest honor, a bulwark of morality and the saving salt of the commonwealth; but so long as students see a Depew pocketing unearned and suspicious thousands, yet accounted one of the most successful men of his generation, honored by State, Church, and University, your moral platitudes will have no more effect upon them than the idle wind. Not what you say, but what he does, will sway the youthful mind.

We had, on the same day with President Tucker's address, a striking acknowledgment of the futility of preaching the purest moral and religious doctrines to men off whose hearts they rebound. The Rev. Dr. Morgan, the eloquent and devout English clergyman, left behind him as he sailed a searching rebuke of American church-goers. He had detected an alarming lack of influence upon their daily lives of the solemn truths which they professed to believe. Creed and practice are not at all articulated. Business men sit twice a Sunday under the tremendous utterances of prophet and apostle, only to go out and all the week cheat, if not with holiness and zeal, at least with entire unconsciousness that their religion has anything to do with the exchange and the counting-room. Lord Melbourne himself could not be more indignant than they at the pretence that Christianity has any right to invade private life. And we know how shocked politicians always are when any minister essays the Nathan rôle with them. They make literally their own the old complaint of the satirist, Bramston:

"Not long since parish clerks with saucy airs
Apply'd King David's Psalms to State affairs."

But if precept thus has so little reforming power, where shall we turn for help? To example. Let Messieurs the great lawyers commence. If they would reëstablish noble ideals in their profession, let them display them in their own persons, rather than urge law students to do as they say, not as they act. Let the leaders of the bar assert their leadership in the exemplification of unbending probity, scorn of rich men bearing bribes, eagerness to ostracise or chastise every trickster and money-grabber in their profession, readiness to volunteer their services in defence of public rights, emphasis upon the rewards of a good conscience and approval by the discerning rather than upon $100,000 retainers and being let into the "good things" of the bad men they help steer clear of jail. We would point also to the silent working out of the great moral laws which the Creator has written in the heart of man and stamped upon human society. The true standards have a terrible way of asserting themselves in the lives even of men who snap their fingers at them. Awful warnings are, from time to time, given to a society in which morals seem hopelessly confused. The sight of eminent evildoers caught at last in the machinery of the mills of the gods avails more than all the moral teachers put together. It is Providence itself doing the teaching and flogging at home. It is in this view that we have to regard our late exposures of lights of the law and paragons of society and pillars of the church, as immensely tonic. We firmly believe that the present plight of Senator Depew is a greater and more impressive contribution to "legal ethics" than could be made by all the lecturers in all the law schools talking moral abstractions for a lifetime.

THE LAST OF ADDICKS.

The news that J. Edward Addicks is disposed of as a political factor in Delaware, now carried beyond ordinary rumor by the desertion of his chief lieutenant and proxy Senator, Mr. Allee, brings a sigh of happy relief to the country, which has anxiously watched the sixteen years' fight against this adventurer. In a peculiar sense, his campaigns have been the concern of decent citizens in every section. Other States might be bought, but none by such sordid and shameless methods as were applied to Delaware; other preposterous candidates have aspired to Senatorships—yes, and won them—but none whose unfitness was so gross and palpable, whatever standard was to be applied. Thus not only did the name of Addicks become a synonym for everything that was evil in American politics, but it is to be feared that other communities comforted themselves by the thought that their own political conditions, however bad, could not be compared with those which were smelling to Heaven in the old Blue Hen State.

The original choice of Delaware as a field for the operation of buying a Senatorship is the first feature of this amazing political story to demand attention. On the score of venerable traditions in politics, Delaware should have been an unpromising place to begin. Its politics had long been dominated by powerful families, like the Bayards and the Saulsburys, and it had sent an uninterrupted succession of Democrats to the Senate for thirty-two years when Addicks came on the ground. Yet under the surface were elements of weakness. Delaware was small; the $250,000 which Addicks admits having spent in his campaigns would be the equivalent of more than $9,000,000 in New York. Then the rural counties, which had far more than their just representation in the Legislature, were wretchedly poor and contained a large negro element. Vote-buying—though on a relatively small scale—had long been indulged in by both parties. A State where common speech made the distinction between a man's "charging for his vote" and "voting his sentiments," was not entirely unprepared to receive a corruptionist. Moreover, while the southern counties had declined in prosperity, New Castle County, which contains the city of Wilmington, had grown rapidly in wealth and population and had developed manufacturing interests which predisposed it to Republicanism. Addicks undertook to obtain a Senatorship in the same way that he would have obtained a gas charter from the same Legislature.

It is not quite correct to credit Addicks alone with the "redemption of Delaware," for on the last day of December, 1888, when, at midnight, he made his appearance at Dover, the Republicans had already elected a Legislature. It was easy to laugh then, as everybody did, at the pretensions of this stranger. But to review the events of the years that follow is to admire the pluck and determination of the men who stood fast against pressure that was continually becoming stronger. In 1889 Addicks had no votes at all in the Legislature. In 1891 there was no Senator to be elected, and in 1893 the Legislature, chosen in the year of the Democratic landslide, returned Senator Gray. Even in 1894-5, Addicks had only six adherents on the Senatorial ballot. Two of these fell away from him, but by parliamentary trickery these four men contrived to prevent the choice of Col. Du Pont, who lacked a single vote of a majority when the session adjourned in May. This year was the critical one in the fight. Not only did it see the formal split between the factions, but the rallying cry, "Addicks or nobody," then began to carry a real menace.

Thus far, the anti-Addicks men had been in the comfortable position of any established organization which is repelling an interloper. The most trying test of their temper was to come. After 1897, when the Democrats once more chose a Senator, Mr. Kenney, the Republicans again secured a Legislature. This time there were more Addicks men than Regulars. He had 18 Republican votes out of 31, but 27 were necessary to elect. Failing to make headway in the Republican party, he turned to the Democrats. Three of them voted for him on the final ballot, and it has always been believed that others were willing to, but had not the courage in the face of the cries of "Judas" and the threats of violence that accompanied the rollcall. Again it was "nobody"; but Addicks now held the whiphand.

In 1900 there were rival Republican delegations to the national convention, as there had been four years earlier, but this time the Addicks men were seated. The influence of Mark Hanna and of President McKinley himself was by this time on the Addicks side. One of the Senatorships was offered to Samuel M. Knox, the anti-Addicks leader, as the price of his acquiescence. Six other Regulars were won over, and Addicks at last had 22 out of the 27 Republican votes. But he still lacked five, and those five were not to be had at any price. On November 11, 1902, President Roosevelt appointed William M. Byrne, Addicks's unsuccessful candidate for Congress, United States District Attorney; and Postmaster-General Payne, the practical politician of the Cabinet, announced that the Administration was to recognize the "Union Republican" faction on account of its numerical superiority. In the next Legislature Addicks, now claiming that his "regularity" had been acknowledged by every party authority competent to certify it, owned 21 votes. This time a prolonged deadlock was ended by the choice of an Addicks man, Allee, for the long term, and a Regular, Ball, for the short, of which only two years remained, so the Legislature of 1905 had again a Senatorial vacancy to fill. But again Addicks lacked five votes of the consummation of his designs.

That Addicks is not now a Senator is not to be credited to Delaware as a whole—it was complaisant enough—but to the group of steadfast men, a minority of their own party, who resisted, year after year, every form of political pressure known to this country. They, led by a business man, a stock dealer, two manufacturers, two farmers, and a telegraph operator, have saved their State from the long-threatened degradation.

TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY BUILDING.

Two projected transcontinental railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific in Canada and the Western Pacific in the United States, are now likely to be carried forward to speedy completion. The financial support of each undertaking seems to be provided, and contractors are preparing estimates. Each line promises to have an important influence, not only upon the territory through which it will run, but upon Pacific Coast and Oriental commerce.

The Canadian Pacific was opened throughout in 1887, and it has since built and obtained control of a number of feeders and branches. The total length of the system, including leased lines and lines under construction, is given, in 'Poor's Manual' for 1904, as 11,019 miles. The road is now very prosperous: the stock is quoted at 160, though in 1904 it was as low as 109. The evidences of this prosperity are abundant. Two through passenger trains from Montreal to Vancouver are run each way daily. This year the rush of travel has been so heavy that the trains have often run in at least two sections, and the Canadian Pacific hotels in the Rocky Mountain resorts have been compelled to turn away many travellers. The low rates to the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland have, of course, drawn large crowds, but, aside from this special cause, the rapid settlement of the wheat belt and the North Pacific coast assures a steadily growing passenger traffic. No expert testimony is needed to explain the source of freight earnings. From Winnipeg to Calgary the country is becoming rich. The volume of advertising in the Winnipeg newspapers is one of a thousand signs. On every siding, cars are loading and unloading freight. At every junction and distribution point, such as Regina, Medicine Hat, and Calgary, vast stocks of agricultural machinery are in plain sight from the car windows.

The Grand Trunk proposes a line through the country farther to the north. That there is room for a railway there, that the business is increasing so swiftly as to furnish enough for both railways, no one seems to doubt. Indeed, the extension of the Grand Trunk ought, if precedent be of any value, to be a benefit to everybody concerned. The United States was importing wheat last autumn; and it cannot be many years before the world will require the products of all the wheat lands which may be opened by both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk.

On this side of the border the Western Pacific is hailed by residents of the Pacific Coast as the long-desired rival of the Southern Pacific. Whether it will be an active competitor remains to be seen. The north coast is in the hands of the Hill lines, which have ports at Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland. The Southern Pacific also runs into Portland, and it controls practically all the railway traffic in California, where its relations with the Santa Fé seem entirely amicable. California has not submitted to this monopoly without many protests, but they have hitherto proved unavailing. In the old days the mine owners bitterly complained that the railways were eating up their profits, and there was more or less hostility between the "mining group" and the "railway group" of capitalists. The farmers and fruit-growers, who are now adding so much to California's wealth, are in a state of chronic rage against the Southern Pacific. It has tied itself up to a private-car monopoly, which, the farmers declare, charges extortionate rates for carrying fruit in cold storage to the Eastern markets. The merchants of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and the smaller cities and towns present their grievances in still another bill of particulars. The Southern Pacific controls coastwise steamships. It has also been deep in State politics. Indeed, the picture of affairs in Frank Norris's 'Octopus' is by no means pure fiction.

The news that, under the organization of the Western Pacific, the Gould system will reach out from Salt Lake City to the coast and furnish a through connection to the Atlantic seaboard, has therefore provoked extraordinary interest in California. The papers have been full of it. Men on the street are eager to discuss it. No doubt a road which should deliver California from the Harriman monopoly would be a strong stimulus to the development of all the industries of the State and to trans-Pacific trade. One need not accept the extravagant estimates of enthusiasts as to the capacity of the Pacific Coast to support a large population. One may have his doubts about twenty or thirty millions of people in the near future, but he can still believe that two million residents in California and three-quarters of a million in Oregon are far below the possibility. Both States contain many undeveloped resources. Capitalists, as well as farmers, are naturally reluctant to put their investments at the mercy of a corporation which has provoked so much hostility as the Southern Pacific. The fruit-grower who finds that icing and freight charges to New York amount to more than the price of his fruit, refuses to put any more land under cultivation. If the Western Pacific does nothing more than force the Southern Pacific to adopt a more conciliatory policy, it will be a great boon to the whole Coast.

HYMNALS, OLD AND NEW.

A new hymnal is announced by the Methodist Book Concern, a book which must soon find its way into all Methodist churches, North and South. A volume which reaches so many people—over four million members, with an equal number of adherents—is an educational force to be reckoned with; to hundreds of thousands it will be a handbook of poetry, music, and religion. In Methodist—as in other non-liturgical—churches, the Bible lessons and the hymns are the most elevating part of the service. In neither prayer nor sermon can any preacher of the denomination hope to offer such a stimulus to mind and soul. Nor can the minister take offence when members of his congregation flee from the commonplace inconsequence of his discourse, and take refuge in the pages of the hymnal. Hosts of sincere worshippers find church tolerable because they can close their ears to the droning exhortation, and commit to memory a hymn or two.

This we say, in spite of the fact that

so much religious poetry is neither religious nor poetic. Hymn-books are overloaded with stuff which has nothing to recommend it but doctrinal soundness. Fervor of emotion and beauty of diction are absolutely wanting. In this matter, however, there has in recent years been considerable improvement. The late Rev. Charles S. Robinson, for example, compiled a hymnal which was a decided advance on those in general use. The Episcopal Hymnal, published about ten years ago, marked another step forward; but it contains too much—679 hymns. The new Methodist Hymnal has 717; but it supplants a collection containing 1,117—an appalling mass of mediocre verse. The difficulties of discarding any hymn, once admitted, are apparent. However banal the words or flat the jingle, they have pleased some people, have become hallowed by searching of heart, high aspiration, hope of eternity, and sorrow for the dead. The joint commission, which saved but 477 of the old hymns and added 240 new, has therefore shown uncommon firmness.

Of course, not all the new are recently written; they are drawn from all sources, ancient and modern. The whole of the last century, with Heber, Keble, Newman, Bonar, Montgomery, Faber, and Neale has produced hardly 240 worthy hymns. Two of the new hymns, Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Kipling's "Recessional," are sure to provoke adverse comment. Both are solemn and in a way devotional; but "Crossing the Bar" seems almost too elaborately metaphorical, too artificial, to make a direct and telling appeal, while the "Recessional" owes something of its vogue to the fact that it isn't a Barrack Room Ballad. Earnest souls have accepted it as proof that the profane Kipling of "Fuzzy Wuzzy" has reformed, and is bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.

The world is yet waiting for a volume of hymns on the scale of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics,' the choicest, and nothing else. The number of selections would probably range between two and three hundred. The task has been more than once attempted, but never with great success. No denominational hymnal can supply the want. That work is compiled with an eye to the traditions and temperament of a sect. The keen theologians who pass upon the work scent Arminianism. Socinianism, or other vile heresies in the most innocent and odorless syllables. As a critic of this Methodist Hymnal notes, "Hymns, flawless in themselves and eminently congenial, say, to Presbyterian or Congregational worship, might not meet the demands of the Methodist spirit of worship." The men who undertake a small anthology of hymns, then, must be blessed with a catholic and unprejudiced taste.

The phrase "spirit of worship," just quoted, suggests another limitation. All hymns are religious verse, but all religious verses are not hymns. A metrical statement of the doctrine of the Trinity or the theory of atonement may be as valueless for purposes of worship as a metrical statement of the proposition that the square described on the hypothenuse of a right-angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the other two sides. Indeed, too many of the hymns written in periods of religious controversy have been weighted down with doctrinal theory. John Wesley himself, in the preface to his collection of hymns, dated 1779, boasts that these hymns "contain all the more important truths of our most holy religion, whether speculative or practical," "illustrate them all," and "prove them both by Scripture and reason; and this is done in a regular order." That, indeed, is the defect of the book; it contains too much that is merely expository, argumentative, or hortatory. Take, for example, two stanzas:

> "Lovers of pleasure more than God,
> For you He suffer'd pain;
> Swearers, for you he spilt His blood;
> And shall He bleed in vain?
>
> "Misers, for you His life He paid;
> Your basest crime He bore;
> Drunkards, your sins were on Him laid
> That you might sin no more."

These lines might easily be matched in all of the older denominational hymnals.

Some of the most inspiring hymns were the product of the early ages of faith. Nothing of the sophisticated Victorian era has touched their simplicity and vigor. When hell was a pit of physical torment and heaven a city of pearly gates, the Christian's fears and hopes were absolutely definite. For Bernard of Cluny there was in all reality a "Jerusalem, the golden, with milk and honey blest," a "sweet and blessed country, the home of God's elect"; and Bernard's cry came from his heart:

> "For thee, O dear, dear country,
> Mine eyes their vigils keep;
> For very love beholding
> Thy holy name, they weep."

No vague remarks on ethics in this—no thin generalizations about the pleasure of doing good, or about joining the choir invisible. The hymn-book that shall gather up the best of this passion of worship is yet to be made.

CHINESE STUDENTS IN JAPAN.

SEUL, July 21, 1905.

Ten years ago, when China fought Japan, the Cantonese, had you asked him what he thought of the war, would probably have shrugged his shoulders, or inquired, in turn, "What war?" It was the Peking Government, not the Chinese nation, that was battling in Mantchuria. To-day we find the merchants in every treaty port threatening to boycott American goods, students refusing to attend American schools, house boys declining to serve American masters. China is waking. She may not fight with machine guns and automatic pistols, but she is capable of waging a war of dollars. The Chinaman is a man of commerce, and in a mercantile battle would be no mean antagonist. The Japanese victories have undoubtedly been responsible, in a measure, for this sudden assertion of China's dignity, but the Japanese schools will have a greater effect than her battleships and her undefeated armies.

In January, 1905, there were 2,409 Chinese students in Tokyo. By the end of June that number had almost doubled. More than half are self-supporting, the others have either been sent by the national or provincial governments, or are the holders of scholarships founded by groups of officials and literati. The students are of all ages, from boys of thirteen, preparing to enter the Japanese middle schools, to men of forty and over who have already worn their official buttons and held office at home. There are Chinamen in practically all the Government institutions, and in a large number of the private, while a few schools have been especially established for their instruction. The greater proportion study engineering, law, or military science. Medicine claims many, and railroading, photography, weaving, printing, dyeing, and soap manufacturing are less popular. The Chinese Government allows each of its students twenty-five yen per month. This sum is paid to the school authorities, and they in turn meet all expenses, allowing the pupil a certain sum for incidentals. Japanese students of the same class are generally allowed fifteen yen a month, for eight yen pays for a four-mat room and the cheap food on which the student is expected to live.

All students are nominally placed in charge of a Superintendent of Education, or, in case none has been appointed, under the Chinese Minister at Tokyo. A set of rules regulating the acts of students was prepared by Chan Chih Tung, the Hankow Viceroy, and was signed by Mr. Uchida, the Japanese Minister to China. The agreement never seems to have been regarded very seriously by the Japanese. It gives elaborate directions governing the entrance of the student into Japanese schools—that he must attend only those institutions recommended by the Chinese Minister, and that the school shall admit him only upon presentation of a certificate issued by the Legation. Certain penalties are also provided for the non-observance of the above, but the Japanese authorities refused to interfere where pupils were accused of offences purely political in nature. In ordinary matters, of course, the students have the same status as other resident Chinamen. Of the many articles, the only one calculated to render the whole effective, deals with the recently established system of "rewards." For a very serious breach of the rules, only, would a student be punished by his provincial officials on his return to China. Obedience, however, brings laurel wreaths and pleasant places. Chan Chih Tung hopes to accomplish his ends by appealing to the ambitious rather than by penalizing the disaffected.

The Emperor has proclaimed that Japanese degrees are to be recognized as the equivalent of the old Chinese Literary Grades. Men whose conduct has been exemplary, and who have entered the schools specified, will be given, upon a reëxamination, which may be a farce, Chinese degrees

as well. Five years' study and a middle-school diploma entitle the holder to the Kungsheng grade. A student who, after eight years, secures a certificate from the higher schools is awarded the Chüjen. Three years' further study and a university degree call for a Chinshih. A Master's degree in addition claims the Hanlin, while a Doctorate insures an appointment in the Government service, given only to Hanlins of standing. In addition to the above it is provided in the new regulations that those who had completed their studies before the regulations came in force, shall, upon reëxamination, be given the Chüjen degree, and that those who have not graduated in Japan, but have been in the Government employ, may be credited with their term of actual service.

For years Chinese students have been going abroad. The Government sent a number to America in 1872, but later recalled them, as it was feared that they would return to their own country too fully impregnated with Western ideas. Many went to England, others to the Continent, most of them men from Canton and the Yangtze provinces. Chinese interest in the outside world was growing, and the war with Japan opened the eyes of many a thinker. In 1896 a number of Chinese students went to Japan. In 1898 the authorities of Chekiang, Kwantung, and Kiangsu sent a few of their fellow provincials to the Island Empire, and they were followed the next year by others from the north. After the *coup d'état* which brought Kang Yu Wei's brief power to an end, a number of young men went over at their own expense. They were anxious to learn something of Japan's progress and of those modern ideas responsible for her great development.

When the Boxer trouble broke out, there were a number of Chinese students in Tokyo. They had not, at that time, any particular organization, save the association common to all Chinamen abroad. One of the Secretaries of Legation was notoriously a frequenter of tea houses and places of ill repute. The students resented this, and gathered one day at the resort where he was known to be. They drove him out, and then complained to the Minister, stating that, while their country was in a parlous state, with foreign troops occupying her capital, it was not a suitable time for their officials to be dissipating and making merry. This was the first occasion on which the students had taken united action. Tsai, the Chinese Minister in Tokyo, was forced to reprimand his assistant, and the incident was closed. The diplomat, however, cherished towards the students an ill will which he displayed two years later.

Up to 1900 the Central Government had taken little notice of the student movement—each province was maintaining its own group. In 1902, however, there was further trouble between Tsai, the Minister, and the young men in the Tokyo schools. A number of them, self-supporting, desired to enter the Military Academy. The Japanese authorities refused to receive them unless they were recommended by their Minister. The Peking officials were at that time much worried by the activities of the so-called Reform Societies in the South and West, and were anxious that only Government nominees should study the art of war. Tsai, therefore, had been instructed to refuse all requests for permits. The applicants, learning that the Minister's refusal was prompted by the Home Government and not by any unwillingness on the part of the Japanese to admit them, went to the Legation *en masse*. Thirty men refused to leave the premises, and for two days sat there without food waiting for their chief to relent. The police were finally called in, and two of the ringleaders sent back to China, whereupon the whole body threatened to leave Japan. A Superintendent was appointed, and the matter was finally smoothed over and the desired permits granted.

Nineteen hundred and two was an eventful year for this little scholastic community. They managed to protest successfully against the placing of Formosan Chinamen in the Aborigines Village at the Osaka Exposition. On the Kuantung Viceroy Wang Chih Chun's recommending that French troops be called in to quell the rebellion in his provinces, the students wired their Government demanding that the traitor be cashiered. The recent attempt on Wang's life in Shanghai was an outcome of this affair. In the year following, the number of students had increased, and they seemed to take an even greater interest in their home politics. A club was started with 274 charter members, at which topics of the day were discussed. The "Supao" * case was considered in mass meeting, and subscriptions were raised to assist in paying the costs of defence in the Shanghai courts. Shen Chen, the reform journalist who was beaten to death by the orders of the Empress Dowager, was worshipped by many as a hero. Owing to the failure of the Japanese to include the Dragon flag in the decorations, the Chinese students refused to attend the graduating exercises at the Military Academy, even after the mistake had been rectified. When Russia, in April, 1903, ignored her evacuation agreement, the so-called "Chinese Students' Army" was organized. About three hundred men drilled regularly for three months until the Japanese authorities requested them to change their names and cease their exercises. When the 8th of October found Russia still in Newchwang, the men in Tokyo telegraphed Yuan Shih Kai, the Viceroy of Chihli, crying for war and volunteering for the struggle. The Club is now the centre of Chinese student life in Tokyo. Each member, and there are some 4,500, pays an nominal fee of twenty sen a month. The Legation contributes 1,200 yen annually, and Chinese officials passing through are entered in the Benefactors' list for varying sums. All provinces have their subsidiary organizations, which hold frequent meetings to consider questions of interest. They elect their own leaders who represent them in the Club councils. Besides a library, well stocked with books of reference, there are reading, dining, and reception rooms, open daily from seven in the morning till ten at night.

The students are well organized, and take good care of their countrymen. Their agents in Tientsin and Shanghai are always ready to look after men who have just arrived from the interior, to help buy their tickets and to furnish information regarding their voyage. From these points the travellers are sent with letters of introduction to other agencies in Nagasaki or Kobe, then by train and steamer to Tokyo, where the Club takes charge of them until they are safely lodged and established in their new surroundings.

In recent years the idea of China for the Chinese has been definitely taking shape. The students in Japan are imbued with the new spirit, and in the past year or two the number of men who are prepared actively to voice their ideas has vastly increased. So far, there have been 411 graduates from Japanese institutions, 142 have studied in the military schools, 184 have made themselves ready to teach their countrymen. Their sentiments are expressed in their publications, most of which are issued *sub rosa*. Four magazines, printed in Tokyo, are circulated throughout China. Provincial journals, published by students from Chekiang, Hunan, Hupeh, and Kiangsu, stand for as many different means to the same end. The Hunanese are the most rabid and unreasoning in their denunciation of the Mantchus. The Chinese, they say, are worse than the Indians, for they recognize only the English as their masters, while the Chinese bow down before the Mantchus, who, in turn, are helpless in the hands of the foreigners. Hupeh and Chekiang are working upon more or less similar lines. They desire a Council, a Parliament to regulate expenditure and to check official corruption. They talk of public opinion, and claim that the people only need representation to work out their salvation and bring the nation to the fulfilment of its destiny. Kiangsu, on the other hand, blames this same "people," and preaches education as their one hope. Liang Chi Chao, an exile, at his desk in Yokohama, writes stinging editorials against the Mantchus in the pages of the *New People's Review*, while Kang Yu Wei, another patriot with a price on his head, leads the "Pao Hung Hui," a society whose object it is to support the Emperor against the Dowager.

All political discussions are forbidden in the Middle Kingdom, except in Shanghai, where the Chinese authorities have found it impossible to bridle the native press. The revolutionary pamphlets, however, have been spread broadcast by newsdealers, usually Japanese, who have opened shops, and, presuming on extra-territorial rights, sell their wares in defiance of the local officials. Everywhere in China newspapers are being more widely read. The people are beginning to understand. Those who cannot read hear the news bandied about in the tea houses, for the Chinaman is a great talker, and, in a land where rumor is eagerly credited, fact must find a ready welcome. The Chinaman is primarily a practical person. He is a business man, and if it can be brought home to him that the adoption of certain measures will bring prosperity, if he can be made to realize that any partition of China would be prejudicial to his own interests, he will be the last man to stand idly by and see the bread taken from his mouth.

It is well known that Chinamen flourish nowhere as they do under an alien flag, safe from the rapacity of their own officials. This the student will grant you, and tell you that his first duty will be to become an official himself, and insure his countrymen at home the same freedom they enjoy abroad. It is a mistake to say, as many

*Four journalists were arrested in the Shanghai Foreign Settlement for printing seditious articles. The Municipal Council refused to turn them over to the Chinese authorities. The matter was finally referred to Peking.

have said, that the Chinaman is not patriotic. His sense of responsibility has, possibly, been undeveloped, but he has a good foundation upon which to build. No man is more ardently attached to his village and his family than he; it would be a step, and not a difficult one, that would raise his local pride to the dignity of national sentiment. The whole body politic is loosely bound by an elaborate network of village and district ties. China is an association of provinces rather than a united empire. It is the student's ambition to make the aggregation a unit.

The men who return from Tokyo will have greater influence with their countrymen than those who have been educated in the West. During their school days they have lived more after the fashion of their own land. They have constantly associated with their nationals, discussing with them their home problems in the broader light of the new learning, the mastery of which is their day's work. Instead of being lost in the midst of a civilization entirely different, and influenced by a race wholly alien, they are in constant touch with a life which is a development of their own, remodelled and modernized. The student desirous of inaugurating reforms at home has constantly before him, as an example, the realization of the very schemes he cherishes as his own ideal. The saner and older men among the students know full well the material with which, and upon which, they must work, and the sentiments to which they must appeal. They do not cry for the expulsion of the Mantchus, unless it be found that the present dynasty is unfitted for its responsibilities. The Mantchu and the Chinaman, they say, are practically the same; the former has been absorbed by the latter people. They do not demand a Parliament, although three of the great Viceroys, Yuan Shih Kai of Chihli, the Metropolitan Province; Chan Chih Tung of Hankow, and Chou Fu of Nanking, have memoralized the Throne concerning the establishment of a constitutional government. They know that the time is not yet ripe, that recognition of the rights of the individual is not as essential to the happiness of the Asiatic as it is to the Anglo-Saxon. The great mass of the people are content to till their fields and let politics take care of itself if they be left to their own devices and not troubled by official interference. The latter-day idea is rather to build railroads, not as heretofore with foreign, but with Chinese capital. There must be a common tongue, the Pekingese must be able to converse with the man from Amoy or Fuchau in words, and not by written characters alone.

The students hope to make the people realize that they are part of a great nation, not merely members of the thousands of cities and small communities throughout the Empire. When China understands that what affects the north must also affect the south, that commercial disorder in one province must have a ruinous effect in another, that the peril of one is the peril of all, then will she present a solid front to the world. The Chinaman must be educated. He must be convinced that official corruption and the lack of united effort will be fatal not only to his neighbor, but to himself. His patriotism must, in the beginning, be prompted by self-interest. China is waking. The change will be gradual. The students from Tokyo will be the leaders in the Renaissance, and it is for that purpose they are training themselves to-day in the schoolrooms of Japan.

WILLARD STRAIGHT.

THE PROVINCE OF THE MEZZOTINT.

LONDON, August 15, 1905.

Your readers may not be displeased if I supplement what I may call the social-historical review of Mr. Sidney Colvin's exhibition of mezzotints at the British Museum, in your issue of the third instant, with some technical observations on the same remarkable show. Mr. Colvin says, in his preface to the catalogue, that he displays less than a twentieth, probably less than a thirtieth, of the mezzotints in the Museum. But there are quite enough for every purpose, and they have been selected so as to give a representative historical series of the best prints in their best states from Von Siegen and Prince Rupert, about the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the engravers who reproduced Hoppner and Lawrence and Beechey in the first part of the nineteenth century.

The result of a study, under these auspices, of mezzotint engraving as practised in the days supposed to be its greatest, is the conviction that never has an art suffered more from its admirers and patrons. Mezzotint has some very beautiful qualities, and is full of delightful possibilities for the artist who understands it. There is no method of engraving that yields such rich blacks, such depth and color, such variety in texture; none, one would think, that lent itself so well to the reproductions of paintings. But it has the defects of its qualities, and probably there is no method of engraving that can be so easily abused, that abounds in so many pitfalls of mere prettiness and meretriciousness. One of the extraordinary things about it is that, technically, its inventor (or rather the pupil of its inventor) left so little chance of improvement or development. There is not a mezzotint shown finer than that famous copy of Spagnoletto's "Executioner," by Prince Rupert. It revealed at once all that can be got out of a plate when the engraver works on it in what the French appropriately call *la manière noire*. And it revealed more than this—or would have revealed more had Prince Rupert's followers had eyes to see—for it showed the value of restraint. The men who reproduced Reynolds and Romney only too often threw restraint to the winds, and sought, above all, the much-vaunted "velvety black" that delighted their fashionable friends but becomes cloying in the end. The blacks in Prince Rupert's print have far more virility and vigor, far more variety of gradation, far more truth of tone.

It is no less curious that the mezzotinters who came immediately after Prince Rupert should have made the mistake of over-dryness in their plates. In comparison with that splendid "Executioner," the prints of Blooteling and Vaillant, of Francis Place and George White—with occasional exceptions, more particularly by Blooteling and Place—have a tendency to hardness and colorlessness. These engravers seem either not to have known what they could do with mezzotint, or else, knowing, to have been afraid to do it. It is the more inexplicable because the later generation of mezzotinters, when the art had been popularized, went to the other extreme of softness and exaggerated color, even the very best of them. To go through the numerous prints by McArdell, and Dickinson, and Valentine Green, and John Raphael Smith, and the Wards, and the Watsons, and the others, is to be satiated by their sweetness, to weary of their conventional charm. What is apt to be forgotten, since the modern collector has made the old mezzotint the rival of the Japanese print and the postage stamp, is that all these men worked almost exclusively for fashionable patronage, and rarely, like the original engraver, primarily for their own amusement. People went to the mezzotint engraver as they went afterwards to the photographer; what they wanted from him was what they get more to their fancy from the camera and the faker of photographs—I mean the "artist-photographer." The mezzotinter could not serve his clients so satisfactorily, for the simple reason that his business was not to make portraits from life, but to reproduce them from paintings—usually from the work of the most distinguished painters of the period. However, he did his utmost, and it must be confessed, if we are honest, that the distinguished painters often played into their hands. Reynolds and Romney and their school were not always above adapting their work to their sitters' taste; and, besides, the traditions of Van Dyck, by the time they reached the English portrait-painters of the eighteenth century by way of Lely and Kneller, tended to artificial elegance and a tiresome decorative formula; and, in the fashionable mezzotint, elegance and decoration were intensified a hundredfold. Nothing was spared in the affectation or languishing of a pose: draperies swirled with a more abandoned grace, ribands flew out at more tender angles, and, in the background, foliage became more feathery, clouds more an affair of curves and pattern.

All these things were rendered and exaggerated with the greatest skill, for the mezzotinters of the day were masters of their craft. That they were often artists, too, is proved in plates where the fashionable demands upon them were less stringent, where grace and decorative prettiness were at a discount. I do not think any one can go to the British Museum, look dispassionately at the collection there, and then deny that the masterpieces of mezzotint are found, not among the portraits of women now fetching sensational prices in the salesrooms, but among the portraits of men now to be had for a comparative song. In these you feel that the engravers were doing the work they cared for in the way that pleased them most. McArdell's "Lords John and Bernard Stuart," after Van Dyck; Edward Fisher's "Laurence Sterne," after Reynolds; James Watson's "Samuel Johnson," Thomas Watson's "David Garrick," John Raphael Smith's "Lord Richard Cavendish," Dickinson's "Duke of Rutland," all after Reynolds; and, to me one of the most successful, Valentine Green's beautiful interpretation of Reynolds's portrait of himself, so dignified and simple in treatment, so true in tone, such subtle gradation in the grays and

blacks—these are the prints that arrest you as you pass, the prints that are the great glory of the art.

Altogether, the exhibition must fill the real lover of mezzotint with regret that so fine a method should have been at the mercy of fashion, both in its prime, when fashion ordered the prints, and to-day, when fashion collects them. Prince Rupert, in his "Executioner," the famous Englishmen in their portraits of men, have demonstrated beyond a doubt what the method can do in the rendering of figures; what it can do in the suggestion of landscape may be seen—not in the exhibition, where there are only two or three landscapes—but in the all too few examples by Turner for his 'Liber Studiorum,' and in the simpler plates by Lucas after Constable. I cannot help wishing that Mr. Colvin, while omitting, as he has rightly, the inferior work of most of the men who carried on the tradition in the nineteenth century, had given a place to these mezzotints by Turner and Lucas, for I know of none that explain better how admirably adapted the medium is to landscape, how entirely it reserves its finest effects for subjects that can be expressed in large, simple masses and broad outlines, without tedious detail and niggling. Here, really, is its province, though one in which it has been least developed. It is when you consider the great achievements of which the art is capable, the great things it has accomplished, in the translation into black-and-white of good portraits of men by distinguished painters; when you remember the chance it offers to the original artist who has fought so shy of it, that you resent the money inflicted on it by fashion—first, by tempting the engravers during their lifetime with a sure and easy means of making a livelihood, and then by giving predominance to their least important, their least vigorous work (that is, artistically) through a passing fad of the collector. When all is said, however, it is only fair to admit that the popular portraits of women in mezzotint, by the eighteenth-century school of engravers after the eighteenth-century portrait painters, are far better worth collecting than the feeble and foolish color prints that are no less the fad of the moment. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE PHILIPPINES AND THE BOYCOTT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What is the matter with the Imperialists? From 1898 until recently they have proclaimed in unmeasured terms the value of the Philippines as "a strategic point commanding the trade with the Orient," etc., etc. Many Americans were deluded into accepting the grievous and shameful burden of the Philippines in view of its prizing open the door of China's markets to their commerce. Let them now contrast the promise with the fulfilment, perceive and admit that the Imperialistic fiction was a hollow pretence to cover a sordid land-grabbing scheme; that the possession of that wretched archipelago has no bearing whatever on American trade with China; that when a Chinaman declines to buy from them, fleets and strategic points are alike impotent; that trade depends so largely on mutual good will that it is folly to kick a possible purchaser and then expect him to buy a bill of goods.

The Chinese reply to the Imperialistic contention is simply a boycott. So, Messieurs les Impérialistes, marry, come up—what are you going to do about it? Your answer is impatiently awaited by

An Anti-Imperialist.

Boston, August 29, 1905.

DOVE AND DIVED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of the 17th inst., I find on page 139 this sentence: "It is not generally known that the American submarine *Porpoise* dove [*sic*] 120 feet, etc."

I have subscribed to your valuable paper for many years, and have been, during that time, an attentive reader of it. I therefore dislike to criticise anything therein contained. It, however, seems to me that "dived" is the correct word to use—not "dove." Critic.

Eaglesmere, Pa., August 20, 1905.

[In Edward FitzGerald's translation from Calderon, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of," first act and scene, "Critic" may read this figure of the setting sun. The lines are from the mouth of *Rosaura's* attendant, *Fife:*

"Ah, he's himself past catching; as you spoke
He heard what you were saying, and—just so—
Like some scared water-bird,
As we say in my country, *dôve* below."

FitzGerald's "country" was, of course, Suffolk. Dr. Murray, in the Oxford Dictionary, under *Dive*, enumerates *dove* among the various forms of the preterite, with the simple label, "U. S. and Eng. dial.," to which he adds: "The modern dialectic past tense *dove* is apparently a new formation after *drive, drove*, or *weave, wove*." His earliest literary quotation is from Hayes's 'Open Polar Sea,' 1867. We think our correspondent is needlessly skittish of the form either as dialect or as an Americanism.—Ed. Nation.]

LOAN AND LEND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a belated copy of the *Nation* I find, on page 133, the phrase, apropos of a German loan to the Sultan of Morocco: "To loan money to him is practically to loan money to Morocco." I am writing remote from dictionaries, but is it really justifiable to use "loan" as a verb? The usage is common in the United States and Canada in commercial circles, but much less so, I believe, in England.—Yours truly,

George M. Wrong.

Pointe au Pic, Murray Bay, Quebec, August 25, 1905.

[Any noun may be used as a verb, but not all such applications will find favor. Dr. Murray gives a chapter to the verb loan, remarking "Now chiefly U. S." There are equivocal examples of its use as far back as 1300; the first assured occurs in an act of Henry VIII. Bonamy Price did not stick at the word in 1880. —Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Among the fall announcements of Macmillan Co. are 'New Creation in Plant Life,' an account of Luther Burbank and his work, by W. S. Harwood; the 'Recollections' of William O'Brien; 'Life of Oliver Ellsworth,' by William Garrott Brown; 'Napoleon and his Times,' in the Cambridge Modern History; 'Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' by W. Holman-Hunt; 'The History of American Painting,' by Samuel Isham; 'India,' by Flora Annie Steel, with colored illustrations by Mortimer Menpes; 'Persia, Past and Present,' by A. V. Williams Jackson; 'A Wanderer in Holland,' by E. V. Lucas; 'In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies,' by James Outram; 'Sporting Sketches,' by Edwyn Sandys; 'The Far East and the Great War,' by B. L. Putnam Weale; 'Venice,' by F. Marion Crawford, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; the second volume of the enlarged edition of Grove's 'Dictionary of Music'; a 'History of Education,' by Prof. Paul Monroe; 'A History of Political Theories, from Luther to Montesquieu,' by Prof. William A. Dunning; and 'Nero,' by Stephen Phillips.

From A. C. McClurg & Co.'s fall list we select 'With Shelley in Italy,' by Anna Benneson McMahan; 'Remenyi: Musician and Man—An Appreciation,' by Gwendolyn Kelley and George P. Upton; 'Arts and Crafts of Old Japan,' by Stewart Dick; 'Far Eastern Impressions,' by Ernest F. G. Hatch; 'Home Life in France,' by Matilda Betham-Edwards; and 'In the Land of the Strenuous Life,' from the French of the Abbé Félix Klein.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, announces 'Christian Origins,' translated by Dr. D. A. Huebsch from the German of Otto Pfleiderer; and 'Beethoven' and 'Mozart,' as revealed in their own words as man and artist, respectively, from the German of Friedrich Kerst by H. E. Krehbiel.

'Perdita, and Other Poems,' by Charles J. Bayne, will shortly be published by the Cole Book Co., of Atlanta, Ga.

The eminent Swedish philologist, Prof. Adolf Noreen of Upsala, author of standard Old-Norse-Icelandic and Old-Swedish grammars, is now publishing his great Grammar of Modern Swedish, through Gleerup (Lund). This vast undertaking is designed to be comprised in four parts, filling nine volumes of 500-600 pages each, so that the whole work will contain something like 5,000 pages. The first part consists of a general introduction; the second deals with phonology, the third with semasiology; the fourth, besides including morphology, will provide a detailed index to the whole work. Those who are familiar with the scientific methods followed by Professor Noreen in his earlier publications know what to expect from the rare combination of scholarship, imagination, and critical acumen, of phonetic training and philogical learning, which have rendered this author one of the greatest living authorities in the field of Scandinavian languages. The completion of the work will be eagerly awaited.

We have received two dozen volumes of

the reissue, after eight or ten years, of Routledge's "The Muses' Library," with the American imprint of Dutton. In their size, 16mo, and rather small print, they make a popular appeal, but Dr. Richard Garnett, W. B. Yeats, G. A. Aitken, Alfred Pollard, and other authoritative writers have been called in as editors. The poets whose works are included in this collection range from Adelaide Anne Procter and Coventry Patmore to Keats, Blake, Coleridge, Goldsmith, Gray, Herrick, Donne, etc., etc. The volumes are annotated at the end.

Although an apology for Napoleon, Henri Houssaye's '1815: Waterloo,' is recognized abroad as a brilliant and valuable book. The translation by S. R. Willis (Kansas City: Franklin Hudson Co.) hardly does justice to the style of the original. but will serve to convey its meaning, and for that reason is welcome.

'Maria Sophia, Queen of Naples,' translated from the Norwegian of Clara Tschudi by Ethel Harriet Hearn (E. P. Dutton), is rather too slight in substance to make a book of. Maria Sophia was queen for only two years, and although during that short time much happened, including Garibaldi's expedition, she played but a modest part in it. Still, Miss Tschudi succeeds in rousing an admiration for her heroine's fine qualities, and our sympathy for her personal sorrows. Maria Sophia, who still lives, comes of that Wittelsbach family on which a curse hangs like that which blasted Pelops's line. Louis II. of Bavaria went mad and drowned himself; her youngest sister, the Duchess d'Alençon, was burned to death at the Charity Bazaar in Paris; her second sister, Elizabeth, Empress of Austria, was assassinated in Geneva.

"A Digit of the Moon, and Other Love Stories from the Hindoo," translated from the Original Manuscripts by F. W. Bain (Putnams), bears date 1905, but there is no explanation in it of the puzzling fact that it contains a preface to the first edition of 1898, without itself being called a second edition. Nor does it appear whether the present edition is original or pirated. At least one of the four stories appeared separately in London, two years ago. As for the "Stories from the Hindoo," though palpably a pretence, they are graceful fancies, and might as well have appeared for what they really are instead of masquerading as "translations." No Hindu, unless of this generation and under foreign influence, ever conceived these stories. They are an amalgam of delicate European thought and flowery Hindu expression. The native atmosphere has been rather cleverly caught, and the author has adopted several Hindu tricks of story-telling. His acquaintance with Hindu literature appears to be limited to a few often translated classics; but he gets the local Indian color and has a well imitated (though considerably chastened) Hindu style. Many persons will deem his stories charming. At any rate, they are touchingly sentimental and written in extra-florid English. Moreover, they are of a strict propriety, whereas original Hindu love stories would put Rabelais's ghost to the blush. One so well versed in Sanskrit as is the author should in future editions correct the spelling of *usriyáyam* (p. 137) and *purushárta* (p. 174).

The "in my garden" sort of book is losing its novelty. Even India has produced two or three. The last, if we remember correctly, was from Kashmir. Now comes one from Lucknow, 'My Garden in the City of Gardens: A Memory, with Illustrations' (John Lane). The author's name is discreetly suppressed. The chapters are headed with the names of the months from October to June, when the *Mem Sahib* deserts her garden and flees to the hills. There is less garden than quotation—mainly Latin, French, and early English—and the chief impression produced by the book is that in India the Englishwoman wishes she were back in England. Reminiscences of the Mutiny abound, a well-authenticated ghost story is given in detail, and *dengue* fever is derived from "Aden-ague"! As garden-books go, this one is sufficiently entertaining, and the descriptions are as good as the photographs.

'Sanctuaires et Paysages d'Asie,' by André Chevrillon (Paris: Hachette), is a book of impressions. The author voyages in Ceylon, India, and Burma, and brings before the reader each scene as he sees it, in a series of sentences more or less denuded of verbs, and closing with exclamations. The publishers kindly furnish the reviewer not only with the book but with a ready-made review pointing out its excellences. To one not conversant with Eastern thought it may be said that the impressions here reproduced are sufficiently real, and reflect what one must necessarily experience in seeing the strange life of Benares and the Buddhism of Burma. The Orientalist will not discover any great originality either of thought or description. Here is an example from the chapter entitled "La Mort à Bénarès": "Oui, étrange, cette humanité, étrange sa vie, au point de présenter, plus pressant, plus accablant que d'habitude, le mystère de toute vie . . . Cette vie, je ne puis la concevoir directement; . . . simplement, c'est une forme que j'ignorais, une des innombrables formes de l'éternelle vie. . . . Petites ruelles de Bénarès, quelles ardeurs circulaient et nous partaient à travers leur fiévreux labyrinthe!" etc., 361 pages.

Records of personal intercourse with Goethe during the different periods of his life furnish some of the most attractive and valuable contributions to his biography. Following Falk and Eckermann at a long interval we had, in 1869, Friedrich von Müller's 'Unterhaltungen mit Goethe,' edited by Dr. Burkhardt, director of the Grand Ducal Archives in Weimar, from the author's diary, and issued twenty years after his death. To Dr. Burkhardt we are now indebted for 'Goethe's Unterhaltungen mit Friedrich Soret,' also derived from a diary written in French and preserved in the Weimar archives. Soret was born in 1795 in St. Petersburg, where his father, a native of Geneva, had the position of court-painter, but from his fifth year he was reared and educated in Geneva and Paris. He began the study of theology, but soon abandoned it for natural science, in which he acquired distinction, especially as a crystallographer. In 1822 he came to Weimar as tutor of the heir to the throne, Karl Alexander, then only four years old. The discharge of this duty brought him into intimate association with Goethe, who soon learned to hold him in high esteem, and often entertained him as a welcome guest. In their frequent conversations the venerable poet expressed his views with remarkable freedom, and thus revealed some new and striking features of his character, which in no other works of this kind are so distinctly and impartially portrayed. One curious revelation was Goethe's superstitious fear of March 22; he always felt anxious as this day approached, and greatly relieved when it was past. It was on March 22 that he died. In the decline of his bodily vigor this dread may have naturally determined the date of his death. It is the intention of Dr. Burkhardt to publish Soret's diary in the original French.

The eighth volume of Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society might be said to consist of several books. Orrin Edward Tiffany treats extensively (pp. 1-152) the Relations of the United States to the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-8; supplementing the narrative with many inedited documents and numerous facsimiles of placards illustrating that heated time on the border. Robert B. Adam's History of the Abolition of Railroad Grade Crossings in Buffalo, a half-century task, occupies a hundred pages more, and can but be valuable for consultation by other municipalities vexed by the same problem. The Dobbins Papers, relating to Daniel Dobbins, a Lake pilot, demand 120 pages. Passing over other titles, we will mention the closing reminiscences of Buffalo Social Life in the Thirties, by Martha Fitch Poole, which are light and pleasant reading. The War of 1812, it need not be said, figures prominently in this bulky volume.

Liberia is apparently entering upon an era of prosperity and development, judging from the account of the negro republic by Sir Harry Johnston in the *Geographical Journal* for August. Though by far the larger part is still dense forest, penetrated only by narrow native paths, or more often only elephant tracks, he found last year that in many places the coast land which, at his first visit in 1882, was heavily wooded, had been cleared for plantations and towns. He noted a decided improvement in the physique of the Americo-Liberians, due partly to intermarriage with women of the vigorous indigenous races. Up to within ten years there have been constant struggles between these foreigners, who number some twelve or fifteen thousand, and their native subjects, who are about two million strong—a curious result of which is "that the white man in Liberia is received everywhere with great friendliness, because he is not associated in the minds of the natives with anything like conquest or oppression." Recently there has been a marked advance in good relations between the American settlers and the natives, which has been greatly promoted by the wise policy of President Barclay. The Government, in conjunction with two British companies, is seriously endeavoring to develop the resources of the vast forest which, in its wealth of rubber-bearing trees, plants, and vines (twenty-two different species having been discovered), is without parallel in any other part of Africa, except it may be in one or two small areas in the Congo Basin. The foreign quarter of Monrovia, the capital, has broad streets, substantial, well-built, comely looking houses, churches, offices, and public buildings. The attractiveness of the houses is greatly increased by the beautiful clumps of trees and the gardens filled with flowers which

surround them. While many signs of progress are to be seen in the settlements of Grand Basá, the most progressive and energetic Americo-Liberians are to be found at Harper (Cape Palmas), where there is a philosophical society which is doing a good work in collecting and printing statistics about the country. It is a singular fact that there is a remarkable absence of mosquitoes and to a certain extent of malarial fevers in Liberia, though its swamps would seem to be an ideal home for them.

The address delivered several months ago by Lord Rosebery at the banquet of the English book-dealers in Edinburgh, in which he declared that the uncritical acceptance of manuscripts and untruthful announcements of new books by publishers were largely responsible for the increasing overproduction in the book trade of England, has furnished leading German periodicals with a welcome text for a lecture on the ethics of publication to the book trade of that "country of authors and thinkers." For instance, Dr. Oskar Bulle, in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 149, applauds the position taken by Lord Rosebery. He pronounces the prime cause for the phenomenal literary overproduction in Germany—where the annual output is equal to that of England, France, and America combined—to be the "Schreibewut," or writing mania, of the Germans themselves. Only about a year ago the Strassburg publisher, Trübner, declared it to be his deliberate conviction that only one out of every ten book manuscripts offered by German authors gets published. A second chief cause, according to Dr. Bulle, is the conscienceless way in which book publishers in Germany announce and advertise their publications, with small regard to truth and fact. Especially does he criticise the utterly false announcements that generally accompany the copies sent to the press for review, and for which the Germans have the rather undignified but characteristic name of "Waschzettel," or laundry list.

Complementary to our Korean correspondence on another page, we find in the *Chinese Recorder* for July a noteworthy paper on "Japanese Educational Influence in China," by Tasuké Harada of Kobé, Japan, delegate to the recent educational convention in China. Until a score of years ago, every Japanese looked up to China as his superior and teacher; Chinese classics being regarded as the source of wisdom, and China, except in the matter of science and mechanics, equal to Europe. Even nineteenth-century Japanese sages believed that the Utopia for Japan was a state of society in which the ethics of Confucius and the mechanical arts of the Occident were harmonized. Until the war of 1894-95, China was a great mysterious power, but the victory of Japan exactly reversed the positions of the two nations of the Far East. Now a new era in the liberation and enlightenment of modern China has been entered upon. "A child on a man's shoulder, as he crosses a river, points out to him the shallows," runs the proverb of Nippon. To-day, Japan influences China educationally through Japanese teachers in China, Chinese students in Japan, and Japanese literature translated into Chinese. Near Shanghai there is a school for training Japanese young men in Chinese. It has 320 students and 150 graduates, who are now scattered all over China, there being now fifteen full professors in the Chinese Government colleges, besides 159 Japanese subjects in other educational institutions in China. They receive from four to six times the amount of salary possible at home. Chinese lads and maidens, to the number of 2,399, are studying in thirty-seven schools in or near Tokyo, the preference being, in their order, for the military, naval, legal, and medical sciences, music and art. These students represent every one of the eighteen provinces; Hupeh, Hunan, and Szechuen having each more than 300. The statistics, good for February 1, 1905, might now probably be increased one-third. Most remarkable is the enormous number of Japanese books, from primary-school text-books to voluminous works on science, history, and philosophy, which have been put into Chinese. One publishing house in China has a list of 608 titles, divided into fourteen sections, and covering almost every branch of human knowledge. Japanese in China publish books and magazines, and "a vast number of young Chinese men and some women" read books and papers in the Japanese language. Many Chinese students in Japan return home without fully completing their studies, and lose also somewhat of their good manners and economic training, yet, like Chinese generally, when away from home they are the more susceptible to beneficial change.

The tenth biennial session of the International Statistical Institute was held in London during the first week in August, members from nineteen different countries, including Japan, being present. There were from the United States John Hyde and Professor Willcox of Cornell, Government delegates; Dr. J. S. Billings and Edward Atkinson. France was most largely represented, and the official language was French. In his opening speech as honorary president, the Prince of Wales called attention to the fact that his grandfather, Prince Albert, held a similar position at the international statistical congress in London in 1860. Among the subjects discussed were occupational censuses, the statistics of unemployment, of workmen's wages, and the economic balance of nations. M. Yves Guyot contributed a paper on the incidence of customs duties, in which he said that his figures led him to the conclusion that only 3 per cent. of the total occupied population derive any benefit from protection in France, and that, with the exception of cotton and flax spinners and a certain number of metal workers, all other industrials would profit by free trade.

In Chili there has been within the last few years an extraordinary growth of industrial life, stimulated largely by the high prices ruling in Europe for three of her staple products—nitrate, wool, and copper. In consequence of this increase, national capital is rapidly supplanting foreign. In Tierra del Fuego and Magellan, for instance, there has been a remarkable boom in sheep farms, and land which was largely held by British sheep farmers on lease or yearly tenancy has been bought by large Chilian companies, which in many cases employ British managers. Very high prices have been paid, one British-owned farm bringing a million dollars, and this in a region which till recently was almost unknown.

The Academy of Sciences in Vienna, if not the first to appreciate the value of the phonograph for scientific purposes, has made as yet the most systematic and successful use of this instrument for the promotion of scholarly research, especially in the province of comparative philology. "The Phonographic Museum," founded by this learned society, contains an exceedingly interesting and constantly increasing collection of phonograms, not only of the utterances of distinguished personages, but also of languages and dialects spoken in different European countries and in many other lands. Expeditions are sent every year to remote parts of the world, in order to phonograph the voices, tones, and manner of speaking peculiar to different peoples, so that they may be heard long after these races have become extinct. Dr. Poech is now in Australia recording the speech of the native tribes. These investigations are not confined to mankind, but include also the lower animals, thus enabling zoölogists to study the sounds, vibrations, and undulations in the voices of various species. Such phonograms ought to facilitate the study of animal speech, to which Professor Garner has devoted himself with laudable zeal, if not with remarkable success.

—To the recovery of the body of John Paul Jones and consignment to its appropriate resting-place, we owe the stanzas contributed to the September *Century* in honor of the occasion by Edmund Clarence Stedman. A reproduction of the copperplate engraving of Jones by Moreau, together with the Peale portrait and two views of the Houdon bust, will justify to most readers, we think, the claim that the Moreau representation is far superior to that of Peale. The reproduction is from the print picked up in an old shop by the late B. F. Stevens, about twenty years ago, and later presented by him to the Bostonian Society. Christian Brinton presents, with appropriate comment, a number of illustrations from the plans of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings for the improvement of the national Capitol; and from the same pen we have a few highly appreciative paragraphs concerning the new church edifice of Dr. Parkhurst's congregation, on Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. The architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, have succeeded admirably, Mr. Brinton thinks, in overcoming the difficulties of the site, with its fifteen-story sky-scraper at the back, its 600-foot tower opposite, and its possibility of additional neighbors of the same type in the future. A color drawing, by Jules Crow, accompanies the brief description. Margaret E. Noble contributes a very timely and convincing paper on "Ole Bull as a Patriotic Force," but doubtless some disciple of the later ideas in political development will step in to inform us that the forces underlying the present Norwegian upheaval are at bottom purely economic. In his stories of the Far Northwest, the fourth of which appears in the present issue, Lawrence Mott is serving up in bits a character which would have made admirable material for a sustained piece of fiction. The short-story habit is doing a real harm to literature when it breaks in pieces so lifelike a creation as Jules Verbaux.

—Volume viii. of the Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society (Oxford) testifies to the laudable activity of this body. The civil war, in one form or another, continues to occupy the minds and the pens of most of the contributors, though the Indians receive an unusual degree of attention, and there is a timely exposition of the dispute over their Gulf boundary between Mississippi and Louisiana, now divided elsewhere by shotgun boundaries in consequence of yellow fever. Another novelty (for us) is an "index to campaigns, battles, and skirmishes in Mississippi from 1861 to 1865"—a gazetteer of conflicts, petty and major. This has been drawn from the Official Records, by Stephen D. Lee. In connection with an account of Confederate cemeteries in the same State, by Prof. R. W. Jones, there are lists of their respective dead. Quite the most significant paper is that by Col. J. H. Jones, "Reconstruction in Wilkinson County." We cannot forbear to quote a passage or two:

"It must be confessed that the Mississippi Legislature of 1865 and 1866, assembled under President Johnson's plan of reconstruction, afforded good reasons for belief in the minds of the ignorant negroes that their old masters were secretly conspiring against their newly acquired freedom, and only waited for an opportunity to put their plans into effect. Looking back upon the methods by which that Legislature undertook to deal with the negro problem, one is amazed at such stupidity, at such a display of monumental folly committed by men of ordinary intelligence. . . . They began to amend the slave code by conferring 'additional rights on freedmen, free negroes, and mulattoes.' Among the 'additional rights' conferred was the privilege of marrying in the same manner as white persons. That is, they were graciously permitted to live in holy matrimony, after God's own ordinance, and were no longer to be compelled to disregard the marriage relation and live in legal adultery as required under the slave code. . . . Are we free from responsibility for the almost total indifference to the obligations of marriage which characterizes the negroes today?" (p. 155).

—This is refreshingly plain-spoken for a Southerner addressing Southerners. Mr. Jones goes further, and confronts Northern apologists who inveigh against the bestowal of suffrage on the negroes, by declaring (p. 158): "When I read these laws of our Legislature of 1865 and 1866, presumably enacted by the best intelligence of the State, I was not at all surprised that bitter Abolitionists like Thad Stevens, himself a miscegenationist, should have believed that the Reconstruction acts were necessary to the proper administration of justice in the South." A writer capable of such candor can still betray in himself the root of the evil of all injustice at the South. Says Mr. Jones (p. 163): "The men of Wilkinson County were high-spirited, and were never so depressed as to submit to personal insults from any one, and especially from negroes. They were soon made to understand that while they could drum and fife and parade and vote the radical ticket, and make fools of themselves generally, insolence to a white man would provoke a bullet in return." Does Mr. Jones here speak detachedly, simply as historian?

—The third volume of the Heath Papers, printed by the Massachusetts Historical Society, is full of good historical material. The greatest surprise lies in the quality of Heath's own letters. They leave a distinctly better impression of the man than can be derived from his stilted memoir. Whether in command at West Point, with the French at Rhode Island, or on leave, he was careful in his duties, considerate in his relations to State and Allies, and capable of a mastery of details united to a certain breadth of judgment that made him useful in holding together a somewhat disorganized body of troops. The post at West Point was of the highest importance, commanding, as it did, the communications with New England, and good management was needed to maintain it with troops badly fed, paid, and clothed. For this task Heath was admirably equipped, and his tact gave rise to an impression of a certain want of decision. He was himself sensitive as to recognition, and his feelings were hurt by an apparent preference given to a foreigner. His mission to the Eastern States demanded decision and exactitude, and what he obtained undoubtedly aided the success of the Yorktown venture. He showed consideration to his associates and subordinates, and smoothed over many difficulties which might have led to serious mutinies. It is creditable to his command that it was ready to march against the mutineering regiments of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Only when the new ration contracts of 1782 had failed was there an outbreak.

—A large number of interesting subjects might be noted from this volume. The letters from Lafayette describing the etiquette to be followed with the newly arrived French forces is entirely characteristic, and lays down principles sound in themselves, but difficult to pursue with ragged regulars and untrained militia. Heath made a very diplomatic reply; but in truth no forms were required, and the Allies grew to respect one another in spite of the great disadvantages under which the Americans labored. Many details of the French stay in Rhode Island are given, as well as the proposed attack on Halifax, the operations in northern New York, and the descents on Long Island. Some letters from "S. G." add to what is known of the secret service, so efficient under Tallmadge, and that officer describes the death of André. Complaint is often raised against the poor quality of the recruits, old men, negroes, and boys, but mention is made of Col. Greene's "very small" regiment of blacks, which was divided when united to the main army, "so as to abolish the name and appearance of a black corps." The militia comes in for a share of condemnation, and even their lack of spirit in throwing up fortifications attracted attention. This volume probably closes the Heath series, as the last letter is dated 1797. The editor, Charles Card Smith, shows his usual judgment and sound selection, and the notes are few but suggestive. A reference to the Washington Papers would have supplied some matter omitted because of torn sheets; and the appearance, without explanation, of a letter of 1777 (p. 153), among the letters of 1781, leaves a curious impression.

—In his 'Studies on Anglo-Saxon Institutions' (Macmillan), Mr. H. Munro Chadwick of Clare College, Cambridge, marshals the evidence regarding a great many obscure and difficult points in the early history of England. Almost all writers on constitutional subjects have, when dealing with the Heptarchic period, taken over from the laws, the chronicles, and the general literature of the time a large number of special terms and employed them in their own writings without attempting to define the exact significance of each. The result is that few save professional students have any real grasp of Anglo-Saxon terminology, even where it affects the foundations of our historical knowledge. It is the aim of Mr. Chadwick in this book to preface all discussion of larger political, social, and economic themes by such an account of technical words as will reveal their meaning at different epochs. Take, for example, the term "shilling," one of the commonest units in the monetary system. Prior to the eighth century it may have been a coin, but from this period forward, for a considerable time, it was simply a unit of account, and by no means an invariable unit at that. Mr. Chadwick's conclusions, which are partly the result of coördination and partly the fruit of original research, affect the fundamentals of investigation, especially for the age which precedes the reign of Edgar. Every one knows how largely our information regarding social conditions in England during the first four centuries, and more, after the beginning of the Germanic invasions, depends upon the tariffs of Wergeld which were established in the different kingdoms. Mr. Chadwick opens his first chapter thus: "The classification of Teutonic society in ancient times may perhaps be most conveniently attempted by observing the gradations in the monetary payments to which persons belonging to different classes were entitled in compensation for various injuries. For this purpose a clear understanding of the monetary system is an indispensable preliminary." From money we are taken to the social system, thence to administration, and, from a topographical survey of the older countries in connection with their magnates, to the constitution of the national council, and finally to the origin of the nobility. A large part of Mr. Chadwick's work runs parallel with Seebohm's 'Tribal Custom in Anglo-Saxon Law,' and those who take an interest in primitive conditions will be apt to follow carefully the variation of opinion between the two writers. Mr. Chadwick's chapters are divided into numerous paragraphs with special titles, and over each of these the heading "excursus" might with some fitness be written. But while the text on analysis represents a large number of separate and technical investigations, the volume is not destitute of unity, since each study is made to bear upon some large institution. For the Heptarchic period in particular Mr. Chadwick's results are of real value.

SIDGWICK'S ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.

Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses. By Henry Sidgwick. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

It is a severe test of an author's work to reprint for the public a collection of essays which appeared, for the most part, in the magazines, and which cover a period of more than thirty years. The volume above named bears it well. It includes a wide range of subjects—economics, education, and literature—and it treats them all with

a solidity, a fulness of knowledge, a many-sidedness, and an occasional sparkle of dry light which keep them alive and informing even when their immediate interest has begun to shift or wane. Most of us have forgotten the stir that was raised about 'Ecce Homo' in the sixties; some of us are already forgetting the dazzling generalizations of Mr. Kidd's 'Social Evolution'; but there are very few who will not be benefited by reading the essays in which Mr. Sidgwick applies a dose of history and of sound reasoning, and brings his piercing analysis to prick the amateurish bubbles of each of these brilliant works.

The long and important essays on Bentham and Benthamism, and on the Relation of Ethics to Sociology, as well as the address before the British Association on the Scope and Method of Economic Science, belong, of course, to the author's specialty, and carry the weight of a distinguished and independent investigator. The remaining papers, on the poems and prose remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, on Shakspere's Methods and the Romantic Drama, on the Pursuit of Culture as an Ideal, and on the Theory of Classical Education, illustrate the extraordinary breadth of Sidgwick's sympathies, as well as the range and depth and thoroughness of his studies. Wide as this range is, there is in his treatment of this varied matter absolutely nothing of the amateur. Whether he is discussing the niceties of the hexameter in English, or the subtleties and affinities of Clough's very subtle genius, the breadth of his equipment is as remarkable as his insight: he need ask no favors nor allowances from the professional littérateur. The discussion of Shakspere's use of Plutarch and of Holinshed, or of his transitions from prose to verse, is full of thought and suggestiveness; it reveals the scholar who knows his editors and commentary well, and his author even better than the commentators. On the whole, with a bent and method which are strictly scientific, Professor Sidgwick here presents in himself an admirable illustration of his own conception of the meaning and value of culture.

The closing essay sums up this ideal, and puts it very clearly: "To pursue culture is to live in the fullest manner, exhausting those higher modes of mental and social life from which our finest human pleasures spring." Whether this is needful he does not discuss: he had never heard of one of our great universities expressly disclaiming culture as the end or aim of any one of its hundreds of courses of instruction. He assumes that culture—the training of a supple intelligence, the ardor of scientific curiosity, the pursuit of ideas—constitutes one of the betterments of life. To join this with a trained taste and sensibility to beauty is "the problem for those who pursue the idea of good." The exercise of these tastes and powers, the assimilation of varied knowledge and ideas, till a man's soul becomes a harmonious organism looking out on the world through many windows, and from each receiving views and impressions which modify and delight the denizens within—this may well be the goal of a general education. The pedant, then, is not a man of culture; the specialist is not a man of culture, even so far as his special knowledge goes—on the contrary, he must strive and struggle against the cramping of his thought, to escape from the prison of his specialty. Science is an exacting mistress, and seems to claim an exclusive devotion. It claimed everything from Darwin, for instance, as it might from Mr. Burbank; but Darwin had a mission, Mr. Burbank is *called*. The rest of us, generally speaking, are not so sure that we have a mission, a *vita vota*. The student, then, must struggle against this exclusive claim of his specialty, against cramps and fetters; and in this "noble conflict," as Mr. Sidgwick calls it, nothing helps more than the habit of delight in the best literature.

The longest and one of the weightest essays is that entitled "The Theory of a Classical Education," which was published in 1867 as a contribution to the collection edited by F. W. Farrar under the name of "Essays on Liberal Education." This is a cool and thorough analysis of the methods and claims of classical education, in England more especially, at that period; and, at the same time, an estimate of the share which Greek and Latin might contribute toward an ideal training and education. It is an estimate made by a judicious and dispassionate friend of classical studies, who understands every side of the subject and treats it with an intimate, inside knowledge of its details. His object is to weigh accurately the exact kind of culture and mental discipline which classical studies may impart, and to settle the rival claims of certain other subjects which should be included in a rounded education. He shows himself in firm possession of the essential facts of the case, while resorting neither to sentiment nor invective, nor to vague and sweeping statements—snares which peculiarly beset the discussions of enthusiastic classicists, and from which the calmer scientist is not entirely free. The old-fashioned headmaster, when rhapsodizing over the mystic virtues that reside in the practice of Latin composition, is, like a fond parent, *capable de tout*—"No religious nation," says Mr. Thring, "can give up Greek!" If Mr. Sidgwick has once lapsed into eloquence, it is in the admirable appeal which he makes for the study of Physical Science as an essential part of the equipment of every thoughtful and intellectual man of our epoch. How can such a man absolve himself from the effort to frame a reasoned synthesis of the facts of the universe? How could the most devout Platonist absolve himself from such an obligation, since Plato once required geometry as the passport to his Academy? At the same time, he protests against the notion that Science and Literature are alternatives between which a choice must be made. He had never met the recent girl-graduate who had spent a painful year on experiments in dredging, and who announced herself as "an engineer, thank Heaven, without culture!" He insists, on the contrary, that all boys, whatever be their special bent and destination, should be really taught literature—to enjoy poetry and eloquence, to interest themselves in history, and in whatever concerns the life and spirit of mankind.

It is not possible to dwell on Sidgwick's minute and careful appraisal of the value of classical training and of its defects; but a few striking points may be summarized. Greek and Latin are not Siamese twins; for educational purposes they may be separated with great convenience and advantage. The main objects of the study of an ancient language may be successfully attained by teaching only one of these two, and for many good reasons that one should be Latin. The vocabulary of Latin is easier to learn and easier to retain; it is profusely mixed and entangled with the vocabulary of English, French, Italian, and Spanish—it explains the meanings of many words in all of these languages, and the verbal forms in three of them. It may almost be said that it saves time to begin a study of the Romance languages with a knowledge of Latin; to annex any one of these to Latin is a highly labor-saving process. Moreover, it is a method to be commended for another reason. For the first two years the beginner in Latin creeps at a snail's pace, and his soul is fed chiefly on Cæsar's 'Gallic War.' It helps much to associate with this some easier language which permits more rapid reading, and, for this purpose, none is superior to French. As the final aim in learning an ancient language is to read its literature, the true way to attain this power is to read and to keep on reading, carefully and with comprehension. To *write* Latin is a very different matter. It is useful to fix the idioms and the grammar; but anything beyond this is surplusage. So far from being a useful introduction to English composition, as some of the schoolmasters contend, it might prove a damage to English style. Neither Shakspere nor Aristophanes had the privilege of such practice. Each language has its own rhetoric, in a way its own idiom and laws of periodic rhythm. The practice of another language is not likely to further acquaintance with these; it might, indeed, blunt the natural instinct, the unconscious tact which are essential to the bloom of literature. No great stylist ever wrote his best in a foreign tongue—much less, therefore, a great poet. Latin or Greek versification is a sort of embroidery to be cultivated by those who have the knack of it. Professor Jebb's lyrics may even be useful practice for an editor of Sophocles or of Pindar. They give pleasure to himself and to scholars. Would they have given pleasure to Pindar?

In this general appraisal of the results of classical training, Sidgwick compares it with that afforded by the sciences. He remarks that the discipline derived from the study of language is, within certain limits, analogous to that afforded by the study of any one of the natural sciences; each of them exercises memory, attention, comparison, generalization, and the application of rules, the habit of applying these with quickness and accuracy, and finally the habit of using the faculty of judgment. Of course, this quasi-scientific discipline does not come at all to the student who avails himself of the short-cuts offered in Bohn's Library. Nor, again, does the study of language afford the slightest discipline in the most important of the scientific habits—the habit of reasoning from effects to causes and from causes to effects. For this discipline we look naturally to physics and chemistry. "The training in classification which most immediately fits us for life, is that which the natural sciences afford; the processes which the student applies in these, afford just the lessons in method and arrangement which he must apply to any part of the

business of life." So, at least, thinks Sidgwick, and in this we follow him with some misgiving.

The upshot of Sidgwick's heresies goes no further than to recommend that schoolboys should receive a substantial course of instruction in English literature and in natural science; and that the study of Latin should be accompanied by the study of French. Greek he would exclude from the earlier stage of the school curriculum; at the age of sixteen a boy who is already well grounded in Latin and French would readily grasp sufficient Greek for an appreciation of the literature. He is strongly opposed to "teaching a large number of things all inadequately and superficially, so that verbal memory is substituted for real apprehension." This was the programme which Sidgwick urged in 1867; he is arguing with schoolmasters who believe in the primacy and the divine right of the classics, and he is obliged to make an appeal for a modicum of science and of English. It is interesting to see how completely the tables are turned in the present day and in England. The recent debates at Oxford, it is true, revealed a few glimpses of the ancient bigotry; and at a meeting of "The Classical Association of England and Wales," Professor Ramsay reported from certain enthusiasts—a land agent, a distinguished surgeon, and a general—how in moments of trial they had been sustained by the vigor and dexterity acquired in writing Latin verses. Such pious faith it would be irreverent to gainsay or dispute. But the general tone of that discussion is of men on the defensive, driven back to the entrenchments of sober common sense and practical usefulness. An avowed object of the Association is "to improve the practice of classical teaching by free discussion of its scope and methods."

On our side of the water Sidgwick's programme offers no surprises. If he had been summoned as privy-councillor, the colleges and universities could hardly have followed his advice more implicitly. We are speaking, of course, of those universities which are something more than groups of technical or strictly professional schools. The predominance of English, the requirement of some science, are firmly established; the combination of Latin and French or German, or both, is almost universal; while for many years instructors in the classics have been conspicuously sober and moderate—chastened, almost—in their claims. One surprising result of the adoption of this scheme of studies is the extraordinary pedestal to which Latin has been raised, and its unaccountable popularity.

The wise and able report of the "Committee of Twelve" experts on classical studies in the secondary schools took final shape in 1898, and presented a remarkable situation. This was, in brief, that while the increase of pupils in the secondary schools, within nine years, far outran the increase of population, the enrolment of pupils in Latin exceeded the rate of increase in any other study; it had, in fact, gained 174 per cent., while that in Greek had gained 94 per cent. About one-half of all the pupils took Latin, while about one student in twenty chose Greek. The Committee expected "in the next decade an even more rapid increase in the enrolment in Greek." This expectation is far from being fulfilled. Commissioner Harris's tables show that in 1902 the total number of students in Greek had actually fallen off about three thousand from 1898, while the Latin enrolment had gained fifty thousand; algebra alone had displaced the supremacy of Latin in the public high schools.

Dr. Collar, after a lifetime spent in teaching Latin, makes an elaborate confession that he is struck more and more with the difficulties it presents to the tyro. Roger Ascham, who wrote Latin fluently, compromised slightly with its subjunctives, and managed nevertheless to maintain his scholarly peace of mind. Sidgwick keenly observes that, though Latin grammar forms an excellent introduction to the principles of universal grammar, yet nine-tenths of the special rules of Latin syntax the ordinary student may conveniently and cheerfully forget. All this goes to prove that the vogue of Latin is somewhat artificial; like Greek, though in a less degree, it requires to be a *protected* study. If Latin ceased to be required for admission to college, if it were begun in the university, how long would its extraordinary vogue flourish? Protection in such cases seems entirely justifiable. It is the function of the university not merely to meet the wants of the people, but to dictate to the people, to prescribe *de haut en bas* their tastes and training. In the realm of intellect "the rule of the many is not good," a strict democracy is impossible.

It is quite certain that there is something a little artificial in the present depression of Greek study in this country. It has been the subject of a strong and deliberate "bear" movement. It has been pelted skilfully with epithets which would be successful in any political caucus; it has been called "dead," a fetish, and, worst of all, "unpractical." That single word would settle its merits in the eyes of parents who do not reflect that chemistry is unpractical, or mathematics, or any modern language, in a sense, if it lies fallow and disused in a student's mind after leaving school or college. Much more is their judgment influenced when such assaults are made by men in high places in education. Again, there is no true sense in which a poem of Sappho or a play of Euripides can be called dead. The latest vaudeville or melodrama is more accessible, but it is not so much alive. The "Agamemnon" or the "Medea" may outlive "Pelléas et Mélisande," or "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

The "Lecture against Lecturing," sustains with delightful humor and originality a thesis advanced by Darwin in his autobiography. Why should students be compelled to listen to lectures if they can read and digest the same matter at leisure from the printed page, or the instructor can provide it in a printed form? In reading, the quick and clever student can vary his pace and compare passages at his own convenience; he can skip what is familiar, and dwell on what he finds difficult, and this is a much greater advantage than any help which he derives from the inflections and emphasis of the lecturer. The very act of taking notes interferes with the benefit that might be derived from attention to the speaker's voice and manner. The task of taking notes, at its best, is the task of a stenographer, and in its final result is equivalent to the process of multiplying copies by the printing-press. Neither is it so accurate as printing. The student mishears occasionally, and is misled by his own mistakes. He may spell "the universal I" with an *eye* as a faithful pupil is said to have done in his report of a series of lectures on the doctrines of Transcendentalism. Is not the practice of lecturing, then, in many cases, a wasteful survival of the mediæval schools before the invention of printing?

There are, of course, exceptions and limitations. Some classes of lectures cannot be dispensed with—for example, those on science and art in which experiments or specimens must be introduced; and discourses which appeal to the emotions or in which the method is dialectic. But in linguistics, in mathematics, in history and moral science, the ordinary expository lecture is an "antiquated survival." The student, if he has any intelligence and eagerness, should first of all be supplied with printed sources, and the lecture should be supplementary, devoted chiefly to explanations and discussions of difficulties. The lecturer should be encouraged to print his own contributions to science, and put them in the pupil's hands, instead of holding them back as he does now. At present, if he prints, his secret is out—he has killed the goose that lays the golden egg, if the comparison be permitted. It is a pity that such motives and such a predicament should trammel the progress of the student. It is for the élite that Sidgwick recommends this economy of time. In the case of the ordinary academic crowd, it may increase, perhaps, the chance of their learning something if they are dragged to lectures at stated hours. Yet it is well known that, in our largest university, droves of students are daily led to such fountains of knowledge chiefly in the forenoon hours, and that they successfully escape drinking the refreshing waters. They prefer to wait till the last moment and resort to Sidgwick's aid of the printed pages or abstract; they do this at the end, however, instead of at the beginning of their terms. Their case is a capital illustration of the futility of lecture-courses for the multitude and the common herd, if anything serious is to be accomplished. There is a further exception to be made to these strictures. A great or unusual personality may be so impressive and inspiring that it is more fruitful to listen to him than to read the printed pages. Most of us are fortunate enough to recall instances of this kind—the speaker whose thought flows fresh as he speaks, and kindles the thought of his hearer. Such a gift may warm even a lecture on Modern Algebra or on the Law of Torts, and the fortunate listener will do well to take a minimum of notes and give the undivided attention of his brains.

BROWN'S HOGARTH.

William Hogarth. By G. Baldwin Brown, M.A. (The Makers of British Art.) London: The Walter Scott Publishing Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

In the preface to this book the author comments on the varied products of Hogarth's genius, and goes on to say:

"The relations of these very different kinds of work to each other and to his whole *œuvre* are not easy to fix, and the

judgments of critics on their comparative values have varied from age to age. Hence there is always room for a fresh and independent treatment of Hogarth's life and art, such as is attempted in the following pages."

In his own time, and immediately afterwards, Hogarth made such an impression by the obviousness of his moralizing and satirizing that his qualities as a painter were hardly thought of at all, and it was almost forgotten that he painted pictures—not merely designed moral plates to be spread abroad by cheap engraving. His earlier commentators were literary men who thought only of his meanings, never of his art, and Charles Lamb conceived he was paying him the highest possible tribute when he said: "His graphic representations are indeed books; . . . other pictures we look at—his prints we read." Gradually it has dawned upon the world that Hogarth was a sound and admirable painter, if not a brilliant one, and that his little *genre* pictures, entirely apart from their literary value, are capable of giving a pleasure analogous in kind, if not comparable in degree, to that afforded by the works of the wonderful little Dutchmen; while his portraits, if they have not the sensuous charm of those of Reynolds or Gainsborough, are yet solid and serious presentations of human personalities. The more his work has been studied from this fresh point of view, the better it has been liked, and there has been a tendency in each new treatment of Hogarth to rank him higher as a painter; but until now no one has had much to say for those "historical pictures" which the artist himself was quite sure were equal to the works of any old master whatsoever, but which no one else could be induced to take seriously.

Strangely enough, Hogarth was himself largely responsible for the contempt with which his most ambitious efforts were treated. He believed them to be great works, but his hatred of foreigners, his scorn of pretence, and his robust self-conceit led him to minimize the effort they had cost him and the degree of his preparation for them, and to proclaim himself self-taught. He shouted aloud: "See how easy it is! This I did with no study of your Italians, with no humbug about the grand style, with no training but a habit of observation." The world took him at his own valuation, but refused so to take the pictures, and considered them the amateurish and rather impudent efforts of an uneducated artist, who had no business to leave his copper-plates and set up for an historical painter. Listen to Northcote, Sir Joshua's pupil, echoing and exaggerating his master's opinions: "As to his large pieces," he says, "they appear to be the efforts of imbecility; he was totally without the practice required for such works."

The originality of Professor Brown's book is in his effort to show that these much-decried works are far more respectable than they have been thought, and that Hogarth's preparation for them was far greater than he chose to believe—that, in fact, he was fairly well grounded in the traditions of art, and worked in the style of his own time and school. "The blunderers in the matter of historical painting," says Professor Brown, "were not Hogarth or his predecessors, but the later men of the period after Reynolds, who took themselves seriously"; and, again: "To Reynolds, and through Reynolds to his successors, this 'grand' or 'historical' style became a mystery that was to be approached in the spirit of a candidate for initiation. There is really no mystery about the style. It is simply figure-painting on a monumental scale applied to subjects of a religious, or classical, or allegorical order."

From reading the text alone of this book, one might believe that Professor Brown had fairly well made out his case, and, indeed, an inspection of the plate of "The Pool of Bethesda" is sufficient to show that that picture is by no means the work of an audacious innovator relying entirely on his own genius and his personal observation of nature. Its faults are many, but the most obvious of them is its utter conventionality. It is an evident piece of imitation of the traditional art of the earlier eighteenth century, and, but for its lack of elegance, might be labelled "made in France." But because Hogarth was unoriginal in this work, it does not follow that he was well equipped for it, or because it was done before he was forty that it was not the experiment of a painter trained in another school. The question really resolves itself into that of the justice of Sir Joshua Reynolds's strictures on Hogarth, which are quoted as follows:

"After this admirable artist had spent the greater part of his life in an active, busy, and, we may add, successful, attention to the ridicule of life; after he had invented a new species of dramatic painting, in which probably he will never be equalled, . . . he very imprudently, or rather presumptuously, attempted the great historical style, for which his previous habits had by no means prepared him; he was, indeed, so entirely unacquainted with the principles of this style that he was not even aware that any artificial preparation was at all necessary."

Professor Brown tries to show that Reynolds was wrong both in his statement of fact and in his criticism. As to the facts, Appendix I. shows clearly, as the text does not, that Reynolds was substantially right. "Hogarth's ambitious efforts at St. Bartholomew's," says the Professor, "date from an early epoch [1736] in his career." Now, as Hogarth was born in 1697 and died in 1764, he may quite literally be said to have spent the greater part of his life before 1736. But if that is a quibble, let us consider these dates. Hogarth's first plates date from 1720, his small "conversation pieces" in oil from 1725, so that he had been an engraver for sixteen years and a painter for ten before he tried the grand style. The "Harlot's Progress" was published in 1732 and the "Rake's Progress" in 1735, so that he had certainly invented his "dramatic painting," and, indeed, perfected and long practised it, before he began "The Pool of Bethesda." Reynolds may have been thinking of the "Sigismunda" of 1759, and have forgotten earlier essays in the same direction; but his instinctive feeling that Hogarth had abandoned a style of work in which he was a master for one in which he was a novice, was justified by the facts. As to the criticism, he was still more indisputably in the right. It is all very well to sneer at Reynolds's solemn phrases about the "great historical style," but, after all, there is something more requisite to the style he called by that name than will fit out an admirable painter of *genre*. The "grand style" is, if you like, "nothing more than figure-painting on a monumental scale"; but that scale, and the difference of subject, do demand some "artificial preparation." The composition which is quite satisfactory for a "conversation piece" will not answer for a great monumental picture; the observation which will insure the lifelike representation of a beadle or a bailiff will not extend to the beautiful rendering of the nude figure; the skill in coloring which will make charming a canvas thirty inches long, will not make splendid one of thirty feet. The two arts are eternally different, and success in either does not guarantee success in the other. Probably Veronese could not have painted like Ver Meer—certainly Ver Meer could not have painted like Veronese.

That Reynolds himself was but an indifferent practitioner in the "grand style" is nothing to the purpose. He could not produce it, any more than could Fuseli or Barry or Haydon, or any other English painter; but he knew what it was, he knew that Hogarth had failed in it, and he had a perfect right to say so. *Tu quoque* is the poorest of arguments. If Reynolds might not criticise the performance of Hogarth because his own was little better, what becomes of the right of any of us, including Professor Brown, to criticise Reynolds? And that we have discarded the vocabulary of eighteenth-century criticism, that we have readjusted the eighteenth-century scheme of values, that we recognize a great artist in Chardin and suspect a pompous humbug in Anibale Caracci—all this is no reason for confusing unlike things, and maintaining that Chardin could have decorated the Sistine if he had had the opportunity, or that Hogarth was other than a bungler in his attempts at monumental painting.

If we have devoted so much space to this topic, which really occupies but a small portion of the book under review, it is because it is the only portion which is especially new. With the exposition of the better known side of Hogarth's art, as with the account of his life, we have no quarrel. Indeed, it is partly because the volume is much better than the average of the series to which it belongs that we have noticed it at such length. But, really, a Professor of Fine Art in the University of Edinburgh should have a better sense of perspective.

The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States of America, and History of the Monroe Doctrine. By John A. Kasson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Mr. Kasson's account of the Evolution of the Constitution was originally written at the request of the Constitutional Centennial Commission. The first edition was published as a part of two memorial volumes, and was soon exhausted. The present revision is designed to meet a popular demand, and for the use of students of Constitutional law. For this purpose the concise historical method adopted by the author is well fitted. In a couple of hundred pages he contrives to give an account of the organization of the Government (as well as of the events which led to it) in a narrative form, while the proceedings of the Convention are classified by subjects, *e. g.*, the legislative power, the

judicial power, the executive power, in the usual way. This ought to be a good handbook for beginners, but is not a lawbook, and does not cover the field occupied by such a book as Cooley's well-known treatise.

Fifty pages are added on the history and theory of the Monroe Doctrine, which Mr. Kasson declares "has acquired so much authority, both at home and abroad, that its influence over our people and their representative statesmen has become almost equal to that of a provision of the National Constitution." We do not know that Mr. Kasson's theory of the Doctrine is original, but it is certainly very comprehensive, and we suppose reflects pretty accurately the views of those now in power. We cannot witness any new colonization by European Powers, nor any new European military or naval position "in whatever way acquired"; nor, again, the transfer to any other European Power of any existing colony. Mr. Kasson admits that the Doctrine is not a part of international law, and does not bind other nations, but thinks it an effective reply that the European doctrine of the Balance of Power was not international law either. But this is not the real *crux* of the Monroe Doctrine. The Balance of Power was *quasi*-international law for such nations as assented to it, though it might infringe the rights of others; the Doctrine is in conflict with the ordinarily recognized rights of every nation, and hence, if it is to be permanent, must be imposed upon the world by us single-handed. Mr. Kasson seems to think that our correlative obligation not to colonize or interfere in Europe makes it a two-sided arrangement; but since we have taken the Philippines from a European Power, in the quarter of the globe where expansion is most attractive, this is neither obvious nor maintainable.

The Doctrine, as here expounded, prohibits any European Power from settling questions at issue with American States as it otherwise might. Such a power may make war, but may not secure the fruits of conquest; it may collect debts by seizure of custom houses, or by other measures "short of war," but may not permanently hold anything. On the other hand, we notice (p. 269) that our relations with Canada are already causing "anxiety to thoughtful American statesmanship," from which there now appears no certain issue "except its independence." If we ask ourselves what the Doctrine, so interpreted, means, not to us, but to Europe, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it creates for the United States a virtual protectorate of the American continent. If we shield Venezuela or San Domingo from the consequences of their acts, we assume a responsibility for these governments which we can never escape. Thus, the Doctrine is actually producing a receivership of San Domingo under our protection, while our fatherly interest in Venezuela is leading no one knows yet to what. In the end we shall probably escape from such consequences as we do not like by disregarding the extreme view of the Doctrine here put forth; but why is it necessary to have a "doctrine" at all? The devotion to it of shrewd, long-headed public men like Mr. Kasson is always a little surprising to us. It seems with American politicians to have taken the hold upon their minds which religious dogma might once have gained, and any new definition of it becomes more and more positive and less and less practicable. After all, the relations of States with one another can no more be regulated by a doctrine than the relations of individuals. To educate people to regard it as a fetish is full of danger, and, one may add, absurdity.

In and Around Venice. By Horatio F. Brown. London: Rivingtons. 1905.

It is many years since Mr. Horatio Brown began those delightful sketches of Venice which he subsequently gathered into a volume entitled 'Life on the Lagoons.' They showed him to be better qualified than any other Englishman of his time for writing such sketches. He had lived long in Venice, not as a foreigner, but as one in full sympathy with the people; he loved their customs, their legends, their life; he had a marked talent for description, and a thorough acquaintance with the fine arts; and, later, he made himself conversant with Venetian history. So his sketches were not the mere impressions or emotions of the passing foreign tourist, but such intimate revelations as a cultivated Venetian might have made for his English friends.

Mr. Brown's new volume has the same characteristics. The variety of topics is very wide; it includes seven papers "In the City," as many more "On the Lagoon," and nine "In the Country." As an introduction, there is a general rambling essay on Venice, which, in spite of many attractive parts, gives one the impression of being a warming over of material which Mr. Brown has served more appetizingly at other times. The short papers vary as widely in subject as in treatment. Here one finds a careful account of the Campanile of San Marco and the loggetta of Sansovino, followed by a diagrammed description of the columns in the Piazzetta, which an architect might prize; there he describes, with vivid realism, floods on the mainland, or, with an Alpinist's enthusiasm, relates his ascent of Pavione. His trips to the mainland, including a voyage to Istria, furnish several papers on out-of-the-way places, which one is glad to see through his eyes. Very keen eyes they are, missing no detail of nature or of art, and so sensitive to color that many of his descriptions might be a landscape painter's memoranda.

Mr. Brown has the happy gift of desultoriness. He can, if required, write a matter-of-fact statement; but more often his style goes clad in agreeable garb, and he pauses at will to throw in a reflection, or to explain an historical difficulty, or to tell a story. Being saturated with Venetian lore, he rarely introduces it of set purpose. It is in this lack of insistence, in this ability to suggest an atmosphere, that he differs from most alien writers on Venice. Take the 'Italian Backgrounds' of Mrs. Wharton, for instance, and you will find them by comparison the work of a foreigner; delightful work of their kind, and revealing a sympathetic understanding of Italy, yet still foreign—just as Symonds's sketches are—with a didactic or an insistent manner of discussing art and life which Mr. Brown long since outgrew. Some of his papers are slight, and in others there are repetitions; but, taken as a whole, this volume is a worthy successor to 'Life on the Lagoons.'

Essais d'Histoire Diplomatique Américaine. Par Achille Viallate. Paris: Guilmoto. 1905.

The favorable impression produced by M. Viallate's book is the result of what may best be described as a cumulative process. Although two-thirds of the matter deals with such burning, or lately burning, questions as Panama and the Spanish War, yet from his first to his last page there is not one heated word, not one opinion put forward denoting bias of any sort. When such a frame of mind is united to the large and accurate knowledge that is to be expected from a professor at the Paris School of Political Science, the result cannot but be valuable.

M. Viallate deals with three subjects, all related: the two just mentioned, and the expansion of the American people. His method is strictly historical, and his great merit is that, although he is accustomed to look for his facts in diplomatic papers, yet he gives American public opinion—which, alas, is often very undiplomatic—its due place as a rightful political factor. The American reader will find little that is new to him in the account of these various questions, but may be struck by a certain inevitableness of political development that the author constantly accentuates.

The slips are on the whole unimportant, and the proper names are so much more correctly given than is usual in French books, that the occasional mistakes must not be complained of. There are two or three points, however, to which the author's attention may be drawn. In his picture of our relations with Spain the years preceding the civil war, and particularly the period of Mr. Soulé's agitated mission, are inadequately treated. The same remark applies to the Panama Congress. From M. Viallate's account, it would appear that Admiral Ammen approved the Panama route, whereas at the Congress he supported Nicaragua. More generally, it may be said that it was incumbent on the author, however distasteful to a Frenchman, to state clearly that the Panama Congress was packed, that its vote was worthless, and that De Lesseps went into an enterprise he knew nothing about; this was the minimum of what one had a right to look for on that aspect of the subject. In two places, *souveraineté* is used by M. Viallate for our word *control*: the French word is too wide, and in a diplomatic document the alteration of sense might involve very large consequences. In conclusion, it may be said that a translation of this work might be of great use to students at our colleges, who could not but gain by studying our own history approached from the standpoint of such a detached, temperate, and informed observer.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905.

The Week.

September 5 is the memorable historic date of the Treaty of Portsmouth, signed, sealed, and delivered. The diplomatic ceremony calls for no remark beyond what the preceding agreement elicited. Whatever may be thought of Franklin's saying that he never knew a good war or a bad peace, we believe the consummation just ratified will never be stigmatized as a bad peace.

President Roosevelt's reply to the Emperor William's congratulations ought to make some English newspapers particularly ashamed. They set afloat the basest and, as it now appears, the most unfounded suspicions in regard to the Kaiser's attitude during the peace negotiations. They asserted that his interview with the Czar was deliberately sought in order to frustrate Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to bring about a peace. Throughout, a certain class of journalistic Teutophobes in England have represented the German Emperor, not only as their own malignant enemy, but as an insidious meddler with the Russo-Japanese negotiations, casting all his influence upon the side of war. All these lies the President now openly nails to the counter. Knowing how maliciously they have been circulated, he goes out of his way to assure the Kaiser, and also to notify the world, that the cordial sympathy and efficient coöperation of that monarch had been of the greatest aid in the whole momentous affair. It was both a generous and timely act on the President's part. The cable reports that it caused much satisfaction in Berlin. Nothing is said of its effect in London, but it must have been to fill the offices of the *Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Morning Post* with smart and mortification.

China is now to put in a word. In response to an Imperial order for recommendations as to future policy relating to Mantchuria, two powerful Governors, Tuan Fang of Hunan and Lu Yuanting of Kiangsu, have urged, according to the (Shanghai) *Shempao:* (1) To decide by conference on a date for the evacuation of all foreign troops; (2) to decide similarly the date for abolishing Japanese military administration in Mantchuria; (3) to open Mantchurian ports to foreign trade; (4) to cede the Eastern Railway concession to Japan; (5) to settle the future of Russian leased territory (Port Arthur and Dalny) with Japan; (6) to reform the Chinese administration system in Mantchuria and suppress the "hunghutzes." Coincidentally, Hsu Shih Chang, senior vice-president of the Board of War, has started on a series of visits, first to Tokio, next to Washington, then to London and the capitals of Europe. The cable reports that "the principal object of the mission is to study the system of government abroad, as the Dowager Empress intends to issue a decree at the new year for the establishment of a parliament twelve years hence." The world has been waiting for that ever since Kublai Khan sent to Rome, through Marco Polo, for a hundred men to show him how the West could instruct China.

Secretary Bonaparte has set aside a part of the findings of the court of inquiry in the case of the *Bennington* disaster, and decided that Commander Young must himself be tried on the charge of neglect of duty. The Secretary thus serves notice on all the officers in the service that they will be rigidly held to their responsibility. The court of inquiry found it to be beyond dispute that discipline in the engineering force of the *Bennington* had been allowed to become exceedingly lax. The facts also were that the boilers and machinery had been permitted to get into bad condition. In endeavoring to fix the blame, the court of inquiry stopped at Ensign Wade; but Mr. Bonaparte carries the responsibility higher. He holds that no ship could get into the unsatisfactory and even perilous state of the *Bennington* without negligence on the part of her commander. At any rate, that is the fair presumption until Commander Young is able to prove the contrary. Such prompt and emphatic action as the Department has now taken will be of itself a sharp warning to every idle or slack officer in the navy. Secretary Bonaparte's deep indignation lends color to the report that he will require junior officers to take their regular tours in the engine-room, to accept direct responsibility for the condition of boilers and machinery, and to maintain strict discipline among the petty officers and men there. The work in the engine-room, with its dirt, grease, and heat, is less agreeable than that on the deck or the bridge, but on a modern war vessel it is not a whit less important. Indeed, the vessel is simply one huge and intricate piece of machinery; and the men in command, if they are to understand its construction and preserve its efficiency, must devote a considerable portion of their time to the engine-room.

No matter how many times it may be demonstrated to the Filipinos, patiently and logically, that they would only make a muddle of self-government, they keep coming back with "Let us try, anyhow." No child could be more unreasonable. The resigned good humor with which the members of the Taft party listened on August 29 to the pleas for Filipino independence was properly indulgent. True, "volleys of questions" were fired at the Filipino speakers at Manila by Messrs. Hepburn, Grosvenor, Payne, and their colleagues, but who believes that they will still the national aspirations for all time? Even the thorough measures of pacification adopted by Hell-Roaring Jake Smith in Samar only a few years ago were not so permanent in their effects as to relieve our troops of the necessity of fighting 38 battles and skirmishes in the island in the year ending last July, with the customary ratio of killed, 6 Americans to 600 or 750 natives. And, in passing, it is interesting to speculate why the American people had to wait for Gen. Carter's belated official report for the news of these engagements, while the "general opinion among the Congressmen present" adverse to Filipino independence comes so promptly over the cable.

Gen. Wood, sailing for the Philippines, left behind him two observations which must subject him to grave censure by two of the most powerful elements in this country. "The need of free trade [with the Philippines] is obvious," said the fearless soldier. "Free trade will injure no American industry." Imagine the wrath of the Society of the Standpatters when they read that! And as if this were not a sufficient blunder in strategy for one day, Gen. Wood went on to say that wages had risen so rapidly and so high in the Philippines as to do the working people there "great harm." It is well that he is on the high seas and thus safe from the avenging tongue of John Mitchell. It is not that he and the other leaders of labor unions care very much about the Philippines, but they think it pernicious to speak of high wages in that way. If such notions are not sternly put down, people may come to believe what the Catholic priest wrote President Roosevelt about the mine workers, that, the bigger their pay, the more money they spent on bad whiskey; and, the shorter their hours, the more time they loafed away in the saloons.

It is, of course, mainly to the technical aspects of the problem of the Panama Canal that the international board of engineers now in Washington will address themselves. There is, however, another highly important side of the question. This relates to cost, and to cost,

moreover, under Government construction as compared with private contract. Congress may yet have to pass upon the pecuniary argument; for it is not impossible that the engineers may submit alternative plans. In that event, the finances of the case may prove the controlling element. Certainly, neither the President nor Congress can feel that there is good prospect of economy in building the canal by the Government direct, after the way in which the $10,000,000 initial appropriation has melted away with so little to show for it. This consideration should call attention to one great merit of the Lindon W. Bates plan. Chairman Shonts, in laying it before the engineers on Friday, spoke of it as "interesting," but said that it was lacking in "details." It has, however, one most significant detail. This is a specific undertaking to contract, with ample financial guarantees, to complete the canal within the Congressional appropriation. If it comes to a competition between projects equally good on technical grounds, it may be the conclusion of the guardians of the Treasury, who know well the temptation to waste in public works, that this money argument should be decisive.

Nothing actually incriminating appears in the letters of Assistant Secretary Loomis and certain Ohio promoter-politicians, which were published by the *Herald* on Sunday, but they deepen the unpleasant impression made by former disclosures. He seems clearly to be of that most unfortunate type of public servants about whom grafters buzz and money-grabbers swarm. We now have the distinct evidence that he was backed for appointment to Venezuela, and with his consent, by men who, he knew, were looking for chances to make money in that country, and were counting upon his official aid. The situation was one of gross impropriety, but it does not seem to have troubled Loomis's robust sensibilities. From the first, he appears to have conceived of the public service as necessarily affected by a business interest. One wonders whether, if these letters had been before Secretary Taft, he would have let Loomis off with so awkward and lefthanded a splash of whitewash as that he actually gave him. And if the President is really thinking, according to Loomis's frequent boasts, of assigning him to another diplomatic post, the casual publication of these letters must give him a shiver. What other Loomis record may not any day leap to light?

Gov. Cummins, as even his enemies would probably admit, has thus far had the best of his exchange of compliments with Secretary Shaw. Indeed, the Secretary may possibly find it hard to decide just what to do next. His original letter was in a vein of vast, almost patronizing, superiority. It accused the Governor of misrepresenting his (the Secretary's) own position regarding the French reciprocity treaty; and incidentally hinted that the garbled version must have been obtained by violating the sanctity of the banquet table. The Governor's answer was shorter if more peppery. His authority on Shaw's position, he said, was an editorial in the newspaper of Lafayette Young, one of the Secretary's stanchest supporters, and an accredited expounder of his doctrines. Mr. Young had heard his leader discuss the French treaty. He might have misunderstood Cummins, but it is unthinkable that he should have misunderstood Shaw. Furthermore, if anybody spread broadcast what was meant to be dinner-table talk, it was he. So Mr. Shaw's hands are tied. He cannot turn on Cummins without confounding his own backer. Mr. Young, to complicate matters, is with the Taft party on the other side of the world, and cannot be consulted at less than $6 a word. As the Secretary can hardly improve his position by another retort, this may be an excellent chance to apply his policy of "stand pat."

In brilliance of logic the stand-patters —noted for the profundity of their reasoning—have produced no one to match Representative James T. McCleary of Minnesota, he who would be chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. He has invented an irrefutable argument against reciprocity, and has thus settled the dispute once and for all. "Who," he asks, "can point to a man crying for reciprocity who hopes to have the duty lowered on his own product? The manufacturers of New England ask for reciprocity with Canada, knowing that the farmers of the West would be compelled to bear the burden." In fine, until everybody wants the duty cut on his own product, we are to have no reciprocity, and, indeed, no revision of the tariff. Does the Steel Trust object to lower duty on rails? That ends it; the duty on rails shall remain. Mr. McCleary hardly needs to add that he is "not in favor of a reciprocity that gives up any part of our market in the hope of getting other markets." Nothing more impregnable than this in the way of a definition has been offered the world since in Fielding's 'Tom Jones' Mr. Thwackum proved that honor could not exist independent of religion.

The summoning of "Bull" Andrews from New Mexico to Philadelphia to aid the Durham-Penrose political machine is naturally regarded in Pennsylvania as a real signal of distress. Andrews is one of the choicest graduates of the Quay school of politics. He was the big boss's "man who knew how," the lieutenant who executed the jobs which Quay, for all his toughened political conscience, could only hint at. In 1895, when Quay was fighting for the chairmanship of the Republican party in the State, it was Andrews who snatched the victory at the end. When Quay was bidding for the United States Senatorship in 1899, and again in 1901, the same indispensable aid was sought. Andrews was sent to New Mexico by Quay to practise Pennsylvania machine politics there, with a prospective Senatorship in the new State as a reward. But whenever Quay wanted "something done by the man who knew how," the call was sent out and "the Bull" returned to his old field. The meaning of his appearance in Philadelphia at this crisis is therefore clear. The Republican machine there has undertaken to capture the movement for the purification of city politics. Penrose and Martin are loud in their demand that the voting lists be thoroughly purged. Since some men doubt their eminent fitness as purgers, they have sent for their old fellow-corruptionist to give them a fine moral standing.

Mr. Jerome's emphatic removal of his name from consideration for the Mayoralty was simply what everybody who knew him, and knew the situation, expected. With it, the ill-advised effort to create a demand which he could not refuse—and to do it without the trifling formality or precaution of consulting him—comes to an end. He stands just where he did—an independent candidate for the District Attorneyship, appealing directly to the people over the heads of the bosses, yet ready to accept support from any party group or organization which may endorse him with its eyes open. This means that it must endorse him knowing that he cannot be compelled to endorse either its platform or its candidates, if he thinks them unfit. Those who vote for him must take him for what he is. His personality and candidacy will of themselves enliven the coming municipal campaign. As for the general fusion against Tammany, its outlook would be brighter if there were a more forceful leader in sight, and if also the idea that Tammany can be beaten by raising a municipal-ownership cry were not so hugged. If it is a question of a mere political device, Tammany will defeat the reformers every time. If necessary, it will itself take up the municipal-ownership issue in a more extravagant form than its opponents dare venture, and, as Tim Sullivan remarks, find enough offices and patronage in the new activities to keep itself in power for 150 years.

Battles against Tammany maladministration have continually to be fought over again. Who would have said, after

the struggle it cost the city to prevent Mayor Gilroy from putting a racetrack in Central Park for his sporting friends, that we should have to fight a similar project under Mayor McClellan? Yet his Commissioner of Parks in the Bronx is busy at this moment in devastating Pelham Bay Park by constructing a race-course through its very parade-ground. That stretch of turf, secured by much labor and at great expense, Commissioner Schrader proposes to ruin by carrying through it the "needed facility" of a track for speeding horses. It seems that the Speedway along the Harlem is inconvenient for certain Tammany horsemen, and they must therefore have city money spent and a city property disfigured in order to enable them to give their blooded animals a spin. It is a gross impropriety and affront, which the Mayor should instantly forbid. Furthermore, it is apparently quite illegal, as Mr. Philbin, acting for the Metropolitan Parks Association, contends, and can be stopped by the courts. To say nothing of interfering with those who wish to use the parks for quieter pleasures, and of actually imperilling children at play near racing horses, the track would be a characteristic Tammany monstrosity from the point of view of good taste. Show a Tammany official a fine stretch of meadowland, and his only instinct is to dig and blast a road through it, and so make an eyesore of what should be a rest.

The separate Statehood convention which has taken a recess from its deliberations at Muscogee, I. T., in order to formulate a Constitution for a State to be organized independently of Oklahoma and called Sequoyah, is largely in the hands of white and mixed-blood politicians. Their clearly discerned motive, showing behind the surface pretension that Indian Territory objects to a union with her Western sister, is to increase the West's representation in Congress. A well-defined feeling exists west of the Mississippi that the Eastern States are unduly prominent in the Senate. Of course, the "injustice" of giving the same Senatorial weight to Rhode Island and Delaware as to Missouri and Texas has led to resentment. At the Muscogee convention this rather vague sectional prejudice has been appealed to by hints that a movement which should make four United States Senatorships grow where none grew before would open up bright prospects for tribal politicians. The same feeling, as yet timidly expressed, is likely to be increasingly effective in keeping Arizona and New Mexico apart. In the end it will be a more powerful argument than the race prejudice between the Arizona "gringo" and the New Mexican "greaser." Single Statehood for the "twin Territories," however, will hardly be defeated by the manipulators of the Muscogee convention.

The strike of the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers in this city is one of those gratuitous performances that apparently serve only to deepen the public distrust of labor leaders. The sheet metal workers proceed on the theory that Parks and Weinseimer did not do the cause enough injury, that further demonstrations of ignorance and bad faith are needed. The situation is clear enough. The executive committee of the general aribitration board of the Employers' Association and the unions has decided that the strike is in direct violation of the arbitration agreement, and has ordered the metal workers to return to work, pending a settlement of the dispute. An arbitration agreement to which one of the contracting parties pays no heed whatever is, of course, so much waste paper. The frequent complaint of employers that the negotiation of such a treaty leaves them exactly where they were before, is too often well-grounded. The employer, with his tangible property, may be held accountable for a breach of contract, but an unincorporated union is as elusive as quicksilver. The steady refusal of unions to incorporate and assume responsibility continues to lay their motives open to grave suspicion.

The convention of anthracite mine-workers, to formulate demands upon the operators, is announced for the first week in November. The present agreement with the operators does not expire till spring, but the miners remember the proverb about the early bird. Recognition of the union is to be the chief contention. That is the point for which President Mitchell will stick, the point also upon which the operators, we conceive, will refuse to yield. It is worth while to remember that recognition of the union was one of the causes of the great strike which was settled by arbitration, and that the decision of the board was for the "open shop." There may be changes in social conditions, cost of living, or methods of mining that may warrant corresponding changes in wage scale, hours of labor, or methods of measuring work. On these details the public is not informed. But a fight over the open shop is a fight, not over a detail, but over a principle. If it was sound in 1903, it is sound now.

By the wide sweep of their subpœna net, we judge that the insurance investigating committee means business. Officers of the large companies—the "Big Three," the "Racers," as they have been variously called—are summoned, and their examination, if it be made searching, should add much to the stock of public information. It is commonly suspected that the really unhappiest men in New York, during the time since the Equitable doors were blown open, have been, not the officials and directors of that company, but of its chief competitors. The former knew the worst; the later dreaded that it was yet to come for them. Consequently, there has been an amount of preparation for the approaching ordeal which might well have wrecked the health, and entirely destroyed the mental and moral composure, of more than one man high in directorates. But such sufferers do not know what relief, if not recovery, may go with publicity. Let them contemplate the present comfortable estate of the Equitable directors! No more swords are hanging over their heads, for the sharpest ones have fallen. Let the fearful saints who are shuddering lest a fate like Depew's befall them, fresh courage take.

"There's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms as rum and true religion." When Byron, with prophetic foresight, in this way laid down the great principle upon which the Subway Tavern was to be founded, he was, without knowing it, a sociologist. The inspiring science of sociology—or is it an art?—had not yet been invented. Our colleges were not strengthening the minds of youth with the high and severe discipline of courses in "drunkenness, drainage, and divorce"; slumming parties were not yet a popular amusement; Bishop Potter had not even been born. Still, in those days of more than Egyptian darkness one poet at least had a vision of the taste and capacity of the glorified man of the future. The mere fact that the Subway Tavern has failed to pay we count as nothing—a mere accident of time and place. New York and her undeveloped citizens are not worthy of it. From the womb of time shall surely spring a race that can and will realize the lofty ideal. There was only one Subway Tavern; it therefore suffered because it was a sociological experiment station. Sight-seers, amateur philanthropists, theological students came in squads to see the submerged tenth of the city in the very process of emerging, to see the Demon Rum tamed in his own den, to see the million slaves of alcohol strike off their shackles and triumphantly fill the foaming beaker with ginger-pop. It was a thrilling spectacle; it drew tears to the eyes of the most hardened reformers; but it was too good to last. As Mr. Dooley notes, the honest workman wants to enjoy his few simple vices undisturbed. Even the most calloused of men will grow tired of being pointed at as a curiosity. The ordeal was too severe for the most public-spirited denizens of the region about Mulberry and Bleecker Streets. Bishop Potter and his set might have enjoyed the rôle, but mere Mulberry-Benders were not up to it.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING.

On the eve, as we probably are, of the publication of the report to the President on the scandals in the Government Printing-Office, the article in the September *Atlantic* on "The Problem of Federal Printing" falls especially pat. It is by W. S. Rossiter of the Census Bureau, and is a quiet, mostly statistical account of the enormous development and great cost of this branch of governmental activity. The Public Printer of the United States, in a word, directs the greatest printing-office in the world, it being in capacity and output five or six times as large as the Imprimerie Nationale.

Mr. Rossiter's figures show strikingly how the Government at Washington has become more and more adrip with printer's ink. In 1790 the total cost of Federal printing was $8,785; in 1904, $7,080,906. By the graphic chart illustrating the expansion of this business, it appears that there have been ups and downs in it, but that since about 1892 the curve has swept upward continuously and portentously — the total outlay having nearly doubled in that period. Mr. Rossiter estimates that the cost of Government printing in the decade 1900-1909 will exceed $60,000,000—or more than had been spent on it from 1790 to 1880. It is not surprising that alarm has been taken at this making of many books in the Government Printing-Office. President Roosevelt has discovered a superfluity here, much of the sort that Baring-Gould denounced in German printing, and has called for retrenchment, though it has not been observed that he himself has furnished the Government printers less "copy" than before. Congress has appointed a joint committee to inquire into the matter. On all sides it seems to be agreed that the public printing has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished.

But to take the backward step is always the rub, in such matters. Everybody is willing that everybody else should leave a report or monograph inedited, but, as for his own, the machinery of Government could scarcely go on unless it were got up handsomely with charts and plates. The truth is that the printing habit has grown upon us immensely. It is not confined to the Government at Washington. The various States show an increase in public printing almost as marked as that voted by Congress. Their total outlay on this item, Mr. Rossiter informs us, has nearly doubled in twenty-years—rising from $1,561,350 in 1880 to $2,740,323 in 1900. Five or six States, and those in general the most backward, have been able to curtail this expense, but the others have pushed it to higher and higher figures. New York's printing bill, for example, was $145,610 in 1880; in 1900, it was $654,330. Doubtless there has been extravagance in State work of this kind, though most of the States let it by contract; yet there can be no question that the great increase in Government publications has met a popular demand. The people have been rather proud of the elaborate State and Federal reports on forests and fisheries, on mines and water-supplies, on insect pests, and improved grains and better methods of cultivation—in short, on every topic or entity in the heavens above or the earth beneath that could interest a village Solomon. And we Americans are, in this respect, the envy of foreigners. More than once has the London *Spectator* sighed over some elaborate volume *de luxe* issued by our Printing-Office, of a scientific or social interest, and regretted that such work could so seldom be matched in Great Britain.

No utility, however, no æsthetic gratification, can justify waste; and that the Government Printing-Office at Washington is extravagantly conducted, Mr. Rossiter's showing leaves one in no possible doubt. The cost of printing is "decidedly higher than the charge for similar commercial work." Indeed, asserts the writer we follow, if this Government plant doing a business of $7,000,000 a year were transformed into a private concern, "the owners would discover that the charges for product, although they do not include the usual and important items of rent, interest, and profit, are nevertheless from one and one-half to ten times as high as the prices charged for similar work by printers who include the omitted items." Let prescribers of the Government-ownership panacea take due note of this. It is the ugliest symptom of the disease they are treating.

Mr. Rossiter's explanation of the fact that "it is practically impossible to secure from Government employees the work—clerical or manual—that is expected and exacted from employees of private concerns," is, to say the least, engagingly simple. The reason is not, he protests, politics. It is not wrapped up in the nature of public administration. No; the trouble is with "the climate of Washington." He must mean moral climate, for printers certainly do the average amount of work in far hotter cities; Kipling describes a scene of almost demoniac activity in the office of the *Pioneer* of Allahabad. But in Washington, avers Mr. Rossiter, there is a "lack of commercial excitement" and that "rush and bustle" which keys up workers elsewhere. Yes; and there is also, as every one knows, the feeling that Uncle Sam is the sleepiest and most lenient of employers; that there are Representatives and Senators to keep you in your job, no matter how worthless you are; and all the complex of motive and influence which makes Government work notoriously more costly and less efficient than private. If a really competent Public Printer were employed, paid what his services were worth (not the mere $4,500 now assigned to the superintendent of a $7,000,000 business), and given an absolutely free hand, with a warning to the politicians not to meddle, he could doubtless effect great economies and tone the Printing-Office up as it needs; but short of some such radical reform we are likely to see small improvement.

ENLIGHTENED SELF-INTEREST.

Gov. Folk of Missouri, speaking at Chautauqua recently, dwelt with very natural pride on the fact that, since he began his fight for the enforcement of law in Missouri, immigration to the State had increased 25 per cent., and real-estate values to about the same extent. It may be true, as Archbishop Whately said, that, while honesty is the best policy, the man who is honest for that reason is a knave. At the same time, the prosperity of a State which has just gone through a drastic process of reformation, even though the relation of cause and effect is not made out, is the best imaginable answer to the ever-recurring argument that whosoever exposes abuses at home is "defaming the State" or "befouling his own nest." Even well-intentioned citizens have been slow to see the value of the advertising which comes to a community that has resolutely set about the cure of its political and social ills.

The same "hurting business" argument has been used more often, probably—though less publicly—in connection with disease epidemics than anything else. Ibsen has used the fight of a courageous young physician against the polluted water supply of a health resort as the subject of his play, "An Enemy of Society," allegorically thus representing himself and his hostile critics. The "hushing up" of incipient epidemics is often regarded as part of the duty of city officials. The recent reported threat of "prominent business men" to boycott Bath Beach physicians who gave any information about the prevalence of typhoid fever there, was a case in point. Of course, attempts of this kind are sometimes successful, and visitors are welcomed throughout an epidemic, quite unaware of their danger. But the policy of frankness has its profits. The householders of New Orleans to-day wear on their coats cheerful buttons announcing, "My cistern is all right. How about yours?" Their fight against yellow fever is being made in the open, and the grand jury is investigating the officials who are alleged to have kept it dark in the past. Can anybody doubt that the city stands better before the country in every way than if stories of "Yellow Jack" were merely whispered on the streets and fright had only rumor to feed on?

It is not likely that the time will ever

come when powerful business interests of a city will bribe the district attorney to put Mayor and Common Council in jail, for the sake of the profits that follow reform, or induce the health officer to invent a visitation of disease in order that the city may have the credit of being frank about it. There are just now, however, several less conspicuous instances in which business interests long responsible for abuses of one kind or another are taking a more far-sighted view of the consequences of their policies. In other words, in certain lines self-interest in this country is becoming perceptibly more enlightened. One of the most prominent illustrations of this is that of the lumbermen. From the time of the first settlements they were the unrelenting foes of our forests. With amazing speed the vast tracts in the Middle West were denuded of their timber, with no thought of provision for the future. Yet, brought up sharply by the imminent failure of supply and the loss of their means of livelihood, the great lumber companies have been adopting of their own accord methods of scientific forestry, and President Roosevelt was able to say before the Forest Congress that "henceforth the movement for the conservative use of the forest is to come mainly from within, not from without; from the men who are actively interested in the use of the forest in one way or another, even more than from those whose interest is philanthropic and general."

Another notable instance is furnished by the pure-food agitation. When the demand for legislation on this subject began, even the honest manufacturers were generally opposed to it; not because their own business would be injured by the punishment of adulteration and misbranding, but because they feared the general unsettling of business—and with good reason in a business so dependent on capricious popular tastes. This, too, has changed. The better class of food manufacturers are among the advocates of a national pure-food law, and they are finding that there is a public willing to recognize the value of products above suspicion. In this connection may be recalled the hopes expressed in the Franklin Institute's recent discussion of shellfish as carriers of disease—that the oystermen would find it a "distinctly desirable business proposition" to keep out of polluted waters and make their wares conform to every sanitary requirement. Most surprising of all has been the changed attitude of some of the patent-medicine manufacturers, who, after fighting by fair means or foul every effort to secure publicity of their formulas, have voluntarily made these public. People were slow in grasping the fact that many, if not most, of the widely advertised nostrums were actually harmful by reason of the alcohol or narcotics they contain. Now that this is better understood, the only possible defence is in the abandonment of secrecy, and a few have taken this step before the law compels it.

That everybody will one day be good because it pays, is a consummation not to be hoped for. Indeed, it is unfortunately true that virtue does not invariably pay. The real value of such instances as are cited above is that they reveal the reformer as a somewhat less visionary and impractical creature than he is commonly represented. And since out of his past work have come occasional dollars and cents, he may have so much the better credentials for his next undertaking.

SENATOR DEPEW SETTLES.

On July 31 the Attorney-General of New York brought suit against Chauncey M. Depew for having, among other things, "neglected or refused to pay the amount of the losses" which the Equitable had suffered through its loan of $250,000 to the Depew Improvement Company, although "said Depew and others . . . agreed that they would save said defendant society harmless from loss." On August 26, the Equitable, in its answer to the suit of the Attorney-General, stated that it was making a thorough legal examination of the Depew loan, "with a view to recovering, either by action or by adjustment out of court, any sums that may be found due to this defendant." A week ago, Mr. Depew paid up. For himself and his associates he turned over to the Equitable $293,850.82, the amount of the loan with interest. That is, he made the "adjustment out of court." He is therefore fully entitled to the credit of having settled rather than face legal proceedings. That we cheerfully accord him.

Whether, however, any such moral grandeur attaches to his action as he seems to imply; whether his explanatory letter is wholly consistent with his secret but sworn testimony before Superintendent Hendricks; whether the clearing up of this loan complication, supposing it to be complete, covers all that was shady in his relations to the Equitable—these are quite other questions. Mr. Depew now writes: "I purchased for $100,000 in cash a one-fifteenth interest in the stock of the [Depew Improvement] Company." This is a more dignified, but a much less picturesque, account of the transaction than the one given by the Senator under oath on May 9 last. On that date, he testified that he had refused when Mr. Webb asked him to purchase $100,000 of the stock, and that thereupon the latter said:

> "Very well. I knew what you would say, and so I have opened an account in my bank. I have put up the stock as collateral. I have borrowed $100,000 for you, so you need have no trouble, and here are a check and note, and you sign these two. You have got your stock, and in three months it will be sold out and you will make a handsome profit."

In the matter of the guarantee against loss which Mr. Depew gave the Equitable, there are obviously legal niceties which could be tried out only in court. The Equitable thought it had a complete guarantee. However, when the document was produced by Superintendent Hendricks, and Senator Depew was asked if he considered that it fixed "any liability on you of any kind," he blithely replied: "As a lawyer I don't think so." As a lawyer, he may have been right. It it not for a layman to say he was not, lacking a judicial decision. But what is plain to the wayfaring man who reads the testimony of Gerald R. Brown, superintendent of the Equitable bond-and-mortgage department, and of Alvin W. Krech, president of the Equitable Trust Company, is the fact that tne guarantee was regarded as absolutely binding, and that, on the strength of it, and at Mr. Depew's request, the referee's deed of foreclosure was not put on record. Mr. Krech described the transaction as "simply a postponement of the payments of the debt practically from Mr. Depew and his associates."

Over the legal and moral question of his having, as an Equitable director and a member of its executive committee, helped secure what was practically a loan to himself, Senator Depew glides lightly. He now says: "I was, of course, cognizant of the negotiations for this loan." But in his sworn testimony before Superintendent Hendricks, we find this question and answer: "You voted in favor of this loan on the executive committee?" "I think I did." Let the statutes of New York make the fitting comment:

> "No director or officer of an insurance corporation doing business in this State shall receive any money or valuable thing for negotiating, procuring, or recommending any loan from any such corporation, or for selling or aiding in the sale of any stocks or securities to or by such corporation." [Note that Mr. Depew's confessed contract or guarantee was "to form a new company and issue bonds, which bonds they would deliver to us (the Equitable) for the property if he would turn it over to them."]
>
> "Any person violating the provisions of this section shall forfeit his position as such director or officer, and be disqualified from thereafter holding any such office in any insurance corporation."

There are, finally, other grave complaints and legal charges against Senator Depew as a director of the Equitable, in regard to which his letter is completely silent. In the Attorney-General's suit, it is set forth that the directors had "wastefully and improvidently procured and caused" the payment of salaries "largely in excess of the value of the services rendered." This squints hard at Mr. Depew, since he has admitted that it was his eagle eye which first perceived that James H. Hyde was worth $100,000 a year to the Equitable as vice-president. He says nothing whatever about that now, possibly because his counsel have advised him to wait and see if the courts hold him indi-

vidually liable for his waste and improvidence as a director. If they do, we have not a particle of doubt that Senator Depew will pay up, and with the "magnificent gesture" of Henry James's mendicant accepting money. But there is another specification by the Attorney-General which the Senator must know looks his way. It is that the directors "wastefully, improvidently, and improperly procured and caused . . . to pay excessive, improper, and unwarranted sums of money to various attorneys and counsellors at law." If this does not mean Mr. Depew's annual retainer of $20,000, what does it mean? He confessed that he could not well draw up an itemized account of services rendered. The public would gladly hear him again on this matter. Paul Morton ruthlessly cut off the Depew retainer; but if the Senator can now convince the committee and the courts that he earned thrice his fee, he should again receive his own with usury. Meantime he must in bitterness of spirit search even the partisan press in vain for apology or support, much less for the old-time adulation, in this crisis.

"A DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION."

The old question whether insanity increases as civilization advances is still open. It is a part of that larger problem, whether evolution is to be interpreted in terms of optimism or of pessimism. Many reasons, both theoretical and practical, have been given for supposing that the number of the insane is increasing. It has been argued that the nervous system of man is being developed disproportionately to the rest of his bodily organism. The body of the brute is adapted to its instincts; the body of man is an old bottle filled with the new wine of highly specialized intelligence and emotion. It has been supposed that the progress of evolution towards a happy ideal is interrupted and impeded more and more by dissolution and degeneracy. This doctrine, defended very skilfully by such writers as Maudsley and Nordau, has been partially justified by popular opinion and by statistics.

We are told that the industrial and commercial life of the present is so intense and rapid that even strong men bend and break under the pressure. There is work without recreation, excitement without rest, gayety without pleasure—in short, nervous expenditure without corresponding satisfaction. If the distribution of wealth and power be more equal now than in former days, there are men who are richer now than at any other period of history; and the moral history of the poor is deepened by examples of extravagance and luxury brought home to them by daily experience and the daily press. There is a struggle and stress in social life unknown in other times. Men, women, and children are overworked. There are sweat-shops, unwholesome factories, and long hours. Labor is so specialized that the joy of complete achievement is impaired. The rewards of success are great, but competition is greater, and the attainment of success more difficult.

Consequently, fatigue and ennui are more widespread than ever before. They predispose men to nervous disorders. Fatigue, disease, and sadness invite intemperance. It is not the intemperance of a former generation—the drunkenness of the three-bottle squire or of the luxurious rich. It is the intemperance of the poor, of the hard-worked men and women who live from hand to mouth, and who seek to bring a momentary idealism into their lives by an artificial stimulus. There are preparations of drugs innumerable, advertised everywhere, to add fuel to the fire beneath the cracked boiler, to urge on the jaded and depressed to morbid activity. Cities like flaming lamps attract the multitude like moths. Bad sanitary conditions and crowded tenements beget weak bodies and weak minds, breed immorality and consequent disease. Thus the idea has become more or less prevalent that society is going down hill as fast as heredity, self-indulgence, dissipation, and hard work can make it go.

But this pessimistic conclusion is greatly weakened by other considerations of equal importance. The statistical reports are particularly misleading. As Fere says, the greater the improvement in the care of the insane, the more gloomy the statistical outlook. Almost all those who now suffer from mental diseases are sent to asylums. Indeed, for many kinds of such disorders, there are private asylums and sanitariums to which people go as they would to a quiet hotel. Better accommodations for the patients, a greater number of institutions, the frequency of cures, the tendency to regard insanity as a disease like any other disease, and not as a moral obliquity—all these causes make people more ready to go or to send their afflicted relatives to public or private asylums for better care; thus the number of patients under treatment is increased, though there is no real increase in the number of the insane.

It is well known that the more intellectual classes, and even those who are hard-worked mentally, are not the groups from which most of the inmates of asylums are recruited. The alliance of "great wits with madness" and the eccentricities of men of genius are phenomena too uncommon to be made the basis of a wide generalization. The spread of insanity among certain races and the geographical distribution of insanity in certain regions show how irregular are its conditions. For example, previous to the civil war, insanity was extremely rare among the slaves of the South, but since their emancipation, they have come into competition with the whites, and either for this reason, or because of certain modifications in their life and habits, insanity has been steadily increasing among the negroes. The Indians, on the contrary, have been but little troubled by nervous disorders, either originally or after having been brought under civilizing influences. The energetic competition and rapid development of America seem to have had but little direct influence in producing insanity. Probably the Middle West is the region where life is most active and business most absorbing; but we find that the geographical distribution of nervous diseases is such that the Northeastern States from Maine to New York show an abnormally large proportion of insane patients, that the number decreases as we go farther west, until California is reached, where there are more people, proportionately, in asylums than in any other part of the United States.

Whatever view be taken of the relation of insanity to civilized life, it is at least encouraging that many of the horrors which used to be associated with the treatment of the insane have disappeared. We shall never see a return to the age described by Plato when madness was regarded as a divine inspiration and a blessing; but we may take some comfort from the theories of Moreau and Nisbet, who look upon insanity as a condition of true genius. Thus even the eccentricities of the great, who show symptoms of perversity and certain varieties of mania, may be forgiven when we reflect that the most excellent as well as the worst of the human family may be those who are touched with ecstasy.

ENGLISH EVANGELICALISM.

OXFORD, August 25, 1905.

Evangelicalism was for some seventy years or more—say, broadly, from 1760 to 1835—the religion of the vast majority of serious Englishmen; it created and governed that moral anomaly, "the religious world." Even as late as the Palmerstonian era (1855-1865), the Evangelical party was a power in the land. At that time there existed a sort of alliance between men of undoubted piety, such as Lord Shaftesbury, and a Premier who, though according to his lights a sincere English patriot, never affected to be anything else than an able man of the world, zealous for the greatness of his country. Forty years have passed since the death of Palmerston. Evangelicalism has become a thing of the past. This assertion is no denial of the fact that many Evangelical ideas, belonging as they do to permanent elements of English Protestantism, still exert a great effect. Still less is it a disparagement of the work performed by the Evangelical movement. What is meant is, that this movement, with its defects and its virtues, may well be examined as a thing

belonging to a period which has passed away.

Before, however, any man attempts to summarize the characteristics of a religious movement, he should remember that every appeal to the moral, the religious, or the spiritual emotions or beliefs of mankind must, if it is successful, share some of the characteristics of the age which it attempts to reform. Innovators have always much in common with their opponents, though this common element is the thing to which reformers and anti-reformers are in general equally blind. Teachers, or preachers, who speak a tongue which no man can interpret, of necessity make no converts. If we ask why Roger Bacon could not open a path for science as effectively as Francis Bacon, or why Wycliff failed where Luther succeeded, the answer is as certain as it is melancholy. The teaching of Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century and the reformation attempted by Wycliff in the fourteenth century missed their mark because few were the disciples who could understand the scientific or religious ideas of the master. Evangelicalism, on the other hand, partook of the weakness no less than of the strength of its age. It was a creed which, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, well met the wants of serious Englishmen. The preachers who, in the England of the eighteenth century, denounced the frivolities, the amusements, and the vices of their time, and by their denunciation reinvigorated practical religion among a society which seemed (though the appearance was to a great extent delusive) full of corruption, were, from one point of view, men of their time. Evangelicalism was closely connected with such eighteenth-century ideas as had taken hold of the English people. This consideration accounts for some, at least, among the characteristics of the Evangelical movement which to students of to-day are almost patent defects.

English Evangelicalism was marked by that prosaic element which underlies the thought and to some extent the sentiment of the eighteenth century. Earnest religious teachers were necessarily men capable of vivid enthusiasm; but enthusiasm or ardent faith is not the same thing as strong imaginative capacity. The fervour, the eloquence, and, above all, the dramatic power of Whitefield, achieved unrivalled rhetorical victories, and assuredly turned or converted whole crowds from darkness to light; but, for all this, no Evangelical writer possessed the imaginative power which lights up even the terrors of Bunyan's Pilgrim with a sort of poetic glow. That teachers whose creed was, after all, a form of Puritanism, should think little of imaginative writing such as poems, dramas, or novels, was almost a matter of necessity; and although it must have had the inevitable effect of blinding Evangelical converts to the æsthetic side of life, and must, moreover, have caused a division between them and moralists, such as Johnson, whose religion, colored as it was by High Churchmanship, allowed him to feel intense interest in polite letters, the common sense and prosaic view of existence natural to men imbued with eighteenth-century ideas and acceptable to business-like Englishmen almost of necessity led to a distrust of everything which could be called mystical.

Though, again, it is the vulgarest error to suppose that the leading Evangelical clergy were men lacking the education attainable in their time in England by industrious students, yet they assuredly undervalued the pursuit of knowledge. They suffered in this matter alike from their opposition to and their sympathy with ideas of their time. Eighteenth-century enlightenment, allied as it was with religious skepticism, inevitably aroused their opposition. The very fact that a "free-thinker" should have become equivalent to an infidel, and an unbeliever have been only too easily identified by religious teachers with an atheist, is significant; but if preachers bent on saving souls had little sympathy with the intellectual movement of their age, it is equally obvious that they derived from their time that aversion to the so-called historical method which was shared at once by Voltaire and by Voltaire's most strenuous opponents. This aversion, however, made the study and indeed the understanding of Biblical history an impossibility; and much of the doctrinal narrowness, as well as of the intolerance in matters of Biblical criticism, which may fairly be imputed to the Evangelicals, was due, in part at least, to intellectual deficiencies fostered by the anti-historical spirit of the eighteenth century. It is, at any rate, noteworthy that the High Churchmen who, from 1834 onwards, attacked the dominant religious opinion of their day, found that their most effective weapons were an appeal to the æsthetic sentiment which has always been closely connected with High Churchmanship, and to such aspects of history as exalted the authority of the Church and told against that belief in the verbal inspiration of the Bible which was cherished by the leading representatives of Evangelicalism. Add to all this one cause of weakness which arose from causes peculiar to England. Between the orthodox Nonconformist, such as Robert Hall and Isaac Taylor of Ongar, on the one side, and Venn of Huddersfield and Simeon on the other, there was little difference of fundamental faith, but the Evangelicals properly so called, whether clergymen or laymen, were members of the Church of England; they were also many of them Tories. A fusion between Evangelicals and orthodox Dissenters was therefore, from political causes and historical traditions, an impossibility. Unnatural division has been the cause of unnecessary weakness.

At the beginning of the twentieth century the deficiencies of Evangelicalism are obvious. They explain how it is that a movement which effected so much for England has, like the Puritanism of the seventeenth century, missed its mark. But at this moment it is of far more consequence to note how great were the results in fact worked by Evangelicalism.

To the Evangelical teachers is due an extraordinary revival of practical religion. Wesleyans who gradually separated from the Church, Evangelical clergymen, such as the Venns, who worked within the Church, did in fact accomplish a moral reform the results of which have not perished. Constitutional historians are constantly perplexed by this question: How did it happen that, whilst the government of England was from 1688 onwards all but avowedly based on a system of corruption which often took the form of almost open bribery, yet, from some influence of which it is hard to assign the cause, the public spirit of England improved as time went on; and whilst the anomalies of the Constitution remained unchanged, the moral tone of the country so changed as to reform the working of the Constitution? How was it, to put the same inquiry in another form, that a generation which had been guided or corrupted by Walpole, was succeeded by a generation which adored Pitt; how was it that Chatham handed on his ideal of public spirit to his son; how did it happen that, before the reign of George III. had come to an end, a kind of corruption had become impossible which, when he ascended the throne, statesmen might still practise almost without blame? The answer surely is to be found in the increasing influence of a middle class, the members of which had been aroused by Evangelical teachers to a new sense both of private and of public duty.

Nor did the service rendered to English public life stop here. Those who ask why it was that the passions of the French Revolution evoked on the whole so little sympathy among the English middle classes, find a true though partial answer to their inquiry in the consideration that the Evangelical revival enlisted under the standard of religion the Englishmen who felt most keenly the enthusiasm of humanity. Philanthropy which, on the Continent, was the opponent, became in England the ally, of religious enthusiasm. This is not the place in which to trace the close and intimate connection between English humanitarianism and English Evangelicalism, or to do more than to just note the extent to which, in works of humanity, disciples of Bentham stood side by side with disciples of Wilberforce or of Simeon. So close, however, was this connection that it is absolutely impossible to say whether, towards the end of the eighteenth and during the first half of the nineteenth century, philanthropy or religion did most to promote every effort for the diminution of human suffering. The abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the negroes are but the crowning triumphs of a policy the lines of which were marked out as much by the religious as by the philosophical reformers of England. To Evangelicalism, then, may be justly ascribed a revival of earnest, practical piety amongst the English middle classes, the moralization of English public life, and the triumph of English humanitarianism.

AN OBSERVER.

Correspondence.

AN UNINTENTIONAL INJUSTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In to-day's *Nation* is printed a paragraph concerning the volume recently issued by us for Prof. F. W. Bain, 'A Digit of the Moon.' The writer of the paragraph says: "It does not appear whether the present edition is original or pirated."

We are surprised that any writer having to do with the literary department of the *Nation* should not have better knowledge of the uniform policy of our house than to make the implication conveyed in the

above words. We will now state for his information that, since the date of its foundation by the late G. P. Putnam, our firm has maintained (in advance of and irrespective of any restrictions of international copyright) a consistent routine in issuing American editions of no books by living authors, excepting under arrangement with these authors or their representatives. It is our contention that, with such a record for over half a century, the imprint of the house ought to be sufficient guaranty that a book bearing its imprint is *not* a "piratical publication."

The four stories comprising the volume in question were first printed in Oxford in four separate volumes. The author, Prof. F. W. Bain, now holds a chair in the College of Poonah, British India. He was for a number of years a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and is a personal friend of the writer of this letter. It was our suggestion to Professor Bain that we should be interested in printing in one volume, and in more attractive typographical form than that used for the original issue, the first three stories as published in Oxford. Professor Bain asked us to delay the publication of our American edition until he could complete the fourth story, which is now included in our volume.

We had requested the author to prepare for this volume, addressed to American readers, a general introduction. He decided, however, that the prefaces printed with the four stories as originally issued in the separate volumes ought to meet the requirements. We have, therefore, no preface for the *volume*. The preface which caused the perplexity to your reviewer, bearing date of 1898, has to do simply with the story "A Digit of the Moon," which gives its title to the volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

New York, August 31, 1905.

[The word was ill chosen, for we meant not to impugn the publishers' good faith, but to express surprise that nothing in the volume betrayed the fact that it was a reprint of stories which originally appeared some years ago in England. In this sense, "it does not appear [in the volume before us] whether the present edition is original or a reprint" would have been a better phrase, as corresponding to our thought.—Ed. Nation.]

THE HEATH PAPERS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am greatly obliged to you for calling attention to the inexplicable blunder in printing Part III. of the Heath Papers, which had not before been brought to my notice. Through the carelessness of some one in the printing-office the electrotype of page 153 of Part II. was used in printing page 153 of Part III., instead of the plate which had been made for the new part. Of course the volumes which have been already distributed will be immediately recalled, and others printed from the proper plates substituted for them, without expense to any one who has received the misprinted volume.—Very truly yours,

Charles C. Smith.

Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston, September 1, 1905.

Notes.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s fall list we select 'James Russell Lowell,' by Ferris Greenslet; 'Charles Godfrey Leland,' by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in two volumes; 'Sidney Lanier,' by Edwin Mims; 'James G. Blaine,' by Edward Stanwood; 'American Literary Masters,' by Leon H. Vincent; 'The Chief American Poets of the Nineteenth Century,' edited by Curtis Hidden Page; 'The Words of Garrison: A Centennial Selection, 1805-1905'; 'The Poems of Trumbull Stickney'; Byron's Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works, edited by Paul Elmer More; 'The English Works of George Herbert,' newly arranged, annotated and considered by Prof. George Herbert Palmer; 'The Love Poems of John Donne,' edited by Charles Eliot Norton; 'The England and Holland of the Pilgrims,' by Morton Dexter; 'A Short History of Italy,' by Henry D. Sedgwick; 'The Tsar and the Autocracy,' by a member of the Imperial Court; 'The Valerian Persecution,' by Patrick J. Healy; 'The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut,' by M. Louisa Greene; 'Mount Desert: A History,' by George E. Street; 'A History of the Town of Middleboro, Mass.,' by Thomas Weston; 'A Sketch of Etna and Kirkersville, Licking Co., Ohio,' by Gen. Morris Schaff; 'Louisiana,' by Albert Phelps, and 'Rhode Island,' by Irving B. Richman, in the "American Commonwealths Series"; 'The Proceedings of the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis, September, 1904,' in eight volumes; 'Part of a Man's Life,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; 'Ways of Nature,' by John Burroughs; 'Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico,' by C. William Beebe; 'English Hours,' and 'The Question of Our Speech' (including 'The Lesson of Balzac'), by Henry James; 'The Fixed Period,' by William Osler; 'Noah's Ark,' by E. Boyd Smith; and Holmes's 'One Hoss Shay,' illustrated by Howard Pyle.

A. S. Barnes & Co. will publish during the autumn 'The Journeys of La Salle and his Companions, 1668-1687,' in their original narratives edited and introduced by Prof. Isaac J. Cox of the University of Cincinnati, in two volumes; 'The Voyages and Explorations of Samuel de Champlain, Narrated by Himself,' newly translated by Annie Nettleton Bourne, with an introduction by Prof. E. G. Bourne; and 'The Spanish Explorers,' a uniform edition of the original narratives of De Soto, Coronado, and Cabeça de Vaca, selected from "The Trail Makers."

During the present month, McClure, Phillips & Co. will bring out 'The Torch,' Prof. George E. Woodberry's series of Lowell Institute lectures in 1903. The last four lectures relate to Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish during the present season a history of the Declaration of Independence, by J. H. Hazleton, and the Minutes of the Committee of Safety of the County of Tryon, N. Y., 1774-1775, edited and illustrated with portraits, views, and facsimiles.

Further announcements from Macmillan are 'The Character of Renaissance Architecture,' by Prof. Charles H. Moore of Harvard; 'How to Collect Books,' by J. H. Slater; 'A Handbook of Physiology,' with three-color plates, by Dr. Austin Flint, and 'The Italian Lakes,' painted by Ella DuCane, described by Richard Baghot.

Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J., will publish 'The Building of the City Beautiful,' a social vision, by Joaquin Miller, and 'Cape Cod Ballads, and Other Verse,' by Joe Lincoln.

A 'Motor Year-book,' with many illustrations and diagrams, and a chapter on the law of motoring, is forthcoming from Methuen & Co., London.

The Grimm Society of Cassel has decided to publish its rich collection of unpublished letters and other documents of the Brothers Grimm, with a promise of throwing considerable light on the history of the learned world in the last century. The first volume is to appear early next year.

In five years, even in Edinburgh, things have moved. Otherwise Mr. John Geddie's 'Romantic Edinburgh' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) might safely be commended as a suggestive guide or a meditative memory. But it is an untouched reissue under a new date, and still bears references to 1900 as the year of its origin. We noticed it when it first appeared.

For range of territory traversed and variety of adventure, 'The Personal Narrative of James O. Pattie, of Kentucky' (1824-30), just published in Cleveland by the Arthur H. Clark Co. among its "Early Western Travels," is, perhaps, unrivalled in that series. From the Missouri (near Omaha) to Santa Fé, the Gila River, the Colorado, the peninsula of Lower California, the headwaters of the Big Horn and Yellowstone, this adventurer and his father sought furs, and endured wounds and imprisonment from savages and Spanish Mexicans, in the true spirit of frontiersmen. The mere thought of the warlike and ferocious conditions among the Indians here displayed as existing less than seventy-five years ago in a region now traversed by railways, if still sparsely settled, is amazing. There are a few plates of the original editions of 1831.

Another meritorious reprint is of Sylvester Judd's 'History of Hadley' (Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting & Co.), first published in 1863 and edited after the author's death by Lucius M. Boltwood. Judd was the father of his more illustrious namesake, the author of 'Margaret'; and was a diligent and painstaking antiquary. His compilation is replete with authentic information as to manners and customs, and is highly browsable. He tells on page 146 of a squaw who gave tidings of an Indian descent on Hatfield and the adjoining towns in 1675 (during King Philip's war), and was ordered by Capt. Mosely "to be tourne in pieces by dogs, and shee was so dealt withall." "The excessive cruelty and atrocity of the Indians," comments Judd, "their burnings, massacres, and tortures, exasperated the English, and sometimes led Christian men to act like merciless barbarians." At page 261 he records the hanging of Jack, a negro slave of Wethersfield, for house-burning, his dead body being then burnt in the same fire that consumed Maria, another black incendiary, alive. This was done in Boston in 1681. The present reprint is distinguished by an introduction, by George Sheldon, to disprove the legend of the regicide Goffe's apparition for the

defence of Hadley against the savages. He does strip it of all support, as Hadley was not attacked, but his argument is not very orderly or lucid. Of greater importance are an appendix bringing the town history down to date, an index to the History, and another to Mr. Boltwood's family genealogies, both new. There are also several pleasing and judicious photographic illustrations. A map might have been looked for. The town (native to Gen. Hooker) appears to have been fortunate in escaping a soldiers' monument.

We long ago announced the inception of an enterprise which was sorely needed, viz., an Index of Persons to the first fifty volumes of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. There now lies before us Part 1, Volume I., of this Index—Aaciye—Bigland (Boston: New England Historic Genealogical Society). It agrees in form, of course, with the *Register*, and is in closely but clearly printed triple columns. Its making was directed by Mr. A. P. C. Griffin of the Library of Congress, and by Miss Edna F. Calder of Dedham, Mass., and the editor for the press is a Radcliffe graduate, Miss E. Louise Chapman. There will be eighteen parts in all, issued six yearly. Nothing more need be said to any who are interested in American genealogy. No public library should fail to procure this master-key to the incomparable *Register*.

No date is attached to the Routledge-Dutton one-volume edition from Ellis and Spedding of 'The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon,' but if it be a reprint, the plates are in good condition. To bring all within 1,000 pages, fine print was indispensable, and one can only say that here is the matter for whoever has curiosity and eyesight to pursue it, from the 'Advancement of Learning' to the Essays.

It is a pity that Mr. Wollaston's illustrated 'Sword of Islam' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) cannot be more heartily recommended. It is an omnium-gatherum, having as a nucleus a previous volume, 'Half-hours with Muhammad,' and containing a very anecdotal account of Muslim dynasties, sects, theologists, etc. It consists largely of quotations, often unacknowledged, from most multifarious authorities, and is thus of very inconstant value. The student might find it a curious but unsatisfactory pastime to hunt its "sources," evidently largely European, but the general reader, for whom it is intended, will be sorely befogged. Yet there is a real need in English of some such broad and popular presentation, and this volume may stimulate an interest which it cannot satisfy.

M. Gaston Rouvier's 'La Nièce de M. Jacob Gaspard' (Paris: Charpentier) is a story of some sensational power, working itself out from a humorous description of the village of Niederfelden, which one easily places precisely six miles from the *gare* at Zurich, just at the covered bridge over the Sihl, between Lagnau and Gattikon. Whether there actually is such a village or not, the reader will with difficulty rid himself of the idea that there is, and that the characters of the story live there, droll as they are, and romantic as their doings become when the plot thickens. The usurer who seeks an election, the meeting of hero and heroine on a hill above the village, the country fête, the criminal accusation against a near relative of the heroine, and other like details remind one of 'La Grande Marnière' of Georges Ohnet; and the novel, in its humbler way, endures the comparison very well. We may add that it is entirely free from those distasteful things which are so apt to spoil French fun for us—with the single exception of one incident whose raw brutality might just as well have been veiled. M. Rouvier's characters talk a French that is highly amusing, and his own is not quite that of Paris. He writes "esbrousse" for *esbroufe*, "effiloquée" for *effilochée;* he hears a breaking mirror *tintant* and rustling silk *crisser*, etc.

In view of the lexicon difficulty which all teachers of Hebrew have to face, it may be worth while to draw attention to the Hebrew-German *Taschen-Wörterbuch* just added to the Langenscheidt series. It covers the vocabulary of Genesis, Exodus, Samuel, Kings, Psalms, Isaiah, about half of Joshua and Judges, and some other smaller portions, is evidently accurate and well printed, and costs, in cloth, only two marks. The forms are given very fully, but no passages, of course, can be quoted in its 300 small pages.

The *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* reports that Mommsen had entrusted the posthumous publication of his minor writings to Karl Zangemeister and Otto Hirschfeld. As the former predeceased Mommsen, the work devolved upon Hirschfeld alone, who has just issued the first volume of the new series. The contents are chiefly researches of a legal character, the number of separate articles being sixteen, dealing with problems of Roman and Egyptian law. Mommsen had himself already made a beginning of this collection. The second volume will contain his discussion of Roman jurists and Roman lawbooks; and the third, contributions to the history of Roman law.

We have received the fifth annual report of the commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, dated March 25. Steady progress is evidenced in the acquisition of new tracts, amounting last year to 438 acres, having a Palisades frontage of 9,500 feet, at a cost of $46,490. A profile map shows the present state of public and private holdings. There yet remains to be acquired a shore frontage of 17,710 feet.

Already several numbers have appeared of a German monthly, *Der Buddhist*, edited by Karl B. Seidenstricker, and published by the Buddistischer Verlag in Leipzig. The contents consist of original articles, translations, essays in apologetics, etc., intended to make the character and scope of Buddhism better known to the Western nations. It is accompanied by a supplementary sheet entitled "Die Buddhistische Welt," and promises to furnish valuable contributions to the comparative study of religions.

Female education in India received a significant impulse at a meeting recently held in London, at which the subject of early marriage was discussed wholly by Indians. The opening paper was read by a young Sikh Sirdar, and, though his supposition as to the origin of the custom was not accepted by some of the speakers, they all denounced it as a curse, whether considered from a physical or a moral point of view. In 1901 the number of wives under five years of age was more than a quarter of a million; between five and ten over two millions; while nearly seven millions were between ten and fifteen. There were, besides, nearly half a million widows under fifteen, of whom 20,000 were less than five. The life of misery to which these poor innocents are condemned, the hardship, the irksome penances, the unmerited shame, are inconceivable to Europeans, the speaker said, yet are enforced by Hindu custom. Reform has been attempted in the native States of Mysore and Baroda by the passing of mild measures of permissive legislation, but this course is not open to the Indian Government, as its policy is one of absolute neutrality in regard to religious customs, except when, as in the case of suttee, they are contrary to natural rights. The eradication of the evil, all agreed, can be accomplished only by female education. The influence of women is as powerful in the East as in the West, and the education of men only will do little towards the mental and moral development of the people, so powerless are they when confronted by the dead wall of female ignorance, prejudice, and superstition.

Oxford was the scene of a significant gathering when a joint conference of trades unions, coöperative societies, and educational authorities met there on August 12 to discuss measures for the promotion of the higher education of workingmen. The Dean of Christ Church presided, and the Bishop of Hereford offered a resolution urging the Board of Education to make inquiry as to the feasibility of enjoining compulsory attendance at evening schools to the age of seventeen. He maintained that the present truncated system of popular education in England involved an amount of waste so great as to constitute an act of national folly, and it was in the direction of continuous education of the people that he looked for the avoidance of this waste and the beginning of a wiser public action with regard to the well-being of the people.

The unemployed were one of the subjects discussed at the recent University Extension Meeting at Oxford. The problem, according to Mr. Masterman, who gave the opening lecture, was not how to treat the paupers or chronic unemployed, nor the casual class who worked only occasionally, but the periodic unemployed. By this term he meant the class which, when trade was good, were required, but when trade was bad were thrown out of employment. The fact must be faced that at intervals a considerable number of workmen would not be required; and when these could be provided for, the problem of the unemployed would be settled. In treating of the remedial side of the question, he warned his hearers not to be misled by the objection to any particular course of action that it was contrary to the law of nature or of political economy. It was for the intellectual part of the nation and not the political to provide some guidance in this matter.

Assyriologists will feel much interest in the cuneiform tablet which has just come into the possession of the University of Liverpool. It was found at Yurghât, north of the Halys, and obtained some months ago at Constantinople by Professor Sayce.

The long inscription upon it is written in the same tongue and form of script as the two Arzawa letters discovered at Tel el-Amarna. This fact is important, as it gives us a further clue to the situation of the land of Arzawa, with which the Egyptian court held intercourse under the Eighteenth Dynasty. Owing to its numerous Assyrian words and expressions, the new tablet will prove of assistance in explaining the Arzawa texts. In grammar and vocabulary its language is seen to be similar to that brought to light by Professor Sayce when recently deciphering the Hittite hieroglyphic monuments. We find Cappadocia described as "the land of the Hittites."

The Report of the Imperial Library in Tokio for 1904-5, in both Japanese and English, shows that, of the 226 581 books now on the shelves, 45,276 are European. Of 9,415 volumes added during the year, 1,109 were in Occidental languages. Of the eight classifications, that of history, biography, geography, and travels won the greater number of readers; the figures for Chinese and Japanese books being 39,059, and for European 5,530. Literature and language followed next in order, but, as against 37,335 Oriental, there were 10,952 Occidental books. Useful science, encyclopædic and miscellaneous works and the physical sciences follow next in demand. The average of readers on 332 days was 413, the excelling reading months being March April, May, and June. July and August also drew large numbers, but October, November, and December, when outdoor life is most alluring in Japan, show the lowest figures. The decrease of readers, as compared with the previous year, amounted in the one month of July, 1904, to 10,557, and is manifest in every month until March, 1905—a striking phenomenon of the war. Besides the tables, acknowledgment of gifts, etc., the growth of the library and use of books is shown in the red and black lines of a diagram.

—The Easy Chair, in *Harper's*, discourses pleasantly this month of Mr. Bernard Shaw's self-confessed ability to write as good poetic drama as Shakspere, maintaining that Shakspere could make out a defence for himself against modern detraction not to be invalidated even by the foolish fanaticism of worshippers who can see no defect in him. "He might well stoop from his altar and entreat that ridiculous rabble to be done with their service of praise, and to own him human and full of errors not inconsistent with the merits of what he had had the luck to do, or the chance to do." Apparently "the real editor" did not secure the advice of the Easy Chair as to the value of Mr. Swinburne's critical comment on "Othello," published in the October number of last year. William J. Long takes another turn at the question of animal reason. The one thing that stands out most clearly in this rather overdone discussion is that neither side has thought it worth while to define terms with sufficient precision to get at any conclusions of real scientific value. Mr. Nevinson's account of the new African slave-trade is still in the introductory stage, dealing with Loanda and the country round about. He has no difficulty in showing that the system of contract labor is necessarily pure slavery in practice, since the ignorant natives are utterly powerless to enforce their rights under the contract. But Mr. Nevinson tells as that "there is no need to be hypocritical or sentimental about it. The fate of the slave differs little from the fate of common humanity. Few men or women have opportunity for more than working, feeding, getting children, and death." If this be so, then Mr. Nevinson is on a fool's errand after all.

—The lively passion for historical study and research which for thirty years has possessed Mr. Charles Francis Adams, was created by an invitation in 1874 to deliver a memorial address at the 250th anniversary of the permanent settlement of Weymouth, Mass. That town, originally styled Wessagussett, is second in age to Plymouth, and it chanced to be the birthplace of the orator's great-grandmother, Abigail Smith (Mrs. John Adams). The address, a brilliant beginning, has just been reprinted by the Weymouth Historical Society, together with an excellent one by its secretary, Mr. Gilbert Nash, read in 1882, "Weymouth in its First Twenty Years," and a third by Mr. Adams again, last September. Mr. Adams chose to survey his own past, and on the whole pronounced good his maiden effort; but he now sees, thanks partly to Mr. Nash, that the real interest of the first years of Wessagusett lies in a contest between Church of England settlers and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. "Weymouth was the traditional plague centre of prelatical poison—we designate it Episcopacy—the seat of the Gorges settlement, the abiding place of Morell, the spot whence Blackstone and Walford had emerged. No mercy was to be shown it. The last vestige of the ritual was to disappear from within the limits of the colony of Massachusetts Bay." "Every person on the Massachusetts shore connected with that earlier settlement, the old Gorges 'planters,' so called, was soon or late either harried out of the country, or made so uncomfortable in it that he voluntarily withdrew—in other words, went into exile. Morton of Mount Wollaston, he of Maypole fame, was the first victim."

—This is the capital feature of Mr. Adams's review, and is one more indictment of the Puritans which their apologists must meet. The historian is also now able to show, from a map discovered meanwhile, that the site of the original settlement and of Weston's blockhouse, in which Miles Standish assassinated Wattawamat and his fellow-savages (April 6, 1623), has been improved out of existence as a gravel pit, and is actually subject to tidal overflow. We wish the Society had reproduced this map (borrowing from the Massachusetts Historical Society's facsimile), together with a general shore view from Boston to Wessagussett; moreover, that a table had been appended showing the early settlers year by year, so far as they are namable, and distinguishing the several companies to which they belonged. In other words, we crave a second index, cartographical and chronological. The address would not be Mr. Adams's if it were lacking in original and suggestive excursuses, such as his picking a bone with Longfellow for his feeble handling of the Standish massacre, or his drastic exposure of Revolutionary and civil-war patriotism in the community he is addressing. He would in future crises abolish volunteer enlistments and resort at once to conscription and the draft. Nor does he spare the morality and humanity of the elder day, as in the treatment of the poor or in chastity. "The early church records of Weymouth no longer exist, and, perhaps, it is well for the good names of not a few of your families" that a fire destroyed these records in 1751. Here the allusion is to entries which are found alike in all New England church records, even in Quaker meeting records. Weymouth was simply not an exception.

—The interval between the close of the Summer School and the opening of the college year is long enough for meditation; and the question whether the summer service pays will appeal to many an American professor. It has always been the consolation of this pecuniarily underpaid individual that his deficient wage is in a manner made good by the length of his vacation. When the hard-worked business man has jollied the professor on having such a lazy time of it in summer, the ready answer has been that the three months of leisure are part of his salary. To the old-fashioned schoolmaster type of professor only is the summer season one of rest. Modern professors take but a short vacation from real work. A fortnight's loafing at the end of the college year but prepares them for that which they feel to be their purest pleasure, and investigation or "original work" is their subsequent occupation till the chapel bell begins to toll again. Now so long as summer schools were manned by those to whom original work was an unknown factor in professional life, it was perhaps a gain to entrap the too-leisurely teacher into making himself useful in the only way he could. But nowadays the summer school boasts that its staff is composed of veritable professors; and, with the addition of Yale to the list, the spectacle of three great Eastern universities turning their professors into perpetual drudges may cause the thoughtful to ask whether it pays either the professor or the university. Six weeks of summer teaching leave little time and less energy for independent work on the part of the professor who joins the teaching staff of the summer school. The summer pupils are mainly teachers who wish to be coached "up to date" in their respective lines. The professor is expected to "do it all," while the quondam teacher, now scholar, takes notes and revises himself with the modern theories which have become current since the teacher-pupil himself left the university.

—This is all very well for this kind of a pupil. It is probably the best way for him to spend his vacation; certainly the cheapest way to "keep up," much less arduous than reading and less expensive than giving up his position to take a year in proper study. But how is it with the professors? It must have occurred to many of the "original work" men who gave instruction to these pupils during July and August, that the few hundred dollars received for their services formed no adequate compensation for the loss of that productive leisure which alone attracts such men toward the academic life. Possibly even the trustees of the universities may be led to inquire whether the entailed loss of original investigation is not also a loss to the reputation of the university. Even from the pedagogical point of view, it is

open to doubt whether six more weeks of harassing teaching will leave the professor in good trim for his winter's grind. At any rate, for the professor himself, it threatens to become a serious problem whether he can afford this sacrifice, and for the trustees whether it is well to encourage the younger men, whose leisure for their own investigations is almost confined to the summer months, to cut so large a slice from the time given to them for their own intellectual advancement, the output of which is, or should be, the chief care, as it is the chief glory, of every university worthy of the name.

—To their series of books illustrated in color, Messrs. A. & C. Black (Macmillan) have added 'Ireland,' described by Mr. Frank Mathew. It is refreshing to read for once an account of Ireland's beauties rather than her sorrows. She is the island of saints, of ruins, of the sepulchral calm that follows storms and strife, of an indifference that is only the passive side of discontent. Passion, not action, is the true expression of her spirit under those soft gray skies that almost touch the land. The history of her romantic past, her foreign settlers from Denmark and Norway and Spain, her long resistance of the English, her absorption of English colonists till they became more Irish than the born Celts, all the picturesque outlines of the story of the four provinces Mr. Mathew tells effectively enough. In such a book little was needed beyond an objective description of Ireland as she strikes the eye. The main motive of the volume lies in the seventy-seven page illustrations in color by Mr. F. S. Walker. They are beautiful, and admirably reproduced, but they will satisfy no one that knows Ireland. It is not that the colors are too vivid. There are days in Ireland now and then when the sky is as blue and cloudless as on the shore of the Mediterranean, and there is no water bluer than the mountain tarns or the Atlantic on the west coast. But one misses in nearly all Mr. Walker's pictures the inevitable grays and dull browns that soothe the eye on the brightest Irish day. His browns are too red, his favorite purple is a shade that we have never seen under the Irish sky. He has neglected the opportunities of heather and loosestrife and gorse that make all the beauty of Irish hills. In some cases he has sacrificed truth to prettiness. Nothing is so rare in the remote districts as the picturesque peasants who sit in his neat cabins; his street in Galway has the coloring of Naples, yet nowhere are the tints of dress and stone so subdued as in those old, decaying, sordid streets. As for the picture called "Wild Rhododendrons in Connemara," we can safely say that there is no such thing as a wild rhododendron in all Galway, and the tourist who should take this bit of Kylemore garden as representative of Connemara's gloomy scenery would be much disappointed in the reality. Ireland is a sadder, grayer country than Mr. Mathew has described or Mr. Walker painted.

—France has succeeded better than any other European country in thoroughly blending the diverse constituents of its population, and it is not likely that an effort at political independence will ever be made by one of these sections. The movement, however, for separating the South intellectually from the domineering North, which began about the middle of the last century, has not died out, and the leader of that movement, Frédéric Mistral, is still living at the village of Maillanne. He will celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday on the 8th of this month, apparently the sole survivor of the band of seven poets who formed the "Félibre" Association, the object of which has been to restore the literary glory of Provence. In the South he is idolized; his bust is in all museums, his photograph in the shop windows. The bestowal on him, last year, of a Nobel prize of $40,000 (one-half of which he promptly turned over to the Provençal Museum founded by him at Arles), made his halo still more luminous. In *Die Ziet* of Vienna Dr. Georg Wegener gives an interesting account of a visit he paid the aged poet at his elegant villa. Mistral himself responded to the bell and opened the gate for his visitor. He is still good looking, enjoys excellent health, and his mind is bright and active. Secluded from the world, he spends most of his time with his books. He showed his visitor, among other things, a bookcase containing about a hundred volumes of manuscript letters, alphabetically arranged, his correspondence of half a century. "There is much that is interesting in these volumes," he said, and when asked if he intended to publish any of them he replied: "Non, je suis un peu rassasié de publicité." He added, however, that he had just completed his Memoirs, which were to appear at the same time in Provençal and French. Of his letters, he said the majority and the most important were from Daudet. While he professed the greatest admiration for that writer, he nevertheless laughed at his exaggerated representations of the Southern Frenchman in many of his books. In truth, he said, Daudet was more excitable than any of his characters; and he told how Daudet, as a young man, once jumped from the old Roman bridge at Nimes into the torrent below, though he could not swim, simply *par bravade*, following, like his Tartarin, a sudden impulse.

STUBBS'S LETTERS.

Letters of William Stubbs, Bishop of Oxford. 1825-1901. Edited by W. H. Hutton, B.D. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Sir George Trevelyan, in opening his classical life of Macaulay, gave two reasons to support his belief that the public would welcome a biography of his uncle. One of these was the phenomenal popularity of Macaulay's works, and the other, the impossibility of discovering from them the nature of the writer's habits and disposition. Mr. Hutton would hardly be able to make the first of the above claims on behalf of Bishop Stubbs, since, whatever may have been the merits of his writings, they never passed outside a narrow circle of scholars. But when it comes to the note of impersonality in the published word, Stubbs kept himself out of sight much more completely than did Macaulay, and hence, on the second ground which Sir George Trevelyan suggests, there is a peculiarly strong appeal in the present case to the reader's curiosity. Thus, Mr. F. W. Maitland has said that on finishing the last volume of the 'Constitutional History' he could not have told how the author would vote, and that, had he hazarded a guess, it would have been a wrong one. Even those who came in close contact with Stubbs found it difficult, as his biographer shows, to fathom the depths of his reserve. He was a most generous man and full of humor. Those who had the honor of his intimate friendship, whether ecclesiastics like Church and Liddon, or historians like Freeman and Green, could have felt no doubt regarding his qualities or his quality. On the other hand, where the relationship was official rather than personal, one might meet him for years without forming a just appreciation of his temper and ideals. This fact is to be associated with his intense dislike of everything that resembled affectation or a parade of feeling.

The career of one who from a servitorship at Oxford rose to be Bishop of that diocese and Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, is necessarily a record of unusual powers put forth with steadiness and outward success. But the yardstick which is suited to the measurement of most bishops and chancellors of the Order of the Garter does not apply to Stubbs. Mr. Hutton, who is appreciative without suffering from *lues Boswelliana*, opens the present volume with these words:

"When the history of the intellectual movements of the Victorian Age in England comes to be written, one name will stand out in the science to which it belongs as the name of Butler stands out in the religious philosophy of an earlier day. A great school arose in the middle of the nineteenth century, which embodied and expressed the enthusiasm of the time for an ordered study of the past. Of the workers in that school, the greatest was William Stubbs, and his fame, if it be possible for the generation which knew him to predict it, should be beside that of Gibbon as the greatest historian of his country and his age."

Mr. Hutton is fond enough of this comparison with Gibbon to use it several times. To us it seems not altogether a happy one, quite apart from the attitude of the two men towards Christianity. At any rate, Stubbs, whether or not the chief of English historians since Gibbon, stands first in his class, and is entitled to almost as much homage as Mr. Hutton would have us pay him.

Nothing could be farther removed from what is merely brilliant or spectacular than the virtues and attainments which are here described. Stubbs's parts were solid rather than showy, and such was the thoroughness of both his character and his preparation that at every step of his advance he had an adequate reserve fund of power. His enthusiasms and beliefs were stronger than those professed with volubility by the leading historians of his day, for he had the reticence which often accompanies depth of conviction, while a remarkable sense of fairness prevented him from looking out for tactical advantages. His most inbred trait was conservatism—not the stiffness and stubbornness of a narrow reactionary, but a trait of mental constitution which furnished him with principles no less sacred than were those of radicalism and progress to Mazzini. In religious matters he was a high-churchman, and for all his love of freedom he never had any leaning towards Whiggery. During the summer of 1859 he wrote: "I have lost all respect for Bright—I never had any for Lord John." In another sphere it was a singular chance which

made Algernon Swinburne his private pupil, and, though their points of view must have been violently antagonistic, the two seem to have been very good friends. Stubbs appreciated Swinburne's gifts much more thoroughly than Jowett did at the same period, and the poet has recently written of his old tutor: "It would be impossible for me to say with what cordial and grateful regard I shall always remember him. His kindness was as exceptional as his other great qualities. I am sure no young man who ever had the honor to be his pupil—however little credit the pupil may have done him—can remember his name without affection as well as admiration."

We have dwelt for a moment upon the most marked of Stubbs's traits before taking up the incidents of his life, because there is little in the outward development of his career which distracts one's attention from the *nœud vital* of personality. He was born in 1825 at Knaresborough, and belonged by class to the rugged, tenacious yeomanry of Yorkshire. His father, William Morley Stubbs, was a solicitor who died at forty-two, leaving his widow and six children in narrow circumstances. For the excellent education he received, Stubbs was indebted to the self-denying care of his mother and to the good offices of her friends, particularly Dr. Longley, then Bishop of Ripon and afterwards Primate. When at nineteen he became a servitor at Christ Church, Oxford, his deep interest in religious matters had already begun to disclose itself, and he had taken a first step towards mastering the mediæval history of England by deciphering the original documents preserved at Knaresborough Castle. But few men have ever owed a deeper debt of gratitude to their university for training of faculty or enlargement of horizon than did this Yorkshire boy, whose poverty and sense of filial duty gave him a stern incentive to make the most of his advantages. The first-class in classics which he took at graduation is at least a proof of his diligence, and years afterwards he told one of his sons that he thought he could have taken a first in mathematics but for the prohibitive cost of the books. Of equal importance were the impression which his scholarly habits and breadth of reading made upon Dr. Gaisford, the Dean of Christ Church, and the profound satisfaction which was felt in his progress by his patron the Bishop of Ripon.

By a striking coincidence, Stubbs, as fellow of Trinity, took the place that Freeman vacated through his marriage, and, while holding this post during the years 1848-1850, he began, self-aided, the more technical part of his training for historical research. Theology and early church history were his chosen subjects at the moment when he left behind him the routine of a prescribed curriculum and began to voyage alone through the strange seas of independent scholarship. His ordination and settlement in the country parish of Navestock gave final direction to his activities by making him a professional ecclesiastic and giving him leisure for historical study. The latter statement must not be taken to imply that Stubbs performed his parochial duties with less diligence than might have been devoted to them by a priest of the Chaucerian type. For over sixteen years he did his work as parson with the zeal of a truly religious man, and a systematic thoroughness which was inseparable from all his acts. If he found time to write monographs on the mediæval chronicles of England, such as have furnished the Rolls Series with its choicest prefaces, it was because he had abundant vigor and intense power of application. Often in the solitudes of his Essex parish he found the lack of books a bitter hardship, but the great historical texts of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries he mastered there with a completeness of knowledge which would have been unequalled even without his grasp of critical principles. During the same years Darwin at Down and Stubbs at Navestock were gaining an assured control of their very different subjects. Country life does not always benumb the mind with a round of soporific pleasures.

The work which Stubbs did as an editor for the Rolls Series placed him in the front rank of contemporary historians, and gave him confidence to apply for the librarianship of the British Museum on Panizzi's death, in 1865. Though his candidature proved unsuccessful, the testimonials which were forthcoming on his behalf bore witness to the unstinted admiration which had been evoked among specialists by his 'Chronicles and Memorials of Richard I.' His editions of Benedict of Peterborough, Roger Hoveden, Walter of Coventry, William of Malmesbury, and other monastic annalists, belong for the most part to the period when he was Regius professor of history at Oxford. This appointment, which was given him by Lord Derby in 1866, he continued to hold until Gladstone made him Bishop of Chester eighteen years later. It was during his tenure of the history chair that his *magnum opus* was written and published, the 'Constitutional History of England,' in three volumes, which beyond all question is the finest work of its kind in our language. Stubbs was an extremely rapid as well as accurate writer, a fact which could not easily be guessed from his cautious and guarded form of utterance. He was at his best in dealing with the large historical problems that centre round the rise and progress of institutions, but no form of historical inquiry was destitute of interest for him. His command of genealogy was phenomenal, and not to be surpassed by the knowledge of German intermarriages which George II. possessed in the eighteenth century, and Dr. A. W. Ward has at present. His familiarity with the main movements of European history at large was also wide and detailed. That he should exercise a profound influence at Oxford through his lectures was rendered impossible by the nature of the educational system there established, and one may doubt whether under other conditions his influence would have extended beyond the ranks of genuine scholars. For those who could profit by it his personal stimulus was strong, but his gifts were very different from the gifts of Michelet.

Between 1878, when the last volume of his 'History' was finished, and 1889, when his connection with the Rolls Series ceased, Stubbs edited six volumes of Chronicles and gave various lectures at Oxford. The bulk of his historical work, was, however, completed when, in 1879, he accepted from Disraeli the canonry at St. Paul's, which had just been rendered vacant by Lightfoot's appointment to the See of Durham. The five years during which he held the office of canon were endeared to him by a close and affectionate friendship with Dean Church, whose love of history and cast of theological opinion furnished a double bond of intellectual and spiritual kinship. The translation from Oxford and London to Chester, with its episcopal duties and different associates, cut Stubbs largely off from the occupations by which he had first risen to eminence, and in which his real happiness lay. "Whatever you do," wrote a clergyman in the diocese of Oxford to his biographer, "do not say that he was a great bishop." "Perhaps," continues Mr. Hutton, "it shows a mutual misunderstanding that I find the bishop describing one of this clergyman's letters to him as 'insolent.' And yet there were few better bishops or better priests than these two. But, certainly, in the sense in which greatness is to be predicated of modern bishops, Bishop Stubbs was not, at Oxford, great."

In this passage a distinction is clearly drawn between the efficient work of administration which Stubbs did in the diocese of Chester and his comparatively ineffectual rule of Oxford between 1889, when he was translated to that more important see, and his death in 1901. To discuss his acts as bishop, whether at Chester or Oxford, is no port of our purpose, but we may be permitted to conjecture that most of the adverse criticisms which were cast upon his labors in this capacity sprang from difference of theological outlook or difference of theory regarding the mode of disharging episcopal functions. Certainly there is nothing to show that Stubbs grew less conscientious or laborious during the last years of his life than he had been in his prime. If we were concerned to emphasize the religious and ecclesiastical aspects of his career, many passages might be taken from the letters published by Mr. Hutton to show that he did not make a mistake when he accepted the bishopric of Chester, even though this step meant the relinquishment of his labors in the field of history. We must avoid creating the impression that Stubbs in the rôle of bishop was a failure, save when judged by a high standard of effectiveness. It was, perhaps, his misfortune that, the character of his work down to 1884 having been unexceptionable, he should have undertaken an office wherein a very rare and peculiar combination of gifts is required to secure perfect success.

Religion was the mainspring of Stubbs's effort, the centre of his inner existence, but the talents which he possessed were not distinctively those of the ecclesiastic. At Chester, people cared little for his sermons because, as one observer points out, it required a little thought to appreciate them. He was a true-hearted man whose genuineness forbade parade of emotion, even if his keen sense of humor had not led him to suspect exaggeration. Regarding his love of jest and drollery there is material for a whole article, and doubtless many honest, unsprightly clergymen thought his manners unpreliatical. When at Oxford he had for domestic chaplain the Rev. E. E. Holmes, in whom he placed implicit trust and to whom he began letters as "Dear Vizier," "Dear Monseigneur," "My dear Oeconomus," "My dear Trea-

surer," "My dear Cardinal," etc. The body of correspondence that he addressed to Mr. Holmes is particularly striking because it shows how he could pause amid the press of tedious and irksome business to console himself with a bit of fun or a touch of caustic criticism like this, apropos of a sermon: ". . . was exasperating; the world could not have been saved but for the faith of the B. V. M., and miracles were impossible unless somebody or other had faith"; and again, of the same person: ". . . . excelled himself on Sunday; five minutes' sermon in the morning, fifteen in the evening; absolute trash; no redeeming point at all, and dogmatic. Ugh."

The nature of Stubbs's playfulness is to be seen most clearly in the doggerel verses which he composed with great ease, and used as a means of relieving tension at times of high pressure. After his translation to Oxford he was compelled to reside at the episcopal palace of Cuddesdon, much against his will, for he did not take pleasure in rural pursuits and grudged the money he had to throw away in maintaining what semeed an idle form of state. It was not without protest that he took up his residence there, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury politely declined to let him give up his country seat, he sought relief at Whitsuntide of 1889 in writing an elaborate parody on Alexander Selkirk. It begins:

> "I am Bishop of all I survey,
> Dean and Chapter don't matter a fig,
> In the central demesne of the See
> I am master of Peacock and Pig.
> O Cuddesdon, where can be the charms
> The Commissioners see in thy face?
> Kettle Hall had been better by far
> Than this most inaccessible place."

The most celebrated, however, of Stubbs's jests—and some of our readers may be pleased to know that it was a great favorite with John Fiske—took the form of a double hit at Kingsley and Froude. Kingsley had just been attacking the credibility of history in his farewell lecture at Cambridge, while Froude, as Lord Rector of one of the Scottish universities, had been impugning the veracity of the clergy. In a letter to Green (December 17, 1890), written from Kettel Hall, Oxford, where he lived during his tenure of the history chair, Stubbs says: "I have made a hymn on Froude and Kingsley; thus—

> 'Froude informs the Scottish youth
> That parsons do not care for truth.
> The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
> History is a pack of lies.
> What cause for judgment so malign?
> A brief reflexion solves the mystery—
> Froude believes Kingsley a divine,
> And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.' "

Of Stubbs the historian we have not attempted to speak in this notice of Mr. Hutton's excellent biography, wishing to keep his character in the foreground rather than that splendid body of accomplishment with which all scholars are familiar. But since he brought to the study of the past a most unusual combination of gifts, we hope at some future time to estimate the extent of his services to historiography. Whoever would attempt such criticism will find a vast amount of material and suggestion in the present volume.

THE ART PRESERVATIVE.

Printing: A Practical Treatise on the Art of Typography, as applied more particularly to the Printing of Books. By Charles Thomas Jacobi. 3d ed., revised and enlarged. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

The Book of Specimens, Stanhope Press. Boston: F. H. Gilson & Co. 1904.

Author and Printer: A Guide for Authors, Editors, Printers, Correctors of the Press, Compositors, and Typists. . . . An Attempt to Codify the Best Typographical Practices of the Present Day. By F. Howard Collins. Henry Frowde. 1905.

After Mr. De Vinne's model series, "The Practice of Typography," Mr. Jacobi's manual must needs appear both less full and less clear. The English author, though he has published many volumes on his craft and writes from the vantage ground of the Chiswick Press, is neither very skilful nor orderly in his presentation. Still, he is a late-comer, and, for example, besides the Linotype and Monotype, he has a more novel typesetting and distributing machine to describe, and much may be learned from his pages regarding the usages and technical terminology of the English printing-office: *e. g.*, font is fount, and form is forme; the proofreader's copyholders are here designated as reading-boys, implying a non-use of women so commonly employed among us, just as librarians' assistants across the water are assumed to be young men only. The rates of pay, again, afford an interesting comparison with those in vogue in the United States. An appendix gives the examination papers in typography of the City and Guilds of London Institute for the years 1902-04, apparently prepared by Mr. Jacobi as examiner. We are not aware that any such discipline exists in this country. These are followed by a glossarial index, and this in turn by bound-in samples of paper, which usefully supplement the tables, diagrams, and practical illustrative cuts of the text.

Specimens of book paper bulk largely in the Specimen Book of the Stanhope Press, and are attended by a goodly number of samples of cloth and leather for binding, with their technical names. The rest of the book exemplifies the respectable resources of this Press in ordinary and special work; but the only readable portion is a brief chapter on illustrative processes, including the three-color.

Mr. Collins's manual is a dictionary, though this would not be guessed from the title-page, wherein it is stated that the compiler is author of 'An Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer.' From this fact might be inferred a certain eccentricity which marks the present production. Mr. Spencer, by the way, is quoted in the preface as throwing his weight with Dr. Murray in favor of the suffix *-ize* (as opposed to *-ise*); and later, under " 'and' or, ',and,' " as very characteristically standing up for the comma after the penultimate of a series of coördinate adjectives, *e. g.*, "black, white, and green," an equal emphasis being claimed for each. Mr. Collins startles us with the assertion in his preface that "every work in the following list of 'Authorities Consulted' was read through, and all suitable words, phrases, etc., copied on 15 separate slips." Now among these authorities are Larousse, the Encyclopædia Britannica, the Oxford English Dictionary, and the London *Times!* But what was the needle he was looking for in this mighty haystack? He nowhere tells us distinctly, his clearest pointing being towards words likely to be met with in general reading and spelt in more than one way; and certain foreign phrases because the accents are generally bungled (leaving out of sight those in several languages which have no accents). But this is a very inadequate account either of his criteria or his contents, as will appear.

And first, what were the "suitable" words for his card catalogue, which were to be three times sifted by many learned and experienced colaborers? On page one occur *Abbildung* and *Aberglaube*, for no reason discoverable on our part; and Abeokuta in Western Africa, as there is a danger that it may be spelt Abb-. But is this a word the general reader is liable to encounter? Emily Faithfull is entered—perhaps because some might spell Faithful; just as we are reminded under Whistler that his middle name, McNeill, must have a double *l*. But suppose one is in doubt if Edward FitzGerald capitalized his *g:* he will not find Old Fitz in Mr. Collins's list. Lafayette, as the name of our American College, we are told is one word; but the great Frenchman's practice, or modern practice, regarding it goes unindicated, though the French are very loose in writing such compounds.

We will now give some idea of what has come to the surface in Mr. Collins's dragnet. Under "Abbreviations" he lays down the rule that the period must invariably be used except with the shortened forms of counties, to which he refers, but not to "per cent," which he denies the period. "Assemblies" gives a handy list of the names of national parliaments. Under "Authorities" is well displayed the conventional mode of citation, as of act, scene, line, etc. "Chess" marshals a number of names of leading players. "Division of Words" deals curtly with a very difficult subject thus: "Never separate a group of letters representing a single sound; and so divide a word that each part retains its present sound." Hence pho-*tog*-ra-phy; but the digraph *tr* in the next instance, sub-*trac*-tion, pleads for *gr* being united in the previous word. May not each be called "a single sound"? But again: what light does the rule throw on such problems as disgrac-ed, advanc-ing, chang-ing? Do the roots here retain for *c* and *g* their "present sound"? "Forbear" is declared better usage than "forebear" (ancestor), yet, since one may choose, why not follow the spelling less likely to cause confusion of different words, while better revealing the etymology? "Italian" covers alphabet, punctuation, etc.; and, as for accents, "there are two, grave and acute—any vowel may have either." This is misleading, as if their use were perfectly arbitrary, and it throws no light on the actual employment of grave and acute, which has undergone a change in quite recent years; the circumflex, too, has its function. Under "Law," the curious fact is recorded that there is "practically no punctuation used in [British] legal documents." Under "Press (freedom of the)," we read, also for Great Britain: "Every person who prints anything for hire or reward must, under a penalty of £20, keep one copy at least of the matter print-

ed, and write on it the name and place of abode of the person who employed him to print it." This refers to the statutes 32 and 33 Vict., ch. 24.

"Punctuation" occupies seven pages in double columns, and is introduced with the statement that "the chief difficulty lies in the use of comma, semicolon, and period." This is far from true, and, in fact, Mr. Collins yields as much space to the hyphen as to the comma, and more than to the period. The hyphen is really by all odds the most troublesome point to reduce to rules, and Mr. Collins's treatment of it is anything but masterly. For its use in the division of words, one must refer to that earlier rubric. We are at one with our author in thinking needless any reinforcement of the dash with the comma, and we note that his preferred English usage is *not* to place a comma after the street number. This we were hardly prepared for, as the use still prevails in private correspondence. A hundred years ago, American printing-offices, and not a few writers, followed the English style in this particular, and, as we first emancipated ourselves, our British cousins may be said to have adopted one more Americanism. The period is required after Roman numerals "except when these refer to page numbers, or another stop follows"; but a better rule would be, "except when it can be dispensed with without liability to confusion." The lower-case Roman numerals in especial are always liable to appear like fragments of a word of which some letters have dropped out.

In conclusion, we can pronounce this compilation useful, if almost without rhyme or reason and certainly not highly authoritative. We are not likely to turn to it to discover, under "Pagination," that Leslie Stephen would have had every page of a book numbered; or that Leveson-Gower is pronounced "loo'sn-gor." And if we follow it implicitly, we may fall from the frying-pan of Prchevalsky into the (prescribed) fire of Prjevalski, which is not to be compared for phonetic utility with Przhevalsky.

The Yellow War. By "O." McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

Partial evidence that a participant's version of his personal share in a battle is true, is its restricted range. When a junior presumes to describe the operations of others under fire, it may safely be assumed that he himself took no part, for he should have been too fully occupied with his own duties to observe others. Judged by that canon, the verisimilitude of these sketches, particularly those of the sea, is high; and the anonymous author consciously recognized the rule when he wrote: "Those who would know of war should learn of it from the standpoint of the humblest atom that goes to furnish the whole." "To follow the fortune of the whole is but to indifferently usurp the rôle of the historian" (p. 238) Despite its split infinitive, that represents a fundamental condition. Nor need we doubt that, as claimed, every character in these tales represents a living actor. There is too much corroborative evidence in the less vivid accounts by professional war correspondents to question the substantial truthfulness of these. Their charm lies not merely in fidelity to nature, but in reproducing the underlying and controlling spiritual conditions; in bringing before one the actors' hearts, in presenting exalted patriotism, and scorn or mastery of frost and heat, fatigue and hunger, perils by sea and by land—all in the country's service. The exploits themselves appeal as adventures to the spirit of adventure. But there is more. There is a moral, not introduced as such, but running along the lines with each. "The Naval Sub-Lieutenant's Story," for instance, is typical of how any well-trained young officer of the white race, ambitious to retrieve disaster, would carry himself, with incidental recognition of Russian inefficiency. It describes, lucidly enough for a landsman to follow, the preliminary affairs and the great battle that shattered the Pacific (not the Baltic) fleet. The narrator ends: "But this I can promise you, my friend—that, even if it takes Russia ten years to build another and an adequate fleet, and if it is manned by the same material as the last, it will sweep everything in these waters before it. We have learned our lesson." That is an aspiration. It is an unlikely prophecy to come true in a decennium.

The Japanese characters are faithful to that exalted, or transcendental, patriotism which the war has unveiled, but clearly has not created. Both the spirit of the nation and its achievements are marvellous. But that spirit has not been born since Mississippi Bay was renamed for Perry's flagship. It is in the blood; and this superb loyalty, the never-ceasing loyalty of the insignificant as well as of the great, sprung from ages of affectionate reverence, is the crowning grandeur of Dai Nippon. Japan's mechanical successes are the outcome of centuries of hereditary skill concentrated, since the awakening, upon civil and military engineering, warships and ordnance, agencies for physical defence. Stories like these would have been incredible before the opening of the present drama; there was no precedent in Oriental life, as far as that life was known across the sea, for either fact or sentiment as here described. We do not err in accepting these tales as real now, although some of the settings may be imaginary, and the man with red blood will complete every one of them that he begins to read. Women, because they reverence courage, will find the chivalry of the past revived in "Champions," and will weep, as men's hearts will tremble, over "The Sacrifice of O-Teru-San." Partly because O-Teru-San might make it, but chiefly because Tanaka, after accepting that sacrifice, could abandon the devoted soul, is the spirit of Japan—superb in its public relation, awry and out of harmoney in essential delicacy and vital honor. This incident need not be typical, but only reasonably possible, to condemn the society in which it may occur.

The author writes of what has happened, not of the future; and Western blood and Western thought, Western sentiment if one will, do not flow easily in Eastern channels. Evidently what may be is not clear to him. He does not put the question aloud, but he may be asking himself what future awaits this new Power. The Elder Statesmen may counsel political isolation, in succession to the old-time seclusion. They may realize that national poverty, a certain difference in mental constitution, the waste of the Pacific and the bulk of Asia separate them from the other world of action; and, with the Russian danger shaken off, it would be better to maintain a dignified but kindly isolation. But will young Japan acquiesce? Has she not in China an inexhaustible reservoir of men-at-arms—not her own impetuous heroes, perhaps, but, properly led, an economical, intelligent, swarming infantry, resistless from its very multiplicity? Is not China an infinite storehouse of agricultural and mineral wealth, scarcely touched by modern methods? And, however the Japanese may affect to despise Mongols and Mantchus alike, do they not understand the working of the Chinese mind, and do they not know that they do? May not the political and commercial equilibrium of the future be menaced? The storyteller lingers on the remark he attributes to a typical modern Japanese: "You can teach us how to build ships and guns, . . . but you can teach us nothing in diplomacy."

Originally contributed to *Blackwood*, and on its face a collection of detached recitals, many of them thrilling, but not incredible, this volume, when carefully read, reveals more than tales of adventure. The anonymous writer is clearly distrustful and unsympathetic, but he tries to be impartial. Hard conditions were imposed upon the official observers. "Courteous discourtesy hedged them in on every side," and want of frankness leads to some holding-off. "The Japanese officer in charge of the foreign guests brought his spurred heels together with a snap, bowed low, smiled his superior smile, and expressed his sympathy. This sympathy was as insipid and cheap as the Japanese imitation of lager which the unwilling hosts produced on feast days" (p. 98). The irritation must have been severe for an English gentleman to express himself thus in print. Climate and food, when both are poor, do react upon the equanimity. In the mouth of a Japanese, and as antedating the war is put (p. 92):

"Don't be gulled by the enthusiasm of fanatical savants. There is one creed which rules all Japanese public morality. Balance the chances, and then pursue the wisest course. All conditions must be subservient to the means by which you attain and maintain the wisest course. Take, for instance, our alliance with you [the English]. . . . It is not what we desired most. . . . It would have suited us better to have effected the alliance with Russia which Ito failed to negotiate. This alliance would have been offensive against you. Having with Russia's aid undermined your power in the Far East, we could have dealt with Russia in our time. . . . Are you so blind as not to see that our aspirations to blot you out, our main menace in the Far East, failed through Russia's rapacity? Well, her blood be upon her own head, but there are those who wish it had been the other way."

Whether this was ever formulated, and most probably it never was, it is evident that the writer regards it as thinkable, and that, with intense admiration for the rank and file in their appropriate place, he has a doubt as to the advantage Japan's rise into a world-power will be to Britain. Except to say that this profession of Japanese strategy does not commend itself to us as probable, there is no occasion for comment. "The Path in the East is Strange," from which this long extract has been taken, will bear reading more than once. The probabilities, but not the possibilities, are against it, but its gruesome

climax, which would show that Western lacquer may be a removable dressing on occasion, is not quite four-square with the incidents as recorded.

Nos Enfants au Collège. Par le Dr. Maurice de Fleury. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905. 18mo, jésus, pp. 315.

Six years ago, almost to a month, we noticed a volume of fifty thousand words (the present one has not seventy thousand), by Dr. Fleury, entitled 'Le Corps et l'Âme de l'Enfant,' a very sensible and detailed book, readable by mothers, concerning the bringing up of children from three to fifteen, and strongly marked by the characters of a medical man and of a Frenchman impressed by Anglo-Saxon superiority. He was full of Herbert Spencer, in whom he admired a trait which it needed his fine observation to discover, Spencer's wit and humor. It seems that that volume contained the results of studies which the author had been led to make by his having a son of his own; and the same circumstance has caused the present sequel. Dr. Fleury's ways of thinking remain what they were, those of a physician interested in psychology, and given, for example, to going about and asking many people the same question in order to tabulate the answers. He is not at present in quite so admiring a mood toward the Anglo-Saxons. In his former volume he marched under the Anglomaniac banner of Demolins, talked of our "vital superiority," our "vigor of expansion," and so forth. At present, he wishes it distinctly understood that he does not agree with Demolins, and talks of Anglo-Saxons, especially the American breed, as pirates eaten up with jingoism and imperialism.

For the moment, he is strenuously in favor of the suppression of Latin as a general study for boys. He says he could formerly recite the entire second book of the Aeneid, and now could not read it without a dictionary. Does this mean that if a man has once read a book, and subsequently is for any reason in no condition to reread it and cannot repeat much of it, the reading can have done him no good? He gives about five pages of quotations from a book by André Beaunier, in which we are told that there are only five or six works in Latin that are worth reading, and that the principal reason for learning it is that it enables one to understand the formation of French words. Dr. de Fleury himself speaks as if one of the chief reasons for learning Greek is that it furnishes information of the meanings of technical terms such as "telegram." Really, it does not heighten one's respect for a writer on education to learn that, knowing Latin and Greek, he has found them of no service to him.

The author is alive to the medical side of educational questions; he has read physiological psychology and takes it into account, and he has the physician's skill in dealing with situations that he does not half comprehend. There is much good sense in the book. Thus, it is rightly insisted that the greater part of the labor of mental work consists in getting one's mind riveted down upon the problem in hand. This has been said often enough before. It accounts for a powerful intellect's need of a physical constitution which can go long without sleep or food, the first few hours being unproductive drag. Of course, it is as undesirable as it is impossible that boys and girls should accomplish any memorable thinking; and it is also true that very young children can gather all the mental power in their possession in a few minutes. But this is far from being the case with the big boy. In one hour he will not have got his second wind, he will not have reached the stage of enjoyment of mental work; and if at the end of one hour he is invariably set upon doing something else, it is the inexorable law of psychology that he should look upon study as thoroughly disagreeable. Who could ever write a book if his attention were entirely taken off from it for five minutes every hour? The really fine thinking is done in seconds; but hours must prepare for them, and many more hours must seize upon the product of these seconds and utilize it.

As in his former volume Dr. Fleury gave two highly useful chapters to the study of "l'enfant colère," two to "l'enfant peureux," three to "les paresseux," and one "sur le mensonge," among other subjects of the same order, so here he does not fail to consider the proper plan of treating inattention, the *mauvais vouloir*, and other things which some people still seem to think beyond the scope of science. His book has three parts: "La Vie Physique," in 44 pages; "La Vie de l'Esprit," in 150 pages, and "La Vie Morale," in 91 pages. It is not a great work; but it is a very agreeable and extremely useful series of talks.

The Memoirs of an American Citizen. By Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In an earlier novel Mr. Herrick showed how the sight of the success of the unscrupulous, and the desire to get rich at least as quickly as one's neighbors, may corrupt a man who starts in life with the most honorable intentions. The 'Common Lot' was an unpleasant picture of the conditions of the building industry in Chicago, but the collapse of the hero together with his shoddy structures left the reader with comfortable assurance that justice had limped behind to some purpose and was well up with the wrong-doer. In the 'Memoirs of an American Citizen' Mr. Herrick paints the picture of a Chicago pork-packer who from the first had no scruples to lose. Harrington's steady nerves were never shaken by the constant expectation of dishonor. Publicity for this resourceful hero always meant ruin, but at the critical moment he never failed to buy a fresh lease of secrecy. Mr. Herrick has made him tell his own tale, which is of course the only effective way of describing an unscrupulous man. Yet Harrington is no villain in the old-fashioned sense of the word. He is merely gifted with an imagination for commerce which blinds him to the ordinary distinctions of right and wrong, and he has hours of almost spiritual exaltation when the magic idea of controlling "the entire food products business of the country" ceases to be wholly an affair of dollars, and carries him away like any mediæval hero on a quest. Mr. Herrick is wise in not laying too much stress on this view of pork-packing, and just avoids the revolting features of the canting millionaire. There is a sort of honesty in dishonor which to some extent saves Harrington with the reader. "There are no morals in business that I recognize except those that are written on the statute-book. To my mind, there was something childish in the use of those words 'better' and 'worse.' Every age is a new one, and to live in any age you have got to have the fingers and toes necessary for that age. For my part, I went with the forces that are, willingly, gladly; believing in them, no matter how ugly they might look. So history reads: the men who lead accept the conditions of their day."

The lesson of the book is that scruples and morals are "college talk" and end in failure, as in the case of Harrington's old employer Dround, who refuses to profit by rebates, private agreements, and "all the underground machinery of the packing business." In the end the youth from Indiana who had arrived in Chicago in the seventies with fifteen cents in his pocket, buys himself a seat in the United States Senate, after the Spanish war, with as much ease and almost as little secrecy as though he were acquiring the directorship of yet another great industrial concern. His brother, who had been handicapped by moral scruples, sinks into poverty in the Chicago slums. The love interest, as in other novels of this type, is entirely subordinate to the commercial. Harrington is not the man to fall under the sentimental influence of a woman. But he has his Egeria in Jane Dround, his employer's wife, a sphinx-like person, who reminds one of a Wilkie Collins heroine except that her passion is commercial rather than social intrigue. In the company of Jane, Harrington breathed more easily, and her glance was enough to inspire him with all the details of a new "merger." Happily, her influence was only intermittent.

This is not a book that we should care to see in the hands of youth. No one demands that a novelist should be didactic. But who, on the other hand, desires to entertain his leisure with a cynical apologia for commercial dishonesty? Success never seemed more unlovely, but it is still success, and this time justice is hopelessly beaten in the race.

A Treatise on Chemistry. By Sir H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer. New edition, completely revised. Macmillan Co. 1905. Vol. 1. 8vo, pp. 931.

The appearance of the first volume of a thoroughly revised edition, no doubt the last one that will have all the advantage of its author's skill, of Sir Henry Roscoe's 'Treatise on Chemistry,' is an appropriate occasion for noting the value to science of literary culture. The student of chemistry has no small task before him when he sits down so to impress upon his memory all the facts contained in these eight large volumes (as they probably will be, though they may be numbered as three) that each fact is ready at hand at the moment it becomes pertinent. In this undertaking he can receive from no other handbook in any language the degree of aid and comfort that he will gain from "Roscoe and Schorlemmer," because the facts are here set forth very plainly and with no suspicion of artifice, yet in such a way as to make him alive to them to the very end of the twenty-five hours of reading a day which is said to be necessary for the young chemist.

They are not only stated as they appear to the experimenter, but they are clothed in good, pure English that does not annoy and does not draw attention from the facts to the words. There is no branch of science in which there is so low an average of general cultivation, or education, as there is among chemists; and yet on the average they write rather well. Perhaps that power of nice manipulation which they must have by nature and by severe training, that clean purposiveness in each muscular contraction and in every designing of an experiment, which renders it a keen æsthetic pleasure to see a good chemist perform—not a show experiment, but a serious analysis—may evidence itself in their use of words. It would certainly be very easy to name some fascinating books of chemistry; but no chemist has directed his literary accomplishments to a more useful office, lowly as ambitious vanity might deem it, than Sir Henry Roscoe has done in the composition of this treatise.

The most embarrassing question for the writer of a chemical handbook, and one which hardly any two have answered alike—a diversity most annoying to those who consult these books—is in what order to take up the elements, both in the main divisions and in the subdivisions. The simplest rule (and the more one considers it, the more one finds to approve in it) would be always to give precedence to the element of lower atomic weight. The effect of this would be revolutionary, no doubt; but it would be a salutary revolution, since it would put organic chemistry—the simpler subject, and in itself, no doubt, much the smaller subject, as well as the better understood subject—before inorganic chemistry, concerning which, in the ordinary treatment of it, the student acquires many ideas (as, for example, about saline solutions) that he has afterwards to unlearn as being exploded. The first compounds of any importance that would, in the proposed arrangement, be brought to his attention would be the hydrocarbons, the compounds of which our knowledge is the most nearly complete, while he would have impressed upon him at the outset the salutary lesson that our acquaintance with chemical substances is extremely slight at best. Then would come the ammonias, amines, nitrites, etc., that do not contain oxygen; and here, too, we are upon a good solid ground of theory, relatively speaking. Oxygen would introduce him to more difficult questions, which have, however, in organic chemistry, been tolerably well answered. The separation of series of elements, such as F, Cl, Br, I, in this arrangement would force the student repeatedly to review, one by one, the facts that he had already learned, and would thus ensure the accuracy of his recollections. But, of course, the capital advantage would be the simplicity of the arrangement.

"Roscoe and Schorlemmer" suffers as much as any book we know from inconsistencies of arrangement. Its general idea, like that of many other works, is to treat the elements in one column of Mendeléeff's table together. But no writer has ever adhered to that plan consistently. The result of doing so would be too atrocious. In this volume, oxygen follows after iodine. Boron is wedged between arsenic and carbon, simply because, at the time Roscoe studied chemistry, it was supposed to be allied to silicon through their non-volatile, glass-making acids—a circumstance which certainly does not affiliate boron with carbon. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and arsenic are treated in this volume; while antimony and bismuth go over to the third as being metals, although the metal tellurium is allowed a place here. A student who wishes occasionally to refer to this work along with a half-dozen other handbooks, all differently arranged, will be annoyed by the absence of any plain rule of arrangement in any of them.

The revision has been admirably performed. Its thoroughness and accuracy, and the sound scientific judgment shown wherever fact or theory is in doubt, are striking. A careful reading has disclosed but one or two slight errors. The historical statements are particularly careful, though we cannot assent to the credit allowed to Watt and disallowed to Cavendish as to the composition of water. The latter said that the two gases "are turned into water"—an expression of which the scientific caution at a time when there was no evidence whether that which was given off (which we now know to be heat-energy) was matter or not, ought to be commended in contrast to Watt's unreflecting haste. It is absurd to treat *his* remark as a great discovery. What is supposed to have been the imperfection of the statement of Cavendish? Probably, his not explicitly recognizing that the imponderable something which escaped when the two gases were "turned into" water was not matter. But even Lavoisier in his chemistry, and all the treatises of his school, reckoned caloric among the chemical elements; so that really we cannot see that Cavendish conceived the fact otherwise than Lavoisier afterwards did.

Rifle and Romance in the Indian Jungle: A Record of Thirteen Years. By Capt. A. I. R. Glasfurd of the Indian Army. With numerous illustrations by the Author and from photographs. John Lane. 1905.

The man behind the gun seldom becomes the man behind the pen, and if one's enjoyment of Capt. Glasfurd's spirited descriptions is somewhat marred by the solecisms to be found therein, one can cheerfully forgive the author, whose tales are so vividly told. In this collection of reminiscences and fanciful stories, the latter could easily be spared; the ghost-story and the well-seasoned tale of impossible horrors are more amusing around the camp-fire than in an otherwise admirable series of scenes from the jungle; moreover, the parody of 'Hiawatha' might better have remained in the author's desk. Yet these are slight errors of judgment compared with the real worth of the book as a whole. If one wishes to get out of the beaten tracks and plunge into Indian life as seen by the devout hunter, one cannot do better than peruse Capt. Glasfurd's narrative of tigers, bears, and deer, bagged or lost according to the whim of the hunting-god. The captain himself does not seem to be a remarkable shot; but, as he does not mind telling how often his rifle misses aim, so has his story a greater air of verisimilitude than attaches to most hunters' yarns. To one who enjoys an imaginative flight with less sentiment than pleases Mr. Thompson-Seton, the "Biography of a Tiger" will prove a pleasure. Less happy, perhaps, are the following biographies of the *sambar* deer and antelope. The last, indeed, is a severe tax on the imagination. One can fancy a jungle antelope in India using English and Hindustani; and "*shábásh*, little one," is no shock when one has heard the antelope describe how it crossed a *nála*, escaped three *párdís*, and entered the fields of *jawári*. But when the same animal talks about getting caught in a *cul-de-sac*, one's best endeavors to envisage the little polygot fail utterly. Even a Hindu deer is not likely to talk French. On the other hand, the chapter entitled "Reminiscences of Junglypur" is a genuine bit of hard-earned and well-spent experience; adventure and description being in well-balanced proportion.

Yet to an American the sport of India seems rather tame. The only really exciting fun is pig-sticking. One chases a boar, and either sticks a spear into him or gets stuck by the boar. But deer-hunting is without danger, and tiger-hunting is the tamest sport of all. To have a bed slung in a tree and to doze there with soda-water, sandwiches, and tobacco at hand, until a tiger comes to the bait below, and then shoot him without exposing one's self to danger, may be sport to those accustomed to the bravery of fox-hunting; but no American need lament that he cannot hunt tiger, either in this quiet way or in the more costly method, when one sits on an elephant. Even buffalo-hunting seems to be rather wearisome than virile sport. That out of such materials Capt. Glasfurd has succeeded in composing so excellent a book is greatly to his credit. He makes each tiger-hunt as realistic as possible; and as he weaves into it everything on land and in the sky, the result is satisfyingly picturesque, though the real excitement seems to be that of the poor little "bait," a goat or heifer tethered beneath the tree to entice the tiger. But the Indian sportsman wastes no more sympathy on his "bait" than the country boy on his angle-worm.

What Capt. Glasfurd says of the manufacture of "trophies" ought to bring the blush of shame to many of the bold hunters who proudly exhibit to friends at home the horns and hides they take back from India as their own spoils. It appears to be the practice nowadays to buy one's bag in the secret market exposed by the author in the matter-of-fact chapter "Round the Camp-Fire," where, by the way, one may also learn how to dress skins and what rifles to use in India. In the same chapter the author discusses the "depopulation" of India (meaning the extermination of game), and urges that, if the country becomes depleted of her game, she may "hold out fewer inducements to young men of sporting proclivities" and so "cease to attract to her public services many recruits of a desirable type."

In a new edition such slips as follow can easily be rectified: "Of he who," p. 167; "is into," p. 232; "every other creature scatters," p. 309; "I should have liked to have watched," p. 312; "a fauna," p. 317. The book is well illustrated.

William Bodham Donne and his Friends. Edited by Catharine B. Johnson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

"Donne," said FitzGerald, "ah, there is a man without a fault—the least selfish man

I ever knew." In the small circle of FitzGerald's intimates was more than one man of talent from whom his friends expected more than he achieved. Spedding was one of these, the "J. S." to whom Tennyson addressed the beautiful verses beginning:

"The wind that beats the mountains, blows
More softly round the open wold;
And gently comes the world to those
That are cast in gentle mould."

Spedding never aimed high enough or wide enough to please his friends, but at least he secured an honorable mention in literature as editor of Bacon. W. B. Donne was cast in the same "gentle mould," had the same tastes and the same associates, but he is practically forgotten. He had inherited a small property at Mattishall in Norfolk, and after he left Cambridge he settled there, and added to his small income by writing reviews and articles for *Fraser's*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Saturday*. On the death of Fanny Kemble's brother, John M. Kemble, in 1857, Donne was appointed examiner of plays, and for the rest of his life he lived in London, filling also the post of librarian to the London Library. He was considered somewhat too strict as to the plays he licensed, and several cartoons at his expense are reproduced in this volume. It was said that he never allowed the word "God" to be heard on the stage, and a story is told of a gentleman who called on him and found him revising manuscripts with the help of his children. As he entered he heard a voice say, "Here's another God, father," and the answer, "Very well, my dear, cross Him out, and put 'Heaven' as usual." Nevertheless, when, in 1874, he retired from the censorship, he had won the good will of all the theatrical managers in London. He died in 1882 at the age of seventy-five.

The best biography of such a man, whose life, like FitzGerald's, was essentially private and sedentary, consists of a selection from his letters. His granddaughter, Mrs. Johnson, has collected in this attractive volume not only about half of Donne's extant correspondence, but also several unpublished letters of FitzGerald to his beloved "W. B. D.," and of Fanny Kemble, who was one of Donne's most intimate friends. Donne's own letters are in style much like FitzGerald's, to whom many of them are addressed. He was an excellent letter writer, and, like his friend Bernard Barton, FitzGerald's Quaker father-in-law, taxed the energy of his correspondents, some of whom, such as Fanny Kemble or Archbishop Trench, led a more active life than himself. It is usually the sedentary life that produces good letters, and Donne's will always be valuable. The reader will find in them abundant gossip, always kindly, about the FitzGeralds and Kembles and their friends. Donne's eldest son married Fanny Kemble's niece, a daughter of John Kemble. His mother, Anne Donne, had been brought up by her aunt, Mrs. Bodham, who is worthy of mention as the lady who presented Cowper, the poet, with his mother's picture, a gift which inspired him with the poem beginning "Oh, that those lips had language"—lines which Tennyson could not read without tears. The mother of Cowper was in fact herself a Donne of the eighteenth century, and the famous portrait is now in the possession of the Donne family. The pedigree attached to these letters begins with William Donne of Norfolk, who died in 1681, and was supposed to be descended from the family of the poet Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's; but the connection has never been satisfactorily proved.

Mrs. Johnson's collection of letters is excellently illustrated with portraits of Donne's friends, the Kembles, Trenches, FitzGerald, Blakesley, the editor of Herodotus, etc. It is very light in the hand for its size, and is altogether a model of what such a record should be.

American Insects. By Vernon L. Kellogg, Professor of Entomology and Lecturer on Bionomics in Leland Stanford, jr., University. With many original illustrations by Mary Wellman. Henry Holt & Co. 1905. Large 8vo, pp. 674, ff. 812. 13 plates.

This is a large book in every way; so large as to be almost unwieldly, and yet not too large to cover the subject. "If man were not the dominant animal in the world, this would be the Age of Insects." So the book starts, and, after a brief explanation of its purpose, the subject is taken up systematically. On the whole the plan is similar to that adopted by Prof. J. H. Comstock (to whom the book is dedicated) in his 'Manual for the Study of Insects'; but it is much more elaborately carried out, especially in the parts dealing with the development and structure, while the spiders and myriapods are omitted. Ten years have elapsed since the 'Manual' was published, and in that period the study of insects has made great strides, and the number of interested students has correspondingly increased. Professor Kellogg has essayed the difficult task of making "easy reading," while at the same time giving systematic knowledge in tabular form, and anatomy and physiology by figures. Just how far he has succeeded is perhaps a question, but the book certainly contains a great deal of entertaining general information. The beginner has not been forgotten, and directions for collecting, preserving, and studying insects are given at some length. The chapters on "Insects and Flowers," "Colors and Patterns and their Uses," "Insects and Disease," are all highly readable. The last-named consists largely of quotation. When writing it, Professor Kellogg could not have seen Dr. Blanchard's exhaustive work on the natural and medical history of the mosquito; but in any case the theory that mosquitoes are the sole agents in the transmission of certain diseases, including yellow fever, is fully adopted.

The treatment of the mosquito subject in the body of the work is very brief, and, unfortunately, already antiquated. Instead of "nearly 60 species" in North America, almost as many are recorded from New York State alone. It is more to be regretted that the exploded statement that "mosquitoes do not fly far" is repeated so positively, for it seems to have been definitely proved that some species do fly many miles from their breeding-places. Furthermore, the eggs are said to be always laid on water, and to hatch soon afterward; whereas, as a matter of fact, most of the species lay them in damp places where they may remain for months and do remain, with some species, throughout the winter. These matters have been known for two years or more, and, evidently, this part of the book was not brought up to date after it was once written. Several other omissions at other points also indicate that the work of preparing the book has been spread over several years.

In general, entomologists will agree with the schemes of classification, though the propriety of the use of the ordinal term "Aptera" may be questioned. The author follows Dr. Sharp, in this instance, and not Comstock. As to the illustrations, they are of all sorts—some indifferent, the majority good; some well-known reproductions, but many are original. Some are line and some are half-tone work, both good and poor. The half-tone reproductions of some of the microphotographs are not so clear as figures of such structures should be; the use of somewhat sketchy linework is an innovation—on the whole, perhaps a good one. The colored plates are by the three-color process, and are mostly to be praised. The paper, type, and presswork leave little to be desired, and an exhaustive index adds materially to the value of the work.

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Trench, Richard Chevenix. English, Past and Present. Edited by A. Smythe Palmer, D.D. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. 75c.
Tucker, M. A. School History of England: An Outline for Middle Forms. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Tupetz, Theodor. J. J. Rousseau: Emil, oder Ueber die Erziehung. 2d ed. Leipzig: G. Freytag.
Upton Letters, The. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
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Westcott, Rev. Frank N. The Heart of Catholicity. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Co. $1 net.
Westover, Clyde C. The Romance of Gentle Will. The Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
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Weymouth Historical Society's Publications, No. 3. Wessagusset and Weymouth, by Charles Francis Adams, jr., etc. Weymouth, Mass.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1905.

The Week.

The Government Printing-Office, the Mergenthaler Company, and the Lanston Company are all roughly handled in the report of the Keep Commission and President Roosevelt's comment on it. "In view of the intimate political and personal relationship between the Public Printer and Gen. Michener, the counsel of the Lanston Monotype Company," says the report, "it is our opinion that this purchase should not have been negotiated at the private residence of Mr. Dove and Gen. Michener, but at the Government Printing-Office, and that the method followed in this case was highly improper." From this conclusion no one but the Lanston people, who profited by the extraordinary performance, can dissent. There will also be general agreement on the proposition that ownership of stock in a typesetting-machine company by the wife of an employee of the Printing-Office who is in a position to exert influence in the matter, is a gross impropriety.

The Keep Commission would have had the contract with the Lanston Company cancelled on the ground that the tests which served as an excuse for the purchase of the Monotype machines were grossly unfair to the Mergenthaler Company. The President, however, holds that the contract cannot legally be set aside. He censures severely, and very justly, the Mergenthaler Company for bringing against the Lanston Company an unproved charge of corruption. We cannot, however, quite follow the President's reasoning in one paragraph:

> "Had not this charge of corruption been made, I should have entirely agreed with the conclusion of the committee that if it were possible (which it is not) it would be desirable to cancel the contract in question."

The Mergenthaler people deserve sharp punishment if they cannot sustain their allegations, but the Printing-Office should not suffer in order that this good may be accomplished. This remark of the President's, however, is an *obiter dictum* to which one need not attach deep significance. The main point is that he has dealt vigorously with the incompetence and the improprieties which have characterized the administration of Palmer. To that régime he has put an end.

The ousting of Palmer was overdue. All competent observers agree that under him the office has become a hot-bed of extravagance and corruption. Slackness, waste, pilfering, scandals in the purchase of equipment—notably in the case of the Lanston Monotype machines—have been the distinguishing marks of his administration. There has been no branch of the Government service in which the outlay has brought such a relatively small return. The reason why things have gone from bad to worse is no secret: the place has been honeycombed with politics; men have been given positions, not because of ability and honesty, but because of political influence. Of course, it is hard, under the most favorable circumstances, to secure for an annual salary of $4,500 a practical printer who is capable of conducting such an enormous enterprise. But when the purpose is not to secure an ideal man, but to reward a political heeler, the task is practically impossible. President Roosevelt will be expected to break the tradition, and to have an eye single to the efficiency of the service.

"An unfortunate connection" is the phrase which Secretary Wilson applies to the relations between Dr. Salmon and his label-printing company. Perhaps this may be the "portmanteau" expression for which publicists have been so anxiously looking—something that will accurately describe the misfeasance of a popular official without offending him or his friends. Since "unfortunate connection" is by implication proposed as a permanent part of our political vocabulary, it should be critically examined. A stickler for accuracy might possibly take exception to the adjective. The dictionary defines "unfortunate," among other things, as "not prosperous." Of course, this may not be perfectly descriptive of a transaction which involved $300,000 Government contracts in five years; but "unlucky," the next equivalent given, could not be improved upon for one that was found out. This pearl of a phrase will doubtless be Secretary Wilson's enduring monument as "Let us have peace" was Grant's, or "The Union, it must and shall be preserved," was Jackson's. 'Tis a pity we did not have it earlier! It might have salved the wounds of Machen and Beavers; it did not even come in time to alleviate Holmes's sufferings. If we cannot make theft and graft disappear from the world, let us at least make them disappear from our vocabulary.

As the Crop Estimating Board exists (so we might infer) only to gratify speculators, its report on September 5 on the condition of cotton shows that Secretary Wilson will have to dismiss some more men, and try once again to please. The "condition" which the market had confidently discounted was 70; the estimate puts it at 72, which proves that there is something rotten in the Department of Agriculture Denmark. Can there be anything more certain than that an event which speculation has "discounted" will come to pass? Figures may lie, but discounts never. Any cotton bull, we are persuaded, could take the reports of the correspondents and agents of the Bureau, and sit down quickly and write 70 for 72. That being so, Secretary Wilson will find it hard to defend himself.

So our unsatisfactory trade with South America is to be "investigated" again. We wish Judge Penfield joy of his job. What can he discover and report except the same thing as all his many predecessors? At whatever door an honest investigator goes in, he always comes out at the conclusion that our tariff is the great obstacle to trade with South America. Our consuls and ministers have told us this, world without end. So impressed was even President McKinley by the representations of our Minister to the Argentine Republic that he consented to a reciprocity treaty making concessions on Argentine wool and hides. Of course, the Senate strangled it; but the facts remain the same. If we will not buy, we cannot sell. It may be worth while for President Roosevelt to send a special agent to discover that truth once more, but the real question is what Congress will do about it. Under the domination of a purblind and greedy protectionism, it has shown itself able to shed economic truth and statistical facts as a duck's back sheds water. One more report, another set of reciprocity treaties, it will simply laugh at. Unless the President has something more than that in his plan, his labors will be in vain.

For so firm a stand-patter, Speaker Cannon is betraying a good deal of restlessness. Instead of standing pat, he is reported to be walking the floor o' nights. The mounting deficit will not let him sleep. Where to find a determined cheese-parer for chairman of the Committee on Appropriations is a worrying question that drives him to midnight vigils. But all this, with due respect to Mr. Cannon, is only to tithe mint and cummin. The weightier matters he neglects. Every really intelligent watchdog of the Treasury knows that it is the larger policy which causes the smaller drains to accumulate so remorselessly. As the Chancellor of the Exchequer often explains to the grumbling English taxpayer, it is policy that makes swollen

expenditure; and if you vote to sustain the policy, you have got to provide the money to carry it out. The anxious and troubled Speaker should consider these things. Measures necessarily involving extravagant outlay cannot be offset by driblets of saving. Moreover, Mr. Cannon ought to look at the general trade situation at least as carefully as President Hill. That gentleman points out that "there is a wall around this country." Our manufacturers cannot get over it successfully. The ingenious Dingley, who built it to keep foreigners out, did not perceive that it would all too successfully shut Americans in. Hence the tariff-revision movement, the reciprocity agitation, the alternate hope and fear caused by intimations that President Roosevelt is at last to call for a radical overhauling of our customs laws. But Uncle Joe is thinking only of how not to do it. He says, Let sleeping dogs lie. When they are not asleep, however, but yelping and snapping at your heels, it is time to wake up yourself.

The Republicans of Maryland last week fell in behind the Democrats, and included in their convention resolutions a plank decrying "negro domination" and "social equality" between the races. The party has a good issue, the Poe disfranchising amendment, and a courageous leader, Secretary Bonaparte. Why its platform should mention the question of race antagonism and dignify the Gorman machine's taunts, is hard to see. Of course, any fear of negro domination in Maryland is absurd. As a correspondent of the *Evening Post* lately pointed out, only 53,029 negro voters are registered in Maryland, to the 235,018 white voters, and the percentage of the colored to the white voters is decreasing year by year. Surely there is no actual fear of "social equality" in the party that Mr. Bonaparte is directing, and a reference to it is about as appropriate, it would seem, as a resolution condemning morganatic marriages in a convention of New York State women's clubs. Aside from the convention's excursion into the race issue, the platform holds close to the serious questions involved in the Poe amendment. The attempt of the Gorman organization to fasten itself on the State is exposed and vigorously condemned. National issues are not touched, and the party is evidently united, under Mr. Bonaparte's leadership, on the vital local question of preserving the suffrage free.

It has long been argued by the opponents of "primary reform" that the party convention is a naturally evolved product, meeting a genuine need, while the direct primary is a mere modern invention, and can never fill its place. They will find some color for this view in the current politics of Wisconsin. That State is the only one thus far to abolish all conventions, State and local, and even prescribe that the party platforms shall be made by the candidates themselves, instead of by the delegates. But there are already signs of the generation of a substitute, a sort of pre-primary caucus. During the State Fair week, for instance, a meeting is to be held at Milwaukee at which it will be decided what candidates the La Follette men are to support on the direct vote a few weeks hence. Whether the advice is gratuitous or the voters really demand to be led, experience will show. If, however, these extra-legal bodies are regularly to dictate nominations, the direct primary will merely have put in one more intermediate step between the boss's fiat and the election of his candidates. This may be well worth while in itself, but it is not all that has been claimed for the reformed system.

Gov. Pennypacker's attempts to ridicule "reformers" at the West Chester Republican celebration on Saturday is the latest sign that the organization expects the wave of virtue on which Mayor Weaver has been carried into public view soon to subside. The action of the City Councils a few days ago in putting through a resolution calling upon the Mayor to justify his recent removals from office of the ring's creatures, and its refusal to confirm the new appointees, were a direct defiance of reform sentiment. Hardly had this been done when it was seen that the "deposed" leaders, Durham and McNichol, were getting deeper and deeper into the councils of the Republican City Committee, that famous "reform-within-the-party" body. Now, Representative Plummer, the "gang's messenger," who is running for State Treasurer, declares that he will pay absolutely no attention to the widely published charges against him in connection with his acts in the State Legislature, made by Henry C. Niles, a reputable lawyer of Philadelphia. The *Inquirer*, the machine organ of Philadelphia, has taken up the cry that Weaver is merely the creature of some ambitious politicians. Evidently, the ringsters think it has about blown over, and that they may stick their heads out again.

Now that the health certificate has become an indispensable adjunct to life in the South, an interesting discussion has arisen regarding the machinery for issuing these documents, their price, and, we might almost say, their etiquette. The State of Arkansas begins by issuing the certificates free of charge. A Tennessee paper holds that the quarantine is a local matter, and that the health officers should be paid by the communities which enjoy their services. But the plan actually adopted in some localities is to charge the expense to the person who receives the certificate. "It becomes a serious question," says the *Age-Herald*, "whether the merchants of Birmingham can afford in the months of September, October, and November to have a tax of one dollar a head levied on their customers. It would be more enterprising and prudent to hire a doctor and a notary and pay them by the week or month." We have here the materials for a very pretty sanitary-commercial war. One town gives health certificates free. Another might throw in an extra course of disinfection, or a third offer a paid-up policy of life insurance as evidence that it really believes in the traveller's soundness.

The riotous scenes at Tokio last week were not by any means the first demonstrations of their kind against an unpopular treaty. In fact, an instructive parallel may be found in events that took place within half a mile of the site of our present writing. On July 18, 1795, a mass meeting was called to protest against the treaty which Jay had just negotiated with England. While the speaking was under way, an enthusiastic band, who had been burning the treaty at the Battery, came marching up Broadway, headed by the French and American flags, and joined the assembly. At about the same time Alexander Hamilton began to speak in favor of the treaty and urged adjournment. Stones were thrown at him from the now turbulent crowd, and one of them struck him on the forehead. Thus, one hundred and ten years ago, an American Secretary of the Treasury enjoyed the same enviable experience at the hands of his excited countrymen as the Japanese Premier a week ago, and for very similar reasons. Jay himself was burned in effigy at Boston and Philadelphia, and in the former city a Federal editor's offices were attacked, as were those of the *Kokumin Shimbun*. It must be remembered, of course, that most of the demonstrations here were made before the treaty had been ratified; and if the Senate had been sufficiently impressed by the popular hostility, it might still have been defeated. They cannot fairly be compared, therefore, to outbreaks over an act virtually completed and beyond recall. Yet the imaginary need for a second ratification by the House of Representatives was here used as a pretext for prolonging the demonstrations, much as the equally visionary hope of an Imperial refusal to ratify was given as justification for the Japanese outbreaks.

The purchase which assures the preservation of the fine old Harvard house at Stratford-on-Avon will naturally gratify more Americans than Englishmen, though the case is not like that of a

memorable antique, such as a painting or a Shaksperian First Folio. To Americans, however, the house in which John Harvard's mother used to live makes a special appeal; for us the associations are precious. Harvard is the oldest and most famous university of our country, the *alma mater* of us all, "first flower of the wilderness." Of the tens of thousands of visitors who flock to Stratford annually, at least one-fourth are Americans; and every one of them, it is safe to say, goes to look at the Harvard house. The picturesque, half-timbered building in High Street, bearing the date 1596, ranks in interest second to the relics of Shakspere. The fact that a Chicago meat packer has bought the property will be regarded by Englishmen as an exquisite illustration of the American alliance between commerce and education.

Mr. Chamberlain has several times, in his tariff propaganda, addressed great labor meetings, and said that, without the votes of laboring men, he could not hope to succeed. Consequently, the declaration of the Trades Union Congress on September 6 is one more damaging blow to him. By a vote representing 1,253,000 members as against only 26,000, the delegates asserted that any form of protection would "press most heavily" upon the working classes, and ought therefore to be opposed by them. They also made their condemnation cover Mr. Balfour's pet variant of protection, or political dodge, "retaliation." It has been said that all men divide into two classes—free traders, and "free traders, but—." English workmen are evidently free traders without the but. Their resolute withstanding of Chamberlain's appeals will make him ready to say, what he is already reported to have said of his fiscal policy to a friend, "I wish I had never touched the —— thing."

France has received due apologies and reparation from Morocco, so that threatening quarrel is happily settled. The incident was entirely apart from the proposed international conference on Moroccan affairs, and had nothing to do with the general reforms necessary in the government of the Sultan. It was simply a case of an outrage on a French subject. He was seized by a Moroccan official, loaded with irons, and thrown into prison. It does not matter what offence was charged, since, under existing treaties, France has extra-territorial jurisdiction in Morocco. It was of the greatest importance for her to assert and vindicate this prerogative, since she governs some 6,000,000 Mussulmans in her African colonies, and any violation of French rights or impairment of French prestige, in the way attempted by Morocco, would have serious political consequences. But M. Rouvier's protests and demands, with the threat of force behind them, have now been heeded, and there will be no need of a military expedition. Germany, it should be noted, has given France hearty support in this controversy.

At the autumn manœuvres of the French army there will be extensive employment of infantry mounted on bicycles. The plan was disapproved last March by some of the highest military authorities, including the Minister of War and the Chief of the General Staff; but it had a warm advocate in Gen. Langlois, who defends his opinions principally on the ground of the difference in the strategy of the French, as opposed to that of the German army. In the event of war, Germany would adopt the plan of envelopment, France that of manœuvre. The method of envelopment is best suited to a nation with superior numbers and power of rapid mobilization; that of manœuvre requires great mobility, which Gen. Langlois thinks can well be attained by a bicycle corps. Infantry mounted on horses are too slow; cavalry are not so effective. But troops on bicycles can be transferred with great speed from one point to another. Bicyclists take up more space in marching than do infantry, but they move more quickly; they are not more exposed than others to offensive attack, for they can readily dismount. Obstacles will not arrest their advance, because the wheel is easily carried. Gen. Langlois says nothing, however, about punctured tires and muddy roads. If the experiment is successful, we may expect to see in the war reports of the future mention of the gallant officer who had three bicycles shot under him in battle.

The announcement that Prime Minister Fejervary is to be impeached as soon as the Hungarian Chamber meets on September 15, shows how far the crisis is from having been composed during the Parliamentary recess. Negotiations have gone on between the coalition majority and the Ministry, and Kossuth has seen the Emperor again; but, instead of reaching a compromise, the prospect is that the strife will be more bitter than ever. The issue remains partly that of the language of command in the army. This is implied in Kossuth's remark that Francis Joseph needs only to "break with a prejudice which time and the conversion of the army from a paid force into a popular institution have proved to be unjustified." In addition, the Constitutional irregularity of the Fejervary Cabinet, in refusing to submit itself to a vote of no confidence by the Chamber, will naturally be a favorite point of attack. But the Premier had not been idle. Through his Minister of the Interior, he has declared for manhood suffrage, on an educational basis. This has been eagerly caught up by the Socialists, who have long contended for that principle. They have begun a campaign in support of the Government on this issue, which is not a little embarrassing to the coalition leaders. The latter take the movement as a sign that Fejervary means to advise the Emperor to dissolve the Chamber, and to make the suffrage question his main dependence in the election to follow. Impeachment proceedings would seem to be intended to forestall such a programme, though they would not necessarily do so.

The unexpected never happens in Spain—at least not in general elections. The Government always wins. Consequently it is no surprise to learn that the new Liberal Ministry will have a "sufficient" majority in the Cortes elected on Sunday. What was hardly looked for, however, was the revival of Republicanism in Catalonia and the southern provinces generally. Under Salmerón's leadership, the Republicans have captured several seats, and will have a respectacle numerical strength in the new Cortes. Their success may be due in part to the famine caused by failure of the crops in Andalusia. Protectionist republics are not the only ones that hold their rulers responsible if wheat and corn do not grow; and the Spanish monarchy has too much posed as an earthly Providence to escape grumbling and opposition when things go wrong. But whatever Government, Liberal or Conservative, is in power in Spain, has a task not to be envied.

A strange mixture of race, class, and religious hatreds is responsible for the outbreak and outrages at Baku. Among the 40,000 workmen in Balakhani, there has long been a Socialist and even revolutionary ferment at work. A letter in a recent number of the *Européen*, written from Baku on July 24, describes the methods of this labor propaganda, which had from the first the plan of making demands upon the Government; and apparently the present juncture was seized as a fitting time for the labor organizations to show their teeth. Race hostilities are also involved. Many different nationalities are employed, just as the owners of the works range from a Rothschild to a Nobel and a Mantacheff. The most arduous tasks are performed by Tartars, and their Moslem prejudices have added a peculiar ferocity to the conflict. As for the Armenians, whom all accounts make out the steadiest and most inoffensive of the lot, they seem to have been impartially massacred by both Russians and Tartars. The authorities apparently have the affair well in hand at present.

THE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION.

While the introductory testimony, at the hearing by the Legislature's investigating committee on Wednesday week, proved that policyholders exercise no more direct control in mutual than in joint-stock companies, it proved nothing that was not known beforehand. The experience of the Mutual Life, at whose last election only 199 out of half a million qualified policyholders appear to have voted, was fairly typical. To infer from this, however, that the policyholder's real interests are no better safeguarded in a mutual than in a joint-stock company, would be inferring altogether too much. Absence of personal interest in the election of their officers is no more common in the case of insurance policyholders than in that of shareholders for similar amounts in the great railway or industrial corporations. The reasons for indifference are in both cases the same. Either the minority voter is content with the existing management and aware that it will be perpetuated without his assistance, or else he argues that his isolated vote in opposition will count for nothing. In most cases, neither the insurance policyholder nor the company shareholder even troubles himself to fill out his proxy.

Still, the fact remains that the policyholders have the power to unseat a management and rebuke its official actions, and in an emergency can do so, though only by thorough canvass and organization of the qualified voters. Moreover, it would be absolutely essential that the character and purposes of the proposed new management should be known beforehand. Under such conditions, however, the successful assertion of the policyholders' opinion is quite conceivable; it would be no more surprising than the removal of discredited railway managements, which has repeatedly been effected in exactly this way. Had the mutual system existed, three or four months ago, in the Equitable Life, we should have had no talk of "a situation without an outlet." The proposition at one time seriously considered, to wind up the company because a discredited officer refused to relinquish his position, would have been simply absurd. It was a serious possibility then, because the officer in question absolutely controlled the stock of the company. With a purely mutual system the policyholders, under conservative leadership, would have proceeded to settle the question of management for themselves.

The two questions on which the Insurance Investigating Committee took testimony on Thursday—the relation of trustees to underwriting syndicates, and also of the life companies to subsidiary institutions—may properly be said to occupy the foremost place in public interest. It was these questions to which the Frick report devoted most of its attention in the case of the Equitable, and it was its conclusions and criticisms on these points which drew forth the strongest endorsement from public opinion. The Equitable, it was shown, had in the first place been accustomed to buy securities in substantial amounts from underwriting syndicates in which its own officers and trustees were participants. It also appeared to have involved itself so deeply in the undertakings of trust companies under its own control that, in August, 1903, when the Equitable's books showed $37,945,958 on deposit with these companies to its credit, President Alexander wrote of the security market that "we should be buying a good many such things were it not that we are so strapped for money by engagements already made." These two disclosures, sustained by evidence, were accepted by the public as conclusive proof of unsound methods in American life insurance. The Armstrong committee was appointed chiefly in response to a public demand that the method of other life-insurance companies should be investigated, in order to determine how far the Equitable's practices were peculiar to itself, and how far they represented laxness throughout the insurance world.

The testimony of Mr. Frederic Cromwell, treasurer of the Mutual Life, bore particularly on the two questions to which we have referred. It appeared, from the facts frankly stated by the witness, that the Mutual trustees had not imitated the practices of the "James H. Hyde and Associates" syndicate, in organizing as intermediaries for the sale of securities to the company, but that trustees had been in the habit of participating in underwriting syndicates to which the Mutual Life had become a party. That is to say, they were not, in the same sense as the Hyde syndicate, receiving "any money or valuable thing for . . . selling or aiding in the sale of any stocks or securities to or by such corporation," and therefore were within the letter of the law, as the Equitable's officers were not. But whether, except in a technical way, the position was different from that of the Hyde syndicate, there appears to be a real question. Mr. Cromwell stated thus his own view of the matter:

"I will say frankly that there seems to me to be no impropriety in these men going into the syndicates. Others, of course, may differ from me. But it is a thing I have thought of seriously, because for some time I declined to go into some of the syndicates."

We imagine that the same serious question will occur to a good many readers of the evidence. The counsel for the investigating committee brought out the matter clearly in the following colloquy with the witness:

Q. "Of course you understand that the subscription of the Mutual Life, with the large amount of securities that the syndicate was bringing out, would greatly aid the success of the venture?" A. "Yes, sir."

Q. "And that any participators would be benefited by the success?" A. "But if you never allow anything to affect your judgment in the original investment——"

Q. "You mean that you do not allow the fact that the Mutual Life is going in to influence you?" A. "Yes, sir.' "

Morally, the distinction between this practice and that of an underwriting syndicate of trustees which sells bonds to their company and pockets the commission, seems to us somewhat fine-drawn. The comment of the Frick committee on the Equitable underwritings was that trustees and officers of such companies, in their relation to the Society's funds, "are in the highest sense fiduciaries, and are governed by the principles of the law of trusts, which are not less strict—in some instances stricter—than the moral code itself."

It was shown very plainly in the course of Thursday's testimony that the practice of investing heavily in the stock of trust companies, fostering such companies by leaving continuously with them large sums of money, and utilizing them in connection with large financial operations, was not peculiar to the Equitable. The Mutual's treasurer, after describing such relations between his company and its various auxiliary concerns, made the point that its investment in such enterprises was extremely profitable. This is not the point of first importance, however. The Frick report made this pregnant comment on precisely this argument:

"The theory on which the purchase of these interests was justified is that the Society might thereby derive the larger profits which are possible from the class of investments which may be lawfully made by trust companies, but which may not be legally made by insurance companies.

"Judging these investments either on general principles or on their specific results, their wisdom is gravely questionable. The very foundation of these extensive stock ownerships is an attempt to do by indirect, that which may not be done by direct, means; and this in itself is a departure from that dignity which should attach to every phase of life insurance.

"Having made the investment, the Society finds it necessary to protect and nurse it. The Society then finds itself involved with interests which, to quote the words of President Alexander, used in another connection, 'are not necessarily parallel with those of the policyholder.' "

The truth of this statement of the case is perfectly well known to every one at all conversant with Wall Street history in the past half-dozen years. It was the plain intimation, in the Equitable scandal, that the trust fund had been used in these indirect ways to foment the wild stock-jobbing mania of the period, which most of all arrested public attention, and fixed in the policyholder's mind the determination to see whether recurrence of such a mischief could not be prevented. We presume that, as the legislative investigation proceeds, we shall have more light on this highly important phase of the life-insurance situation.

Mr. Charles E. Hughes, the counsel of the committee, has shown himself keen and fearless. On Friday he drew

damaging admissions from Edmund D. Randolph, treasurer of the New York Life. This company, through all the troubles of the Equitable, has been making professions of superior virtue. One of its circulars announces: "There is no insurance law, requirement, regulation, or provision in the world, with which this company is not now fully complying. No other insurance company in the world is in so impregnable a position as the New York Life." Another reassuring declaration is: "The company does not invest in stocks of any kind." Both these pledges were, according to the confession of Mr. Randolph, deliberately evaded. A few years ago the Prussian Government insisted that the company, if it were to do business in Prussia, must not have any stocks in its schedule of assets. The mode in which the New York Life "fully" complied with this requirement was to make a fictitious sale of certain stocks. Two or three employees—one on an annual salary of $600—assisted by giving their notes in sums aggregating over two millions of dollars. Thus these stocks were, in the words of Mr. Randolph, "taken off the books." The details may be somewhat complicated for a layman; but the purpose of the transactions is so plain that every man can draw his own conclusion.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Board of Trade has recently issued an interesting series of "Memoranda, Statistical Tables, and Charts" relating to industrial and commercial conditions in Great Britain and certain foreign countries. Although the data are necessarily fragmentary at many points, and are subject to various other limitations which affect their value for scientific purposes, this latest Blue Book presents some of the most important statistics ever gathered upon at least two subjects of vital interest—changes in the cost of living, and fluctuations in the labor market. Upon the first topic, moreover, the results reached by the Board of Trade invite comparison with recent investigations by our own Bureau of Labor, which acquired no little notoriety during the late Presidential campaign.

The figures which the Board of Trade gathered concerning changes in the cost of living are drawn from the family budgets of workingmen in London and a number of other cities. They show, when reduced to a series of index numbers, that the cost declined from an average of 121.7 in the year 1880 to an average of 91.7 in 1896; a reduction of practically 25 per cent. in a period of sixteen years. In 1897, however, the index numbers began to rise, on account of the general advance in prices, until, in 1901, the average stood at 102.4. For 1903, an average of 101.4 is indicated, the increase since 1896 being nearly 11 per cent.; yet, when compared with 1880, the index number for 1903 shows a net reduction of about 20 per cent., so that one hundred shillings would purchase as much as one hundred and twenty would have commanded in the former year.

In the general tendencies disclosed, if not in the precise rate of change, the results of the British investigation are substantially similar to those reached by our Bureau of Labor. The American figures, which, however, do not go further back than 1890, show a marked decline in the cost of living until the year 1897, when the index numbers began to move sharply upward, reaching the highest point in 1902 and falling slightly in 1903. Further than this it would be unprofitable to carry the comparison, since the Bureau of Labor based its estimate of the cost of living solely upon the retail price of food, while the Board of Trade included such important items as clothing, rent, and fuel. Of the four items investigated by the British statisticians, the cost of food and clothing showed a marked decrease from 1880 to about 1896, which was followed by a moderate increase; rents, however, steadily advanced from 86.6 in 1880 to 102.2 in 1903, and the outlay for fuel and lighting rose from 74.1 to 82.5. The increase of rent, at a rate of nearly 20 per cent., during a period when the average cost of living declined by 20 per cent., is striking proof of the desirability of including this factor in all investigations of this character. It is true, of course, that the British report relates to workingmen in cities, with whom this item is far more important than it would be for laborers in country districts; but it should be remembered, also, that it is chiefly with the workers who live in industrial centres that most of our labor statistics deal.

In its investigation of fluctuations in the labor market, the Board of Trade was able to collect, from a number of the oldest trade unions, statistics which cover a period of forty or fifty years—a source of information available to no such extent in any other country. By ascertaining the numbers of members receiving out-of-work benefits, it was possible to construct index numbers showing the amount of non-employment among trade unionists from 1860 to 1903. The tables disclose an interesting series of fluctuations indicating successive waves of good or bad times which usually affected all trades almost simultaneously. Thus, it appears that 1858, 1862, 1868, 1879, 1884, and 1893 were the years of the greatest lack of employment; and that 1853, 1860, 1865, 1872, 1882, 1889-90, and 1899 were the years in which non-employment was at a minimum. Any one who is familiar with the history of English commerce and finance will immediately perceive the connection that exists between these data and the fluctuations in the general prosperity of the country. In the statistics now before us we have an important contribution to the history of commercial crises.

Even more significant is the showing which the figures make when grouped by decades. From 1860 to 1869 the index number exhibiting the average condition of employment is 98.6; from 1870 to 1879 it stood at 99.2, revealing a slight improvement. From 1880 to 1889 the average was 97.6, the lowest of any of the four decades, this result being attributable to the very bad years of 1885 and 1886, which were the worst on record. From 1890 to 1899 the average rose to 98.2, which was nearly the same as the figures for the first decade investigated; so that it appears that, decade by decade, conditions have not changed very greatly from 1860 to 1899. The bearing of this result upon the claim of the Socialist that the capitalistic system of production is foredoomed to ultimate disaster through the increased frequency and intensity of industrial depression, should be sufficiently obvious. From 1900 to 1903, although the figures show the influence of the recent depression in English industry, the index number is 98.7, which is almost precisely the same as that for the decade from 1860 to 1869.

In its gross output of official statistics, the United States surpasses all other nations in a degree as marked as that by which its output of cotton or corn or pig iron surpasses the product of other lands. In point of quality, however, our preëminence is not so well established; and the British Blue-Book now before us is a suggestive reminder of that fact. The Board of Trade may not have a statistical broadside ready for every emergency in British politics; but it does not omit such items as rent, clothing, and fuel when it computes changes in the cost of living, and it can secure data concerning non-employment which cannot be matched in any other country. It may be well for us to keep our statistical mills in constant operation, but we should pay more attention to the quality of the grist which they turn out. At a time when we are beginning to appreciate the importance of a national pure-food law, it might be well to give more attention to the statistical pabulum which the Government supplies to our people. We might at least require that every volume of statistics display clearly upon its wrapper just what ingredients are compounded in its tables, and what elements essential for a proper intellectual diet have been omitted. Even, like our British cousins, we should at least know what kind of statistical poison we are consuming.

JAPAN IN CHINA.

A common inference, in the first great surprise caused by the Japanese assenting to peace without an indemnity, was that they are now bent on business rather than on war. If their rulers are convinced that the future of the Empire lies in the development of the territory which has fallen under Japan's sway, in the expansion of her commercial fleet, in the building up of a great foreign trade, then the wisdom and patriotism of Marquis Ito and the other Elder Statesmen in accepting an unpopular treaty clearly appear. It is, indeed, now generally expected that Japan means to follow up her dazzling military successes by making herself a formidable competitor of the industrial nations. Apprehension on this score seems to have animated the Emperor William when he said, the other day, that Japan now "indirectly owns" China. What conquering Japan will do in the Middle Kingdom is, indeed, a question of deep concern to the whole world. Much light is thrown upon it by the article of M. René Pinon in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of August 15, on "La Japonisation de la Chine."

He points out once more the immense advantages which the Japanese have in attempting an "infiltration" of China. Not only proximity aids them, but adaptability in a high degree. Their appearance, dress, language (they learn Chinese with great facility) allow them to pass into the interior almost unperceived. "Where a European would provoke a riot, a Japanese establishes himself without exciting any feeling. Peddler, journalist, barber, photographer, merchant, he makes himself everywhere useful, soon indispensable; clever and ingratiating, polite to the point of obsequiousness, . . . he understands everything, sees and retains everything." Japanese naval aptitude is no longer doubted. An American Admiral lately recognized in the captain of a Japanese vessel his former cook! But M. Pinon avers that the Japanese are as natural traders as they are sailors; and he maintains that the penetration of China by the mercantile and other agents of Japan has gone to such an extent, and betrays such signs of an organized and directed movement, that it has the air of an "immense complot."

No one has better brought out the skilled and patient work of Japan in reorganizing the Chinese army. Military instruction in all schools save two, where Germans are retained out of complaisance, it is said, to the Krupps, is given by Japanese, or by Chinese trained in Japan. In the military school at Canton, the six foreign teachers are all Japanese. Officers of the reserve usually fill these posts, as also that of military adviser to Chinese generals. So important does this work appear to the Tokio Government that, in spite of the great loss of officers in the war, none of the military instructors were recalled from China. Chinese cadets also study in Japan. M. Pinon states that the Chinese army now has more than 3,000 officers instructed in Japanese methods. Two years from now, it is reckoned, China will be able to put an army of 100,000 men into the field, well armed and drilled, and commanded by a general staff which is either Japanese or educated in Japanese fashion. The latest news is that China, at the instance of Japan, is to set about restoring and strengthening her navy also.

Upon the civil education of China, as well, Japan is exerting a powerful influence. Chinese students flock to Tokio and other Japanese schools and universities. Some 2,500 young men from the Chinese provinces are there now, supported by their governments (at an annual cost of from $200 to $250 each), acquiring European science through Japanese books and teachers. These Chinese students are made significantly welcome. In Tokio a special society in the University exists to aid the Chinese youth in every way. They are expected to return home to help make over their country on the Japanese model. Indeed, Young China, as we may call it, reformist China, is already deeply imbued with Japanese ideas. "This new China," asserts M. Pinon, "will be a Japanese China. It is under Japanese influence that all the reforms have been decided upon and accomplished. The report of the President of the University on 'the reorganization of education in the Chinese Empire,' . . . was directly inspired by the Japanese, . . . and advises that all professors, except teachers of foreign languages, should be chosen in Japan. In fact, in the normal schools which have just been founded, all the foreign teachers are subjects of the Mikado. . . . It would be needless to dwell upon the enormous influence which cannot fail to result from this educational mission of the Japanese."

Japan's progress towards the commercial conquest of China is, so far, only relative. She has more than doubled her Chinese trade in ten years, but it is still less than a quarter of Great Britain's. Yet in certain articles she is pushing her rivals hard—some grades of cotton goods for example. Japanese matches have practically driven out all other foreign makes. And Japan is steadily increasing her imports of raw material from China, especially cotton. Her chief commercial penetration has been in the province of Fo-kien, over against Formosa. Yet here some of the methods of Japanese traders have roused resentment, and led, as in the case of the attempted monopoly of the camphor trade, to successful protests by British consuls. All told, the commercial supremacy of Japan in China can he won only after long years of effort, and the employment of much more capital and a more highly organized manufacturing system than the Japanese now possess.

Nor should it be thought that, in other matters, Japan will not meet with serious obstacles before she can dominate China. One of them is the lack of a close-knit government. The loose congeries of vice-regal governments stands in the way of centralized projects of any kind, whether military or educational. Moreover, the spirit of nationalism, once awaked, cannot easily be controlled. Already there are signs of Chinese suspicion and dislike of Japanese pretensions. Japan trains young Chinamen, but the real lesson they learn from her is that of setting up for themselves. Even the Chinese are capable of vast ambitions for their own country. M. Pinon quotes from a sort of hymn, or prayer, intended for use in the primary schools of the province of Kiang-su: "May my country surpass Europe and America and conquer Japan. May our Empire, like a sleeping lion suddenly aroused, leap with a roar into the arena."

THE AUDUBON MOVEMENT.

When a warden employed to guard the nesting-places of the Florida white herons was killed by plume-hunters last July, his name was recorded as "the first martyr to the cause of bird protection." While game-keepers had often enough been shot by poachers, no doubt, the fight to preserve the native birds, apart from the interest of hunters, had hitherto been bloodless. But this tragic occurrence ought at least to call more general attention to the real accomplishments of what is known as the Audubon movement.

The effort of which the outside public has heard most has been that directed against the use of native birds in millinery, and incidentally the sale of song-birds in the markets for food. So far as these objects are concerned, the whole situation has been changed in twenty years. In this city, where in 1886 Frank M. Chapman found forty species of the most beautiful native birds on women's hats, the shops could be searched now and not a handful of skins discovered. The "model law" drawn up by the American Ornithologists' Union is in force in thirty States and the District of Columbia. The organized bird-lovers ask for the enforcement of the laws against bird slaughter as other bodies of citizens ask to have enforced those against policy-playing or burglary. The Federal power has been invoked in the Lacey law, which excludes from interstate commerce all birds killed illegally in any State, and makes those legally killed subject to the law of the State into which they are brought.

Until a few years ago the makers of air-rifles invariably advertised that the half-toy weapons would "kill small game at fifty feet." As a glance at magazine advertising pages will show, they do not emphasize that feature any longer. It is merely another sign of the great growth of humane feeling which has accompanied the enthusiasm for "nature study" in the last few years. This has been undoubtedly one of the forces which have helped the present Audubon movement succeed where an earlier one failed. But if any one supposes that these sharpened sympathies would have secured results without the aid of stringent restrictive laws, let him consider the case of the aigrette. Of all forms of feathers worn for adornment, no other is secured at such a cost in bird life or under circumstances so calculated to awaken human pity. No other instance of bird slaughter has been so constantly dwelt upon by the Audubonites. Yet in a State like New York, where the efforts to secure a law prohibiting the sale of aigrettes have been unsuccessful, these delicate plumes, even at rapidly advancing prices, are worn, for all that evidence can show to the contrary, about as much as they ever were. It was in revenge for interference with their highly profitable trade that the Florida plume-hunters killed Guy M. Bradley.

In filling gaps in the existing laws and resisting attempts to weaken them, constant work has to be done. Last year, for instance, a law prohibiting the trap-shooting of live birds was passed in Iowa; a bill excepting the robin, catbird, and some others from the protection of the law was successfully fought in New Jersey. But the occupation of the Audubon Societies would not be gone even were they able to secure model laws everywhere. In fact, having passed the "millinery stage," they are now entering on a work that promises to be permanent. There are thirty-five State societies, and they are doing their work in ways suited to their special conditions. In Connecticut, for example, and in several other States, the Society has worked chiefly through the schools, sending out travelling libraries, issuing bird books of its own, and generally making itself a centre for the study of bird life. Other States have arranged for public lecture courses or classes on ornithological subjects. The gulls and terns of Massachusetts, the egrets and pelicans of Florida are guarded in their nesting-places by wardens, and in Louisiana President Roosevelt has recently designated seven small islands for bird breeding-grounds. In North Carolina, which is unique in this particular, the State has given to the Audubon Society the powers usually lodged in a State game commission. Its president is chief warden, with a force of forty men under him, and the bird and game laws are for the first time being vigilantly enforced.

Generally, however, the Audubon Societies do not trespass on the field of the State game wardens. But they do insist on one point—a fundamental one, as most sections of the country are already realizing—namely, that if the game of this country is to be conserved at all, it must cease to be regarded as an article of merchandise. The laws prohibiting or restricting the shipping of game out of the State where killed, as well as those forbidding the sale out of season of game killed in season, all recognize this principle. A State that might attract sportsmen for years to come by careful protection of its game, is likely to lose this valuable asset in a very few seasons if it permits killing for the market.

It is obviously profitable to save the game birds from extinction. The motive of self-interest is less powerful in the case of the non-game birds, though, when the boll-weevil made its inroads, the cotton States were prompt in taking steps to protect their insectivorous birds. Yet the Audubon work would have abundant reason for existence even if it had no economic aspect. Largely through it America, so generously endowed with bird life, is being saved from the condition of those Old World countries where the last half-dozen nests of moribund species have to be kept under guard to prevent absolute extinction.

FONDNESS FOR OLD FOLLIES.

"Why," asks Andrew Lang in a recent essay, "why, as science becomes more cocksure, have men and women become more and more fond of old follies, and more pleased with the stirring of ancient dread within their veins? As the visible world is measured, mapped, tested, weighed, we seem to hope more and more that a world of invisible romance may not be far from us, or, at least, we care more and more to follow fancy into those airy regions, *et inania regna*." The trait which Mr. Lang remarks manifests itself in various ways—in faith in fantastic religions, impossible social systems, wild theories as to the cosmic order, incantations and magic, nostrums and quacks. Every man has his private superstition. He may talk condescendingly of "the Christ myth," and still may shudder as he sits down to a table of thirteen. Through the broadest and least imaginative of minds there often runs a soft streak of the most infantile credulity, like a glittering vein of gold through adamantine quartz. A stock-broker who appears as unemotional as the "ticker" itself, may take tips on the market from Thomas W. Lawson or a professed clairvoyant; while graduates of college who have specialized in science may be dazzled by advertisements of sure cures for cancer. P. T. Barnum said frankly that men love to be gulled, and he acted on his conviction. He has had many worthy and successful followers.

The ways of that large tribe of them who are called quacks are discussed by Dudley F. Sicher in the September issue of the *Popular Science Monthly*. The thing which impresses Mr. Sicher is "the extent and ancient origin of quackery, and the ineffectual fight against it." The fight will doubtless be kept up till the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, but it will, we fear, always be ineffectual. In 1605 men were indifferent to Dr. Guybon's "Caveat to Sick Folkes to Take Heede of Unlearned Phisitions and Unskilfull Chyrurgians"; and exactly three hundred years later they are quite as unmoved by the warnings of boards of health and medical societies. Indeed, as Mr. Sicher observes, there has recently been "an enormous spread of quackery, along with progress in scientific medicine and the growth of education." Among the causes of this spread he reckons the insufficiency of orthodox medicine, the pain and dread of disease, and the depraved skill of the quack in magnifying minor ailments, in claiming credit for the work of nature, and in clever advertising.

All of these causes are steadily at work; and of them all, the venality of the press is as malign as any. Relatively few newspapers in this country today refuse to open their advertising columns to the most impudent frauds in medicine, and these few have scarcely any circulation among the poor and ignorant, who furnish most of the victims. The recent outbreak of yellow fever in New Orleans, for example, has afforded the maker of "Peruna," in alliance with the publishers of the *Times-Democrat*, an unusual opportunity to urge the nostrum as a preventive of the scourge. This is a peculiarly aggravated case of prostitution, but in principle nothing worse than what the yellow journals of this city offer us habitually. The insufficiency of orthodox medicine we have more than once discussed. There is, and there will continue to be, more or less guesswork about it; but the guess of a trained physician is, in the majority of cases, right. Furthermore, admitting all that may be laid to the dread of disease and the effrontery of the quack, we feel that on two causes Mr. Sicher might well have laid even more stress than he does: the discoveries of modern science, and—what we have already mentioned—the ineradicable mysticism of the human mind.

"The progress of scientific medicine and the growth of education" are the very things that have helped to fill the pockets of the quack. We read of the extraordinary achievements of surgery. The brain can be opened and tumors cut out; nearly every organ except the heart can, at least in part, be perma-

nently removed, and many of them can be taken out altogether; laparotomy for all sorts of diseases of the abdomen has within twenty years become commonplace. We are just beginning to apply X-rays, radium, and other radio-active substances in therapeutics; and for doctors as well as laymen the whole subject is still enveloped in much obscurity. No one knows the possibility of these agencies. These known and admitted miracles of chemistry, electricity, and magnetism pave the way for a belief in almost any marvel. Forces are busy about us which the highest experts confess that they do not wholly understand. In some ways, then, it is easier than ever before to persuade the gullible to try an "absolutely new method of treatment, no drugs, no knife." Dr. Henry Kane's "radium-cure" swindle, exposed in this city last January, was a very prosperous enterprise, simply because the recent discoveries about radium have prepared people to accept anything that any one may promise in regard to its wonderful powers. And thus to the end of time every advance of science will be imitated by a feat of quackery.

But at the bottom of it all is—to borrow a phrase from Prof. William James—the will to believe. The sufferer from a presumably incurable malady very naturally turns with hope born of desperation and agony to Christian Science, osteopathy, electric healing, or anything else that proffers relief. Almost as naturally the average man in perfect health follows some system-monger or charlatan whose doctrines seize the imagination or tease the common hankering for a mystery. The exact sciences give us all headaches. Knowledge and reason are feeble weapons in a struggle against passion and prejudice; for a man, as Jeremy Taylor noted, will "believe anything he hath a mind to."

SCARRON.—I.

PARIS, August 25, 1905.

M. Henri Chardon, a former pupil of our École des Chartes, well prepared in consequence for the study of literary and historical subjects, has published two large octavo volumes on Scarron. The first husband of the celebrated Madame de Maintenon owes more to his union with a person who was for a long time the anonymous Queen of France than to his literary works, which are fallen almost into oblivion. I wonder if many people, many scholars even, have the patience to read now the 'Roman Comique.' That droll picture of the life of provincial actors and actresses in the seventeenth century had, in its time, considerable success. I saw a copy of it not long ago in the catalogue of a sale, with the arms of the famous Vauban, the engineer who constructed so many French fortifications, the reformer who planned, in his "dîme royale," a complete system of taxes for the kingdom, who was one of the most serious and profound minds of his time. Great men must have a pastime, and Scarron was so fortunate, it would seem, as to have given a moment of amusement to Vauban.

M. Henri Chardon must have devoted years to the study of this writer. The first of his two volumes has for its title: 'Scarron Inconnu'; the second, 'Les Types des Personnages du Roman Comique.' In his preface, he says:

"People believe that Scarron's life is well known: it is not so. One can even say that, till of late years, his life was completely shrouded in obscurity. It was only the fine study by M. de Boislisle, published in 1893 and 1894, in the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, that threw some light on the existence of the author of 'Virgile Travesti.'"

Scarron was essentially a comic—I should rather say a farcical writer. We have, nowadays, such a regard for poetry that we cannot read, with any pleasure, such parodies as the 'Virgile Travesti.'

M. Chardon is interesting when he enters into the private life of Scarron and of the various people who became, under assumed names, the types of the personages of the 'Roman Comique.' The real object of his study is to demonstrate that this novel is what we call now a "roman à clefs"; that Scarron depicted the persons among whom he lived in Le Maine, as well as the actors in the troupe of Monsieur le Prince, whom he saw at Le Mans. The first part of his life is as obscure as that of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, who became his wife. He was the son of a councillor of the Parlement of Paris, and was baptized on the 4th of July, 1610, at the church of Saint Sulpice. The witnesses of the baptism were a Capt. d'Elbène, first *maître d'hôtel* to the Queen, and Marie d'Aligre, wife of Philippe de Béthune, governor of Monsieur, the King's brother. The Scarrons, it may be inferred from these names, moved in good society; Scarron's mother belonged to a family of Poitou; she was the niece of an historian of the wars of religion, Le Poplelinière. Scarron lost his mother when he was three years old; his father was remarried to Françoise de Plaix, who seems to have been a very contentious woman, as he called her afterwards "la plus plaidoyante du monde." The boy's education was rather neglected, and Segrais tells us that at the academy he was thick with young noblemen who were rather dissolute. He was, however, destined for the Church, and became an abbé at the age of nineteen, wore what was called the *petit bonnet*, and, after the fashion of the time, was attached as a sort of secretary to the Bishop of Le Mans, Charles de Beaumanoir, of the illustrious Lavardin family, a prelate who was fond of letters and of men of letters. It was in that capacity that Scarron spent the best years of his life, which he so much regretted afterwards, and it was at that time that he made the acquaintance of many people who became the types of his 'Roman Comique.'

The young abbé accompanied several bishops who were sent to Italy on a mission. He found in Rome a large and distinguished colony, where he made many friends. A journey to Italy was at that time a part of the education of young gentlemen and of the "abbés de cour." Scarron made in Rome the acquaintance of the famous painter Poussin. The young abbé was more influenced by the easy life which he led in Rome, in company with libertines like the poet Maynard, a disciple of Malherbe, and a few others, than by the spectacle of the Roman capital. He remained cold before the Coliseum as well as before St. Peter's. The special embassy of Bishop Beaumanoir came to an end, and Scarron returned with him to France. He obtained a canonry in the chapter of Saint Julian on the 18th of December, 1638. At this date he lost his protector, the Bishop of Le Mans, and soon after was attacked with a malady which made the elegant young abbé a cripple for life. M. Chardon examines at great length the nature of his disease, and professes to have found it out. According to what he considers a legend, fathered by La Beaumelle, editor of the 'Memoirs and Letters of Madame de Maintenon,' published in Amsterdam in 1755, Scarron's paralysis was owing to the fact that during a masquerade he threw himself into a cold river.

"Scarron," says La Beaumelle, "without sobriety, without temperance, fond of all pleasures, lived fast. . . . He had gone to his canonry to spend the carnival. At Le Mans, as in most provincial cities, the carnival ends in public masquerades. The Abbé Scarron wished to participate. But under what guise? He had at the same time to preserve the singularity of his character and the decency of his state—the Church and the burlesque. He covers his whole body with honey, rolls in a bed of feathers, and turns in it till he is feathered like a savage. He runs thus through the crowd. . . . At this spectacle, the people become angry; Scarron escapes through the mob; pursued, covered with honey and water, he finds a bridge, jumps heroically over it, and conceals himself. . . . Sciatica, gout, rheumatism followed, and, sometimes together, sometimes separately, made the young abbé a picture of human misery."

M. Chardon believes that this anecdote is a mere invention of the writer. Scarron's malady has been the object of various studies; it has sometimes been called "ataxie locomotrice," and by other doctors "polyarthrite déformante." Professor Lannelongue believes it to have been a tuberculous affection of the vertebræ—what is now called "Pott's Disease (or Curvature)."

In 1640 arrived in Le Mans, in exile, the favorite of Louis XIII. Madame de Hautefort had inspired the melancholy son of Henri IV. with a Platonic passion, and had been sacrificed by him because she had incurred the jealousy and hatred of Richelieu. She was a 'précieuse," fond of poetry, and became acquainted with Scarron, who made verses for her:

> "Madame Sainte Hautefort, . . .
> Dame de vertu non commune, . . .
> La vertu la plus consommée,
> La fille la plus renommée, . . .
> L'air qu' auprès de vous on respire
> Aux esprits les vertus inspire," etc.

She was very kind to the poet, who was already very ill; he took in 1641 the waters of Bourbon l'Archambault, but his health did not improve. He wrote there, and addressed to Madame de Hautefort, his two 'Légendes de Bourbon,' which are delicate, and form an agreeable contrast with his burlesque works. He had run in debt at Le Mans, and did not return there. His talent had two sides: the first is found in his 'Légendes de Bourbon' and various other small poems written in the period during which he was under the influence of Madame de Hautefort; the other is found in the 'Roman Comique.' The manuscript of this was completed at Le Mans, where he had known the people who served him

as models, but only in 1650 did he occupy himself with the publication of the first part of this novel.

Scarron established himself in Paris, where he lived in various places, trying always to find a remedy for his ailments. While he was at the Hôtel de Troyes, near the Luxembourg, he became acquainted with a Madame de Neuillan, who was spending the winter months in Paris, after the fashion of many provincial ladies, and who had with her a young relative, reduced to extreme poverty, Mademoiselle Françoise d'Aubigné. There were old family relations between the two families of Scarron and D'Aubigné, which have only lately been discovered. M. Chardon gives long details on this subject. Acquaintance was soon made between Scarron and the young Françoise. The poet learned that the daughter of the D'Aubignés was very poor, that she was living on the charity of an avaricious old aunt. He took pity on her, and offered to marry her. "I preferred," she said afterwards, "marriage with him to a convent." They formed the project, which was never accomplished, of going together to America for his health. The famous Ninon de Lenclos was to be of the party; a scheme of colonization was framed, which is alluded to by Loret in his *Gazette:*

"Une prudente maréchale
Dans l'Amérique occidentale
Va, dit-on, planter le piquet, . . .
Ninon, la belle courtizane,
Est aussi de la caravane,
Et le sieur d'Aubigny, dit-on . . ."

Loret speaks also in his *Gazette* of the marriage of Scarron, "esprit insigne." The marriage contract has only lately been turned up by M. Campardon; he communicated it to M. de Boislisle, who published it in the *Revue des Questions Historiques.*

Scarron intended to keep his marriage secret for family reasons. He had given up his canonry. He left Paris and went to live for some time in a small country house, near Amboise. He wrote to a friend:

"Depuis que je suis venu boire
Des eaux du beau fleuve de Loire
Et que, de crainte d'un blocus
Et de la disette d'écus,
J'ai quitté Paris sans trompette . . ."

This letter was written during the Fronde. Scarron was afraid of being shut up in Paris during a siege. He feared also the wrath of Mazarin, as he had written some of the "Mazarinades." This, more than a pretended journey to America, was the reason why he took his young wife to Touraine.

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENT AS PEACEMAKER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One who knew nothing of the history of recent events in the United States, Great Britain, and Continental Europe, might properly infer, from the profuse expressions of gratitude to the President as peacemaker, that Yankees, Englishmen, and Europeans in general are peace-loving people, and that the President acted as mediator between Japan and Russia because he is also a lover of peace.

Unfortunately, beyond these spasmodic declarations of joy, the evidence tends to show that these several nations are about as bloodthirsty as Indians, being always getting ready for war, and alert to pick a quarrel; and also to show that heretofore Mr. Roosevelt has not been averse to war. The inference seems to be a fair one that the President interfered because he feared that Japan would further humiliate Russia, and would become too powerful in the East to suit the comfort and convenience of the invaders of the Orient from the West.

Frank W. Proctor.

Fairhaven, Mass., September 4, 1905.

[We have purposely abstained from dwelling on the humor of the President's new rôle, and there was a time when it would have been superfluous to point it out to the American people. We equally forbore to comment on the grotesqueness of his submarine descent in the *Plunger*, a war-engine, at the moment when, having exhausted his resources to effect an agreement at Portsmouth, he should have waited with the rest of the world—but *à fortiori*—in deep and dignified concern for the beam of fate to turn in favor of peace. Had he, on the contrary, chosen to ascend with that luckless Western aeronaut blown to pieces the other day while demonstrating with dynamite the balloon's utility as a war-engine, he would hardly have afforded stronger evidence of his inherent levity. Such capers show that, in his "strenuous" perspective, he sets no more weight by his initiation of international peace than by the gratification of his love of excitement and adventure. As regards a Japanophobic motive for his intervening, we should like to have the opinion of the Russian plenipotentiaries as to whether, in the second stage, the President seemed more Russia's partisan than Japan's. —Ed. Nation.]

SALARIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I heartily endorse your comments on the impropriety of the large salaries and fees paid to Mr. Alexander, Mr. Depew, and others by the Equitable, but can you tell your readers why it is not equally improper to pay Mr. Morton $80,000 as salary? Mr. Alexander was an expert in insurance; Mr. Morton is not. Mr. Depew is a lawyer (more or less), and might be supposed to be able to give a legal opinion; not so Mr. Morton, and his record of violations of the law in his railroad work would not indicate that he would be "too scrupulous" in his methods if he could make large sums of money.

Yours truly, Geo. S. Wilson.

Chicago, September 9, 1905.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of August 17, 1905 (p. 144), your reviewer of Mr. Kennedy's 'Journals of the House of Burgesses,' etc., refers to the resolutions of the Virginia Assembly of March 12, 1773, as the "appointment of the first committee of correspondence and inquiry appointed by any colony for 'correspondence and communication with our sister colonies.'" This is a wholly misleading statement. As early as October 18, 1764, the New York Assembly appointed a committee to correspond with the neighboring colonies with reference to the late acts of Parliament on the "trade of the northern colonies." Early in the year 1766 the Sons of Liberty in New York appointed a committee to correspond with the Sons of Liberty in the other colonies. Similar committees were appointed in New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina, and for two months an active correspondence was kept up, the MS. records of which are still preserved. Finally, in 1769, the New York merchants appointed a committee to see to the enforcement of the non-importation association which they had signed the preceding year. Boston and Philadelphia and many other towns appointed similar committees, and from 1769 to 1770, when the association was modified, these committees kept up a more or less continuous correspondence.

The old idea that Sam Adams or the Virginia Assembly invented the correspondence committee, it appears is not dead yet, notwithstanding Mr. H. B. Dawson's careful treatment of the precise point in question many years ago ('Westchester County,' etc., p. 61, note). The truth is, that New York was hardly at any time without a correspondence committee (sometimes two), legally or extra-legally appointed, from 1764 to the end of the war. Doubtless the same is true of many other colonies.

Carl Becker.

Lawrence, Kansas, August 29, 1905.

[We had no intention of referring to events occurring prior to 1773, and this might have been more explicitly stated. Occasional committees previously appointed on matters of trade, or even on the Stamp Act, were not under consideration, but the statement made applied to the Committees of Correspondence, universally so called, and characterized by Jefferson as "committees of national correspondence." As to the origin of these committees, see Bancroft (ed. 1854, vol. vi., pp. 454 ff.), Frothingham (1872, pp. 279 ff.), and Virginia Historical Collections (vol. xi., 1892, pp. 5 ff.), where the matter is gone into very fully. Mr. Dawson says ('Westchester County, New York, during the American Revolution,' quarto ed. of 1886, p. 8, col. 2, note): "The repeal of that obnoxious statute [the Stamp Act] rendered that appointment inoperative." He dwells at great length on the meeting at Fraunces's Tavern on Monday, May 11, 1774; but this was fourteen months after the passage of the Virginia resolutions. Moreover, in both cases, these were popular meetings, and not a legislative assembly, as in Virginia.—Ed. Nation.]

THE ACCURACY OF ITALIAN SCHOLARS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The note in a recent *Nation* in reference to Italian scholars (in the field

of historical and archæological town study) "seeking no other reward than the consciousness of work well done," leads me to repay, to some extent, a long-deferred debt of gratitude to two Italian scholars in a field in which other nationalities have long been held to reign supreme. I refer to three geographical works: Prof. G. Garollo's 'Dizionario Geografico Universale,' and Dr. Ettore De Toni's 'Vocabolario di Pronuncia dei Principali Nomi Geografici Moderni,' and 'Repertorium Geographico-Polyglottum' (written ostensibly for the use of botanists, but of universal value).

I am, to be sure, familiar only with the first work, a condensed universal gazetteer in 16mo, with 100,000 titles covering all the countries of the globe, which for two years I have had occasion to consult almost daily, comparing its statements with those of similar works in other languages. During all that time I have never discovered a single error of fact in any of its descriptions, and my experience has been duplicated by that of a scholar (well known to you) whose right to speak with authority you will concede. He accords equal praise to the 'Vocabolario' and the 'Repertorium'—works displaying, like the 'Dizionario,' a wealth of learning as rare as are the self-denying industry and modesty brought to bear upon a task which lesser minds might have considered beneath them.

It is not well to generalize in judging nations, either by way of praise or blame, but I am tempted to regard these three admirable works as exemplifying the highest type of qualities displayed by Italian scholars in so many fields of research. And, by an interesting and pathetic coincidence, both Professor Garollo and Professor De Toni have adorned their works with dedications the tender sentiment of which reflects that extraordinary epigrammatic skill in condensing the language of grief and appreciation which we so often meet with in Italian inscriptions. Professor Garollo's is: "All' adorata memoria di mia moglie, Contessa Felicità. Marziani 'Il tuo pensiero, o santa, mi sostenne nel lungo lavoro;' " and Professor De Toni's "Alla santa memoria di mia madre e della mia bambina, che non si videro in terra, ora in terra ed in cielo congiunte, quest' umile lavoro, incominciato con letizia, due volte interrotto fra le lagrime, coll'animo sempre in angoscia offro."

Truly yours, GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEW YORK, September 8, 1905.

THE LATIN THESAURUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your recent notice concerning the 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ' calls for a slight corrigendum and an important addendum. Prof. F. Vollmer, having been elected to the chair left vacant by the retirement of Woelfflin, has *entirely* severed his connection with the Thesaurus, but the committee, in recognition of his past service and in order to avail itself of his long experience, co-opted him as a sixth member, the others being as heretofore the "Cultusminister" of Austria, von Hartel, chairman, and Professors Buecheler, Brugmann, Diels, Leo, and Woelfflin. Professor Vollmer's successor will be Dr. E. Lommatzsch of the University of Freiburg, a former member of the Thesaurus staff.

One of the chief obstacles to a more rapid progress of the Thesaurus was due to the difficulties encountered in the treatment of proper names. Thus, to mention only one of these, the letter B contained no fewer than 7,000 separate names to 1,000 appellatives. The committee, therefore, at its annual meeting in June, decided to relegate all "nomina propria" to an independent *Onomasticon Latinum*. Those already incorporated under A and B will be reissued as an initial volume of the *Onomasticon*.

This afterthought, involving, as it does, a somewhat radical departure from the original plan, will, however, bring about the completion of the herculean undertaking many years earlier than would otherwise have been possible; a prospect which will doubtless be welcomed by all Latin scholars, even though the bifurcation should eventually result in additional demands upon their at best none-too-plethoric purses.

Yours respectfully, A. G.

MUNICH, August 31, 1905.

AN ALLEGED PICTURE OF CHRIST IN CHINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just received to-day from London a copy of 'An Introduction to the History of Chinese Pictorial Art,' by Herbert A. Giles, Professor of Chinese in the University of Cambridge, and, to my astonishment, read at the end of the preface that the illustrations of the book "include an unpublished picture of Christ, which was probably inspired by Nestorian priests, and has been handed down, recut at intervals, from the seventh century." This illustration is on page 37, and is described on page 40 as a

"very curious woodcut, entitled 'Three in One,' consisting of a figure of Christ, a Nestorian priest kneeling at his feet with one hand upraised in benediction, and another priest standing behind. Nestorian Christianity soon disappeared from China, leaving the famous tablet in Si-ngan Fu as a witness that it had reached the Far East—an honor which must in future be shared by this unpretending picture, which contributes one more to the early portraits of Christ. Three Chinese characters to the left signify 'May not be rubbed—Sacred,' and were probably inserted at the instance of the Nestorian priests."

To prevent students of art from being led astray by this misinterpretation, and that it may not be further perpetuated in general works on the history of art, I take the liberty of making the following remarks. Mr. Giles is very careful not to state the source from which his "picture of Christ" is drawn; but I recognized at a glance that it is a copy from an engraving in a well-known book, 'Fang shih mo pu,' published in 1588. This is a very scarce book nowadays, but in Peking I secured a copy of it, which is now in the American Museum of Natural History. Its author was a famous manufacturer of Chinese ink-cakes, and published, for the benefit of his customers, an extensive series of woodcuts, reproductions of the engravings on the ink-cakes manufactured by him. The representation in the picture in question is a very well-known subject in Chinese art, and readily understood by every Chinaman. It is styled "Picture of the Three Saints," who are Confucius, Laotse, and Buddha. The underlying idea in the combination of these representatives of the three principal religions of China is to symbolize the close association of the three creeds in the minds of the people, which is the meaning of the phrase translated by Giles "Three in One." The personage taken by Giles for Christ is unmistakably the figure of Buddha, with the characteristic tonsure of the head, barefooted, and robed in the garb of an Indian monk—an exact copy of the well-known Buddha statues and paintings of India. In no representation of Christ is He pictured with a tonsure. The "kneeling Nestorian priest" of Mr. Giles is Laotse, who is not kneeling at all, but standing erect; and the other "Nestorian priest" behind him is Confucius. The expression "pu ko mo," the characters to the left of the picture, understood by Giles to mean "May not be rubbed—Sacred," is there merely to indicate that the cake of ink should not be rubbed, because of the sacredness of the subject represented on it; or, in other words, that this ink-cake is not for use as such, but should be regarded as a work of art.

Representations similar to this picture of the three saints are very frequent in Chinese and Japanese art, and are found also in temples in the form of sculptures. A splendid colored woodcut of this motive after a painting by Masanobu Kanō (1453-90), is given in the fourth number of the *Kokka*, a Japanese journal devoted to art and archæology.

The original woodcut reproduced in Giles's book is not older than the middle of the sixteenth century. Without giving any reason or explanation, Mr. Giles attributes it to the end of the seventh century, and connects it with the name of a certain painter, Yen, of that period.

How a professor at the University of Cambridge could give out such an absurd interpretation of this picture, is incomprehensible; and the fact that a well-known publisher actually distributed broadcast an advertising circular trumpeting forth this purported discovery, lends a humorous color to the whole affair.

In his preface, Mr. Giles remarks that Professor Hirth of Columbia University some years ago projected a work in German which would have rendered the present volume superfluous. I am very happy to announce that Professor Hirth's book on Chinese painters, written in English, is in course of publication; and it is confidently hoped that, when it appears, it will prove Mr. Giles's prophecy to be correct.

BERTHOLD LAUFER.

NEW YORK, September 4, 1905.

"LOAN" AND "DOVE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Anent the use of *loan* as a verb, discussed in your issue of August 31, let me call your attention to the fact that Mr. Edwin F. Mack, cashier of the Royal Trust Company Bank, Chicago, published in 1901 a pamphlet of 14 pages, entitled 'Money to "Loan."' In this pamphlet, privately printed, I suppose, Mr. Mack exhausts the question of *loan* as a verb; especially valuable are his statutory and judicial citations of the verb in this country.

Concerning *dove*, as preterite of *dive*, I

believe that Longfellow used the form in the first edition of 'Hiawatha,' but subsequently changed it to *dived*.

J. M. HART.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, September 6, 1905.

Notes.

Longmans, Green & Co. have nearly ready 'A Levantine Log-Book,' by Jerome Hart, illustrated photographically.

A Life of General W. T. Sherman, by Edward Robins, will be the next volume in the "American Crises Series," and will contain a chart of that general's marches and battles.

Messrs. Harper will be the American publishers of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's new novel, 'Carniola,' and of a new Wessex Edition of Thomas Hardy's works in twenty volumes.

The Memoirs of the famous American court dentist in Paris, Dr. Thomas W. Evans, edited by a personal friend, Dr. Edward A. Crane, will be published during the present season by T. Fisher Unwin, London.

'Wessely's French-English Dictionary,' rewritten and enlarged by Edward Latham (London: Routledge; New York: Dutton), is of coat-pocket size, very compact and clearly printed. It is noticeably attentive to idiomatic phrases, and in this particular is likely to supplement any work of its class. It has lists of nouns in both genders which are apt to be mistaken in respect of gender (the masculine list consists wholly of nouns ending in *e* mute), and of the principal irregular verbs very fully set forth.

'Christus Liberator; An Outline Study of Africa,' by Miss Ellen C. Parsons (Macmillan), is the apt title of the fifth volume of a series intended to promote the study of missions—the other countries already treated being India, China, and Japan. Sir Harry Johnston furnishes an introductory sketch of the geography, races, and history of the Dark Continent, while the body of the book is devoted to an account of the rise and progress of Protestant missions in the several countries. The necessarily dry array of facts and statistics is enlivened by anecdotes and descriptions of native life. There are tables of important historical events and dates, a short bibliography, and a map showing the political divisions. We thus have a useful handbook, containing much information in a compact and readable form.

Dr. S. Margoliouth, the well-known English Arabist, publishes in the latest issue of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society an interesting account of the new Arabic translation of Homer's Iliad, prepared by Sulaiman al-Bistani, and published a few months ago by the Hilal Press of Cairo. The report of the Egypt Exploration Fund for 1903-1904 had already anticipated this work as "the literary event of the season," and Margoliouth's enthusiastic praise of it as completed is in full harmony with the above pronouncement. He declares that there is no doubt that a renaissance of Arabic literature is in progress, in which translations of the European classics will be an important factor. Bistani has produced a "work of art," vastly superior to Arabic renderings from the Greek in former ages by way of the Syriac. The translator began to make his version from French and English, but soon found himself compelled to learn Greek for his purpose, which he did from Jesuit missionaries. The translation is accompanied by a commentary, which consists largely of interesting Arabic parallels to the Greek heroic age taken from the pre-Islamic period. Rather notably, the translator has employed ten different metres for different parts in accordance with their particular contents. The introduction shows that Bistani has carefully studied the "Homeric Question." He is an ultraconservative unitarian. The translation appears in one volume of 1,200 pages, accompanied by a series of illustrations, but costs one pound, which Margoliouth fears will interfere with its spread.

Paul Becker's 'Die Kämpfe um die akademische Freiheit einst und jetzt,' just published by A. Mieck in Prenzlau, discusses a subject of special interest in Germany at present, owing to the recent attempt of the Prussian Government to restrict academic freedom. Vigorous protests arose from professors and students in all parts of the Empire, and showed that the struggle may be renewed even in the twentieth century. The account of the origin and evolution of academic freedom forms one of the most interesting and important chapters in the history of modern culture. Halle was the first German university to free itself from the trammels of scholasticism and to regard the principle of intellectual liberty (*libertas philosophandi*) as its corner-stone. With its organization on this basis and its development in this direction the names of the jurist Christian Thomasius, the theologian and Oriental philologist August Hermann Francke, and the philosopher Christian von Wolf are intimately and worthily associated. Frederick the Great favored perfect freedom of instruction independently of religious belief, but, under his successor, Frederick William II., the Prussian Minister Wöllner issued in 1788 his notorious edict forbidding any teaching contrary to established creeds. In 1794 he went to Halle to enforce this decree, but the students smashed the windows of the hotel in which he lodged, and he deemed it prudent to leave for Berlin on the next stage. The influence of William von Humboldt as the real creator of the University of Berlin determined its character as a seat and centre of academic freedom. Becker's treatment of the subject is based on thorough research, of which the results are presented with clearness and conciseness, and deserves to be widely read.

We may also refer briefly to Prof. Dr. Ewald Horn's 'Akademische Freiheit: Historische-kritische Untersuchung und freimütige Betrachtung, nebst einem Anhange über studentische Ausschüsse' (Berlin: Trowitsch & Sohn). The author discusses academic freedom as a legal institution, and traces its historical development from the year 1158, when the Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa endowed the University of Bologna with special privileges in the liberty of teaching and learning as exercised and enjoyed by professors and students.

A larger number of candidates, 14,222, presented themselves at the Oxford local examinations this year than last, but fewer certificates, 9,732, were awarded. Of the girl candidates 21 were placed in the first class, 163 in the second, and 710 in the third, while 37 showed sufficient merit to receive certificates qualifying them for admission to the university degree of B.A. and B.Mus. In the examination generally there was a distinct improvement in religious knowledge, in English, and science.

The one-hundredth anniversary of the raising of Bavaria from an electorate to the rank of a kingdom will be celebrated by a general industrial, trade, and art exposition at Nuremberg, from May to October, 1906. The object is to give a complete view of all the resources, productions and industries of the kingdom. In addition to the numerous articles of manufacture for which Bavaria has a world-wide reputation, and the art department, which promises to be of peculiar interest, the Government will make collective exhibits of articles and appliances connected with military, educational, sanitary, and municipal institutions.

The Sixth International Congress for Applied Chemistry has been called to meet in Rome in the spring of 1906. The King of Italy has consented to be its patron. Professor Paternò di Sessa is chairman of the committee of arrangements, and Professor Villavecchia secretary. The preliminary report, just issued, states that the work will be done in eleven sections, and that the official languages of the Congress will be Italian, German, French and English. In addition to the sessions of the sections, there will be two plenary meetings.

It has now been decided not to publish the literary remains of Gaston Paris. Some time ago the Société Gaston Paris appointed a committee to examine them, consisting of three professors of the Sorbonne, Antoine Thomas, Morel-Fatio, and Mario Roque; it found that no one of the researches he had begun was completed, nor was it possible for others to complete them.

Comparatively little original literature in modern Japanese is worth the serious attention of foreigners, either in the author's text or in translation, but in the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan (vol. xxxiii.; Part I.), a "Modern Japanese Problem-Play" is sure to attract notice. The author, Dr. Kitasato, cousin of the famous bacteriologist, has already written dramas both in Japanese and in German, and some of his productions in the latter language have been acted on the boards of a theatre in Germany. Prof. Arthur Lloyd, besides furnishing a pleasing and luminous introduction, has translated the play, which is a drama in four acts. It illustrates strongly the conflict of legal and moral forces now going on in Japan, in which the rising individualism rebels against old communal oppression. In a society founded on ancestor worship (which in Japan is not indigenous but borrowed from China), the deficiencies of blood are made up by the adoption of sons or daughters from other families. Hence, marriage is necessarily an arrangement made by parents. Besides the degeneration of ancestor worship into pure formalism when carried on by those who have merely the name without the blood, there are other grave objections to the system. In the face of modern civilization, it seems (at least in many details) little short of ridiculous or even absurd, not only to educated young persons but to

all reformers of the new mind. Though lacking in dramatic incidents, making it perhaps unsuitable for the stage, this piece, with the introduction, is a very valuable addition to literature. In the same number of the Transactions, Prof. E. W. Clement furnishes a paper on "British Seamen and Mito Samurai in 1824," with a sailor's sketches. It shows, incidentally, the frequency, at that period, of the visits of English, and more particularly American, whalers, and the prevalence in all the Japanese interviews with foreign visitors and waifs of the suspicious fear that the only object of Occidentals in the waters of Japan was espionage with a view to conquest.

—The September *Atlantic* brings to light an essay entitled "A Theory of Poetry," presented by Henry Timrod at Columbia, South Carolina, on some public occasion during the winter of 1863-64 and kept in manuscript for thirty-five years by the lady whom the author afterwards married. Of the essay itself it must be said that the title is somewhat misleading, since the presentation of a complete and clearly delimited theory is scarcely attempted. It does credit to the young Carolinian's breadth of view, however. Agnes Repplier contributes another of her amusing stories of girl life in the convent school. We are glad to see these lifelike sketches announced for publication in book form. They bring out forcibly the old but readily forgotten truth that human nature in its fundamental traits is very much the same, no matter what the social or religious garb under which it masquerades.

—*Scribner's* opens with a paper by William T. Hornaday, on "Heads and Horns," finely illustrated from his own well-chosen collection. As a naturalist keenly interested in the preservation of the various forms of wild animal life, he of course deprecates horn-collecting as a mere "fad" or for commercial purposes. The first of a series of extracts from the letters and diaries of George Bancroft appears in this issue, edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe. The extracts cover Mr. Bancroft's student days, and are filled with interesting comment on the prominent representatives of German scholarship whom it was his good fortune to meet, including Goethe, Wolf, Schleiermacher, Humboldt, Blumenbach, Gauss, Savigny, and Ritter, the latter giving him a very appreciative estimate of Madame de Staël as a woman of the highest moral character, heartily interested in every good cause, lavish in her private charities, an enthusiastic advocate of the highest ideals of parental love and maternal duty, an excellent housekeeper in her own home, though deficient in taste in matters of personal adornment, and liable to be misunderstood because of a certain masculinity of manner and a disregard for the strict conventions of society. The highest admiration is expressed for the great mental power and vast erudition of Wolf, but the Puritan morals of the young student call forth sharp censure of the eminent scholar's moral defects, his vanity and his laziness. Goethe's flaws in character and bearing also come in for censure, and, "indeed, all the German professors and men of letters are horribly dirty fellows in their dress and manners." To be just to the young critic, however, he finds himself wondering how he can mind defects of dress in the presence of so many evident marks of greatness as Goethe bore about him. Thomas F. Millard continues his efforts to apply the brakes to the rapidly flying wheels of pro-Japanese enthusiasm, dealing in this number with the financial dangers which loom up in the path of the victors, despite their success in the field. In brief, he thinks Japan has staked her all in a great gambling venture, in which every one of various chances must turn in her favor to insure success. But he admits that "the nerve to play the game is not lacking."

—The Italian Humanists from Petrarch to Bembo are so little known that a series of lectures on them will be welcomed by all who appreciate the historical importance of their work. It was very natural that Dr. Sandys, whose 'History of Classical Scholarship to the End of the Middle Ages' (1903) closes with the thirteenth century, should have selected this theme when invited to deliver a series of lectures at Harvard on the Lane foundation. The seven chapters of his 'Harvard Lectures on the Revival of Learning' (Macmillan) relate respectively to "Petrarch and Boccaccio," "The Age of Discoveries," "Theory and Practice of Education," "The Academies of Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome," "The Homes of Humanism," "The History of Ciceronianism," and, finally, "The Study of Greek." Dr. Sandys's method of treating his theme is the same as that adopted in his 'History of Classical Scholarship,' a method wholly alien to that of his chief predecessors, Voigt, Burckhardt, Geiger, and Symonds. He never ventures to philosophize; he is safely statistical throughout, although he occasionally relieves the extreme aridity of his dates and data by rather outworn oratorical expedients. The chapters on the hunt for manuscripts of the classics and on Ciceronianism will be read rather more patiently than the rest of the little volume. Dr. Sandys cannot bear to omit a name; consequently, Codrus Urceus, Michael Apostolius, Janus Lascaris, and dozens of other insignificant persons must be briefly introduced to the reader who is impatient to hear more of Chrysolorus or Valla. There is no word of the significance of the Revival of Learning in the development of the Western world, no tolerably adequate picture of the spirit and ambitions of a single scholar. It is a sad pity that so much patient investigation should be so little clarified by a sense of proportion and historic insight.

—The Hon. Frederick Leveson Gower is of a well-known family: one of his namesakes (they all seem to use the two names without the hyphen) was celebrated in the 'Ingoldsby Legends.' This one, a nephew of the Duke of Devonshire and brother of Lord Granville, was in Parliament for over thirty years, and has been in touch with men, women, and things British for twice as long. At the age of eighty-six he concluded to write out his reminiscences, for the reason which determined Charles Wesley to marry at forty—that, if the thing were to be done at all, it had better be done now. Conscious of failing memory, and able to give only "a disconnected account," he sensibly steers clear of politics, and confines his recital to "social gossip," wherein "some inaccuracies do not signify." With small pretensions to wit or learning, he shows a clean and level mind, a kindly temper, and a lack of "bounce" which might disarm hostile criticism; his remarks on several more brilliant brethren whom he admired indicate that mental balance is high in his scheme of virtues. His 'Bygone Years' (Dutton) is not a momentous book—he calls it "rambling patchwork ill put together"; but it is passably readable. If it lacks the spice which scandal and self-assertion give to some more popular collections than this is likely to be, a few of its anecdotes are already going the rounds—as that of Motley's dinner party being spoiled by Lady Waldegrave's avoidance of the Turk, and of Jowett's alarm when a young lady asked him to "marry" her, and relief on finding that he was wanted only to officiate. Carlyle's estimate of Mrs. Stowe (p. 103) as "a poor foolish woman who wrote a book of wretched trash called 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'" may have been quoted before now, and so perhaps may Tennyson's wish (p. 304) that the Irish were all "at the bottom of the sea," and Bishop Wilberforce's (p. 301) for Pius IX.'s death, since, "if his life be prolonged, he will make my brother-in-law Manning a cardinal, which will be bad for him and bad for other people"; but these amenities were uttered in Mr. Gower's presence. His impression that Dickens and Thackeray, though professing to be friends, did not care much for one another, and his remark on Gladstone as an "engrossed" reader, are not wholly new; his detection of Matthew Arnold at a solitary and expensive dinner in Paris is mentioned in Arnold's letters. More notable are Lowell's differences (at Mr. Gower's house) with John Bright "as to the correct use of words," and with Gladstone as to "his American fellow-subjects" (pp. 292-3). On pages 298-9 are preserved some complimentary and jocose verses sent by Lowell to his host, which, the poet said afterwards, his correspondent "ought to have put in the waste-basket." Browning, we read, was obnoxiously boisterous at table. There are items galore about the Hollands, Lady Blessington, Sir Henry Bulwer, and other eminences; and since many like this kind of book, this is the kind of book they will like. The proofreader should have corrected the punctuation of the line unhappily given on page viii. as "I give thee all I can, no more."

—Germany at last has her 'Who's Who'—'Wer Ist's? Unsere Zeitgenossen' (Leipzig: H. A. Ludwik Degener; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). It follows the British example in reaching out beyond Germany, as the names of Houssaye, Chilovi, Goldwin Smith, Carnegie, Witte, etc., show. There is in the preface, however, no hint of the criterion employed, and in the case of the United States the selection seems eminently capricious. Our college presidents, Hadley, Woodrow Wilson, E. F. Smith, Harper, and Jordan are unaccompanied by Eliot or Butler, R. Swain Gifford is unattended by Lafarge or St. Gaudens. We meet with Professors John Dewey and Calvin M. Woodward, but not with Goodwin or Gildersleeve. Neither the poets Gilder and Woodberry, nor novelists James and Howells, nor savants Newcomb and Langley, nor historians

J. F. Rhodes and H. C. Lea, nor statesmen Cleveland, Roosevelt, Lodge, Taft, are "our contemporaries" in Herr Degener's view. We do not complain of this, regarding even the American names included as intruders in a German onomasticon; but the assortment illustrates once more the mistaken policy of foreign cyclopædic works in conducting an American department without American editorial oversight. For the German part, certainly, we can only be thankful. The work is printed clearly if compactly in Roman letter; the biographical notices are constructed on a scheme ensuring uniformity and brevity, and have been furnished or revised by the subjects themselves. The alphabetical list is preceded by some convenient national and foreign statistics, and is followed by a collection of German and Austrian pseudonyms, and by a necrology for the period of passing through the press. So a hearty welcome to 'Wer ist's?'

THAYER'S HISTORY OF VENICE.

A Short History of Venice. By William Roscoe Thayer. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In one small volume, which the active reader will assimilate during a single day, Mr. Thayer endeavors to interpret the spirit of Venice. It is true that others have made the same attempt under a different form. Ruskin, for example, has devoted numerous volumes and an effective eloquence to the task of showing how Venetian art expresses the aspirations and magnificence of a great community. But with all his profusion of detail and diffuseness of comment, he considers only one aspect of the civic life, or, if he brings in religion and politics, it is because they supply spiritual pabulum for the architect and the painter. Mr. Thayer has something of the Ruskinian purpose, though his methods and materials are so different. The form of an historical narrative he adopts because in no other way can the evolution of a whole community be traced. But he would not thank any one who styled him an annalist. To indicate the phases of a secular process, to depict the heroic personality, to expound the physiology of the state rather than its anatomy, and to furnish just standards of comparison—these, it is clear, are Mr. Thayer's main objects. His book, from being very downright, is of a type to invite or even challenge criticism, but it can leave one with little doubt regarding the author's attitude towards historiography.

We shall devote no portion of our space to remarks upon the splendor of the theme, since the superb individuality of Venice and her achievement in commerce, politics, and art justify the most minute research, and offer extenuation for the most rapturous panegyric. Occasionally it does happen that some writer of consequence confesses to a sense of disappointment at the physical aspect of the town, and inveighs against it as Gibbon did when, in one of his letters, he styled the canals mere stinking ditches. The modern tourist, however, even when most sordid, seldom fails to react when in Venice or in the Bernese Oberland; while for the historian, the Piazza of San Marco becomes an increasingly vital spot as more is known of the relations between East and West during the Middle Ages, and of the part which the Republic had in the life of Europe from the War of Chioggia to the seventeenth century. Assuming that one's appreciation of Venetian greatness must be keen, the real issues centre in degree, in scale, in relationship. The old question of Venice versus Florence which has been agitated with such copious waste of ink, Mr. Thayer leaves wholly aside, and his index contains only three slight references to the city of the Arno. In searching for a touchstone he goes quite beyond the range of city life, whether in Italy or the north, and boldly places Venice side by side with Empire and Papacy.

"The Papacy, the Empire, and the Venetian Republic were three independent institutions which rose out of the chaos into which the ruin of Rome plunged the ancient world. Church and Empire claimed to be universal; Venice was perforce local. Lacking the incalculable advantage which its religious pretensions gave the Church, or the advantage which the Empire drew from its attempt to revive magnificent traditions, Venice served civilization not less truly than they. Her vitality was as durable as theirs; her achievements not less splendid.

Here we have a passage which is of capital importance in helping us to grasp Mr. Thayer's conception of Venetian history as related to the whole scheme of European progress. Following out the details of this comparison, it is obvious that Venice performed her most signal function in maintaining a commercial bond between East and West, with the inevitable result of stimulating culture through human intercourse. When the Church was enforcing uniformity of dogma at the point of the sword, Venice was being brought to a mood of toleration by the exigencies of maritime trade and an expansion of outlook which accompanied the growth of her international interests. The Empire comes into this little group of institutions as hardly more than a *tertium quid*, but Mr. Thayer has such deep convictions regarding the Papacy that these assume a prominent place in his book. To us he seems not at his best when writing about the Holy See. It is doubtless a mere matter of opinion or of taste, but we must confess to have found a good many of his phrases against the Curia overloaded with invective, while in one case at least he rather goes out of his way to pour contempt upon the Church of England. After calling the Papacy the "worldliest of mediæval states and the most irreligious," he proceeds in the same paragraph to say of Venice: "She saw England cringing in the thirteenth century before the Roman legate, and shaking off the Roman shackles in the sixteenth century only to substitute for them an emasculate and disingenuous form of Romanism." If Mr. Thayer refers in the first part of this sentence to John and Pandulf, it will be remembered that the cringing was done by a king whom the English hated; and, as for the second part, it would be interesting to have had upon it the observations, we will not say of Lightfoot and Westcott, but of Creighton and Stubbs. We cannot quarrel with Mr. Thayer for using strong language or for expressing his opinions in his own way, but we doubt whether historians at large will consider his numerous castigations of the Roman Church to be the most telling feature of the present work. And when he says: "Pope Alexander VI. most nearly embodied absolute wickedness of any monster in the annals of human depravity," we fear he has by no means plumbed the depths of the abyss.

We were led into this digression from the main theme by Mr. Thayer's love of direct, unqualified utterance, a trait which sometimes makes him generalize rather sweepingly on subjects that lie outside the life and thought of Venice. We should, however, convey a false impression of this vigorous and animated essay were we to let the foregoing remarks assume a more than incidental character. Even those who, like ourselves, find isolated passages too highly colored for their taste, may well turn in a mood of warm appreciation to the essential portions of the work. A writer less permeated by the spirit of Venetian culture might have been content to correct a long series of popular misapprehensions regarding the political methods of the Republic and the subjection by its sons of public honor to business considerations; but such a partial or negative treatment of his great theme is not for Mr. Thayer. With an enthusiasm begotten of active sympathy with the enlightened yet serious humanism of Venice as she was in her best days, he seeks to portray the ideal which prompted her effort and glorified her attainment. "Her decadence offers nothing peculiar to her; whereas her growth and prime were truly characteristic. By these she should be judged; just as the greatness of Imperial Rome should be judged by the achievements of Julius and Augustus and the Antonines, and not by the failures of the Valentinians." Mr. Thayer answers detractors like Daru and the enemies of oligarchy; but less in detail than by disclosing the causes of that authentic grandeur which was so long enjoyed by a unique State.

For the world at large, Venetian history begins in the era of the Crusades and closes with the death of Titian. Mr. Thayer, taking a broader view, follows each stage of its evolution with unabated interest. In his eyes the period which precedes the Crusades is hallowed by the struggles of the islanders for independence; while after the death of Titian come Sarpi's contest with the Papal Court, the Candian war, and the exploits of Francesco Morosini in the Morea. Most writers working within the limits of one small volume would think it a proper expedient to treat the day of small things in a rapid prologue and to dismiss the two centuries of decline in a still briefer epilogue. For purposes of picturesqueness alone this method of approach ought perhaps to answer, but Mr. Thayer does not look at Venice from the outside as one who would exploit her history by turning it into a series of brilliant pictures. He works from the inside, following an organic conception, and seeking at every point to interpret rather than to describe. The age of splendor naturally assumes larger proportions than the strife with Pepin or the era of the Badoeri, but every chapter shows signs of the most careful modelling.

When we advance to the heart of the subject and ask under what form Mr. Thayer sets forth the distinctive features of Venetian life and genius, the discussion grows complex, for though Venice is so characteristic as to be unique, the elements which entered into her greatness cannot be formulated in any single phrase, or set of phrases. Her isolation, maintained amid the most widely ramified relations with both East

and West; the piety which reared San Marco, coexisting with a patriotism of such intensity that she could say, "Venetians first, Christians afterward"; the keenness of her business instinct, which at the same time did not kill her passion for beauty; her breadth of outlook, accompanied by a degree of espionage that often interfered with the efficiency of her political leaders and her generals in the field; her pride of spirit and the subtlety of her diplomacy—these and many more contrasts are bound to catch the notice of every careful observer, and to demand explanation before a final judgment can be formed. In his preface and at intervals during the progress of his narrative, Mr. Thayer gives us glimpses of what Venice means to him as a political theorist, as a moral philosopher, and as a lover of the fine arts, but it is only in his concluding pages that he attempts to coördinate all these manifold impressions into a single epigraph:

"Venice," he says, "proclaimed the joy of life—the glow of health, the exhilaration of conquest, the sweetness of prosperity, the confidence which comes with mastery. Was it not well that once in recorded history one nation should dare to proclaim that life on earth is passing good? There is no danger that races or men will be long allowed to forget the transitoriness of the human lot, or its horrors and failures and bereavements. . . . But to transmute wealth and power into joy, to live grandly, as if the gods had not merely lent for an hour, but had given for eternity, bespeaks great character. Joy is so much rarer than virtue; so very rare among the powerful and the very rich!"

A good deal of this has been expressed with much terseness by De Commynes, who saw Venice at the height of her magnificence. Writing of her as she was thirteen years before the League of Cambrai, he calls her the "most triumphant city in the world." Triumphant and joyous she undoubtedly was during the best years of the Renaissance, beyond all parallel among the towns of Europe. And though at last the element represented by mere pleasure became too large in the scheme of civic existence, the frank humanism of the men who most perfectly expressed her genius was marred by neither profanity nor bravado. "The Venetians," says Mr. Thayer, "revered the human, and simply magnified it in order to attain the fittest incarnation of the heavenly. They shunned other-worldliness, for to them this life was the great reality. . . . After making what deductions we will for the claims of pride and glory, and for the enticements of luxury, we must realize that the Venetian painters glorified the human as the highest revelation of the divine."

"Vivete lieti!" exclaimed the dying Bandello, who was not a Venetian, but yet a true son of the Renaissance. The injunction to live joyously is the watchword of a movement which from Naples to Milan swept through every centre of culture in the whole peninsula. That Venice had a monopoly of humanistic enthusiasm, Mr. Thayer does not imply; but the mood which Lorenzo de' Medici expresses in his lyrics and Bandello in his novels, the Venetians realized more truly and raised to a higher plane. The nobler spirits of Tuscany and Umbria were never genuine humanists, however strongly they may have reacted to the intellectual side of the classical revival. The Venetians alone accepted without misgiving or reserve the pleasure which comes from the exercise of brilliant faculties seeking to make life yield its fullest measure of warmth and beauty. According to Ruskin, no true critic can fail to perceive that the religion of Angelico is genuine, while the religion of Titian is assumed. In this case Mr. Thayer's form of statement would be very different, for to him Titian's art is perfectly sincere, and fraught with an inspiration which is none the less genuine because its source is in the splendor of the world we see.

We have singled out this one subject partly because in any case it would furnish a crucial instance, but more particularly because Mr. Thayer makes Venetian achievement lead up to and culminate in the works of Titian and Tintoret. "To the painting of Venice," he says, "we must turn if we would see the truest expression of the genius of a race which had known how to overcome incredible physical difficulties, had conquered its enemies, and had risen naturally to a magnificent and balanced scale of life. That expression, in its Color, its Reality, and its Beauty, remains one of the most precious revelations of Art, a legacy such as only Greece has bequeathed for the joy and exaltation of mankind." To say this of Venetian art in the Cinquecento is to place the Venice of the Renaissance before the Venice of the later Middle Ages. There are those who think that the brightest era in the annals of the Republic had closed before the dawn of the fifteenth century. With the outlook towards life which such a view involves, Mr. Thayer is unable to sympathize, and to him, as we have seen, Venice is above all else dear for her refusal to admit that mankind should make its present habitation a vale of tears. Not only does the volume take its general tone from this conception, but its details show how carefully the perspective has been adjusted to set a central idea in high relief.

Mr. Thayer, besides his wide acquaintance with recent literature from Romanin to Hazlitt, is a student of Venetian history at first-hand, and the breadth of his reading in other fields is attested by copious illustrations and comparisons. It would not be impossible to make up an unimportant list of slips, but the more numerous of these affect the form rather than the substance of the statement. A few, however, need correction—for example, the reference to Robert Guiscard as the founder of the Norman Kingdom of Sicily, who thence proceeded to Italy, and the passage about Nelson's return from the West Indies to Abukir Bay. We should say nothing at all about the presence of petty inaccuracies, were it not that Mr. Thayer's willingness to express an unhesitating opinion tends to accentuate minor misstatements of fact.

In conclusion, we must relegate small cavils to the background, and speak with warm recognition of the skill, discernment, and idealism which mark this book. So far as essentials are concerned, Mr. Thayer has succeeded in compassing his object. Besides freeing the general reader from many misapprehensions about the political and social structure of the Republic, he has written with sincere eloquence of the nobler Venice, whose painters and patricians "lived grandly, as if the gods had not merely lent for an hour, but had given for eternity."

THE PROGRESS AND POLICY OF FRANCE IN NORTH AFRICA.

La France en Afrique. Par le Commandant Edmond Ferry. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905.

This little volume takes for its motto a declaration made in 1904 by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs (then M. Delcassé): "C'est avant tout par son empire africain que la France est assurée de demeurer une puissance mondiale." It is written to show what France is doing, what she ought to do, and what results she may attain in North Central Africa, where she has now acquired a nominal control over a vast region stretching south from her possessions in Algeria and Tunis to beyond the Niger, and as far as Lake Tchad on the southeast, and Senegal on the southwest. The author has himself travelled through the southern part of this region, from Senegal eastwards towards the Sudan, and gives some graphic pictures of it, especially of Timbuctu. He is a clear-headed and thoughtful man, who writes with much point and in a measured, sensible, unrhetorical way. Though patriotically anxious to extend and consolidate his country's power in these new territories of hers, and duly suspicious of English designs, he perceives the difficulties in the way, and he outlines a policy which is moderate and prudent compared with much that comes from the Expansionist school in France, in Germany, and in England. The book seems to have been written before the recent agreement (1904) between France and England relating to Morocco and Egypt, and published before the action taken in the Morocco matter in the spring of the present year by Germany—an action which has, of course, seriously complicated the situation, and may retard the forward movement of France.

Commandant Ferry begins with a very instructive description of the policy pursued towards Islam by Napoleon Bonaparte when he entered and occupied Egypt. Every one knows that he tried to conciliate the Mussulmans of that country by putting forward France as the friend and protectress of their religion, and went almost to the length of professing himself a convert to it. Here we are given a good many curious details showing how vigorously, ingeniously, and skilfully he carried out his idea of enlisting Mohammedan sentiment on the side of France against England and Russia on the one hand and against the Turks, who claimed suzerainty over Egypt, on the other. He proclaimed the superior sanctity of Cairo and its mosques and its learned men to those of any other Mussulman city, except, of course, the two preëminently sacred cities of Mecca and Medina. He played off Mecca against Stambul, the Shereef of Mecca against the Sultan—a policy which it has often been suggested to the English that they should follow in their quarrel with the Turks, but which they are apparently afraid to venture on. Napoleon, busy as he was, held long discussions with Sheykhs and Muftis over the interpretation of the Koran and the precepts of the Sacred Law. When he defeated the Turks at the battle of Mount Tabor, in Syria, he sent the captured standards to be hung up in the mosques at Cairo. This policy attained a considerable success, and would doubtless have done much to strengthen the hold of

France upon Egypt had it been possible for her to remain there. But Napoleon himself, seeing the chances which the weakness of the Directory gave him at home, decamped hastily from Egypt. The lieutenants whom he left behind were not capable of carrying out his ideas; Kléber was too harsh, Menou too indulgent, and presently Kléber was murdered, and the English, whose fleet had kept Egypt isolated from France, defeated the French army at Abukir. Egypt was lost to France; and, after many vicissitudes, it has now practically passed under the dominion of England. Our author dwells upon all these matters for the sake of showing that the policy of Napoleon is the policy which France ought to resume to-day; that it is by posing as the friend of Islam, willing to respect its sacred places, its usages, its holy men, that she ought to conciliate the fierce nomads of the Sahara and the blacks of the Western Sudan whom she now counts among her subjects.

This leads him to a long account of the actual state of affairs in the regions which lie between Algeria and Morocco on the north, and Lake Tchad and the Niger on the south. Nearly the whole of this vast space is desert, and most of it hopeless and irreclaimable desert; a desert in which oases and even wells of half-bitter water are so few that camel caravans do not attempt to cross it. It is inhabited by tribes mostly nomadic, some akin to the Berbers of Morocco and Algeria, some belonging to the race, probably itself a branch of the Berber stock, which we call Tuariks or (as M. Ferry spells the word) Touaregs. They are few in number for so huge a space, perhaps not two hundred thousand in all, but they are fierce fighters, the Tuariks especially. They live for and by plunder, they are easily accessible to the influence of Mussulman preachers. These tribes infest the caravan routes and make incessant raids upon the agricultural negro population of northwestern Nigritia, round and all the way east from Timbuctu. The first question for France is how to deal with them. Is it worth while to try to reduce them to submission by a general assault upon the oases where some dwell and to which the rest resort? Ought a railway to be constructed across the Sahara from southern Algeria, say from Biskra on the edge of the desert, to Timbuctu or some point half way between the middle Niger and Lake Tchad? Questions like these are always presenting themselves to the Germans and the English in the parts of tropical Africa which they have occupied. Although, fortunately for the United States, the Philippines are accessible all along the coast, questions not altogether dissimilar present themselves in Luzon and Mindanao also. M. Ferry answers in a reasonable way. He assumes that France, having gone to North Central Africa and claimed, not only its habitable lands but the Sahara also, as within her sphere, must stay there and ultimately establish order. She has, as they say nowadays, "a civilizing mission." Whether in the case either of France or of Germany or of England the game is worth the candle—that is quite another question. France has come, France will remain. But M. Ferry points out that the trade of these regions is insignificant, and what there is of it will come out much more cheaply from Senegal than by caravans across the desert. There is a little gum; there are ostrich feathers; there may be minerals. All these are better sent to Europe by sea; and by sea also must European goods come in. Accordingly, apart altogether from the engineering difficulties, he rejects the notion of a trans-Sahara railroad, because its expense would be utterly disproportionate to any traffic it could carry. Troops, also, are better sent in by sea, though in fact France polices these countries and conducts her punitive expeditions by native troops, raised on the spot and led by French officers. Nor does our author advocate any large forward movement to subdue Berber Moors and Tuariks. He falls back upon the Napoleonic policy of appeasing the religious sentiments of the people by professing friendliness to Islam, and by getting hold of the "holy men" and heads of the various orders which are established here and there over these countries and have great power over the people. Something may be done by following up and punishing predatory attacks. Even more may be done by seizing points of importance, and controlling both the wells and the supply of millet, the grain on which the natives support their precarious lives. Such measures are in his view essential not only for the protection of the settled black population, now comparatively obedient—a population partly fetishistic heathen, partly fanatical Mohammedans—but also in order to facilitate French designs on Morocco. It is from the Desert on the south that the troubles of Algeria largely come, because raiders or rebels escaped from French territory into the trackless regions where it was hard to follow them. So, too, if Morocco is to be pacified and rendered submissive to French influence, she must be girdled in on the south by French posts and made to feel French pressure on every side. France will have a troublesome task if she perseveres in her plans for the permeation and ultimate reduction of Morocco; nor is it yet clear how far Germany will permit this process to go. But M. Ferry is right in thinking that to cut off the Moors of the Atlas from the tribes of the Desert will make that task easier, if the French are willing to spend the money that will be needed for so tedious a process.

A short chapter deals with the future of Tripoli and its Hinterland, a region part of which was fertile, populous, and prosperous in Roman times, though now there is only a sparse population along the shore and a few nomads in the interior. The Turks have strengthened their hold on the coast and planted garrisons as far inland as Ghadames and Ghat. But the Turkish Empire will break up, some day, not improbably within the next half-century, and then who will get Tripoli? Italy has long wished for it, and has already the bulk of the shipping trade. M. Ferry is good enough to say she may have it—that is, she may have the coast regions. But he will not let her have Ghadames, conceiving that the routes which lead through that oasis and Ghat are so important to France, as the holder of Tunis on the northwest and of the central Sudan far away to the south, that she must not let them pass to other hands.

Tripoli suggests the Senussi, that singular Mussulman brotherhood about which we have heard so much during the last thirty years, and still know so little. Our author has not much that is new to tell us. He believes that this sect or order, founded by the Sheykh Si Muhamad ben Ali Senussi about 1830, still continues to extend its influence over all North Africa, west of Egypt. He recognizes that it is hostile to the Turks and hated by them, being in their view both heretical and schismatic. He tells us that the Senussi have done much to improve the material condition of the districts they dominate. They dig wells, create irrigation works, increase the cultivable area, recalling in this respect the services rendered to Utah and Idaho by the Mormons. In his opinion, they are not so violently fanatical and so dangerous to France as has been generally believed; nor does he despair of repeating with them that Napoleonic policy to which he constantly reverts, of using the internal dissensions of Islam to weaken its collective resistance to European progress. Use one sect against another; set the Senussi against the Turks as Napoleon set Cairo and Mecca against Constantinople. A general declaration of war against the Senussi would be premature and therefore stupid. Tact and craft may prevent them from barring the path of a Power professing itself friendly to Mussulmans and reserving its hostility for the pretended Khalif of Stambul.

The last chapter of the book (for the souvenirs of the author's journeys along the upper course of the Niger are relegated to an appendix) deals with the *"action civilisatrice"* proper to be followed by France in Africa. It describes the condition of the negro races which have passed under her dominion, their ignorance and superstition and timidity, their subjection to the rule of custom, their indolence, their simplicity, their kindliness and hospitality, but also their mental backwardness and their savagery when excited. Tracing the picture of native life with no unsympathetic hand, M. Ferry concludes that on the whole European rule has been a boon to the peoples which have now passed under it. It has stopped slave raiding, it has mitigated slavery, it has put an end to the cruel invasions beginning with general massacre and ending with famine, the result of devastation, which from time immemorial has swept across these unlucky countries. He concludes that whatever Count Tolstoy may say against it, civilization does more good than harm, and gives more chances of happiness to the natives of barbarous Africa than they possessed in their primitive condition.

The Growth of the Manor. By Dr. P. Vinogradoff, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., etc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In this volume Professor Vinogradoff attempts to take stock of recent special investigations of early social and economic conditions in England. Of late years Maitland and Pollock have been disclosing important facts in early English law; Round has been extracting the statistical significance of Domesday; and Seebohm has bent his scrutiny upon early Celtic institutions. When Vinogradoff in turn comes to add his contribution to this accumulating mass, it is not surprising that he finds the situation

vastly altered since 1892, when he appeared as the protagonist of the free village community. In 1892, investigators of early English economic conditions were divided into two camps. The one supported the traditional view that Anglo-Saxon settlements in England consisted originally of village communities composed of free men who tilled the land, which was held in common. The other subscribed to the view of Seebohm, who in 1883 had advanced the thesis that English social history began with "communities in serfdom under a manorial lord." More than a decade after publishing his 'Villainage in England,' Professor Vinagradoff finds himself called upon to harmonize the "clash of opinions and arguments," and to present a sketch of the growth of the manor which will be intelligible to the student of general history. The need for such a sketch was sore; but how far the author has succeeded in his double purpose of mediating between opposing views, and of creating a readily understood outline of manorial development, is very much of an open question.

He divides his study into three main subdivisions—the Pre-English Period, the Old English Period, and the Feudal Period, giving about three hundred pages to the text and almost a hundred to the notes. As regards the first, or Pre-English period, the verdict rendered must be, on the whole, unfavorable. The facts cited relative to Celtic arrangements are too few, scanty, and disconnected to afford any real historical basis for manorial origins. Analogical dubiety is an uncertain foundation for an historian. There is practically no age or people that could not thus be made the focus of a great many erudite pages. Collect all hints from monuments of the epoch, collate everything known of similar races and times, mix freely a large amount of probable speculation, and it would not be impossible to write a substantial volume on Palæolithic Jurisprudence. Something of the same taint attaches to the treatment of the Roman occupation. The Romanizing influence is "guessed down." For the widespread prevalence of the open-field system there "seems to be hardly any other explanation . . . than . . . that the influence of Rome went to further the economic development of these parts without altering the fundamental cast of extensive husbandry and communalistic arrangements in the occupation and distribution of land" (p. 67).

Professor Vinogradoff is occasionally given to transmuting unconsciously a statement that began in the potential mood to the same proposition in the indicative. An instance is afforded on page 70. An administrative procedure which "may be even supposed" to have been "convenient" becomes, five or six lines lower down, a device by which Roman administrators of colonial districts *"were able"* (*sic*) to escape certain annoyances in the treatment of "the population of backwoods and pastoral tracts." In his delineation of this obscure period Professor Vinogradoff's conclusions remind one of a description of Sir Robert Peel's speeches in the House of Commons—"they have no stays." And yet, unlike Cardinal Newman's safe theologian whose mistiness was "the mother of wisdom," our author's mistiness is the child of erudition. He knows so much that he will not keep absolutely quiet in a dark place; and he knows *too much* to enunciate any important proposition in this nebulous domain without guarding himself immediately thereafter "from being supposed to exclude the contradictory."

Undeniably incapacitated as Professor Vinogradoff is through the very fulness of his historical knowledge from giving in sharp outline an account of the growth of the manor acceptable to the general student of history, our author's intrinsic excellence appears in the treatment of the two later periods of manorial history. Experience has convinced us that the best way to follow Vinogradoff is to read first the concluding summary given at the end of each chapter. With that synopsis well in mind, the details in their order may well prove enlightening and instructive. It is really curious how our historian almost invariably excludes every specific date from the text. He evidently hates to tie himself down to anything which will take the plasticity out of his material. Except in negative criticism he has, if not a horror of, at least a very pronounced distaste for, categorical statement. The final paragraph of the second part of the work (p. 235) is characteristic: "On the whole, we are, perhaps (*sic*), warranted to conclude, firstly, that the manorial system arises at the end of the Old English period mainly in consequence of the subjection of a laboring population of free descent to a military and capitalistic class, and, secondly, that the personal authority of the lord of the manor is gradually gaining the mastery over a rural community of ancient and independent growth."

The communal element in the manor Vinogradoff traces to the original tendency of the Teutonic invaders to organize on a quasi-tribal system of settlement in *túns* or villages (p. 150, *sq.*). But this original settlement, while it had communal elements, was far from an early agrarian communism. To it neither the Roman conception of a corporation nor the modern conception of a joint stock company is applicable (p. 324, *sq.*).

"The fabric . . . of the township community is substantially organic. It grows and is not based on agreement, people cannot accede to it or recede from it without being admitted, by some natural process—birth, marriage, adoption—to the union of holdings, and, theoretically, it is the holdings in their unconscious and unwilling combination which form the group and define its aims." . . . "People had to till the land very much in common because their agriculture was very much mixed up with pastoral pursuits. . . . At the same time they did not look up to their community as to a kind of socialistic providence"; . . . "not equality and redivision, but shareholding and customary tradition, were the results, and these . . . opened gaps through which individualistic development was free to shoot forth in a rank growth" (p. 326).

In the concluding part, covering the Feudal Period, the work is of value mainly because of the brilliant analysis of the terminology of Norman jurisprudence. Artificial simplifications and artificial contrasts both resulted from the application of the hard-and-fast concepts of Norman lawyers to a welter of social conditions. Vinogradoff contends (p. 340) "that the terminology of Domesday does not give any clue to legal distinctions between classes of persons, but rather applied to the size and character of the tenements, whereas both the Old English and the feudal classification start from legal and personal distinctions." Thus the villain (*villanus*) of Domesday has been "the origin of much confusion," being quite distinct from the "villains" of feudal records "who formed a distinct legal order of men."

This power of brilliant scientific intuition in individual instances, along with his vast general erudition, is what makes Vinogradoff so admirable. He is preëminently a "case historian." But the power of summation, of vividly portraying the march of change in its broad currents, he does not possess.

Western Empire in the Fifth Century: An Aftermath. By the late E. A. Freeman, D.C.L. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

This volume, for which a preface has been written by Mr. T. Scott Holmes, is based upon a series of Oxford Lectures, and will enable the reader to see how Freeman used the opportunity that was afforded him by his tenure of the Regius professorship. Whatever his limitations and mannerisms may have been, he felt deeply interested in many periods and many nations. Just at the close of his life he was, as is well known, eager to carry forward his History of Sicily, but this dominant desire did not lead him to make his lectures at Oxford a by-product of Sicilian researches. Had he lived longer, he doubtless would have written a book on the state of Britain in the fifth century. To such a work the eight studies here published would have been the natural preface. Few subjects of great historical interest are rendered more obscure by dearth of satisfactory records than is the emigration of the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons. Freeman's idea was that, being one incident in the *Völkerwanderung*, light might be thrown upon it by the forward movement of the Germanic tribes in Gaul. Hence he broke ground for his projected study of the Germans in Britain by considering the state of continental Europe as it was during the last days of the Western Empire.

In point of form these lectures are not more rhetorical than Freeman's other writings—especially those of his middle and later period. An excessive fondness for allusion, the iteration of phrases, and the determination to hammer a point through you till it comes out at the other side, are tricks of his with which every one is familiar, and all of them receive ample illustration here. When the author departed on his fatal trip to Spain, he had done little to prepare the present volume for the press, although he clearly designed to publish it. What he left in manuscript, Froude, his successor, was the last man in England to edit, but the late Prof. York Powell proved more sympathetic, and to him is due the credit for the preliminary labors connected with turning a mass of more or less finished notes into a book. The second title, "An Aftermath," is a fit definition of the contents; but, though the piece is unfinished, it contains quite enough good material to justify publication. Freeman's breadth of knowledge and love of footnotes went hand in hand. Were his survey of Western Europe from Alaric to Clovis nothing more than a comment upon the sources, it would merit the notice of those who have studied

the German inroads in Dahn and Pollmann, in Hodgkin and Dill.

Freeman's wish was to write a fuller and more connected narrative than existed of those events which led to the establishment of Germanic kingdoms on Roman soil. In his opening words he says: "The movements within and without the Empire which, in the course of a few years at the beginning of the fifth century, altogether changed the face of Western Europe, have never, as far as I know, been told in our own tongue, perhaps not in any other tongue, as a connected tale."

This passage, which was written before the publication of Dahn's 'Urgeschichte,' fixes the point of departure, and, later on, Freeman makes it clear that he really intended to write a consecutive narrative. As the teller of a plain tale, however, he was not successful. Whether the story of the fifth century could be told by anyone within the compass of an ordinary octavo may well be doubted. At any rate, such a task was beyond the powers of Freeman, with his irresistible impulse to bring in extraneous matter. Take, for example, the following sentence, in which he means to convey the fact that Toulouse became a Visigothic capital:

"Tolosa, whence Caepio carried off, as man deemed, the gold of Brennus, Tolosa, seated on no hilltop, but planted by the fierce stream of the broad Garonne, and looking back to the hills which the skill of later times has taught to guard her, Tolosa, whose capitol has proclaimed her to all ages as the true child of Rome, Tolosa, where the first basilica of the holy Saturninus must have already risen beyond her walls, that renowned city now passed into the hands of the Goth to become his kingly seat."

Outbursts like this may be well enough in an essay, but in a piece of narrative they consume too much space. And if Freeman cannot make a plain statement about Toulouse, let the imagination picture what he has to say when he comes to Trier and Arles!

The book is not, then, as its author meant it to be, a simple bit of narrative, but a collection of eight essays, which, while possessed of greater unity, bring at once to mind Freeman's earlier series of essays. It has the same virtue of first-hand knowledge and strong historical enthusiasm, the same vices of dogmatism and exaggeration. It is interesting to learn that there were Saxons at Bayeux before there were Saxons at Winchester, but a single statement of the fact would have sufficed. We are willing to admit that a writer like Polybius would have made the historiography of the fifth century something very different from what it actually is, but why continue to mourn for Polybius when there could be no reason to hope for a historian of his calibre amid the misfortunes of a falling State? The tricks which to many make Freeman an impossible author, crop out in his essays as well as in the 'Norman Conquest' and other works filled with that "strenuous prose" which J. R. Green said was, to his ear, "neither prose nor poetry, but like somebody holloaing." However, after we have got past the mannerisms, the good in the book comes out, and Freeman seldom wrote anything which did not bear the stamp of genuine scholarship.

The two principal subjects to emerge in this survey of the fifth century are the careers of pretenders, like Constantine and Maximus, and the settlement of the Visigoths in southwestern Gaul. There is comparatively little in Freeman's treatment of the latter theme that has not been brought out already, and the more striking portion of this work will be found in its account of the rivals who rose up against the authority of Honorius. In the chapter entitled, "Constantine, Emperor, and Maximus, Tyrant," the outstanding figure is Constantius, the future husband of Galla Placidia, and father of the last Theodosian, Valentinian III. Freeman seems inclined to place him higher in the scale of fifth-century worthies than it has been the custom to place him heretofore. Most writers have seen in him the sinister figure of one who had Olympios shorn of his ears and clubbed to death, but to Freeman he "may be looked on as in some sort continuing that great line of Illyrian princes which had given the Roman power a renewed life. . . . We see in him traces of the generosity and greatness of soul of an older day. . . . He may fairly claim a place, on his own account, as at least one of the least evil in a bad time." Coming, as Constantius does, between Stilicho and Aetius, a rehabilitation of him would be interesting work, though he could never be made to rank beside either the great Vandal or the hero of the battle against Attila.

Besides Visigothic kings and candidates for the Roman purple, another famous figure is brought by Freeman into his account of the fifth century. We refer to Clovis, who, as "Chlodowig the Frank," receives a whole chapter to himself. In this fragment, for the chapter is left unfinished, the central topic is Clovis's conversion, and the part taken in it by Clotilde. As for Clovis himself, he is merely made a standard whereby to measure the superior stature of Theodoric. It is with a contrast between the noble Ostrogoth and the brutal Frank that Freeman's work as an historian closes. Nor must one's last word of him be marked by aught save sympathy, for of those who in the last generation wrote history, none had a deeper love of it than he.

The Faroes and Iceland: Studies in Island Life. By Nelson Annandale. With an appendix on the Celtic Pony, by F. H. A. Marshall, D.Sc. Henry Frowde. 1905. 8vo, pp. vii, 238, ills.

The deputy superintendent of the Indian Museum at Calcutta has given us here the result of a series of summer and autumn holidays spent between the years 1896 and 1903 in the Faroes and Iceland, and occupied chiefly with natural history and ethnology. Several of the studies included in the little book have appeared in part in more technical form elsewhere, but for present purposes have been enriched and simplified for the general reader, while for valued suggestions and criticism the author expresses his indebtedness to Prof. E. B. Tylor, Mr. Henry Balfour, and other eminent authorities. The book may be regarded as a series of sociological studies of isolated and rather primitive though civilized communities. As such it has exceptional interest and value, especially since the communities selected for study are of ancient establishment, and have not, in recent years, been the subject of any analogous description.

The Faroe Islands form a portion of the Kingdom of Denmark, comprising seventeen inhabited islands lying in the open sea some 200 miles northwest of Scotland. They support a population of over 15,000 souls, and have a capital town called Thorshavn, on the Island of Stromoe, though the largest settlement, Thrangisvaag, is situated on Suderoe. The islands send two members to the Danish Parliament, but, owing to their distant and isolated position, have a certain measure of local independence, exercised by an assembly called the Lagthing, elected by ballot every three years, and presided over by an Amtmand appointed for life by the Danish King. There is no compulsory military service, the customs and taxes are light, and the population so law-abiding that the police have been abolished. Misdemeanants, when there are any, are punished by imprisonment on a diet of bread and water; and as this, during a long sentence, seems too severe, the prisoner is permitted to serve three days at a time, alternating with three days of freedom. There are elementary schools, and a small teachers' college, but most of the instruction is given at home. Even the simplest peasants often have a wide knowledge of history and geography.

The language spoken is a dialect of Danish. The race is described as well built and handsome, the women rather delicate; and both sexes have an air of refinement and dignity. The ancient distinctive costume is practically obsolete. The Faroeman, according to the author, "by his combined hospitality, courtesy to strangers, sane gayety, cleanliness of person and home, resembles what was best among the heroes of the ancient sagas"; while centuries of peaceful living have destroyed in him the tendencies to cruelty and bloodthirstiness and to some extent those which lead to drunkenness. For the details of his chiefly fisherman's life, history, legends, superstitions, etc., the reader is referred to the book itself; we will mention only the singular practice of feeding the cattle on boiled dried whale's flesh and cod's heads, in default of a sufficiently abundant hay harvest.

Iceland is better known to the average reader than the Faroes, by reason of several now antiquated books of travel which had once considerable vogue, and which have served to supply the stock descriptions of geographies and cyclopædias for many years. The world-renowned geysers and the volcano Hekla have always attracted a certain number of tourists. Mr. Annandale, however, does not find the old descriptions applicable at the present day to the condition of the people, and, unfortunately, the changes seem to have been in the direction of degeneracy. He has much to say of the decay of native taste and capability in the household arts, such as carving and embroidery; of the prevalence of diseases due to personal and domestic uncleanliness. In the home life, squalor seems to be the rule. Sloth and vainglory are prevalent vices, drunkenness is very general, and "religious piety appears to have completely perished" (p. 155)—the churches are frequently used as warehouses by the parish. "The Icelandic farmers are no longer simple peasants; some of them are learned men, even

scholars. Yet they live in a state bordering, so far as external conditions go, upon savagery" (p. 159), and "seem to make a virtue of squalor." For this, poverty may be urged in excuse, but the Faroemen manage to use the scrubbing-brush.

In these northern regions the wildfowl are an important economic factor, and one of the most interesting chapters in the book describes the life of the inhabitants of the Westmanna Islands, who depend largely for their subsistence on the seabirds. Next to the sheep, the most important domestic animal is the pony, and it has recently been pointed out that the ponies of these isolated communities largely belong to an ancient stock specifically distinct from the ordinary horse, and which has been named the Celtic Pony. Illustrations and a monographic summary of the facts about this animal are furnished in an appendix by Dr. Marshall. On the whole the book reaps an interesting harvest in a new field.

Le Vers Français: Ses Moyens d'Expression, son Armonie. Par Maurice Grammont, Paris: Alphonse Picard & Fils. (Publications de la Société des Langues Romanes, Tome XVII.) 1905. Pp. 454.

We have here conclusions sincerely held, based upon genuinely original conceptions, and fortified by much personal investigation, together with collection of material. in places—as, for instance, (p. 37) concerning the expression of immensity, (p. 46) as to the character of certain verses of Hugo, (p. 328) as to the nature of vowels, and elsewhere—we encounter a readiness to substitute assumption or affirmation for proof. When M. Grammont is surest of assent, we find him oftentimes unconvincing, as in his analyses of lines from Heredia (p. 19), from La Fontaine (pp. 20, 22), from Hugo (pp. 40, 44); in his proclamation (p. 327) of the secret of the harmony of French verse; in his grading (pp. 370-375) of certain poets in respect to the relative harmoniousness of their lines. Also, we are a bit startled at his views (pp. 75, 76) on the relation of the length of a line to its speed. But these are minor matters, and our objections to them are such as we might offer to details of any similar book without loss of confidence in its general value.

The work appeals far less to foreign than to native students of French verse, and most to French versifiers, young or yet to be, as it definitely advocates specific reforms in or modifications of the mandatory rules of French prosody; for instance, redefining "cæsura" (p. 45), proposing (p. 284) a total revision of the classic rules as to hiatus and (p. 303) a radical rectification of the basis of distinction between masculine and feminine rhymes, and setting forth (pp. 404-415) the archaic and artificial character of French poetic language as to its usages in respect to *e* mute, diæresis, and the aspirated *h*. Elsewhere the author clings to old rules, as, for instance (p. 35), approving the ban excluding from the sonnet alexandrines of other than classic mould. Such affirmations of traditional formalism he always justifies, however, by arguments of his own.

These and other special pleadings, addressed particularly to present and future creators of French poetry, take up, however, no great portion of the book. The bulk of it is devoted, as the title indicates, to fully illustrated analysis, in the first place of the means of expression available in French through variations in the sounds employed or in the character of the rhythm; and, in the second place, of the harmony resulting from such variations. Of the three sets of analyses, that of the rationale of harmony in French verse, in Part Three, is least effective. It has all the pomp of an impressive machinery of apparatus in the way of ligatures, leaded lines, and other such devices, with a prodigious show of displayed vowels; but the spirit seems somehow absent. M. Grammont apparently succeeds in proving what he sets out to prove, and yet we are not persuaded. The formulæ seem too cut-and-dried, the deductions too easily arrived at, the examples too obsequious to what is required of them. Certainly the author's hypothesis that harmony in French verse depends solely upon the vowels and upon their corresponding within each line, in pairs or triads, appears altogether too simple and obvious, if true, not to have been perceived long ago. If true, French verse, by its basis of harmony, is differentiated sharply from English verse, wherein haunting beauty of melody seems to arise, not by any means from a neat series of vowel-correspondences, but rather from a perpetual variation of syllabic effects, exquisite, elusive, and irreducible to any simple diagrammatic recipe.

The study in Part Two is of sounds as means of expression, and here M. Grammont's utterances in respect to rhyme, his modestly put "opinions" on hiatus (pp. 273-275), show a sensitive consciousness and accurate thinking. Very well chosen are his examples (pp. 284-289) of the bad effect of the consecutive repetition of identical syllables. The first part, on rhythm as a means of expression, contains an excellent exposition of the evolution of the varieties of the French alexandrine. This, we take it, is the most valuable portion of the book. It does not so much traverse or impugn the results of Becq de Fouquières or amplify his investigations, as approach the material from another point of view and in a different way. It is original in method, informing in results, and decidedly interesting to a Gaul or a foreigner.

There are not a few delectable passages in the book, as (p. 16), M. Grammont's just observation that rhythmical divisions are superposed upon grammatical divisions, but do not necessarily coincide with them; his comprehension (p. 67) of the alteration in the rhythmic character of a phrase as the tone of delivery varies, of variations in phrasing (p. 71), his remarks (p. 84) on the emphatic effect produced by the unexpected intrusion of a short line, on the limitations of Lamartine as a poet (p. 125), on the superiority of suggestion to exposition as an instrument of expression (pp. 160, 161), where his amplification of Musset's pronouncement is good and well reinforced by De Banville's analogical illustration from foliage painting.

Some of his best things are worth quoting:

"The greater part of our citations of Romantic verses have been taken from Victor Hugo, he being almost the only poet who uses them judiciously, in conformity with the idea to be expressed. They occur commonly at haphazard among other modern poets, and can only be regarded as negligences, authorized by a great example ill-understood" (p. 34).

Again:

"As a means of expression, verse has made no gains since Hugo; but the poets have ready to their hands a still more supple and delicate instrument, that permits a still more varied cadence—a resource for talent, a danger for mediocrity" (p. 452).

"If these two pieces be read successively, we quickly feel that it is no longer the same art. The poet has grown old, the poetry has drooped, the diction and the rhythm have lost their suppleness, but the harmony has increased. The author has perceptibly perfected his instrument in this respect, which is, unfortunately, in a certain measure, secondary."

This is clinched by the quotation, with approval, of Musset's dictum: "Il n'y a pas de si belle pensée devant laquelle un poète ne recule si la mélodie ne s'y trouve pas." Finally, when M. Grammont says (p. 422): "La rime est absolument indispensable à toute espèce de vers libres," he is probably right. Certainly, France has not yet produced any poet capable of creating verse disproving this contention.

The Evolution Theory. By Dr. August Weismann. Translated, with the author's cooperation, by J. Arthur Thomson and Margaret R. Thomson. Two volumes; illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Probably no single author has exerted so profound an influence upon the currents of biological theory and research since Darwin as August Weismann of Freiburg. An enormous literature has grown up during the last two decades upon Weismannism and its refutations, involving not only the most recondite questions of philosophical biology, but particularly some of the most practical problems of animal and plant breeding and human stirpiculture. Not unnaturally, therefore, the interest in Weismann's teachings is by no means confined to the biological public, and both lay and scientific readers in large numbers have grappled with the intricacies of his more technical works, some of which have long since been translated into English.

But Professor Weismann's views have grown rapidly with advancing knowledge, and there are many, even among biologists, who have not mastered either the original theories or their more recent variants. Accordingly, widely diverse groups of readers will welcome this translation of the second edition of the lectures, which have grown under their author's hand as he has repeated them to his university classes for upwards of twenty-five years; they give his distinctive views in their full setting as part of a general theory of nature.

That author and translators have combined to produce a work which will be widely read is matter for congratulation. That it will be easy reading no one will claim, but we think Weismann has succeeded in his endeavor to produce a book "to be read, not one to be referred to," and that his hope is justified that "any one who *reads* the book and does not merely skim it, will be able without difficulty to enter into the abstruse questions treated of in the later lectures." The presentation of Weismann's theories in comprehensive and readable form will be especially welcome to

teachers for another reason. The modern laboratory method and the whole theory of inductive science-teaching are based on the doctrine that the pupil must be given a thorough knowledge of the facts of the science before he is permitted to build up any theoretical superstructure. This dogma is sometimes carried to so extreme a perversion that a bright student may drudge through a course of experiments in physiology or of dissections in zoölogy with no insight into their meaning, and may even be permitted to finish the course with no hint of correlation or interpretation. Laboratory science which has been thus degraded and mechanized (and this is by no means uncommon even in our better schools) is no whit better than the old dry-as-dust text-books which it displaced. As a matter of fact, even the beginner in science of high-school or college grade requires from the start enough of the philosophy of his subject to vitalize it, and vigorous protests are now being registered against the all too common practice of cramming the student with minute systematic and anatomical detail before opening up to him the wide perspectives of his subject. That the latter can be accomplished without any sacrifice of the spirit of the inductive method, every successful teacher daily illustrates. And now Professor and Mrs. Thomson have in this translation made it possible for even the elementary student to study not only Weismannism, but also one of the most logical and philosophical presentations of the theory of evolution, at first hand.

Teachers may not agree with many of Weismann's theories, and may regard his whole system as a somewhat ill-balanced apotheosis of natural selection. Yet its inspiring quality all have felt, and that quality has been well preserved in this excellent translation. Professor Thomson has already shown his skill in the art of presenting the elements of zoölogy in a philosophical and thoroughly stimulating manner, and Weismann's book has suffered no loss at his hands. Every page of the translation, moreover, has been read and revised by the author himself. The publishers, too, have done their work well; the text and illustrations being beautifully printed.

Chinese Life in Town and Country. Adapted from the French of Émile Bard. By H. W. Twitchell. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This view of Chinese life reaches us through French spectacles, but the text on that account loses no sparkle. The translation, or rather adaptation, is one that takes away all stiffness and puts the reader at his ease. The bane of most books on China is the patronizing air of the writer, which, with those who know something of Chinese civilization, creates both contempt and disgust. This Frenchman is less cynical, and shows slight tendency to that omniscience which most aliens assume who tell us about the Middle Kingdom. The three or four years of his residence among the pagodas helped him to correct the inevitably wrong first impressions of the newcomer, and there is an agreeable spirit of modesty manifest in the book. Furthermore, the adapter has done his work well. One must not expect here the profound analysis, clear vision, and keen sympathy which a master observer and scholar, like Arthur Smith, has shown in his 'Chinese Characteristics.' On the other hand, the reader of this book is not oppressed with either weight of learning or assumption of the author's superiority. One feels rather that he is riding on the same seat, or chatting in a company where both Chinese and aliens forget that they are mutually hostile critics, recognizing each other's touches as well as touches of human nature. One, as he reads, is reminded of the Chinese mandarin visiting Yale College Library, who, when shown the amazing quantity and number of books in every other division of the library, on reaching the comparatively small alcove devoted to mathematics, exclaimed with both satisfaction and smiles, "The one thing on which we all agree."

We have here a good picture of the greatest of human societies, which, like all other things human, and even more because of its magnitude, is so delightfully full of contradictions and inconsistencies. There is in China a great democracy with a vast amount of local liberty, and an Emperor whose powers are virtually unlimited, the commonwealth lacking the great middle term of individuality. Everything in China is communal. There is a race, but hardly a nation; a social, but not in the Western sense, a political system. There is, normally, no regular army and no police force, while the number of officers and subordinates in the magistracy is astonishingly small. Those burdens of taxation to support vast armaments and a mighty police organization, under which Europe and our boasted Land of the Free groan, are for the most part things unknown to the Chinese. Only the new "civilization" and foreign relations compel them. The people expect the Government to interfere with their affairs as little as posible, and arbitration in case of disagreement is largely practised. Official salaries are ridiculously small, and there are no rich men in China in the American sense of that word. Since the death of Li Hung Chang, who made his money largely out of his multifarious dealings with foreigners, good and bad, China has no one man whose heaps of coin tower over those of his fellows. Nevertheless, nepotism and squeezing of fees are quite equal to anything we have had in the United States. High officers appointed from Pekin live at their posts like strangers, taking little interest in the welfare of the people. For the most part they are deaf to remonstrances and accusations, since at the expiration of their term of office they will go to some other part of the empire. Too often they themselves are entirely at the mercy of their assistants, who are the virtual administrators, because they know the rote, belong to the district, and speak its dialect. There is no Chinese "empire" in the sense of that term as applied to the British, German, or Russian political structure.

The Chinaman, as painted in these pages, is insincere and inexact, knows not the value of time, is indifferent to comfort, and looks upon women simply as beings hard to get along with, but impossible to get along without. His face is toward the past. Land and labor are the two wheels of his wagon, which is hitched to no star. He not only honors the soil, but he worships it. The ancestor and the soil are his true gods. Those religions which the foreigner discriminates and analyzes are merely formal elements in his culture. The author devotes two chapters to missionaries, but, as he is a Frenchman, one gets little idea of what Protestant missionaries are doing. His abilities in exaggerating their divisions and the bewildering character of the doctrines which they hold, are marked, but his skill is less manifest in showing their constructive power in the making of a new China that may yet become a true nation. In treating of journalism, education, government, justice, paupers, socialism, and the higher commercial topics, he appears to be more the reader and man of the club and hong than the dweller among the people, who knows their language. Among merchants, he is more at home. He tells us that although the Chinaman is a man of his word in the matter of keeping contracts, yet this does not prevent frauds in the quality of the merchandise delivered. The average Chinese dealer in indigo and silk, in feathers, wool, down, and hides, is almost equal to his American brother who rents a pew in the middle aisle and then sells adulterated food. If any one doubts the kinship of our human nature, one need only compare the bricks and pieces of iron in the bales of Chinese merchandise with the large percentages of alcohol in our "strictly temperance" tonics and patent medicines. No shadow of the "yellow peril" disturbs our author, who cannot see that China, even if newly born to industrial life, could supplant nations having behind them the experience of generations of enlightened capitalists and skilled, alert workmen. In a not particularly clever epitome of the nation's history, he pays a deserved tribute to the Empress Dowager, "this Catharine of the East." Her official life, though ugly, has been ordered by the one motive of preserving China. Practically she has been the State.

With index and illustrations, this makes one of the books on China most pleasant for reference and reading.

Annual of the British School at Athens. No. X. Session 1903-1904. Macmillan. 1905.

The British School was able to celebrate the meeting of the Archæological Congress last spring by the dedication of its new library, a memorial to the late Mr. F. C. Penrose, who, in addition to his other well-known work as an archæologist, was the first Director of the School. The addresses made on the occasion are included in the present volume, along with the customary reports, and a full baker's dozen of archæological papers. First and foremost in professional interest will be the articles by Mr. A. J. Evans on the Palace of Knossos, and by Mr. R. M. Dawkins on the progress of the excavations at Palaikastro. The excavations at Knossos in 1894, it will do no harm to repeat in these columns, formed the fifth campaign on that site. They contributed much towards the distinguishing of the two periods of construction of the later palace. Of outlying remains, a "Minoan" roadway, paved with well-fitted slabs of stone, was traced for some seven hundred feet, and the existence determined of various important public buildings bordering upon it. A rich

deposit of inscribed clay tablets relating to royal chariots and weapons, and two officially sealed chests containing a large number of (carbonized) arrows with bronze heads, point to the possibility of the royal armory being situated here. Further excavations along this roadway are projected.

About half a mile north of the palace a "Minoan" cemetery was discovered, and a hundred tombs opened. These contained many vessels, implements, and arms of bronze—one of them a sword with a gold-plated handle, engraved with a design of lions hunting goats. Painted ware, especially "stirrup vases," and jewelry were also abundant. In one tomb a saw and other carpenter's tools lay beside the skeleton. The tombs were of three sorts—chamber-tombs, approached by a passage, shaft-graves, and pit-caves. Most of them belonged to a period immediately succeeding the fall of the palace. A scarab was of the late Eighteenth Dynasty type.

About two miles north of this cemetery a square chamber-tomb, about eight by six metres in dimensions, was discovered, with a pit-grave in its centre, and side walls arching in "Cyclopean" fashion towards a gable, which, however, had been destroyed above. The main cell had a portal roofed in similar manner, communicating with a lofty entrance hall, and this with a rock-cut dromos. The form of the mausoleum is unique. The contents of the tomb had been rifled for metal objects in ancient days, but enough remained to show the wealth of the occupant. Mr. Evans is unwilling to recognize in this fine monument, on its imposing site, the traditional tomb of Idomeneus; chiefly, as it would seem, because no sufficiently important tomb was found near it to answer for that of Meriones. Let us hope for more luck later. A full report on the cemetery and Royal Tomb is to be published in *Archæologia*, and also in separate form.

For the information of those who have not kept pace with the vagaries of archæological nomenclature, it may be remarked that "Minoan," in Mr. Evans's use, covers remains of the bronze age in Crete, and has various chronological and stylistic subdivisions.

At Palaikastro the chief interest is in the discovery of five fragments of an inscription consisting of a six-stanza hymn to the Cretan Zeus. The lettering is said to be of the third century of the Christian era, but the language points to the sixth or seventh century before Christ. The inscription proves that in classical times a temple to Zeus Dictæus stood on the site of the "Minoan" town at Palaikastro, and that the Hellenic name of the place was Heleia.

The School has also entered upon a new sphere of work in Lakonia, hoping to make eventually a systematic exploration of the entire area of the province. Interesting first-fruits are visible in the present volume in the shape of articles by Mr. Tod, the Assistant Director, on Teams of Ball-players at Sparta, and by Mr. E. S. Forster on Sites and Inscriptions in Southwestern Lakonia. Another especially valuable article is by H. Schäfer on "Altägyptische Pflüge, Joche, und Andere Landwirthschaftliche Geräte."

The School is to be congratulated on accomplishing a great deal of important work at a minimum of expenditure. One may hope that it will be more fully appreciated in England, and more liberally supported. The advice to students (p. 267) is interesting to read. We note, with a disposition to our own amendment, the remark of the Director that "students from English universities will never have the love of formal lectures which distinguishes those from America."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Auction Prices of Books. Edited by Luther S. Livingston. Vol. III. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bahlsen, Leopold. The Teaching of Modern Languages. Translated by M. Blakemore Evans. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Bangs, J. Kendrick. A Proposal under Difficulties. Harpers. 50 cents.
Barrington, Mrs. Russell. G. F. Watts. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Brooks, Amy. Randy's Luck. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.00.
Brewer, E. Cobham. The Reader's Handbook. New ed., revised. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Brown, Edward G. Abridged Translation of the History of Taboristan. London: B. Quaritch.
Buckmaster, Martin A. A Descriptive Handbook of Architecture. London: Routledge; New York. Dutton.
Bury, J. B. The Life of St. Patrick. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
Cappon, Prof. James. Studies in Canadian Poetry. I.—Roberts and the Influences of his Time. Toronto: William Briggs.
Chesterton, Gilbert K. Heretics. John Lane & Co.
Chestnutt, Charles W. The Colonel's Dream. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Chotzner, J. Hebrew Humour, and Other Essays. London: Luzac & Co.
Christy, Robert. Proverbs, Maxims, and Phrases of All Ages. New ed. Putnam's. $3.50 net.
Collar, William C. First Year in German. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Constant, Benjamin. Adolphe. Putnams. $1 net.
Cooke, Grace MacGowan. The Grapple. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Coom, Charles S. The Baronet Rag-Picker. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Crewdson, Charles N. Tales of the Road. Chicago: Thompson & Thomas. $1.50.
Crosland, T. W. H. The Wild Irishman. Appleton. $1.50.
Curtis, William E. Modern India. Fleming H. Revell Co. $2 net.
Davis, John P. Corporations: Their Origin and Development. 2 vols. Putnams. $4.50 net.
Degener, Herrmann A. L. Wer ist's? Leipzig: Degener; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Dowden, Edward. Michael de Montaigne. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Duerr, Alvan Emile. The Essentials of German Grammar. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Duncan, Norman. The Mother. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Feuillet, Octave. Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre. Putnams. $1 net.
Frazer, Mrs. J. G. Asinette: A French Story for English Children. London: Dent; New York: Dutton.
Gardiner, Ruth Kimball. The Heart of a Girl. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Geikie, Prof. J. Structural and Field Geology. D. Van Nostrand Co. $4.
Graves, Algernon. The Royal Academy of Arts, 1769 to 1904. Vol. II. Carroll to Dyer. Macmillan Co. $11 net.
Henderson, G. F. R. The Science of War. Edited by Neill Malcolm. Longmans. $4 net.
Houssaye, H. Waterloo. 1815. Translated by S. R. Willis. Kansas City, Mo.: Franklin Hudson Publishing Co.
Judd, Sylvester. History of Hadley. With Family Genealogies by Lucius M. Boltwood. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting & Co.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Odes from the Divan of Hafiz, freely rendered from literal translations. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Lucian of Samosata, Works. Translated by H. W. and A. G. Fowler. 4 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. $4.00.
Mahler, Arthur. Paintings of the Louvre. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.
Moon, George Washington. The £30,000 Portrait in the National Gallery proved to be not a Titian nor a portrait of Ariosto. Brighton, Eng.: Farncombe's Library. Half a crown net.
Moore, F. Frankfort. Love Alone Is Love. Putnams. $1.50.
Parry, C. Hubert H. Studies of Great Composers. 8th ed. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. $1.50.
Pemberton, Max. The Hundred Days. Appleton. $1.50.
Phillpotts, Eden. Knock at a Venture. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Progress of Chemistry, Annual Reports on the. 1904. Vol. I. D. Van Nostrand & Co. $2.
Reed, Myrtle. At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern. Putnams. $1.50.
Reynolds, Cuyler. Classified Quotations. (The Banquet.) Putnams. $2.50 net.
Riordon, William L. Plunkitt of Tammany Hall. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Sandys, Edwyn. Sporting Sketches. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Scharwenka, Xaver. Fifty Compositions by Robert Schumann. (The Musician's Library.) Oliver Ditson & Co. $1.50, paper.
Sharp, Mary. Point and Pillow Lace. London: Murray; New York: Dutton.
Slater, J. Herbert. How to Collect Books. Macmillan Co. $2.
Smith, Gertrude. Little Mother and Georgie. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Sorrell, G. Moxley. Recollections of a Confederate Officer. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Stephens, Robert Neilson. The Flight of Georgiana. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Tomlinson, Everett T. Winning his Degree. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1 net.
Trident and the Net, The. By the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress.' Harpers. $1.50 net.
Ward, Mrs. Mumphry. Sir George Tressady. New ed. Macmillan Co.
Wood, Henry. Life More Abundant. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.20 net.
Wright, Mrs. D. Giraud. A Southern Girl in '61. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.75 net.

The "Nation's" praise of the rewritten and up-to-date Wallace's Russia. $5 retail.

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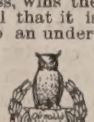

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

The Week.

If President Roosevelt has yielded to the Czar the initiative in convening the Hague Conference again, it is an act at once graceful and full of tact. All that the President promised the Inter-Parliamentary Union last year was that he would take steps to have the Conference summoned. If that is now done by its begetter, every one will be satisfied; and the President will have done something to disabuse the universe of the suspicion that he means to set up as its care-taker. Under whatever prompting brought together again, it is certain that the Hague Conference will be the scene of fruitful labors in the cause of humanity. War has been made to appear not less, but more, barbarous and wicked by what has taken place since the first Peace Conference at The Hague. Several of the participating nations will come in chastened spirit; and all should be ready to do something not only to mitigate the atrocities of war, but to make it seem more and more heathenish and impossible.

That seems a peculiar arrangement by which the Civil Service Commission is to bring it about that negroes in the South are "voluntarily" to relinquish clerkships in post-offices which they "will not be allowed to hold." Having investigated several cases in which black clerks had been forced to resign, sometimes by maltreatment, the agent of the Commission found that "the negroes have been made to know" that they cannot retain such positions. But the objection to them as mail-carriers is not so strong; consequently, if those who pass the examinations will only signify that they prefer to act as carriers, not as clerks, there will be "no discrimination against an eligible because of his color." Well, if negro or white man could not reason better than that, he ought not to be an eligible for any position where common sense is required. All you have to do, it seems to be thought, is to make "voluntarily" mean "compulsorily," and the problem is solved. And, of course, when Southern sentiment rises to the point of forbidding black men to be carriers, some equally fine verbal shift will be invented to explain away the discrimination. This is the strangest version of the square deal that we have yet encountered. Compel a man to accept a crooked deal, and that makes it square.

An issue of tremendous importance has arisen in the campaign now being conducted by Hoke Smith and Clark Howell for the nomination for Governor of Georgia: Did Hoke Smith, while Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, appoint negroes to office? This live and even burning question has been discussed in the columns of rival Atlanta newspapers controlled by the candidates, and the impression is given that the State is convulsed over it. The *Constitution* presses Clark Howell's charge that, under the Hoke Smith régime, two of Bishop Turner's sons were appointed to places in the Interior Department, one as clerk at a salary of $1,000 a year, and the other as an assistant messenger in the Pension Office at $720 a year. Another negro, Mick Mitchell, it is charged, enjoyed a $900 clerkship by reason of Mr. Smith's tolerance. To emphasize its point, the *Constitution* compares the princely salaries of the Turner boys and Mitchell with the $600 clerkship given to Peter J. Williams, a white man and the son of a Confederate veteran. Now what has Hoke Smith to say about that? His newspaper, the Atlanta *Journal*, hotly replies that both Mitchell and the $1,000-a-year Turner boy were already in the Interior Department, "under the civil-service blanket," before Smith entered Cleveland's Cabinet. Those negroes whom he did appoint, he declares, were given "menial positions" only. The question whether the appointees were efficient seems not to have arisen. Smith's condemnation or vindication rests upon the disposal of the charge that he actually recognized negroes as human beings.

On September 13, "Governors' Day," at the State Fair at Concord, Gov. Glenn of North Carolina told the people of New Hampshire that the only thing the South denies the negro is social equality. That is denied, he says, "because we believe that God made the whites a superior race to any other." Judge Kittrell of the Texas Supreme Court, speaking for Gov. Lanham, invited the people of New England to go out and help Texas to realize her splendid destiny. He said reassuringly: "The law is as well enforced there as it is in New Hampshire. I say to you that the blackest negro that ever crept from a prisoner's cell to a prisoner's dock can get as fair a trial as the whitest man in New Hampshire." Those who deny that negroes are given a "square deal," Judge Kittrell declared hotly, are "slanderers of the courts and people of a great State." As "Governors' Day" rhetoric, these statements are impressive, but as attempts to summarize the facts, they are not convincing. The New York *Age* says that, since July 1 of this year, seventeen lynchings have been recorded in the South. It quotes from a Dallas account of the burning, near Howard, Texas, on September 7, of Steve Aaron, a negro charged with the "usual crime": "The mob was so strong that it did not fear the local officers, and the isolated location, off the railroad line, made it comparatively free from molestation by State troops, if any should be ordered out."

There was an unhappy, far-off time when Senator Lodge did not believe in ship subsidies. He confessed as much in his speech at Peabody, Mass., on September 13. But he went on to tell the reason of his conversion in terms that must indeed have thrilled his audience. The Senator—to his great credit be it said—is one of the few Republicans with the courage to utter the word "subsidy." That there has been a prejudice against the word and the thing signified he acknowledges, and owns that it was this prejudice which made him think subsidy legislation impossible. But he has made a discovery which changes the face of the question completely. It is not too much to say that every one on whom the same light dawns will at once become a subsidy advocate. To carry out the policies he favors, the Senator says, would cost $4,000,000 a year. "But the best of it is," he adds with an unwonted burst of enthusiasm, "that we could provide for it all without a cent of new taxes on the American people." By this he means that the expense will be defrayed by a shuffling of port and light charges. It did seem as if the American consumer, who for more than fifty years, as the protectionist tells us, had not had to pay a penny for the support of our Government, might have been glad to assume this modest sum out of sheer patriotism. But no, the uncomplaining foreigner, who has grown accustomed to paying the entire tariff revenues of our Government, is to shoulder this new burden too.

A miracle, from the point of view of devout standpatters, has been openly wrought. Republican petitioners for reciprocity have at last demanded, not only that the duties on their raw materials be abolished, but that the rates on their manufactured goods be cut down. The Massachusetts committee of one hundred are advocating a plank in the platform of the coming State convention of the Republican party, calling for the placing of hides, coal, iron ore, lumber, and wood pulp on the free list, and also for a reduction in "duties upon manufactured and other articles." This will frighten Lodge and his machine as much as it enrages the Home Market Club. But it is a sort of "millennial sign," to be added to those which

Dr. Holmes enumerated. Representative McCleary said the other day that he never expected to live to see any tariff revisionist admitting that his own pet duty was too high. The sight of these Massachusetts reciprocity men, ready to have their own tariff favors cut off, must make him feel like singing his *nunc dimittis*.

The reason why Germany is not more seriously alarmed by our Government's intention to develop for ourselves the South American trade is apparent from the very phraseology in which this great movement is announced. "The authorities at Washington," we are told, "mean to go forward 'full steam ahead' to capture" the markets to the south. The thing is talked about as if the Secretary of State were preparing in his own person to make shipments of canned roast beef, and the Chief of the Consular Bureau to do up calicoes for the sub-tropical trade. But the "authorities at Washington" have nothing to sell, and all their "activity" can accomplish is to collect information about South American opportunities, and try to induce individual manufacturers and merchants at home to take advantage of them. Now adaptation of methods to the preferences of foreign consumers has never been in the past a strong point of our manufacturers. Every batch of Consular Reports contains evidence of this. Our agent abroad finds out that particular goods for a particular place must, to be salable, be prepared or packed in some particular way. But the manufacturers frequently go on sending their goods to this spot of queer foreign tastes in the dress that suits Decatur, Ill. Perhaps an assiduously cultivated worship of the "home market" has had something to do with this. Certain it is that, while alert and enterprising business men may work up a foreign trade for themselves without help from their Government, the Government's own energy can accomplish nothing unless the commercial interests are prompt to accept the chances it obtains for them. As the German commercial bodies point out in the case of Cuba, even the discrimination in favor of American imports there has not decreased the sale of German goods. Other nations have actually made larger sales to the Cubans since the action which was to transfer this business bodily to our hands.

It has been some time since the fur-seal appeared as an international issue of importance, but, according to the news from Washington, that interesting creature is likely soon to enjoy its old prominence. Under the present agreement between this country and England, Americans may take male seals on the Pribyloff Islands under certain restrictions. All sealing operations are prohibited within a zone of sixty miles about those islands, but a large fleet of Canadian vessels engages every year in extremely profitable pelagic sealing outside the protected zone when the seals come to the rookeries in the spring. The seals killed at sea are largely females, and thus, as this country has always contended, the continuance of pelagic sealing threatens the very existence of the herd. On the other side of the Pacific a very similar situation exists, the seals which breed on islands owned by Russia being taken by the Japanese in waters further south, though without such an agreement as that between England and the United States. It is a fact which hardly needs statistical verification, though this is abundant, that, as pelagic sealing has grown more profitable, sealing on land has declined. If, as is reported, the end of the war in the East is to be made the occasion for negotiations between these four nations for a sealing agreement, there is likely to be a protracted debate. The nations which own seal rookeries assert, with scientific testimony to back them, that the carefully regulated killing of "bachelor seals" is the only form of sealing that does not menace the existence of the species. But before consenting to the entire prohibition of pelagic sealing, the countries now engaged in that industry are likely to insist on participation in the sealing operations on land.

The completion of the revision of United States statutes, begun four years ago, has naturally drawn attention to the many slovenly, ambiguous, and nugatory provisions which can be pointed out in the statutes at large by any one in the habit of searching those entertaining volumes. The publishers of a compilation of these statutes a few years ago observed in their preface that "the complexity of bills passed was too much even for members of Congress itself to unravel. We have come upon amendments to laws that have been repealed, amendments that overlook previous amendments, new laws reënacting existing and forgotten laws, etc." The story is told that Mr. Botkin, chairman of the commission now finishing its work, promised his colleagues an oyster supper if they could discover from the statute-book what was the legal rate of pay of a cook in the corps of engineers, and they, after many days of searching, were compelled to give it up as hopeless. The purpose of the revision, of course, is to bring the whole body of Federal laws into consistent and perspicuous form. But, once this is done, as it should be by the next Congress, the need of keeping the laws in the same orderly condition ought to be considered.

Mr. Everett Colby's rout of the Essex County (New Jersey) bosses, backed by rapacious corporations—a rout so complete that it left them dazed—is a political event of uncommon significance. A corrupt and tyrannical machine, believing itself all-powerful, was directly challenged, and was blown away like tissue paper by the popular vote. The smashing defeat of Major Lentz is a long score for the new primary law. Under the old plan of stuffing caucuses and putting through a slate, Lentz would have beaten Colby easily. It was the opportunity for a wider appeal to the voters which wrecked the machine. The New Jersey law in force for the first time this fall is not, to be sure, a direct primary law. But, in the case under consideration, as occasionally happens, the voters of the party were offered a fair count and a practical choice of candidates, which amounted to the same thing. Nevertheless, the method should not be thought of as a cure-all for our political ills. It is a contrivance which the bosses will learn to work in time, if the citizenship is neglectful, as skilfully as they do other parts of the electoral machinery. Indeed, but for Mr. Colby's remarkable appeal, sustained through a long and vigorous campaign, he could not have won even under the new law. The latter simply gave personality and a sound issue a chance to make themselves felt. No political system can save a people that fails in its political duty, just as none can really prevent an aroused and determined electorate from eventually having its way.

The State Democratic Executive Committee of Tennessee, at a meeting in Nashville last Saturday, resolved: "That on Saturday, the 12th day of May, 1906, between the hours designated for regular elections, the polls shall be open at each of the usual polling-places in all the counties of Tennessee, for the purpose of holding a direct primary election to select the nominee of the Democratic party of Tennessee for United States Senator, for the term beginning March 4, 1907, and ending March 4, 1913." This is the latest extension of the primary principle to the selection of candidates for Federal office, following closely upon the Virginia experiment. Tennessee had already legalized the primary as applied to State elections, but had balked at authorizing it in the case of an election of a Senator or Representative. The State Committee's action, therefore, is to become effective only because Senator Carmack and ex-Gov. Taylor, the rival candidates before the Legislature of 1906, have agreed to abide by the result of the primary, and the Democratic county committees are unanimous in deciding to conduct the test in May. Somewhat inconsistently, the State Committee rejected the proposal to submit the question of choosing a candidate for

Governor by a direct primary vote. The State will, therefore, have an excellent opportunity to contrast the primary and convention methods, for the Gubernatorial convention will occur three weeks after the Senatorial primary of May 12.

The anti-pass fight is on in earnest in Nebraska. Following the action of the Republican State Convention of Thursday in declaring against the railway pass, Gov. Mickey and two other State officials have given up their passes, and announced that hereafter they will pay their own fare. Even United States Senator Elmer J. Burkett spends good money for a ticket to Washington. "The will of the convention," says the Attorney-General sententiously, "is law to me. Now that the convention has spoken, a Republican can do nothing but surrender his passes." To the man up a tree it would seem as if the proprieties of the case are exactly what they were before the oracles of the Republican convention spoke. The question is a very simple one: Should a State officer, who may be called upon to decide matters of vital interest to the railways, accept favors from them? To put the question is to answer it. Sane men can hold but one opinion on this subject. The railways are not giving away their passes for nothing. In the long run they find their advantage in securing the good will of men in place and power. In the meantime we shall be interested to learn whether loyal Republican editors likewise accept the verdict of the convention. Will these great tribunes of the people also guard against any secret and subtle bias toward benevolent corporations; or are they sure that their minds are so soldered in virtue that nothing can swerve them from their devotion to the commonwealth?

A bust of Thomas Paine was last week set up in Independence Hall, Philadelphia. It was, according to the *Ledger*, presented to the city in 1876, but, because of the prejudices against Paine, was refused. At the end of nearly thirty years it is again offered and accepted. That these three decades have witnessed a distinct change in the common estimate of Paine is not to be doubted. The city fathers of 1876 must have recalled that in their boyhood the name of Tom Paine was a bogey to the orthodox. Through the first half of that century everybody who went to church was accustomed to hear Paine thundered at from the pulpit. "Give us more of them awful deathbeds of Voltaire and Tom Paine," said the old trustees to the young Methodist minister in 'Theron Ware.' With the disappearance of Paine as a popular critic of the Bible, and with the growth of toleration, men are able to make a juster appraisal of his worth. As a writer he merits more honor than he is generally awarded. His style is not that of the scholar, but it has the far higher qualities of energy and directness; it is full of pithy and quotable phrases. Unrestrained enthusiasts have held that the pen which wrote 'Common Sense' and 'The Crisis' was as potent an aid to the Americans as the sword of Washington. As a political philosopher, Paine made important contributions to the theories embodied in the framework of our republic. He is, says Leslie Stephen, "the only English writer who expresses with uncompromising sharpness the abstract doctrine of political rights held by the French Revolutionists. His relation to the American struggle and afterwards to the Revolution of 1789 gave him a unique position, and his writings became the sacred books of the extreme radical party in England." Paine clearly deserves a high place in our national pantheon.

On Wednesday week, Frederic Cromwell, treasurer of the Mutual Life, declared with much emphasis that in these days membership in syndicates is a necessity. Time was, twenty years ago, when the income of the Mutual was small and the company "could buy from bond-dealers and pay the broker's profits"; but now the company must go into syndicates in order to get satisfactory investments, "get them in sufficient size and at 'ground-floor' prices." "I go so far as to say," added Mr. Cromwell, "that unless we went into the syndicates, we should not be able to invest our funds." The only difficulty with this lucid and plausible exposition is that a syndicate is formed, not for the purpose of buying bonds, but of marketing them. Capitalists unite to "float" an issue of Government, railway, or industrial securities, and they are expected to "stay in" till this end is accomplished. Indeed, Mr. Cromwell himself testified that when the Mutual backed Speyer & Co. to the extent of $5,000,000 in obtaining $35,000,000 of Cuban bonds at 89, it did not withdraw its share of the bonds and lock them up in its vaults. On the contrary, it went into a second syndicate which took over $20,000,000 of the bonds at 91. The Mutual understood when it entered the original syndicate that it was not to withdraw any of the bonds which it had underwritten. Then, too, the Mutual did not join the "Pennsylvania 3½ convertible bond" syndicate for the purpose of securing "ground-floor" prices. The company, as a stockholder in the Pennsylvania Railroad, was entitled to $1,666,000 of the bonds at par, but did not care to avail itself of that chance. The Mutual put $1,500,000 into a syndicate which bought "Southern Pacific first refunding 4s" at 93½, but the Mutual itself bought $3,000,000 of the bonds at the public offering at 97, less the commission. Other syndicate operations were similar in character.

Policyholders of the New York Life now know that on December 31, 1903, the company sold $800,000 of International Mercantile Marine bonds to J. P. Morgan and Company, and on January 2, 1904, took them back again. The transaction was managed by George W. Perkins, a partner of the banking firm and also vice-president of the New York Life and chairman of its finance committee. The object of this feat of financial legerdemain was, as Edmund D. Randolph, treasurer of the insurance company, admitted, to show in the annual report only $3,200,000 of International Mercantile Marine—a bad investment—whereas the company actually had $4,000,000. The chief use of an annual report in a mutual company like the New York Life is to let the policyholders know exactly how their affairs are being managed. "Frankness" is, according to President John A. McCall, the admirable motto of his administration. "The New York Life," says a recent circular, "has for years believed in and advocated publicity." In the shift of $800,000 just mentioned there was neither frankness nor publicity. The policyholders, the agents in the field, and perhaps some of the officers in New York, were deliberately misled as to the actual condition of the investment.

An article by M. Brunetière on "Les Mensonges du Pacificisme" has caused animated discussion in France. His criticism of those who advocate peace and disarmament has called forth replies from M. Passy and from the French Senator, D'Estournelles. The title of M. Brunetière's paper was probably even more provocative than were his specific objections to the peace policy of the international committee. The answers of his opponents are, it must be admitted, rather disappointing, for they virtually concede some essential points of M. Brunetière's original argument. If it had come from a less clever writer, it would deserve but little notice. After accusing the advocates of "pacificisme" of cowardice, he tries to prove that disarmament in Europe would be inexpedient, chiefly for reasons of social economy. National industries, he thinks, are helped by the continuance of standing armies which require supplies of many different kinds, and thus give employment to a large part of the population. As for war, it is a national safety-valve. It has a great and good influence upon the individual character, inspiring courage and affording an opportunity of moral self-realization. With every advance of the military art, new orders go to the factories, and, in the event of war, the food market is abnormally active. But the manufacture of ploughshares and pruning-hooks ought to be quite as profitable, if so many men were not engaged in military service.

INSURANCE AND POLITICS.

What close observers have long been morally convinced of, is now proved to be the fact. The great life-insurance companies have been in politics. They have given blackmail or bribes to party machines. Mr. George W. Perkins testified on Friday that the New York Life had contributed at least three times to the Republican national campaign fund. Last year it gave nearly $50,000 to promote the election of Mr. Roosevelt.

To the President, this must have come as a shocking piece of news. If he had really known what his agents were doing, he could not have displayed such heat as he did in his reply to Judge Parker, on November 4, 1904. He then declared it to be "a wicked falsehood," and an accusation which "if true would brand both Mr. Cortelyou and me with infamy," that contributions had been extorted from corporations to aid in his election. Of course, President Roosevelt was careful to use such words as "blackmail," and a "promise" of "future immunities"; but every one knows what gentlemanly blackmailers go about before elections. They weep and deeply sympathize, like the walrus, as they sort out the corporations of the largest size, but the latter understand sufficiently why it is that they are asked to make a campaign contribution. And as for a "promise," a really high-toned management would be ashamed to demand so vulgar a thing. A wink is as good as a bond between the bearer and the filler of the campaign bag. No; Friday's revelations will go far to convince plain men that Judge Parker spoke but the truth when he said that the large corporations were contributing heavily to President Roosevelt's election.

Judge Parker is justly entitled to rub salt into the Republican wounds. The open confession that the New York Life financed the campaign against him last year gave him his opportunity, and he rose to it on Monday last in admirable temper. He did not profess that his party possessed superior virtue in the matter of accepting funds from corporations, but only maintained (and the evidence certainly supports him) that the big corporation checks went to the Republicans. The Judge does not point out, what he no doubt observed, the care that was taken to conceal the transation. Not until a month after the election was the New York Life check drawn. Mr. Perkins advanced the money personally, to be repaid later. Now suppose that, on the eve of the election, Judge Parker had specifically accused the New York Life of giving trust funds to elect Mr. Roosevelt; President McCall could have made a solemn affidavit that not a cent had been paid—"Come and examine our check-book." The contribution was both illegal and craftily planned to be beyond detection.

But Judge Parker's statement is more than a pointing to his own justification. It contains weighty and timely words on the great evil of corporation money in politics. Nothing can be more to the point than his fine repudiation of the alleged "Democratic faith" of President McCall, advanced in extenuation by Mr. Perkins. "Men like McCall," he remarks, "have no political convictions that stand in the way of their personal advantage. Such men desire the triumph of that party which will better serve their personal financial interests." We all know the type. It has been familiar since Jay Gould's day. Among a certain class of financiers, political differences vanish at the dollar's edge. They are Democrats or Republicans for revenue only. In a case in the South Wales Circuit, the leading counsel identified himself with local interests. "Come, come," said the judge, "you cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman." "But I have made a good deal of money out of Welshmen in my time." "Well, well," rejoined the Judge, "we may call you a Welshman by extraction." There are Democrats and "acting Republicans" in plenty of that lineage. Strictly speaking, however, they no more deserve to be called party men than do those Philadelphia thieves whom Secretary Root denounced for daring to assume the name "Republican."

Everybody knows that life-insurance companies and other corporations do not underwrite political parties without expecting a profit. Their motto is strictly, *do ut des.* The kind of reward they count upon is well described by Judge Parker. Having bought "control" of a party, they intend to use it for their own benefit. They doubtless supposed that they had securely purchased the Republican party last year. President Roosevelt has done much to show that he, at least, was not privy to that bargain. In many respects, it is certain, the corporations do not look upon him as their best friend. But there is one particular in which the President has, thus far, laid himself open to suspicion. Judge Parker asserts that one purpose of the contributions made by corporations to the Republican party was to retain "permission to manufacturing corporations to levy tribute on the people." In other words, a syndicate of stand-patters was at work. Now, what are the suggestive facts? In his letter of acceptance President Roosevelt turned his back on his former tariff utterances, and posed as the best stand-patter of the lot. After election, he began again to talk tariff revision earnestly—in private. It was known, for the fact has been published, that he intended to send a special tariff message to Congress; but he was somehow diverted from his purpose. Republican tariff revision was slaughtered in the house of its friends. The question now is whether President Roosevelt will consent to lie under the malign implication which many have seen in this course. He has it in his power to make a more complete answer to Judge Parker than he made last November. Let him indignantly brush away all these rumors of a stand-patter purchase, by coming out squarely for tariff reform, and urging it with every argument and influence at his command. In that way he can at once put his detractors to confusion and rejoice his friends.

We may yet distil goodness out of this evil thing if we follow up these revelations of corporate bribery in politics by drastic legislation making every act of the kind criminal. The penal code is your great purifier. Let every director or officer be made to know that if, directly or indirectly, he gives or allows to be given one dollar of the funds of his corporation to a politician, or the agent of one, the jail will yawn for him. Let the terror of the law be held also over the head of campaign committees and their solicitors. By both State and Federal statute, let the practice of either soliciting or giving corporation money for partisan purposes be so outlawed that the director who is besought will feel that he is invited to commit a crime, while the party treasurer who is seen going to interview financial magnates will be regarded, even though he be the most respectable of whited sepulchres, as no better than a sneak thief.

"ADMINISTRATIVE ADMINISTRATION."

"You must know that we old residents of Washington regard this as the best administrative Administration we have ever seen." The foregoing is an extract from a letter of one veteran Republican to another. It was written, however, in 1888, and referred to the Administration, not of Theodore Roosevelt, but of Grover Cleveland. What the writer would say of the succession of scandals which have broken out in one department of the Government after another; of the discoveries of lurking graft in corner after corner; of the general suspicion, uneasiness, and fear permeating and demoralizing the whole service, we do not know, but we are sure he would not call them signs of good administrative administration.

The phrase is suggestive. As originally applied, it provokes comparisons not wholly unfavorable to Mr. Cleveland. His first term was singularly free from administrative scandals. Attorney-General Garland's connection with the Pan-electric promotion is about all that sticks in the average man's memory; and Loomis and Paul Morton have since made that affair look like a laughable peccadillo. On the whole, Mr. Cleveland succeeded in infusing into the Government service an admirable spirit of industry and economy. He speedily made

himself known as "the business man from Buffalo." He himself set the example of unflagging labor. No President before or since can have surpassed his almost cruel devotion to his work. And he had able executives—not ornamental phantoms—about him in his Cabinet. From him and them the spirit of quiet application and fidelity spread out and down. "Let them attend to their work," said Mr. Cleveland when only President-elect, upon the report that the clerks at Washington were restless and apprehensive; and "Let them attend to their work" was his motto all through. There was nothing clamorous, nothing galvanic, nothing of the self-advertising in the conduct of public business during those four years; but there was a steady discharge of duty, and an increasing command of popular confidence, which are of the essence of good administration.

Now how has it happened that we have seen such a lamentable change under a President who is personally as honest as the sun, and who hates an official rogue almost as heartily as he does his imaginary weakling? Why have these repeated shocks come to the people—frauds following upon frauds—so seriously impairing their belief in the purity of the Government, and leading them to say in their haste that all public servants are grafters? Personal blame attaching to Mr. Roosevelt must be of the smallest. His clear rectitude of general purpose cannot be challenged. It is true that he has been a little careless in finding or making offices, or "jobs," for some of his personal friends. Open spoilsmen shelter themselves behind these unfortnate examples of his. It might also be argued that his whirlwind methods are not good for the satisfactory dispatch of business, and are a bad model for his subordinates. But all these things can account for but a trifling part of the governmental delinquencies which have been overcoming us like a summer cloud, to the special wonder of nobody, we presume, more than of Mr. Roosevelt. The insidious corruption has intrenched itself in the public service not because but in spite of his being President. He should be the first to inquire what its real causes are, since he himself is conscious of innocence.

If he did inquire deliberately and dispassionately we think he would discover ample reasons why the past eight years of Republican rule have borne the fruit of which we all find the taste so unpleasant. In the first place, there was a change from the policy of economy to the policy of lavishness. President Cleveland both preached and practised the homely virtue of saving. So far as he could by recommendation and veto, he kept expenses down; so that the Government, under him, was actually run for less money, though the population expanded—that facile excuse for extravagance. But with the incoming of the Republicans, the whole temper was changed. "God help the surplus," became the popular cry. "This is a billion-dollar country." We had much goods laid up for many years, like the other rich fool. Now such a spirit of waste makes stealing as well as want. With the big men openly gloating over the big plums, the little fellows will inevitably be secretly anxious to get their fingers on the little pickings. Hence defalcations; hence bribes and dishonesty and the breakdown of the public service. Graft is a barnacle always found clinging to extravagance.

But there is a more specific reason for an outcrop of scandal under a Republican Administration. Eight years of crying up the duty of the Government to make every man rich cannot fail to produce such results as we see. All corruption is not due to the protective tariff, but every protective tariff necessarily carries corruption with it. This is mainly why philosophical statesmen like Lord Rosebery dread its introduction in England. The virus of protection is too strong for the finest political virtue. Let men once get into the habit of running to Parliament or Congress for laws to put money in their private purse, and public demoralization follows as the night the day. It is folly to think the manufacturers and the other special interests can go and get their special booty unobserved, or without awaking cupidity in millions. They set the example of demanding a living from the Government, and every Government employee, every ne'er-do-weel with political influence, is exposed to the infection and begins to think how he, too, may get a lift from the Treasury. To buy a tariff law is too much like taking bribes for doing one's official duty, or for permitting exemption from the law; and the Republican great ones who do the former, directly encourage the latter.

By being so frequently compelled to strike at corruption in the Government, President Roosevelt, we should hope, may be led to reflect upon its political causes. They are apart from his personality. He did not himself sow the seed; neither will his angry lopping off the offending growths as they appear make an end of the crop. For deep-seated corruption, deep-working causes must be sought; and he who would cut the evil up by the root must dig down to governmental lavishness—with the avarice and unscrupulousness it excites—and to the protective system, with its proved provocation to bribery, perjury, cheating, and grafting in every form.

THE NATIONAL QUARANTINE.

The governors of twelve Southern States and the chambers of commerce of the important Southern cities have signed the call for a conference to be held at Chattanooga on November 9 and 10, to consider questions relating to quarantine and immigration. The most important object is to devise "some uniform system of quarantine that will allay apprehension of the people and minimize the dangers resulting from an outbreak of yellow fever." "This is necessary," says the call further, "if we would save our land from the demoralizing and brutalizing tendencies of a panic-inspired quarantine."

Not in a good many years, certainly, has the general temper been so favorable to the passage of effective national quarantine legislation. The Southern press has been full of expressions favorable to this policy. It has been openly insinuated that New Orleans got into her present plight and brought danger to all her neighbors simply by reason of over-leniency toward a fruit trade she was very anxious to retain. Underneath all considerations of local pride is the conviction that, in matters of this kind, Federal laws have a habit of getting themselves enforced, while State and local regulations are frequently unequal to an emergency.

The confident prediction is made that the next Congress will give the country a complete national quarantine system. When the chief executives of South Carolina and the other old-time States'-rights commonwealths take the lead in asking that State control in this particular be superseded by Federal, the chances should be altogether favorable, especially as there is no opposition apparent, and medical and scientific authorities are a unit on that side. But history has been in the habit of repeating itself in this matter, and the same course of events has been reënacted almost every time that an epidemic broke out or was threatened here. First, the local authorities in their distress call for the aid of the national Government. This is promptly and efficiently given, and does not prove in any way subversive of anybody's liberties. "The thing to do," says every one, "is to put this under Federal control from the start." So agitation for a new law begins, but, before Congress gets around to the subject, the particular epidemic has been stamped out, and the need no longer seems to be urgent, so the law-makers pass some half-way measure, but stop short of the sweeping change really needed.

James Wilford Garner, writing in the *Yale Review*, has recently summarized past Federal legislation relating to the public health. As early as 1796, he recalls, a widespread outbreak of yellow fever brought the subject before Congress in a form not substantially different from that it will assume next winter. A bill was promptly introduced authorizing the President to prescribe and enforce quarantine regulations as

concerned vessels arriving from abroad, but Congress would not trust even George Washington with such a power. The vote against this provision was exactly two to one. As passed, the act merely authorized the President to direct revenue officers and commandants of forts to aid in the enforcement of the health and quarantine laws of the States within which they were stationed. In 1799, 1832, and 1866 further legislation was enacted pursuant to the same policy of giving a helping hand to the pitiably inefficient State quarantines.

The seventies were eventful years in respect to quarantine agitation. First, a medical officer authorized by Congress made an exhaustive investigation at the Atlantic and Gulf ports, and reported in favor of a national system. Then the House passed a bill authorizing Federal quarantine regulations independent of those of the States, but the Senate killed it. Some five years later, however, as if to make a circle of contrariness, the Senate passed a bill of its own of similar purport, and the House let that die. Two compromise measures became law, and their enactment was followed by the greatest yellow-fever epidemic in our history.

The National Board of Health was created in 1879, and, by its power of offering pecuniary aid to State boards, it induced general compliance with its recommendations, and, as Mr. Garner says, "an approximate degree of uniformity and efficiency was secured." In 1890, for the first time, the Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to formulate rules and regulations to prevent the spread of plague without regard to the local provisions, but this applied only to interstate quarantine. In 1893, another long step was taken. Under the act of that year the Federal authorities, if they find local regulations inadequate, may make additional ones, and, if the local officers refuse or neglect to enforce them, the President can do so. This plan obviously lacks entirely the quickness of action absolutely necessary if danger is really to be averted. In 1893, the first year of the new law, a cholera ship actually landed at one of our ports before the clumsy machinery could be brought into action. We have also had the spectacle of two sets of quarantine officials at one port, putting every arriving vessel to double expense and delay through the farce of reinspection.

The present system is virtually one of local quarantines, though some of these are maintained by national, some by State, and some by municipal authorities. There is an annual conference of quarantine officials, and even without new legislation the national Government is gradually taking over a larger proportion of the stations. Within the year covered by the last Surgeon-General's report, for instance, the States of Florida, North Carolina, New Jersey, and Maine, and the city of Savannah, had transferred their quarantine stations to the United States Government. There remain eight disinfection and twelve inspection stations maintained by States and cities. To say that some of these must be more efficient than others is only to say what is true of every other group of human institutions under independent management, especially if it be semi-political management. But there are not many human institutions in which even temporary laxity is likely to be followed by such dire consequences. Against the attacks of disease our coast line is no stronger than its weakest point.

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK.

It has been remarked that the financial year does not properly begin, like the calendar year, on January 1. That date, indeed, falls in the middle of a season when influences and tendencies already developed are in full swing, and when the forces which dominated markets in December continue to operate throughout the two or three ensuing months. The time when the financial year has its real beginning is the springtime, when the world's harvests for the new season are first in prospect, and when, simultaneously, the world's money markets show their capacity or lack of capacity to meet the demands on them. The influences which thus grow visible become clearly defined in the early autumn, first because the world will then have learned the outcome of its harvests; second, because the marketing of the world's crops intensifies whatever strain on the money markets may previously have existed. It is for this reason that the nature of a financial and industrial situation may usually be detected at this season of the year more clearly than at any other period. The well-known fact that great money panics have usually broken out in May or in November is no mere accident. The pressure had in each case begun a month or two before, and the business community speedily discovered that the money market was unable to provide for outstanding liabilities. But it is equally true that outbursts of financial optimism have usually been associated with similar periods in the year. The reason in that case also is that the test had been applied to the situation with satisfactory results.

The outlook at the present moment is undoubtedly favorable. In the fundamental element of agricultural prosperity, the season has favored this country in an unusual degree. It is conceded that our wheat crop will in all probability exceed that of all previous years but one, and that the corn crop will surpass all precedent. This occurs when the legitimate demand from consumers of such products is at high-water mark, and when, therefore, the American grain-growing communities will receive a still larger instalment of the wealth which of late has flowed every year into their hands.

The wheat farmer seems, indeed, to be assured of unusual good fortune. When last year's crop ran heavily short of recent yields, leaving an insignificant export surplus, it was presently found that the foreign consuming world could get on without help from America. An enormous Russian harvest filled up, in the export trade to consuming states, all of the void left by the shortage in our crop. This year, the indication is that Russia's harvest will decrease from last year's record in almost exactly the same proportion as our own increases; the inference being, if the forecast is correct, that the United States will regain the preëminent place among wheat-exporting nations which it lately seemed to have forfeited. With the cotton crop, the prospect is not in all respects the same; the yield, though estimates vary widely and none finds unqualified acceptance, cannot well exceed the spinning trade's requirements for a normal year, and may run considerably short of them. But, even so, we have the highly important offsetting fact that last year's crop exceeded by two and a quarter million bales even the unprecedented consumption of the period. This surplus, carried over into the new cotton year, and added to the new crop's yield, should leave the supply available for the trade larger than any on record, save for the great crop of 1904. The marketing of the surplus from last year's crop has raised our cotton export in the two past months, at the very end of the cotton year, to a figure $17,000,000 greater than has ever before been reached in the period.

These are ground facts which make for American prosperity; they will at least go very far towards ensuring continuance of the good times of the past half-dozen years. The qualifying factor, in the minds of many conservative observers, has been the extravagant and sometimes reckless use of capital. It is undeniable that the spirit of speculation, which has pervaded many sections of the community, is a constant source of danger—its possibilities having been plainly pointed out by such incidents as the Bank of Milwaukee affair last spring and the Equitable scandal, not to mention the very grave warning from the story of 1903. To a large extent, however, it may be said that our capitalists and promoters have taken to heart those lessons. Demands on capital have been large; during the first half of the present year, actual absorption of capital through issue of new securities ran nearly parallel with 1901. The "listings" on the New York Stock Exchange, however, which are a trustworthy measure of such movements, indicate, first, a far greater ratio of borrowings for productive purposes,

and a far smaller ratio for purposes of amalgamation, watering capital, inflation of values, and stock-jobbing generally. This is a distinction of importance. The simple fact that, whereas, in the first half of 1901, no less than $959,000,000 new stock was thus issued and listed, purely to buy up other stocks and bonds, whereas the similar issues, in the past half-year, foot up only $191,000,000, shows a salutary change.

Belief that the more conservative policy will continue, and that the markets will witness no recurrence of the mania of four years ago, is a ground for hopefulness. The investing public's attitude in the matter is perhaps the surest present safeguard. A public infatuated to the pitch of 1901 would, in the light of all experience, render maintenance of scruples in the banking world a matter of some improbability. But the public has learned its lesson even more thoroughly than the bankers, and the experience is too recent to be speedily forgotten.

The stock market is, in a general way, an index to prosperity or adversity, but a mistake very commonly made by our people is to assume that whatever puts up prices temporarily makes for prosperity, and vice-versa. This is much like supposing that if some one can only push the mercury down in the thermometer, he will bring cold weather. Wild movements on the Stock Exchange, fomented by reckless speculators, become a menace in themselves. It may be said, indeed, that the constant fear that such-and-such an act or policy will "put down stocks," is the narrowest sort of reasoning. It is quite possible that public legislation may depress a given stock or group of stocks, yet operate distinctly in the direction of the community's general welfare and prosperity. These principles should be kept in mind when such questions as those of Trust regulation or tariff revision are proposed, as they may be during the coming winter.

THE PRIVATE-CAR MONOPOLY.

The railway-rate bill to be pressed at the coming session of Congress will not differ materially from that which was under consideration last winter. So, at least, say Representatives Charles E. Townsend of Michigan and John J. Esch of Wisconsin, who held a conference on the subject last week. Their statement is not explicit as to the private-car lines. If these are to be brought under supervision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, either the original Townsend-Esch bill must be amended, or some such supplementary measure as that introduced last January by Representative F. C. Stevens of Minnesota must be passed. The abuses of the private-freight car are sure to be fully discussed, for people are much disturbed by the present situation. One reply of the railways to the complaints of shippers is that the railway itself is helpless: the blame lies with a refrigerator-car line, which controls the traffic in meat, vegetables, and fruit. On September 6, for example, the Southern Railway, the Atlantic Coast Line, and several other companies filed, in answer to the Commission's inquiry, a disclaimer to the effect that the railroads were in no respect responsible for the charges made against the Armour lines. Two days later the Armours put in a denial that they were subject to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

On the abuses of the private lines it is unnecessary to dwell at length. The Commission has within a year gathered under this head much evidence, which has been summarized in the daily press. Further details have been collected and published in the popular magazines. In brief, the Armour car-monopoly handles the cattle and meat of the Middle West, the vegetables and fruit of the South, and of Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, and the fruit of California and Oregon. The farmers of these vast regions are at the mercy of a single company; they are offered the curt alternative, "Take it or leave it. Submit to our terms or be ruined." They may protest as loudly as they please in regard to the supply of cars, to the methods of handling the product in transit, and to the cost of icing, but they have no redress except such as the monopoly may graciously vouchsafe.

The fact that the rates are extortionate has been established beyond cavil. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its last annual report, called attention to an "enormous and unreasonable increase in refrigeration charges." Among examples of such increases under Armour control are the following: From $20 to $55 on a car from Michigan to Boston, $10 to $37.50 from Michigan to Dubuque, and, most amazing of all, $7.50 to $45 from Michigan to Duluth. The icing charge on a car of pineapples from Mobile to Cincinnati, under an exclusive contract with the Armour Company, is given by the Commission as $45, while on another road, which furnishes its own cars, the charge from New Orleans to Cincinnati is only $12.50.

The Commission further declares that to favored shippers concessions in refrigeration charges are made which amount practically to a rebate. Of course, the fruit shipper does not care whether he gets his rebate nominally on a charge for icing or for freight. The two together make up the cost of transportation. He must use the refrigerator car, and he must have it iced. Whatever the form of the discount, the effect is exactly the same. The shipper who basks in the good graces of the private-car monopoly enjoys an unfair advantage over his rivals, and really evades with impunity the interstate commerce law, which forbids freight rebates.

That these conditions are an outrage the most strenuous opponent of Government railway regulation admits. By a mere hocus-pocus the railways escape from their duties as common carriers. They make a long-term contract with a private company, which contends that it is not bound by interstate commerce law; and they leave growers and shippers under the heel of an irresponsible monopoly. To the shareholder who lives quietly in New York or Boston, and who takes no interest in railway management, provided the dividends be regular, the Western farmer's hostility to the railway seems wholly unreasonable. "Why," he asks wonderingly, "are the people who raise apples in Michigan, peaches, melons, and strawberries in the South, and oranges and pears in California shrieking so about injustice? Why does the mere process of tilling the soil drive men crazy with hatred of corporations? Why are agricultural regions always the prey of noisy demagogues who advocate national ownership of railways?" These innocent questions we have already answered. The fruit-growers are suffering from gross injustice; they have solid ground on which to base their hatred of corporations; and they will be ready to vote for national ownership if they can see no other sure plan of relief. They very properly laugh at the argument that the railways themselves are the victims of the monopoly. That is too preposterous. The railways deliberately made the compact with the Armours, and they must be held answerable for the outcome.

The political strength of the movement for rate regulation is already formidable. Even railway Senators are now aware that something must be done to quiet popular clamor. To put an end to the abuses of the private-car monopoly would do much to allay discontent; and well-informed observers believe that the railways are getting ready to throw this tub to the whale. If the railways escape with that sacrifice, they may count themselves lucky.

THE SITUATION IN AUSTRIA.

The resignation of Baron Fejervary points to the probability that there will be found a way, at Vienna as well as at Budapest, of reconciling the differences between the two halves of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The law of self-preservation has proved the most efficient peacemaker. In Hungary no less than in Cisleithania the situation has become well-nigh intolerable. The Delegations cannot meet, taxes in Hungary cannot be collected, her recruits fail to respond, there are no funds available for common expenditures, and, most important of all, the commercial relations with other countries are

threatened. During this month the treaties with Switzerland and Bulgaria will expire, and there are pending treaties with Belgium, Servia, Russia, and Rumania, which cannot be ratified without the sanction of the Hungarian Diet. The treaty with Germany has been ratified only by the Austrian Reichsrath; that with Italy has not yet been concluded either in Vienna or in Budapest. Hungary has so far remained passive and left it in doubt whether she will allow the Delegation of her Diet to meet that of the Reichsrath for the discussion of foreign relations.

There is every indication that such considerations have been far more potent in causing the retirement of Fejervary's impossible Ministry than difficulties in carrying out his scheme for universal suffrage. The plan of drawing from the Opposition by dangling this bait before the peasantry and the laboring classes was really chimerical. The peasantry of Hungary are much more amenable to local influences than to the blandishments of the Government, and the laboring men, there as elsewhere, are apt to turn to Socialist leaders for counsel. The Christian Socialists alone have watched their opportunity and offered themselves alternately to friend and foe. But the Government has shrunk from the prospect of riding into power in this way. Francis Kossuth, too, has guardedly declined to promise universal suffrage in the name of the united coalition.

There have, in fact, of late been distinct signs of a weakening of national pretensions in Budapest and of a more conciliatory spirit in Vienna. Even in ultra-radical circles in Hungary the practical advantage of a slight knowledge, on the part of the soldier, of some language other than Magyar is conceded; while, at least in the non-military circles of Vienna, it is admitted that in times of peace a judicious re-grouping of troops according to nationalities, giving the Hungarian soldier a Hungarian officer, might save the susceptibilities of the proud Magyar. The outcry evoked in certain quarters by the demand for national flags and emblems for the Hungarian contingent of the common army recalled in its intensity the protest in our own country over the first proposal to restore to the South the Confederate flags, for there are still those in the Austrian capital who speak of the Hungarians as traitors, and there was something of the fear of seeing the "rebels in the saddle" in the repugnance of Cisleithania to granting Hungary an arsenal of her own.

The demands of the Hungarians, with a view to lasting peace between the two halves of the monarchy, were recently discussed in the Berlin *Zukunft*, in a dignified survey of the situation by Count Theodore Batthyányi, a nephew of Count Louis Batthyányi, President of the Hungarian Ministry of 1848-49, who was executed by Haynau. It is not true, Count Batthyányi contends, that the Opposition is either disloyal to the sovereign or unwilling to assume power. It stands ready to take up the reigns of government the moment its strictly constitutional demands are granted. But he admits that Deák's compromise suffered from this inherent defect, that "the Austrian law determining the *Ausgleich* conflicted in some essential particulars with that of Hungary"—in other words, the vagueness of the language is answerable for some of the present misunderstandings. The unwritten English Constitution has no counterpart in the Hapsburg monarchy, and the letter of the so-called fundamental laws of the dual country is not infrequently a doubtful guide in constitutional or parliamentary perplexities. It is little to the purpose, for instance, in discussing the violation of rules of parliamentary procedure, or the propriety of restoring to the Hungarian contingent the national flag, to quote the second article of the Pragmatic Sanction of the year 1720, guaranteeing "the independence, special privileges, and the Constitution of the land," and pledging the King "ever to govern Hungary with the laws created by the Diet or thereafter to be created." Hungary can afford to heed, in minor matters, Goethe's panegyric of our own country:

> "Dich stört nicht im Innern
> Zu lebendiger Zeit
> Unnützes Erinnern
> Und vergeblicher Streit."

Fortunately, Hungarian statesmen have a sense of reality. Andrássy, Apponyi, Zichy, Batthyányi, and others owe much to cosmopolitan and, above all, to German culture, and are not anxious to wound German feeling either in Vienna or in Berlin. They must, too, feel that to denounce as traitors Count Tisza and the 124 members of the Liberal party who still refuse to obey the behests of the leaders of the United Opposition, is to discredit the past of the party of Deák and to throw doubt on Hungarian patriotism itself. And no one is more ready to admit that the present time calls for conciliatory action than Francis Kossuth. He is by no means a scheming Warwick, and no longer the agitator for a purely personal union between Hungary and Austria, but an aspiring politician, with an eye to office and power. If Francis Joseph now turns to him for advice, a solution will be found of those practical problems which must be met if Austria-Hungary is to retain her rank among nations.

THE ECLIPSE IN TRIPOLI.

SYRACUSE, SICILY, August 14, 1905.

The fairest of summer voyages brought the Amherst Eclipse Expedition to Gibraltar on Sunday, the 6th instant. Behind the fine breakwater lay the U. S. F. S. *Minneapolis*, of the Special Service Squadron, under Commander-in-Chief Admiral Chester, then on his way to Valencia and Daroca for the eclipse. Quite as impressive as one remembers it, the old rock looms above, but the picturesque town is dry and barren in August, showing no such wealth of brilliant blossoms in garden and alameda as is characteristic in April and May. Sunday quiet filled the generally gay streets, for English military posts are not attractive to pleasure-loving "natives" of any clime when shops are closed and barter is forbidden. So most of the 9,000 or more Spaniards who must pass over the neutral ground each night before gate-closing time remain for Sundays as well at La Linea. The usual Moors, Moroccans and donkeys were also conspicuously absent. With brief tarrying the expedition passed on to Naples, an excellent point of departure for Tripoli.

Steamers leave there only once a week for the Barbary city; but the two or three intervening days allowed none too much time for transferring telescopes and apparatus cases from our steamer to that of the Navigazione Generale Italiana, and for other matters of expedition business; strong antidotes are needed to counteract the midsummer tendency toward restfulness in the average South Italian. Vesuvius has been active for weeks, and presents at night a magnificent spectacle, as intermittent fountains of flame spring upward to a considerable height from the topmost crater, while a redly glowing track extends far down the mountainside.

With necessary business finally accomplished, we stood on the *Peloro's* deck, telescopes safely stowed below, and sailed out over a turquoise sea, past Pompeii and the lovely Sorrento shore, leaving Point Campanella, and crossing the entrance to the Salernian Gulf, with Amalfi just hidden on its shelf-terrace, and with a glimpse of Stromboli, ever active. At last, beautiful Capri, enshrouded in that radiant Italian atmosphere whose like is seen nowhere else, vanished in the blue haze of well-nigh iridescent distance, and the Straits of Messina lay ahead. Time at the Sicilian city—now modern and rejoicing in successful trade—was chiefly of interest because of the old sun-dial, a diagonal part of the cathedral floor, marking by quaint signs of the zodiac, figures, and lettering, the year, month, day, as, through a tiny hole far above among the great roof beams, one ray of sunlight streams down at high noon upon the prescribed spot.

News was received at the observatory in Catania of still another eclipse expedition. Astronomy here, at the observatory of Catania and Ætna, is almost exclusively confined to research upon the sun, and the institution is one of the most famous solar observatories in existence, Professor Riccò, its director, being the Nestor of living solar specialists. Within recent years, he and his able assistant Mascari have added a department of geophysics. Instruments set up in the ancient underground labryinths for registering seismic disturbances afford facilities unsurpassed in the world.

TRIPOLI, BARBARY, August 30.

The day for which we have prepared so faithfully dawned this morning, like all its predecessors since our arrival, in entire clearness. Even the Arab ovens, which start before sunrise with a great quantity of ill-smelling smoke, were not able to

stain for more than a few moments the intense blue of the sky. But it was singularly hot for this city of fresh breezes and tonic sunlight, and by coffee time it became evident that a mild *gibleh* was in progress, that strange south wind from the desert blowing from hundreds of parched Sahara miles, and several times a year transforming into a dry furnace the dazzling white city. We had known in advance that no nerve-tension as to possible cloud on eclipse day would be manifested, for it is the height of the dry season, which in Tripoli means a succession, for months, of perfectly clear days and nights. But there is always the disquieting possibility—less in summer than earlier or later, however—of a three days' *gibleh*. If it blows violently, a great quantity of desert sand is soon suspended in the atmosphere, and a yellowish veil is drawn over distant palm groves and houses, the sea horizon comes nearer and nearer, ships are blotted out, and, after a time, even the sun himself peers through this odd terrestrial haze, his brightness covered, until it is entirely comfortable to gaze with unshrouded eyes upon his round dimness. Usually, after three days, the wind changes back to the north, bringing refreshing coolness from the blue Mediterranean; the hovering sand settles back into its desert spaces; and once more Tripoli becomes one of the loveliest of climates. Although the thermometer may have risen to 105 degrees or even 110 degrees Fahrenheit, even then it is not depressing heat, but the very intense dryness and purity bring a certain stimulating quality unknown elsewhere.

This morning the eastern sky, at four o'clock, over the white roofs and beyond the minarets, flushed faintly, only enough to enhance the glory of Orion and Sirius, of Jupiter and splendid Venus. Growing constantly yellower, the stars faded into it; and by the time the flocks of goats with their tiny, tinkling bells, the slow camels, the overladen donkeys, began to enliven the plaster cañons of streets far below, the sun arose in penetrating brilliance, all unaware of the great event the new day would bring. But somewhere in sky-depths invisible lurked the moon in waiting. Higher rose the sun; she followed, unseen, but potent. The breeze dropped, and intense heat began. By eleven o'clock the palm groves about the Karamanli tombs were mistily yellow, and the desert shimmered in haze. As yet the suspended sand, carried on the light south wind, had not risen more than two or three degrees above the horizon, and deep blue sky arched the world, absolutely without cloud. Silhouetted against the sea arose the fine battery of meteorological instruments on the roof of the Italian consulate, presided over by Prof. Luigi Palazzo of Rome, who has mounted one of the most perfect and complete sets of instruments for meteorological and physical elements ever installed in an eclipse track.

Not a ripple stirred the palé blue sea, and the heat grew apace. As before, the roof-terrace of the British Consulate-General has been tendered to our expedition for observing purposes, and, no less than when we were here in 1900, has proved an ideal eclipse station. Considerably higher than surrounding houses, only minarets of mosques and the lighthouse dominate; and from its vantage-ground the white city lies spread below, between sea and illimitable sand. Mr. Justin C. W. Alvarez, H. B. M. Consul-General at Tripoli, is in England on leave, but Mr. Alfred Dickson, Vice-Consul and acting Consul-General, has made a most thoughtful host for the expedition, doing everything in his power to enhance not only our personal comfort, but the usefulness of the work. Also Mr. W. F. Riley, Mr. Venables and Mr. Mario Nunes-Vais have been unwearied in their kind exertions for the advancement of our interests in every line; and a list of those in Tripoli, from Mr. Saunders (who arranged for special time from Greenwich by telegraph) to Mufta, the head cavasse or dragoman of the consulate, who have conspired to smooth every difficulty and speed our preparations, would include not only every member of the small English colony here, but many French and Italians, Arabs, Jews and Turks. Among the last is a very picturesque old man, Etim Bey, long an exile from Constantinople, who has spent his Tripolitan years in collecting vast numbers of specimens of every sort of invention. His house, where he lives alone with two servants, near the great Arab bread market, is a veritable museum of watches, clocks, walking canes and hunting crops, guns, muskets, pistols, swords, pictures, lamps, even an automobile, which could by no means navigate the narrow, crowded thoroughfares of Tripoli. But his specialty is cameras, and the collection includes everything which might be used in connection with photography. All his properties have been generously placed at the disposal of our expedition. Genuine interest has been shown in its objects and preparations by the present Governor of Tripolitania, His Excellency Redjid Pasha, who has not only with much appreciation examined the telescopes and their working, but has detailed special officials from the castle on several occasions to further our interests where Turkish authority was especially helpful. Among these gentlemen who have been particularly kind are Bé-Rir Bey, Hassan Bey, Krieger Bey and Feyzullah Bey.

Practically, eclipse preparations were completed yesterday. As the time between our arrival and the thirtieth was necessarily somewhat shorter than we could have wished, Professor Todd planned a less extensive programme than he has frequently carried out. His chief instrument is a 12-inch lens made especially for photographic work, and provided with a whirling occulter which he designed and described in a paper before the Royal Astronomical Society some years ago. It is a modification of the Burckhalter type, and is prepared with reference to reducing the exposure inward toward the sun in accordance with Professor Turner's law of the increase of its light. The plates are mounted in an endless chain of a sort similarly devised and used by Professor Todd in his West African expedition of 1889. One of the automatic instruments devised for the Japan eclipse of 1896, and loaded as it was in Singkep for the Dutch East Indies eclipse of 1901, prepared to take pictures at the rate of about fourteen every ten seconds, and all exactly alike, is set up beside the large tube, the eye-end of all the instruments coming into the dark-room, which becomes thus in itself a sort of huge camera. A pair of lenses of the standard type in searching for intra-Mercurian planets, and also arranged for photographing the outer corona, is mounted with the others. As in 1900, the Arabs had many strange tales about the astronomer and his great preparations for interfering with the sun, and a few were in a state of lively terror as the day approached. But in general they seemed less genuinely alarmed than five years ago, though more were interested.

By noon, the yellow sand haze had risen higher, and the unpleasant possibility of its actually staining the deep blue of the sky at eclipse time, and confusing coronal streamers, began to assume larger proportions. Our equipment of masons and workmen generally has included a large number of nationalities and religions, with never a word of English between them. But seeing my frequent trips to a seaward balcony, and to another commanding the desert, old Challum, the native carpenter, essayed comfort in a mixture of Arabic, struggling Italian, and some unknown tongue combined, apparently to the effect that there would be no *gibleh* by afternoon—that the wind would change; and in evidence conducted me to a corner of the terrace from which a certain bit of reef and a boat or two could be seen, framed by a mosque dome and a palm tree. Pointing triumphantly seaward, he must have showed me the truth of his prophecy, for in a few moments a gentle ripple turned the pale sea dark blue, the flags which had blown discouragingly outward from the south now hung limply for an instant, and then fluttered manfully forth in the opposite direction. In an incredibly short time the north breeze had cleared the air of sand; once more the palms stood forth distinctly, the horizon retreated. *Gibleh* had threatened, had even set one foot toward Tripoli, and then graciously retired for a more convenient season.

Preparations not only for the special photographic work had been made, but arrangements for amateur help in various lines promised much assistance in observing the minor phenomena; and, just before first contact, still another rehearsal of every one concerned was held on the terrace. Plumb-lines to assist the artists in drawing the corona had been set up, and behind them were stationed, with prepared discs, pencils, and a lantern in case totality should be especially dark, Miss Venables, Miss Todd, Miss Harold, Mr. Zolia, Mr. Nahum, Mr. Salvatore, and Mr. Leadbetter. A high disc, planned to shut off the intense brightness of the inner corona, and perhaps serve to bring into prominence whatever long, outer streamers there might be, was mounted on the flagpole; small telescopes for drawing fine detail, shadow-band indicators—each was in its place, with a volunteer observer in attendance. The programme ran through smoothly, and at 1:43 the first contact was announced. Very quickly an appreciable piece of the sun's disc was bitten out, the partial phase well on.

Surrounding terraces were crowded with the inhabitants, all gazing skyward through smoked-glass, instead of at us as before. Here and there a roof showed groups of Italians or Maltese in European dress, but generally these uplifted companies were more picturesque Moslems, and the entire

city seemed to have left streets and courtyards as well as rooms, and to have collected on these charming roofs, so distinctively a feature of Arab communities. Even the minarets were crowded, and every balcony was heavily freighted. As the partial phase proceeded, a subdued excitement became apparent. The crowds increased; a few boys in the street below, carrying trays of yellow loaves on their heads, deposited their burdens to gaze upward. The Franciscan friars gathered on their terrace, a harsh call to prayer sounded from a white-robed muezzin on a near-by minaret; troubled swallows flew back and forth in futile questioning, and a sad light, of subdued, late-twilight color, spread over the dazzling world. Under the old sumac tree in the courtyard below, the usual discs of sunlight filtering through the foliage were showing now in distinct crescents, as leaf interstices acted like tiny pinhole cameras; and the official photographer of the expedition, Mr. Nunas-Vais, succeeded in making a very perfect picture of this pretty sight.

Still duller grew the day, and murmurs began to arise from all the great expanse of roofs, thickly crowded with expectant watchers. Here and there a dome or clustering domes or courtyard foliage emerging broke the even whiteness, now a pale gray. The muezzin began a continuous call. About ten minutes before totality, wavering shadow-bands swept across the white roofs in tiny, parallel lines, and the observers, stationed in their especial position, made careful note of direction, width, speed, and all the points most useful for sometime reading the riddle of these elusive appearances. As the crescent grew narrower, I looked particularly for Bailey's Beads, but saw none Upon some of the photographs, however, taken at this time, they are distinctly visible. Fifteen or twenty seconds before totality the corona appeared, on the side farthest away from the disappearing brightness, spreading gradually around until it almost met the actual sunlight. Another second, and totality was announced, Mr. Yanoupolis of the Greek cruiser *Crete* marking time on an old Arabic bell every fifteen seconds. Eager pencils flew, photographers hurried, spectators applauded, as the soft white corona grew in the purple-gray sky, and cast its pale light over dome and minaret, sea and sand. And inside the big camera dark-room, patient hands kept guard over mechanisms which pursued their steady way unmoved by outer glories, piling up the flexible plate chains, each separate holder contributing its record as the time moved on.

Evenly expanded all around, this corona showed a few longer streamers in extension, and two small scarlet protuberances appeared. The detail in coronal filaments was very beautiful and complex, and much of this shows in the negatives already developed. But the inexorable bell kept up its discouraging tally of the flying moments, and, after three minutes had passed, but four seconds were noted before a tiny speck of true sunlight reappeared, and totality was over. The corona, however, continued to be visible for nearly fifty seconds.

About two hundred photographs were taken by the mechanical arrangements, and they will all soon be examined and compared. Whether any of the devices set to catch the possible intra-Mercurian planet will have succeeded, remains to be seen. It is already an eclipse memorable for crystalline skies, many trained observers, and a corona gratifyingly confirmatory of tentative solar theories as to its predicted form.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

SCARRON.—II.

PARIS, September 6, 1905.

Scarron made his peace with the Court and with Mazarin after his marriage with Mlle. d'Aubigné. His young wife was much admired by all his friends. We have but few documents concerning the life of the poet at that time, being reduced to sundry letters of Scarron's own, to the historiettes of Tallemant des Réaux, to Segrais's souvenirs. Mlle. de Scudéry, author of 'Clélie,' so famous in her time, wrote a very flattering portrait of Madame Scarron:

"Lyrianne is tall and of a good figure; . . . she has a very clear and fine complexion; her hair is of a light brown; her nose very well cut, as is also her mouth. She has a noble air, mild, playful, and modest, and, to make her beauty more perfect and more shining, she has the finest eyes in the world. They are black, brilliant and soft, passionate and full of wit; their fire has something which cannot be expressed; a soft melancholy appears in them at times, with the charm which attends it. . . . Her mind seems expressly made for her beauty; it is high-toned, mild, agreeable. . . . She speaks justly and naturally, with grace and without affectation. She knows the world, and a thousand things of which she does not choose to be vain."

This portrait of Madame Scarron is, in my eyes, more interesting than the many which appeared afterwards of Madame de Maintenon. It explains many things—the great charm which drew to her all Scarron's friends, the part which she early took, in a very frivolous society, of a certain reserve that kept everybody at a distance. It explains also the charm which afterwards attracted Louis XIV. towards a person "whose mind seemed so expressly made for her beauty."

Madame de Maintenon said that the eight years she spent with Scarron, and the obscure period which followed his death, had been the happiest time of her life. To have found happiness in the house of poor Scarron seems almost a paradox. But Scarron, with all his faults, was a man of great wit; he was grateful to his wife, he admired her and saw her admired; she was grateful to the man who had given her a home and saved her from absolute poverty. Scarron, in an epistle to Mlle. de Scudéry, calls his wife

"Celle qui par le ciel soulage mon malheur,
Digne d'un autre époux comme d'un sort meilleur."

Though he was always in debt, Scarron lent money to his wife's brother, Charles d'Aubigné, and M. Chardon gives us the exact terms of a legal document in which Charles d'Aubigné recognizes himself Scarron's debtor in the sum of 4,000 livres, which he has borrowed in order to get his "outfit for service in the King's armies." Such an act tells us more about Scarron's sentiments toward his wife than certain letters which he wrote to his friends, and in which he mentions her in rather light terms, that cannot be considered serious. As for Madame Scarron's own sentiments, we may surmise that they were chiefly inspired by gratitude and by pity. We know only two authentic letters written by her during the period of her marriage with Scarron—one to Madame de Villette, the other to Madame de Villarceaux, and these are couched in the guarded manner characteristic of her. It is not likely that she took much pleasure in the feasts which Scarron gave from time to time at his house to his gay friends. One of them, Martin Pinchesne, a nephew of Voiture, took the trouble to describe, in rhyme addressed to Costar, one of these repasts, given on the occasion of a present of six chickens which had been sent to Scarron from Le Maine. It was hardly worth while to reproduce this piece of poetry, and we cannot imagine Madame Scarron finding it to her taste. She probably preferred to the conversations and jokes of Scarron's brother poets the society of Madame de Montchevreuil and Madame de Villarceaux; she knew Madame Fouquet, wife of the famous Superintendent.

"As for her friends," writes M. Chardon, "Marshal d'Albret, the Marquis of Villarceaux, Charleval, Raincy, etc., I will say nothing, and for good reason. Public malignity would view them as lovers. This is what happens at all times to young women, pretty, witty, and gallant, as was Madame Scarron. . . . It may be said now that the case is out of court. . . . As for myself, I am among those who, till proof to the contrary is found, prefer to write simply that she was an honest woman, rather than to see in her a Lady Tartufe."

The life of Madame Scarron consisted of good and evil days. Her society was made up of people of refinement, but she knew what Horace calls "res angusta domi." Scarron once writes to a friend that he cannot go out for want of a decent coat. He sometimes spent weeks in the country in the neighborhood of Paris; he wrote a part of the 'Roman Comique' at Fontenay-aux-Roses, near Paris. His health was getting worse and worse. "I assure, my dear friend," he writes to Marigny, "that if it were permitted me to snuff myself out, I should long ago have taken poison, and perhaps I shall have to come to that." He was trying all sorts of remedies; he wrote to a friend on the 26th of October, 1659: "I have been for a fortnight worse than I ever was, and I have no more hope except in *or potable*." He begged his friend to get him all he could find of the works of Raymond Lulle. A few days after his death his wife wrote to M. de Villette: "The poor man always had chimeras in his head; he ate what was most liquid in hope of the philosopher's stone or of something as well founded." He hoped against hope, and preserved a sort of gaiety to the end. He had the courage to write his "Testament en vers burlesques"—not so burlesque but that this little poem has a touch of melancholy. It is one of his best, and the enumeration of the legacies which he makes to the writers of his time is charming, and testifies to the natural kindness of his heart.

Scarron's marriage with Françoise d'Aubigné lasted eight years. M. Chardon has certainly thrown fresh light on this curious period. When we look at a portrait of Françoise d'Aubigné, in her youth, reproduced in his first volume, we can hardly understand how she could consent to unite her destiny with Scarron. It seems almost evident that she never was anything but a

companion, a nurse, to the unfortunate poet. M. de Boislisle has published in the *Revue des Questions Historiques* the inventory made after Scarron's death at the request of his widow and some of his creditors. There exists also in the archives of the château de Brienne, which belongs to the family of Beaufremont, a *procès-verbal* of the post-mortem affixing of the seals. These documents show that in the modest interior of the Scarrons there existed still a remnant of past comfort. In the inventory we find pieces of tapestry, but there is no mention of the picture and the drawing which Poussin had given Scarron. We do not find in it the portrait of Madame Scarron which Mignard made on his return from Rome, where he had formed the poet's acquaintance, and which was probably finished in 1660. It is to this picture that Scarron alludes in an invitation to dinner sent to Mignard.

"Tu sais bien que le crayon
Qui se gâte à la poussière
N'est encore qu'un rayon
De la future lumière.
Viens, viens donc demain chez moy
Finir cet ouvrage rare."

There is only one picture mentioned, a Mary Magdalen. Of silver not a word. Only a few days before his death Scarron was obliged to give all he had in silver to two of his numerous creditors. The two principal ones, D'Elbène and Marshal d'Albret, behaved like gentlemen, and never entered their claims against the poor poet, who had so often amused and entertained them. Among the books of the library, which contained three hundred and fifty volumes, we notice only the 'Chevalier de la Table Ronde,' an 'Alaric' of Scudéry's, the 'Pucelle' of Chapelain, a French Bible, a Plutarch, the 'Histoire Universelle' of Agrippa d'Aubigné. These last were probably the favorite books of Madame Scarron, who had not forgotten her Protestant origin.

Left at the age of twenty-five, at the height of her beauty, without any resources, Madame Scarron retired immediately to the House of the Hospitalières in the Place Royale, where a relative of Scarron's, the Marshal d'Aumont, was lodged. Queen Anne of Austria, in consideration of her poverty, granted her a pension of 2,000 livres, on the recommendation of Madame de Montausier and Madame de Navailles. Her livelihood was thus assured, and she could live in the society of the Hôtels d'Albret, de Montchevreuil, de Villarceaux, and de Richelieu. She remained on good terms with Scarron's family, and was able to be of some use to certain members of it. Even long afterwards, when she had reached the height of her extraordinary fortune, she never neglected Scarron's old friends.

After this period of her married life, concerning which M. Chardon has given us so many interesting details, there came a new phase. From 1661 to 1669, till she became governess to the children of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan—that is to say, for eight years, a period as long as that of her married life—she remains in a sort of obscurity. Nothing, or very little, is known of that time, and it is very desirable that somebody should take as much trouble about it as M. Chardon has done for the period ending in 1661. After 1669, we enter into another phase, during which she became *dame d'atours* of the Queen. A third phase extends from her nomination to this office to the time when she became really Queen of France in 1684. "Twenty-five years," says M. Chardon, "sufficed to elevate her to the greatest fortune of modern times and the most surprising." In 1715, when her second husband died, who had been "le moins amusable des hommes," perhaps she bestowed on him fewer regrets than on the poor Scarron.

Correspondence.

THE WAY OUT OF THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You will be greatly relieved to learn that one of your readers has solved the knotty international problem of the Far East in a manner which only his modesty forbids his characterizing as the inspiration of true genius. And yet, like all great things, this solution is of an amazing simplicity. He spares you elaborate arguments in support of the proposal to show America's unbounded admiration for Japan's magnanimity towards her defeated foe by presenting her with the Philippine Islands. Four things will thus be accomplished at one time. We shall do for our old friend, Russia, that which she was unwilling or unable to do for herself, pay an indemnity; we shall give our new friend, Japan, that which she ardently wishes, and which we do not want ourselves; we shall put an end to riotings in Tokyo; and we shall, in an honorable yet glorified way, get rid of the most expensive and useless incubus ever voluntarily assumed by a so-called intelligent people. Some cynics there be who will hint that, in so doing, we shall merely be handing over to another Power the gold brick adroitly foisted on us by Spain; but such aspersions we can well afford to ignore. An Anti-Imperialist.

Boston, September 7, 1905.

THE JAPANESE INDEMNITY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The leader in the *Nation* of August 24 pointing out the inadmissibility of Japanese demands for reimbursement cleared the air of what it rightly characterizes as a curious species of cant, by which many minds were obfuscated. Japan's demand was contrary to the interests of peace-loving nations.

I write chiefly to point out the startling reversal of opinion on the point in question which has been brought about in the columns of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, well known as the organ of Scottish Toryism, which is confessedly more uncompromising than that of England. Having for weeks daily argued for the Japanese claim to an indemnity, and to other things, the *Scotsman* this morning leads off with an article which I enclose, with congratulations to the *Nation* on its new convert from the policy of blood and iron. Having spoken of the current rumors of Japanese discontent at the abandonment of the claim for indemnity, and argued that this discontent was due to the violation of secrecy during the progress of negotiations, the *Scotsman* says:

"It is interesting to note that the New York *Nation*, a weekly organ of opinion which represents the best independent thinking in the States, had an article a week before there was any prospect of Japan's concession, in which it strongly condemned the proposed indemnity."

Then, after citing verbatim the *Nation's* parallel respecting a war in the Philippines, in which Japan should win, the *Scotsman* proceeds to say:

"This is the opinion, not of any irresponsible, sensational newspaper, but of one of the most unprejudiced and ably edited papers in the United States, and one which has been foremost in giving Japan all credit for her successes."

Apart from the wonder there is in seeing a Scottish Tory listen to reason from the *Nation*, and sincerely reconsider an opinion often and strongly expressed, this episode, scarcely less creditable to the *Scotsman* than to the *Nation*, shows what gain may come from the ever-increasing intimacy of intercommunication between Britain and America. Let us hope that English-speaking men the world over will get advantage from it, and be more amenable to sound arguments when they are disembodied of all personal quality by their transit through intervening space.

Yours sincerely, Louis Dyer.

St. Andrews, Scotland, September 7, 1905.

COMMITTEES OF CORRESPONDENCE ONCE MORE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Carl Becker's communication (September 14) concerning early committees of correspondence revives interest in this method of intercolonial communication.

The committee referred to as appointed by the New York Assembly on October 18, 1764, and created to communicate with the sister Colonies, may be the first with that particular object in view. As early as 1759, however (Hening, Vol. 7, 276), an "Act for Appointing an Agent" was passed by the Virginia Assembly. The duty of this Agent, Edward Montague, of the Middle Temple, was to solicit and properly represent the affairs of Virginia in England.

The Act reads as follows:

"That Edward Montague, of the Middle-Temple, esq., be and is hereby appointed an agent of this Colony; to be at all times under the direction of the Honorable William Nelson, Thomas Nelson, Philip Grimes, and Peter Randolph, Esqs., John Robinson, Peyton Randolph, Charles Carter, Richard Bland, Landon Carter, Benjamin Watkins, George Wythe, and Robert Carter Nicholas, Esqs., who are hereby declared to be a *Committee of Correspondence*, to transmit such matters and things to him as shall be committed to their charge by the General Assembly; and to receive from him information and intelligence of his proceedings, as well in such cases as shall be to him intrusted by the said Committee, or the major part of them, as in every other matter and thing that shall come to his knowledge that may either affect or be for the interest of this Colony."

The latter clause of this Act, to the effect that "Every other matter and thing that shall come to his knowledge, that may either affect or be for the interest of this Colony," accounts for considerable correspondence to be found in this Library concerning various matters of interest to the Colonies in general, and which indicates very clearly that this Committee of Correspondence discussed matters, not only

with the special Agent in England, but with the various Colonies, when said Agent's reports justified such action.

In so far as we are able to ascertain from records in this office, this is the first committee of its kind in Virginia, but it is not unlikely that other committees properly designated as "Committees of Correspondence" were created elsewhere prior to 1759.

With the purpose in view of ascertaining definitely the origin of the first legislation on this subject, it is hoped that some student of Colonial legislation will make known the result of his discoveries along this line.—Very respectfully,

JOHN P. KENNEDY, Librarian.

VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY, RICHMOND,
September 15, 1905.

'TOLD IN THE GARDENS OF ARABY.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since I wrote to you the letter printed in your issue of July 13 (p. 32) I have acquired a copy of the book called 'Told in the Gardens of Araby,' reviewed on June 15 (p. 481), and can testify that what it contains is simply a translation of nine out of fifteen tales published in the Turkish collection called 'The Crystal Palace.' The translation, although not always faithful, shows a tolerably good understanding of the original, but contains also several blunders which I cannot explain. Thus, for instance (p. 62), we find "bamam" instead of *hamam* (bathhouse) half a dozen times, and in the title of the "Story of the Crying Pomegranate and the Laughing Bear" the word bear (*ayí*) ought to be replaced by quince (*ayvá*). Was the translation dictated by an Armenian having a good knowledge of the Turkish language, but an imperfect one of the Arabic script?

Yours very respectfully, O. T.

September 15, 1905.

Notes.

Among the new publications of the Baker & Taylor Co. are 'The Appreciation of Pictures,' by Russell Sturgis, and 'Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts,' by Ralph Adams Cram.

McClure, Phillips & Co.'s autumn announcements include 'Franklin in History,' by William MacDonald; 'The Wives of Henry VIII.,' by Martin Hume; 'A Commercial Traveller in South America,' by Frank Wiborg; 'The Horse in America,' by John Gilmer Speed; 'Portfolio of Bird Portraits,' by Bruce Horsfall, with text by W. E. D. Scott; 'The Mysterious Stranger, and Other Cartoons,' by John F. McCutcheon; 'Told by Uncle Remus,' by Joel Chandler Harris; and 'The Cost of Competition,' by Sidney A. Reeve.

'Armageddon; or, The Reshaping of the Far East,' by B. L. Putnam Weale, will shortly be issued by Macmillan.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. promise 'The Latin Poets,' an anthology in the best English translations, by Nathan Haskell Dole, a companion to his last year's 'Greek Poets'; 'The Best Hundred American Poems,' compiled by John R. Howard; and 'Greatness in Literature,' by Prof. William P. Trent.

Horatio Brown's 'In and Around Venice,' which we reviewed the other day from the English edition, is to be marketed here by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Soon to appear with the imprint of the Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, is the original and complete Italian text of Pigafetta's account of Magellan's Voyage around the World. James A. Robertson will supply a page-for-page translation, with notes, and there will be facsimiles of the original plates and maps.

Messrs. Putnam have brought out a new edition, apparently the first since 1887, of Robert Christy's 'Proverbs, Maxims and Phrases of All Ages.' The two volumes have been compressed into one, very prepossessing, with gilt edges and rounded corners; but whereas originally the paper made the work heavy to handle, now the thin paper causes much vexation in separating leaf from leaf without crumpling or tearing. For this the gilding appears to be responsible. The schematic and other shortcomings of this collection, which we pointed out at the time, still remain.

Uniform with the foregoing is the quondam 'Banquet Book' of Cuyler Reynolds, now prettily reissued as 'Classified Quotations' by the above firm. Here the paper is above reproach, and the collection is a good one; more general, besides, than the needs of the banquet. The volume tapers off into "Popular Terms Explained"—from Absinthe and Apothecaries' Measure to Dessertspoon and Vermouth; "Proper Wines for Certain Courses"; "Calendar of Vintages"; "Popular Beverages," and how to make them, and a sample menu with accompanying toasts. The index is rather meagre, and twice it has referred us to bastard title-pages with mottoes wholly irrelevant to the word sought (ballot, digestion).

The second volume (Carroll-Dyer) of Algernon Graves's sumptuous dictionary, 'The Royal Academy of Arts, 1769-1904' (London: Graves; New York: Macmillan), has all the interest of the first. Readable, one might fairly call it; and if it were indexed by portraits of persons painted, by labelled landscape, and by literary and historic incident and allusion, what a graphic library of humanity in repose and in action, geography, and mental productivity would be unrolled before us! The frontispiece is a portrait of Benjamin West, the Academy's second president; and under Charles Compton is a canvas of 1849 describing West as a precocious boy of seven drawing his sleeping sister. Another great American artist here represented is Copley, whose "Boy attacked by a shark in the harbor of Havana" (1778) was approved by Walpole. Among our recent painters, J. F. Cropsey appears. The preëminent English names are Constable and Chantrey, and there are a few paintings by George Cruikshank, only one (1859) didactic, "The sober man's Sunday and the drunkard's Sunday." Again one notes how art seems to run in families, *e. g.*, Corbould, Daniell, and Dicksee; while four Chalons, all portraitists, and exhibiting collectively from 1792 to 1860, fill fourteen pages, or one-fourteenth of the entire bulk of this section of the dictionary. To be sure, Abraham Cooper (1812-1888) occupies nine pages, but he is protracted by inordinately long descriptive titles, like that of his "Bosworth Field," a full column. The flight of Eliza across the Ohio River on the ice furnished Francis S. Cary a theme in 1853.

The third volume of Luther S. Livingston's compendious 'Auction Prices of Books, 1894-1904' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) carries on the work to Richards. The compiler can note the good demand for his own 'American Prices Current,' his volume seven fetching $16.50. In the English field, Charles Lever shows a steady if moderate-priced request, but nine guineas is the most one gives for John Leech. Lewis and Clark's journals in the English edition of 1815 sold for $45, while Coues's four annotated volumes of 1893 brought only $34. The Longfellow traffic is large, but medium in the average, his high-water mark being $205 for a copy of his Poems on Slavery, with Lowell's signature. Lowell rules higher, and a presentation copy of his Harvard Ode was knocked down at $410. Maria Lowell's Poems went for $210. These pale before Poe, whose 'Murder in the Rue Morgue' was wanted at $1,000, and his 'Tamerlane' at $2,050. Longfellow's copy of the (anti-slavery) 'Liberty Bell' was in 1896 worth $5.50, and was resold five years later for $24. Twelve pages are devoted to Cotton Mather, and eight to Increase. Many newspapers, especially of New York and Pennsylvania, are here recorded; and we will remark that the first two volumes of the *Nation* cost the purchaser $24 in 1901.

Twenty years have elapsed since the children of William Lloyd Garrison published the first half of the standard Life of their father. This revolution of time has also brought the hundredth anniversary of his birth (December 10, 1805), which they now commemorate in a small volume, 'The Words of Garrison,' a centennial selection of characteristic sentiments from his writings, dedicated "to all who hate cruelty, oppression, and war, and believe in the equal rights and perfectibility of mankind" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The extracts are classified under ten headings, as, Autobiographical, Slavery, Non-Resistance, Perfectionism, Politics, Woman's Rights, etc., and fill some fifty pages. They are an authentic exhibition of the spirit which animated the moral leader of the anti-slavery cause, in contrast with the prevailing Christianity of his time and—we might almost say *à fortiori*—of the present. There follows in the same space a reprint of the biographical sketch prepared for the memorial volume of the City of Boston in 1886 (on occasion of the erection of Garrison's statue). Twenty-five pages more are occupied with an appendix of select portraits and statuary, a select bibliography, and a chronology, valuable for reference. The book is tastefully printed and bound, and has a portrait frontispiece.

As a collection of miscellaneous essays, originally written for the Chicago *Record-Herald*, Mr. W. E. Curtis's 'Modern India' (Revell) compares favorably with similar golden sheafs. But, with much that is statistically accurate, the book unfortunately abounds in printer's and author's errors. A few obvious cases of the former kind occur on pages 144, 145, 150, 156, 287, 446. Not quite so clear is the correction to be made on page 172: "The Maharaja of Jeypore represents the one hundred and twenty-third of his family, which is ants [*sic*] of the hero of a great Sanskrit epic." The founder of Jainism was not "a Buddhist

priest about a thousand years ago," and the Abigranth (*sic*) is not the bible of "a Hindu heresy" and debased Islam (pp. 111, 114, 300). The author is happier in his delineation of modern life, and the casual reader will enjoy the descriptions of town and country, plague and famine, peasant and priest—especially if he has not read too much of the same sort in the many memoirs of previous travellers.

The school edition of pedagogic classics edited by Dr. Theodor Tupetz, an inspector of country schools, and published in Leipzig by G. Freytag, has for its sixth volume 'J. J. Rousseau: Emil, oder Ueber die Erziehung.' It opens with an outline sketch of Rousseau's life quite wanting in causal coherency and in explanation of his intellectual development, in which Mme. de Warens's part is ignored. The right of revolution against an oppressive ruler inculcated in the 'Contrat Social' is naïvely declared "false and dangerous doctrine." The 'Émile' is next taken up and given selectively in translation, with editorial piecing and with footnotes explanatory and critical. The Savoyard Vicar's confession of faith is barely mentioned, and not excerpted, so that the most eloquent part of the book and that which caused it to be burnt alike in Paris and in Geneva, and led to the author's wandering existence amid real and fancied persecution, is withheld from schoolboys who are assumed not to know French and cannot explore the original for themselves. There is a rather good copy of the La Tour portrait for frontispiece.

'Cavalieri Moderni' (Rome: E. Voghera) is the first of a series of novels in which Signora Fanny Zampini Salazar, the able advocate of women's rights, proposes to depict Italian society with all its variety of types. Our authoress is inclined to divide people into two classes, those who hold a high ideal of service to mankind, and those who live merely to satisfy their selfish impulses. In this volume her purpose is to point out the inadequacy of the present state of the law with regard to illegitimate offspring, and all the complications ensuing from the impossibility of divorce. Her pictures of Italian society are extremely realistic, and must on that account interest foreigners more than her own people. Her society ladies, with their love of political talk and their incompetence to control the flirtations of their daughters; her politicians, with their habit of finding out any flaw in the character of an adversary zealous for reform, and using trumped-up accusations to ruin a political career, are very true to what we know of Roman life, as also the dishonest lawyers and the calumnious allegations the women circulate about those of their own sex living without the protection of a husband. As a work of fiction, the book lacks form; it is too diffuse and contains too many episodes. The two principal female figures round which the action centres both die tragically; no doubt the remaining characters are intended to continue through succeeding volumes, as also the hero, the chivalrous doctor who is thoroughly imbued with Mazzinian principles, and whose aims are singularly high, although his conduct is not beyond reproach. Signora Salazar seems chiefly desirous of showing Italian life as it is without concealing its crudities; her aim is to instruct rather than to please, and to point out clearly where reform is needed

We have received Dr. Samuel A. Green's genial Historical Address at the 250th anniversary celebration of the settlement of the town of Groton, Mass., on the 12th of last July. It opens with a tribute to the late George S. Boutwell, Groton's first citizen; passes to the circumstances of the town's incorporation, the effect upon it of the change of boundaries between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, to Groton in Suffolk, England, to the several towns bearing the name in this country and always pronouncing it Graw-ton. Most of these places—there are four in New England—Dr. Green has visited. An appendix is made up of a discussion of the meaning of Groton, and of extracts from the town records, not hitherto printed, pertaining to the bicentennial celebration in 1855; lists of Indian words, etc., etc.

Significant in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September are the recorded alumni Teachers' Fund of $2,500,000, the Walter Channing Cabot Fund of $50,000 for the same purpose, and the Class of 1880 Fund of $100,000 for general purposes in the discretion of the authorities. These will be sure to breed like benefactions. Among the numerous illustrations are a portrait of Secretary Bonaparte, the new Lowell bust affixed to Massachusetts Hall, and one of the late Prof. George Martin Lane—both, apparently, satisfactory memorials of their eminent subjects.

The twenty-third annual report of the Dante Society (Cambridge, Mass.) is extremely brief, and its most interesting item is the fact that no essays were offered for the Dante Prize last year. There have been similar hiatuses, but the chain 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 seemed to promise a greater continuity. The "accompanying paper" consists of Mr. W. C. Lane's list of the notably extensive additions to the Dante Collection in the Harvard College Library.

The Société d'Économie Sociale, founded by Frédéric Le Play in 1856, purposes celebrating next year, not only its jubilee, but the centenary of its founder, who was born in 1806. It now offers a prize of a thousand francs for an *éloge* of Le Play, neither purely academic nor in the nature of a profound study. Anonymous memoirs must be in the hands of the Society's secretary at No. 54 Rue de Seine not later than April 30, 1906. The successful one will be published as a book.

The secretary of the Austrian Archæological Institute, Dr. Heberdey, has just made a full report of the researches which have been carried on at Ephesus. According to his account, the diggings have been very successful, having been chiefly directed to laying bare the remnants of the great library building that was discovered a year ago. A wide staircase leads up to a two-story façade, richly ornamented, and three doors open into the library proper. In the middle stands a colossal statue of Athena. The walls and floors are adorned with parti-colored marbles. Beneath the stairs is found a sepulchral vault, finely arched, with relief decorations on all sides. Inscriptions give the leading data in the history of the structure. The father of the founder, Julius Celsus Ptolemæus, who, in 106 A. D., was proconsul of Asia, and in whose honor the library was built, is buried here. The head of his portrait statue was found in good preservation.

It has been officially announced that Prof. Adolf Harnack will, at the beginning of October, become chief librarian of the Royal Library in Berlin. He retains his professorship in the University, but most of his courses will be delivered by a new professor, yet to be called. The *Vossische Zeitung* states that this is a return to the former days, when the control of the Royal Library was in the hands of a savant of international reputation, pointing as examples to the historian Wilken, then to Pertz and later to Lipsius, all of whom were full professors at the University. It is openly stated that this innovation was caused chiefly by the dissatisfaction of the Royal Academy of Science in Berlin with the management of the present librarian, August Wilmanns, who is not a specialist. Harnack has for years been an enthusiastic member of the Academy, and his acceptance of the new position is hailed by the learned world of Germany as the beginning of better things.

The value of negro education has no better evidence than that given by Fourah Bay College at Freetown, Sierra Leone. The first English missionaries to the colony realized the impossibility of evangelizing Africa by European agency, and so in 1827 they established what they termed an African Institution, choosing for its site an old, disused slave-depot. It began with six students, one of whom was the freed slave, Samuel Crowther, Bishop of the Niger, and the first pure-blooded negro admitted to the episcopate of modern Christendom. Its growth was steady, both in the number of pupils and in the character of the teaching. In order to secure the highest standard of scholarship, in 1876 affiliation was made with the University of Durham, and from that time its students have had the Durham examinations, and the successful candidates, a present total of sixty, have received degrees. There are now ordinarily forty students keeping term, drawn mainly from Sierra Leone and Lagos, with a few from the Gold Coast and the West Indies, and are divided into 'Varsity and non-'Varsity men. These latter are the holders of Government scholarships, who are training to become teachers in the elementary schools, and men destined for work as lay missionaries. Of the university students, those holding theological scholarships are in the majority, Fourah Bay being primarily a theological college. The commoners are men studying for the professions, generally law or medicine, and, after completing the arts course, will go to one of the Inns of Court in London or to an English medical school. The number of commoners is steadily increasing, as the local appreciation of a sound education increases and the means of procuring it increases with advancing prosperity. The teaching staff consists of three Europeans and four natives. Cricket is the favorite game of the students.

—Mr. William K. Bixby, of St. Louis, has printed a small edition of some 'Letters from George Washington to Tobias Lear,' and for the first time this correspondence is now available to students. The manuscripts have had a curious history. Passing to a connection of Lear, they were taken by E. W. Stoughton in discharge of a legal fee, and

remained in his possession until, through his widow, they passed to the late John Fiske, of whose heirs Mr. Bixby purchased them. Richard Rush printed extracts from them, and even gave some of the originals to prominent men of his day; it is probable, therefore, that only a part remained for Stoughton, and that the diaries of Lear, which should be of historical interest, have been lost or scattered. The letters now printed extend from 1790 to 1798, and show Washington in a very amiable light. The servant question met him as he became President, for he brought a selection of his slaves from Mount Vernon, and with them came certain problems of habits and expense difficult to solve. Of his housekeeper he entertained suspicions, wondering "how other families on 25 hd. or 3000 dollars should be enabled to entertain more Company at least more frequently than I could do for twenty-five thousand dollars, annually." The necessity of schools for the children dependent upon him was also to be met; and his estimate of what was demanded in their education—"respectability" being the most essential—is not the least interesting point in this correspondence.

—On the expenditure of money Washington was particularly keen. He feared lest a school teacher meant to "avail herself of the occasion to commence a new era" in her rates. Lear was to find out the tradesmen who "stand highest for skill and fair dealing." The permanent seat of government on the Potomac received some attention, and he again records his repugnancy to slaveholding. Some miscellaneous papers follow these letters to Lear, and among them are the instructions from Congress to Washington, in 1775, which have been printed before, two letters from Mrs. Washington, and three from Washington to Joseph Jones. So far as the transcript of these letters is concerned, the editor of this volume, William H. Samson, has done well. In some respects the notes might have been improved, and an index is much needed. The editor could have supplied many of the names where initials were employed. For example, on page 33, it was *Powel* who suffered *Smilie* to make false statements in the *Senate*, and *Fisher* was not candid. We note also, on page 52, that Blodget's name is omitted. Mr. Samson believes that the Buchan box was restored to the Earl after Washington's death; but it was really lost on the way. The references to political matters might have been explained in notes, especially the attacks upon Washington for his extravagance in making his house available—attacks in which Gallatin appears to have been the leader. The portraits and facsimiles are well executed, and the volume is worthy of its subject.

—Since the hundredth anniversary of the Marietta colony, seventeen years ago, it has been a barren year that has borne no centennial celebration in Ohio. The little college town of Granville, however, founded by a colony from Granville, Mass., has taken the occasion of its centennial festival to make a really valuable addition to historical and genealogical literature. Among the traditional tales of the village is the story that Alfred Avery, a lad of the first company of settlers, went to the field with his father, in Granville, Mass., to plant corn. As his father was dropping the seed, a glance over his shoulder revealed the boy's eyes brimming with tears. An inquiry for the reason brought the plaintive and significant answer, "I can't find dirt enough to cover the corn." Granville, Mass., and Granby, Conn., just across the line, were teeming with large families of quick-witted "Yankees," and the new State of Ohio had dirt enough to cover the corn. Evidently here is an item on the side of the economic interpreters of history. Granby took the lead, forming the "Scioto Company," and founding in 1803 the town of Worthington, whose disappointed hopes of forming the State capital are not assuaged even by the prospect of an early embrace by the outreaching arms of Columbus, the young upstart which carried off the coveted honor. The Granville emigrants followed two years later, forming the "Licking Land Company," sending out Timothy Rose, Levi Buttles, and Job Case early in the year to locate and purchase lands, organizing in May among the intended emigrants a Congregational church (a hymn of twenty-five stanzas was composed and rendered for this occasion), and arriving on the site of the new town early in November, after forty-four days of actual travel; a complete rest being rigorously observed on each Sabbath. Ox carts and horses were the means of conveyance. The little village thus formed early became an educational centre, and never developed any manufacturing industries to draw in a miscellaneous population. It has thus preserved to an unusual degree the impress of its founders, which adds greatly to its historical importance, especially to students of the influence of the older New England upon the life of the Middle West. The material selected for publication deals quite fully with the early religious, educational, and fraternal life of the town, and includes also several interesting biographical chapters. An autobiographical sketch of the services and sufferings of William Gavit (originally of Westerly, R. I.,) in the Revolution is the piece of chief value in this division. The publication takes the form of an extra number of the *Old Northwest Genealogical Quarterly*, issued in Columbus. It comprises two hundred pages of text, with about one hundred inset illustrations, from maps, old prints, drawings, and photographs.

—In his preface to 'Mirabeau and the French Revolution' (Lippincott), Mr. Charles F. Warwick tells us that his original design was to cast his material into the form of lectures. Though this purpose was abandoned, the book, with its copious use of anecdote and its discursiveness of style, retains some trace of the author's first conception. So far as substance is concerned, Mr. Warwick belongs to the myriad of those who, having been fascinated by the French Revolution, resolve to write about it in a popular and effective way. Fortunately, he has a wider range of reading than is possessed by many of his English and American congeners, but, apart from a certain number of verdicts upon individual characters, his text contains little that is distinctive. On the other hand, it is of much higher quality than most of the illustrations which accompany it. Why such lurid and melodramatic pictures should be used to interpret an historical work, we cannot understand. One is of course on the safest ground when he draws his illustrations from contemporary sources, but there are doubtless valid grounds for an exception to this practice where the artist has made a study of the period and has a sure grasp of leading types. In the present case we see no reason why author and publisher should have admitted the cut on page xi., "The Taxgatherer," "Mirabeau and Marie Antoinette," and "Preparing the Field of Mars for the Festival of the Federation." Were the bulk of the book on a plane with these illustrations we should not single out the latter for special comment; but as many casual readers suffer their impressions to be affected by pictures, we are doing Mr. Warwick bare justice when we say that his volume on Mirabeau should not be judged by the contribution of his illustrator. Moreover, his own style is better than could be inferred from the first sentence, which runs as follows: "The most interesting and fascinating period in the history of modern times is that in France extending from the reign of Louis XIV. to the battle of Waterloo." On page 88 Mirabeau calls Mr. Thomas Watson's 'Story of France' "charming"; but, despite such admiration as is implied by this term, his own use of language is less exaggerated than Mr. Watson's, and his canons of criticism seem to us on the whole to be higher. The book undeniably is amateurish, but Mr. Warwick is saved, by both a genuine love of his subject and a knowledge of leading works on the early Revolution, from writing as most amateurs do when they begin at 1789.

—A recent publication of the Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition is the monograph of M. A. François entitled 'La Grammaire du Purisme et l'Académie Française au XVIIIe Siècle.' The first chapters describe the part played by the immortal Forty, individually and in a body, in the struggle for the preservation and purification of the French language in the days of Fénelon and Voltaire, their timidity, their idle debates as to what great project best suited their dignity, their complete inability to work together at any project. A dictionary they could and did produce; they loved to meet three times a week and dispute the precise meaning of disconnected words. But they wasted at least twenty years in debating whether they should compose a grammar to supplement the famous Dictionary. Meanwhile the French nation waited with pathetic confidence that its great Academy could not go wrong if only it would condescend to produce a Poetic and a Rhetoric whose canons should replace those of Aristotle and Quintilian. But forty purists were not likely to agree, and all their discussion ended in the publication, after many years, of a few commentaries on the French classics of the seventeenth century. The preoccupation of all the grammarians and commentators of the eighteenth century was to stop the degeneration of the French language, to preserve the standard set by a few good authors, chosen mainly from among the poets. Racine was the model; he could nod at times, like Homer, but no writer had so few solecisms. M. François gives an interesting account, interesting at least to specialists in the history of the French tongue, of the wrangles of the purists over usage, the endless conflict between the party which defended the indivi-

dual taste of a writer and the party which would sanction no expression foreign to the rules of logical grammar. The eighteenth century is the century of the *odium grammaticum*. The chief industry of the French purists was the production of grammatical commentaries, especially on the dramatic poets. They at least encouraged the circulation of the French classics, and the enormous number of reprints of such writers as Boileau and Racine from the presses of Holland and Geneva was mainly due to their critical labors. The Academy as a whole fell into the background, but in the list of works, grammars, and commentaries given by M. François in an appendix one observes that the majority are by Academicians. The monograph contains a résumé of many famous discussions on the differences of prose and poetical style, on what constitutes usage, etc. We conclude with an extract to illustrate how the Immortals in the first quarter of the eighteenth century dealt with the problem of preserving the French language. They decided to discuss the phrase *si j'étois que de vous, je ferais telle chose*. Their president settled the question by an anecdote. He had once overheard the Duc de Créquy say to the Maréchal de Clérambault, "Monsieur le Maréchal, si j'étois que de vous, je m'irais pendre tout à l'heure." "Hé bien," replied the Maréchal, "soyez que de moi." "Le petit conte fut applaudi," says the report of the Academy, "et puis on décida que dans le discours familier on peut dire *si j'étois que de vous*."

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.—I.

The Native Tribes of South-East Australia. By A. W. Howitt, D.Sc., Honorary Fellow Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xix, 819.

The Northern Tribes of Central Australia. By Baldwin Spencer, M.A., F.R.S., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and F. J. Gillen, Special Magistrate and Sub-protector of Aborigines, South Australia. Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xxxv, 784.

L'Origine des Pouvoirs Magiques dans les Sociétés Australiennes. Par M. Mauss, maître de conférences pour l'histoire des religions des peuples non civilisés. (École Pratique des Hautes Études. Section des Sciences Religieuses.) Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1905. Pp. 55.

For the anthropologist and the student of primitive man, the Australian blacks are as interesting and as important as are the Australian whites for the investigator of modern social and political institutions. On the one hand, we are told that the Anglo-Saxon race in the island-continent is blazing the future paths for all mankind, and, on the other, that it was in that part of the world that appeared, in the dim past, the first creature deserving the name of man, the ancestor of all human races now existing, or having at any time before existed. At the present moment the scientific air is full of debate concerning the recent discoveries of traces of "fossil" man in Australia and the theories of the evolution of the first human beings in the characteristic environment of the great Indo-Pacific wilderness put forth by Schoetensack, Klaatsch, etc. Thus the aborigines may have been the Alpha, as the Aryan immigrants may be the Omega, of our race. There was a time, however, when the white man believed in killing off as soon as possible the black people who occupied the land before him—a policy resulting in the utter extermination of the native Tasmanians, who, according to Mr. Howitt and others, were the real autochthones of Australia. Fortunately this hunting of men came to an end, and now some of the ablest investigators of the day are studying the scattered tribes of aborigines who remain, with a zeal and a thoroughness comparable only to the labors of the experts of our own Bureau of American Ethnology, who have accumulated so much valuable and lasting knowledge concerning the history and the achievements of the first Americans.

The materials for Mr. Howitt's book were, in great part, collected and recorded before 1889, since when "the native tribes have more or less died, and in the older settlements of South-East Australia the tribal remnants have now almost lost the knowledge of the beliefs and customs of their fathers" (a new factor in their extinction has also been added in opium, introduced among them by the Chinese coolies and their employers). The data obtained by the author, often in conjunction with his colleague in other studies of the Australian natives, Mr. Fison, during forty years of varied experience, have, however, been revised and the discussions amplified, so that 'The Native Tribes of South-East Australia' may be taken as a summary of his investigations and conclusions reached after mature consideration and comparison with the works and theories of other ethnologists. After an introductory chapter on the origin of the aborigines of Tasmania and Australia, Mr. Howitt considers successively tribal and social organization, relationship, terms, marriage rules, tribal government, medicine-men and magic, beliefs and burial practices, initiation ceremonies (eastern and western types), messengers and message-sticks, barter and trade centres, gesture language, various customs. An appendix (pp. 779-806) gives the English texts of some legends of Central Australian tribes.

That Australia is an environment *sui generis* has long been recognized by the anthropologist. In a way it is an ethnic *cul de sac*, like the continent of America—the New Guinea approach in the one case might be compared with the Bering Straits approach in the other; and one is as justified in rejecting the theory of the development of Australian institutions and culture by the advent of Malay or other sub-Asiatic peoples as one is in refusing to attribute the civilizations of primitive America to Chinese, Japanese, or other Mongolian immigrants. In the languages of Australia, too, there is no more a serious Malay element than there is a Mongolian one in the tongues of the American Indians. The facts in both environments point to the evolution of culture through indigenous stimuli and influences native to the soil. Such a productive evolutionary factor may very well be found, as the author suggests, in the more or less intentional changes brought about by the "elders," or "great men," and the old men and women, who are the sources of authority, the teachers and the philosophers of the land. Mr. Howitt even goes further, and sees in "commands" received by medicine-men in dreams, from so-called supernatural beings, or otherwise, the possible origins of social reforms and readjustments. Such a "command" or "idea" would be announced by the recipient to his fellow-shamans, and, "if they received it favorably, the next step might be to announce it to the assembled headmen at one of the ceremonial gatherings as a supernatural command, and this would be accepted as true without question by the tribes-people." This "dream-origin" theory receives support from kindred phenomena among the American Indians, although there, perhaps, the effects relate more to the individual than to society as a whole; but the transfer would not be beyond the mentality of the Australians, who have a certain "social sense" useful for survival purposes. In Australia, as in America, the theory of indigenous modification would account for the differences in culture, institutions, mythological ideas, etc., existing among various tribes. Favorable circumstances, suggestible conditions among the members of several tribes, the great personal influence (as with our own race) of the "reformer" himself or his associate shamans (the "being in the air" also is not entirely confined to the civilized races of to-day, nor the things that make possible the sudden spread of fads and fashions), severally or in combination, worked to extend the sphere of activity of the innovation.

There is much to be said in favor of this theory of the transformation of primitive society through the genial actions of its "great men." Even the general rule that "all Australian tribes are divided into two moieties, which intermarry, but each of which is forbidden to marry within itself," is thought to have arisen in the manner just noted. Of course, there are objections to such a theory, and, as Andrew Lang observes, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. Mr. Howitt, in discussing the supernatural beings of the Australian natives, including the famous "All-Father" (the *Baiame* of the Kamilaroi and his congeners among other tribes), who is neither God, nor "Great Spirit," nor "Good Spirit," but a supernatural being with no trace of a divine nature, an ideal headman dominated "father," comparable, and, again, not comparable, with the *Atius Tirawa* of the Pawnee Indians, as revealed to us by Miss Fletcher and Dr. Dorsey, suggests how easy it might have been for the aborigines, under favorable conditions, to develop an actual religion based on the worship of a being like *Baiame*. The material presented in the books of Mr. Howitt and Messrs. Spencer and Gillen impresses the reader also with the reasonableness of another suggestion of the author, viz., how easily, after the change to a recognized religion, the medicine-men would have become priests. But many possible changes have not at all taken place, for the Australian natives did not even evolve ancestor-worship, which so many authorities have considered the root of primitive religion. Some steps assumed are, evidently, easier in theory than in actual progress.

It is worth noting that the greatest development of the "All-Father" idea occurs in the southeast, where also is to be found the most marked progress away from primitive

social organization, etc. Indeed, the evidence of such advancement increases from north to south. Mr. Howitt agrees with Messrs. Spencer and Gillen in holding that, while totemism, combined with exogamy, is at the root of the social organization, "the relation between totemism and exogamy is merely a secondary feature, the primary function of the former having probably been in existence before the latter became established." The Intichiuma ceremonies are thought to represent a very early form of totemistic beliefs (this is by no means absolutely certain, however), but the author considers that present data do not permit dogmatism as to their origin. There is yet no safe hypothesis as to the provenience of totemic names. The suggestion is made that the idea of relationship with animals and plants may have had a dream-origin with savage peoples. The low state of culture of the Dieri, as compared with certain other tribes who inhabited the southeast (particularly the coast lands), leads Mr. Howitt to argue that better climatic conditions and a more abundant and constant supply of both animal and plant food may have caused some of the latter to abandon more or less "the magical food-producing ceremonies." Thus, in many ways the tribes of the Lake Eyre district in South Australia would represent a much more primitive social and psychical condition than those of the southeastern end of the island. This would fit in with some of the assumptions of the Schoetensack theory of the origin of man in Australia.

The variation in primitive Australian social systems may be further seen by comparing some of the tribes having very complicated marriage and totemic systems with the Kurnai, who "had no class systems," and "although there are survivals of totems in this tribe, they do not affect marriage." The comparison made (p. 294) between the position of the bride among the early Anglo-Saxons and the Australian natives is interesting; likewise the hint that, at a still earlier stage, the bride-price may very well have been another woman. An ingenious use of polygamy as a means of building up influence by presentation of wives to those who are too poor to obtain them themselves, is recorded on page 266. A curious instance of the manner in which the culture of an intruding race affects that of the aborigines is cited (p. 423) by Mr. Howitt: In one of the native songs (improvised) occurs the word *winbelow*, which, at first blush, seems aboriginal enough, but is in reality nothing but the English, "the wind blows." The distance travelled by some of these songs is remarkable. Another example of white influence is represented in the Kurnai song inviting a friend to come to "a cool shady place with a bottle." These songs are of not a little psychological and sociological value, but (both old and new) they are said to be fast dying out. With the Australians in general the sky-country is another and better earth. The sun is a woman, as with the ancient Teutons. Sleep and dreams are the bond between the living and the absent, alive or dead. The white man was first conceived of as a ghost—members of the tribe returning in the flesh. In connection with his description of message-sticks, Mr. Howitt states (p. 698) that the system of counting in vogue enables the natives to run up to thirty, thus modifying the common statement that "the Australian aborigines are unable to count beyond four, or, at the most, five." Infanticide is practised among many Australian tribes for a variety of reasons: lack of food, rapid succession of children, weakness, or disease, difficulty of carrying about, etc. Cannibalism is also diverse in origin and practice: with the Dieri, a part of the burial ceremonial; a means of getting rid of superfluous infants; also, of acquiring the power and virtues of dead enemies, etc. "Flesh-hunger" as a cause of anthrophagy is rare here as in most other parts of the globe. Some absurd things credited to the Australians by "bush yarns" and careless observers are dismissed by Mr. Howitt with the remark: "The Australian aborigines do not recognize any divinity, good or evil, nor do they offer any kind of sacrifice, as far as my knowledge goes."

A SPANISH SCHOLAR.

Homenaje á D. Francisco Codera en su jubilación del profesorado: Estudios de erudición oriental. Con una introducción de Eduardo Saavedra. Saragossa, 1904. Pp. xxxviii, 658.

The mere fact that a professor of Arabic has retired from his chair may seen a small matter to our bumptious Western world, in which the university teacher who cannot show an immediate connection between his work and the material aids of life meets with small courtesy of attention. Let the chair and the professor be in Spain (supposedly—by the man in the street—last of the European countries and a bad last), and this bulky volume will be a mysterious problem.

In reality it is no problem, but stands for several excellent facts—that the Spanish people is not at all moribund, that it has resources of vitality and ideals of scholarship and culture which might be sought vainly in many of our colleges and universities; that this professor has made his mark so deeply and well that he has founded a school of pupils; that these rise up now to do him honor; that even Western students and institutions might learn from the austère frugality of his life, the patient finish and endurance of his labors, the breadth of his interests and the ingenuity of his methods.

Codera was born in 1836 of a family of well-to-do farmers at Fonz, a village of Aragon, some thirty miles northwest of Lérida. There and at Barbastro, a larger town in the neighborhood, he had his school education of the usual scholastic type of the time and place. Then, evidently as a promising youth, he was turned towards the priesthood and studied, at a seminary in Lérida, philosophy, which seems to have included physics, taught, however, from a Latin manual a half-century old. In 1855 he passed to the University of Saragossa and there went through a four-year course in theology. He had matriculated for a fifth year when a change long working in him finally came to the surface, and turned him from the priesthood for ever. It is characteristic of the balance and seriousness of Codera's mind that this was no upheaval of doubt; he is still a devout Catholic. It was, to all appearance, his generations of canny Aragonian farming ancestors beginning to tell. When he was sent to school at Barbastro, he was boarded with a carpenter, and there, for three years, found that his academic tasks left him much time on his hands. He took refuge in the workshop, not to lounge and talk; he learned carpentry thoroughly. At Lérida he went on to work by himself at algebra, geometry, and plane designing. He supplemented also the fifty-year old Latin manual of physics by a more modern text-book which he bought for himself. The physical sciences had now captured him; so Saragossa attracted him, where he hoped to be able to combine a theological course with one in the faculty of sciences. Of that he had only two years, for in 1858, just after he had been appointed to instruct in physics and geography, the faculty of sciences was suppressed. Then, theology alone not being enough for him, he combined with it a course in humane letters for two years. In the third, he found that the class hours of theology and letters would by no means agree, and was stopped at last in his effort to enrich, by this process of doubling, the theological curriculum. In all this it is very plain that he would have been kept by the Church if the system of education for priests had not been dry and one-sided to a degree. So theology finally went by the board, and he combined with letters a year of law. Yet it is to be remembered that in this case he could easily salve his conscience by regarding law—and especially canon law—as a necessary part of a theological training.

A year of ill-health not unnaturally followed these combinations and permutations. He devoted it to modern languages. His last years of university study were spent in philosophy, letters, and law at Madrid. Then he was called to the chair of Latin and Greek in his old seminary at Lérida, and his teaching career began. From there he passed to become professor extraordinarius (*catedrático supernumerario*) of Greek, Hebrew and Arabic, at Granada, then to the ordinarius chair of Greek there and at Saragossa, and finally in 1874 to the chair of Arabic at Madrid, where his life-work really began. The record of these changes is significant in one way and another for the man, his studies, and his environment. Few fields of learning have suffered so much as has Arabic from those who climb up some other way instead of entering by the strait way of early and dry discipline. Codera picked up his Arabic by himself through his Hebrew, with the assistance of the excellent but woefully antiquated Erpenius, and only in his last years as a student in Madrid had he the advantage of definite training. There he was "made" by Pascual de Gayangos, *clarum et venerable nomen*, and by that making and his own character escaped the snares of the amateur. In return, he has created the present school of Spanish Arabists, to whom we have evidently to look for the leading back, so sorely needed, of these studies from grammars and lexicons and words to history, philosophy, theology and all the essence of life. Not for nothing did Codera come of a race of farmers with eyes and thoughts on the hardest realities. And a farmer and student of mechanics and natural science he has remained through it all. When he was editing his texts and setting up the types with his own hands, he was also inventing

ploughs and harrows suited to the conditions of his native soil, and teaching the alternation of crops and the use of phosphates, the sinking of wells, and the introduction of new plants. Similarly with his type-setting and the machine he invented to take impressions of coins; when a thing was to be done, he did it himself. His intense practicalness and self-helpfulness must make us revise our traditional estimate of the stately but unhandy Spaniard.

And all this time, Spain was in storm and stress around him. In his first four years fell the end of the Carlist rising; a couple of months after he was born, the regent Christina was compelled to accept the Constitution of 1812. Thereafter it is a record of a succession of revolutions, attempted and successful. His student life was passed in the unsavory times of Isabella II., his early activity as a university teacher in the anarchy and civil war which followed; the final flight of Don Carlos was less than two years after he began work at Madrid. The external history of a country is not all; behind drums and tramplings and constitutions and politicians, the life of the people goes on. It was in that life behind that he had part. For him, Spain was served best by the man who did with all his might what his hand found to do, who raised better and better crops, or taught his little circle silently what work meant, and what true culture, knowledge, rectitude, impartiality were.

The bibliography of Codera's writings covers nearly ten pages, but his patience and method are better evinced in the plan he has sketched for the writing of the history of Muslim Spain. For that, he declares with right, we are not yet nearly ready—shall be ready only after fifteen or twenty well-employed years. Very many texts are still to be published, and to be studied; with every new text, so far, have come changes and corrections. To exhaust these, his method is that of the card-catalogue. He has himself made more than 30,000 slips in biography, geography, bibliography, events, customs; and reckons at 200,000 the minimum necessary to serve as a basis for the complete history.

In this volume itself the outstanding fact is that it is so largely Spanish in origin, and that so marked a proportion of the papers are by direct pupils of the master to whom it is dedicated. It is unfortunate but true that the intercourse between the Spanish school and Arabists elsewhere is not as complete as between the speakers of English, French, and German, the three required languages. The difficulty is linguistic, and Spanish has not yet won its place. Here only five tongues are represented. Twenty-six papers are in Spanish, one by a German; eight in French, three by a Dutchman, a Dane, an Egyptian; two in Italian; one in English by an American; one in Portuguese. Among them are many of value and interest even for others than Spaniards or Arabists. Prof. José Alemany touches a fertile subject for all students of mediæval Europe in describing the bands of Christian free-lances who served Muslim Sultans in North Africa. In a long paper he traces their histories, and brings out the fact of the broad spirit of toleration shown by these sultans and the spirit of harmony which existed in some cases between them and Christian nations—all this in striking contrast to Eastern Islam. English readers will remember the adventures of Chaucer's Knight. To students of history another paper of interest is that of Prof. Rafael Altamira on the sociological study of civilization, its nature and forms, which Ibn Khaldun, the Arabic fourteenth-century historian, has given in his 'Prolegomena.' Similarly, a short paper by Professor de Goeje on the Greek fire. The influence of Christian art on the Moors of Granada is treated by Professor Gómez-Mareno with learning and detail. In philosophy two papers stand out, one by Prof. Asin y Palacios, a searching investigation, in sixty pages, of the relation between the views of Averroes, Thomas Aquinas and the Latin Averroists, especially Siger of Brabant; the other, by Professor Mehren, on Avicenna's attitude towards astrology. On literature there are also two papers which deserve notice. One, by Menéndez y Pelayo, perhaps the most broadly famous name among all the contributors, is on the story of "La Doncella Teodor" as it is in the 'Arabian Nights' (there she is Tawaddud), in a Spanish "Volksbuch," and in a comedy by Lope de Vega. Lope makes diverting enough use of the learned damsel and the show she makes of her acquirements, but if she could only have fallen into the contemporary hands of Shakspere and been examined solemnly like Malvolio by one of his clowns! The other is more puzzling and raises even wider questions. It is the tale (*rcontamiento*) of Almicded and Almayesa, two Arab lovers, supposed contemporaries of the Prophet, who live amid Spanish scenery after the fashion of Spanish romances of chivalry, and whose adventures are recounted in Aragonese, though written in the Arabic character. The editor, S. Mariano de Pano, thinks that this form of the story belongs to the sixteenth century, but the very curious mixture in it of an evidently genuine tale of a Muslim champion with chivalric trappings of a knight-errant and his love cannot but raise questions as to earlier Arabic influence on the Spanish romances as a whole; a far more possible thing than the often alleged influence on the Spanish ballads.

The other papers have all their own value, but are more for the Arabist and historian than for the scholar at large. The volume as a whole is a most significant tribute to the inspiration of a master and to the spirit of the new Spain.

The Principles of Economics: A Fragment of a Treatise on the Industrial Mechanism of Society (with other papers). By W. Stanley Jevons. Edited by Henry Higgs. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Since the untimely death of Stanley Jevons in 1882, several volumes of his literary remains have been given to the public. Economic science, particularly in Great Britain, could so poorly afford to lose him that there was abundant justification for bringing out such collected papers as were contained in the 'Methods of Social Reform' (1883) and 'Investigations in Currency and Finance' (1884). His 'Letters and Journal' (1886), also, possessed more than an ephemeral or merely personal interest, and seemed to bring to a fitting close the series of posthumous publications. It appears, however, that Jevons's manuscripts contained further material in the shape of an unfinished treatise, 'Principles of Economics,' which is now brought out under the competent editorial direction of Mr. Henry Higgs.

In fact, the 'Principles' was intended by Jevons to be his *magnum opus*, "the completion of a thirty or thirty-five years' work." He proposed to pay particular attention to the subject of consumption, but had planned an elaborate book which would have included all the topics handled by the ordinary treatise. The most significant feature of the projected work is the entire disappearance of the mathematical apparatus so prominent in the earlier 'Theory of Political Economy.' One who recalls how earnestly Jevons argued in the 'Theory' that "Economics, if it is to be a science at all, must be a mathematical science," and that "we cannot have a true theory of Economics" without the aid of the calculus, will wonder not a little at the absence of our old friends (or enemies) Δx and Δy. The explanation seems to be, as Mr. Higgs remarks, that Jevons, like Cournot before him, observing that even such economists as Cairnes had been unable to read the 'Theory,' felt obliged 'to follow up his mathematical treatise by a volume written in plain language for the general reader."

Unfortunately, the new treatise was left in very unfinished condition. Of the seventy-two chapters which Jevons had outlined, only twenty were so far completed that the most pious editorial labors could put them into form suitable for publication; and, even of these, not a few are painfully fragmentary. The opening chapters of the 'Principles' were intended to deal with the subjects of consumption and value. A dozen or more chapters upon production and several upon distribution were to follow; and, finally, there were to be a large number dealing with miscellaneous topics, such as money, banking, insurance, foreign trade, taxation, socialism, and the like. The proposed scheme is decidedly peculiar throughout, evidencing rather dislike for the traditional divisions of economic treatises than ability to improve upon them. Naturally enough, the first chapters in order of arrangement had approached completion more nearly than the later, and the result is that the materials selected for publication belong to the first half of the book and deal with the subjects of consumption, value, and production.

As Mr. Higgs is obliged to concede, it may be doubted "whether the fragment now printed contained anything absolutely new at the time it was written," although the author's point of view was sometimes novel. The work contains some interesting discussions of definitions, as of value, supply and demand, labor, and the like. Then there are frequent criticisms of Smith, Ricardo, Mill, Cairnes, and other celebrities, which sometimes are worth while. On page 55, for instance, Jevons takes advantage of the opportunity to reply to the objections which Cairnes had brought against the final-utility theory of value. Moreover, he deals to a much larger extent than was possible in the 'Theory of Political Economy' with the general literature of the science, exhibiting the considerable knowledge he was known to possess of the earlier French and English writers. There is enough here to whet one's appetite for

more, and to indicate that the author would have wrought out a treatise of the first rank had his life been spared; but it cannot be said that the fragments now published offer anything of great value. We have here not an unfinished torso, but hardly more than a few *disjecta membra*.

The most interesting chapter is probably that dealing with the "Classification of Trades." Jevons tells us that his own economic studies really began with an attempt in 1856 and 1857 to analyze the trade statistics which Dr. Farr had collected in 1851. Students of occupation statistics will find some useful hints here, and it is much to be regretted that the author did not push this part of his work to completion. Another suggestive chapter is that devoted to insurance, in which the friendly societies and the mutual-benefit work of the trade unions are handled with great insight. Interesting, too, is the chapter entitled "Mill on Capital," in which the celebrated "fundamental propositions" are handled somewhat roughly. Jevons's originality and freshness of treatment are everywhere in evidence, yet economic science would not have been appreciably poorer if the unfinished manuscript had never found editor or publisher.

Besides the 'Principles of Economics,' the present volume contains four essays which had been published before the author's death. Two of these, which treat of "The Future of Political Economy" and "Richard Cantillon," appeared in the *Fortnightly* and the *Contemporary*, and are tolerably familiar to American students, although the English editor informs us that they are "not now to be obtained without great difficulty." The others are less known and deserve a moment's consideration. One of them, written in 1869, deals with the "Pressure of Taxation," and contains an able argument for the repeal of the "shilling duty" on corn. The second, upon Lowe's proposed match tax, is a valuable discussion of general principles of taxation in their application to a particular problem. In both cases, Jevons is seen at his best, and it is fortunate that the papers are now made accessible to American students of taxation.

In conclusion it should be said that Mr. Higgs has performed his editorial labors in an admirable manner. Besides an introduction which says just enough, and does not offend a reasonably intelligent and well-informed reader, he contributes numerous helpful footnotes to the text of the "Principles," in which he endeavors to give page references to all the works consulted by Jevons in his very extensive reading. Withal, he labors under no illusions as to the value of the fragmentary treatise he is giving to the world. Among nineteenth-century economists Jevons will always occupy a high place; but the present volume, while increasing our regret that his life work was unfinished, cannot add much to his reputation.

The Eagle's History of Poughkeepsie from the Earliest Settlements (1683-1905). By Edmund Platt. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: Platt & Platt. 1905. 4to, pp. 328.

The compiler's preface, and his discussion of the origin and meaning of the Indian place-name, Poughkeepsie, evince qualities of independent research, industry, and English style, which take this work out of the ordinary category of newspaper town histories. Not that it has not some things in common with these, in its miscellany and in such celebration of local business and its prominent conductors as borders on advertisement. One can learn much even by glancing through these pages, and the portions relating to the Revolutionary era and the period ushering in the panic of 1837 are novel and valuable. Division into chapters is marked in two cases by panics, not without reason, since that of 1837 was followed by the building of the Hudson River Railroad, and that of 1873 by the construction of the great bridge over the Hudson. There had been a Female Seminary in 1834; in 1865 Vassar College was opened. These are the landmarks in the city's history.

Her greatest personage, after Gov. Clinton, might be thought Egbert Benson, though he was a native of New York. From 1777, when Poughkeepsie was the State Capital, he was State Attorney, received into his office there as law student the future Chancellor Kent, and was first on the list of those who availed themselves (November, 1790), of an act passed February 22, 1788 (birthday of George Washington, the future abolitionist), to manumit slaves. This list is given in full by Mr. Platt. His presumable ancestor, Judge Zephaniah Platt, stood third on the list, and his application for a certificate began: "Agreeably to the Republican Spirit of the constitution of our country." At Poughkeepsie were passed New York's acts for the gradual emancipation of slavery (March 29, 1799; April 8, 1801). Dutchess County's representative in Congress, James Tallmadge, jr., offered the anti-slavery amendment to the enabling act for the admission of Missouri, which precipitated the great debate of 1819-20, and immediately (February 16) was forced to meet threats of personal violence and of disunion, which he did with spirit and fire:

"Sir," he declared, "if a dissolution of the Union must take place, let it be so! If civil war, which gentlemen so threaten, must come, let it come! . . . I know the will of my constituents, and, regardless of consequences, I will avow it; as their representative I will proclaim their hatred of slavery; as their representative here I will hold my stand until this floor, with the constitution of my country which supports it, shall sink beneath me."

Two frigates were built at Poughkeepsie during the Revolution, but never accomplished anything. In the thirties, the town had its whaling company. It is to-day the scene of college boat races. Of late, education has made it more famous than any other character; and to the now extinct brewing industry of Matthew Vassar it owes the first female college in the country meriting the name.

Among the numerous illustrations are some of Benson J. Lossing's woodcuts, a pleasant reminder of the Bewick school.

The Cities of Umbria. By Edward Hutton. With 20 illustrations in color by A. Pisa, and 12 other illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1905. Pp. xvi., 303.

In his 'The Road in Tuscany,' Mr. Hewlett asserts that "the moment travelling by road ceased, the writing of good books of travel ceased also"; and therefore he urges his reader to shun the railway, "with its intolerable apparatus of iron, smoke, and noise," and to take a carriage. Mr. Hutton's counsel is one of even greater perfection, for his is Jean-Jacques Rousseau's way: he has travelled Umbria afoot, with his knapsack on his back, now wet to the skin by a sudden shower, and going to bed at a wayside inn while the landlord dries his clothes, now sleeping in a barn amidst the hay, now begging a lift from the driver of a country wine-cart, and ever fleeing from "that mighty army of martyrs who are led about Italy by Baedeker."

It is, however, only in their dislike of the tourist and the railway that Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Hutton are akin. Mr. Hewlett always prefers "a road to a church, and a man to a masterpiece, a singer to his song." "Æsthetic, archæology, ecclesiology, hagiology," must mean nothing to his client, and he bids him "let *technique* and all such frippery be far from him." The proper study of mankind is man, and the modern man is but a development of the mediæval. Mr. Hutton, on the other hand, hates everything which is modern. "This is an age of business men, an age of grocers and clerks, and I have yet to learn that such have given us anything worth having." London and New York are "contented in the desperate mediocrity with that part of life which, since they never see the sun, is scarcely worth having at all." Umbria, it is true, is "a country still blessedly poor," and the Umbrian peasant is "still noble"; but, even so, he interests our author little. The hills, the olive trees, the cool streams, the sun-satiate air—God's world, not man's—is what he fain would see. He lives in the past, with St. Francis and St. Clare and the great painters who eternized and glorified them. Umbria for him is *Umbria Mystica*. A Roman of the Romans, he denounces the "barbarism" of the Reformation, and bewails the falling off of Northern Europe from the ancient faith:

"Rome," he cries, "led me to the embrace of Christ and showed me the beauty of the world. What were my England whom she found naked and a child, without her, and all the splendid years, the dreams, the victories? The kings of the world have knelt to do her reverence, and the peoples have flocked to kiss her stones. As a beautiful and splendid empress she has scorned the byeways of life, her progress has ever been along the fair imperial way. She has turned from Life and Pleasure and Beauty neither for the cursing of peasants nor for the brutal threats of the Teutonic barbarian. When our hand was in hers how happy were we—how fair our country, how merry our people; and now that we have parted from her for the moment, with what distraction do we regard one another. One by one the fair and beautiful things have fallen away, the merry days no longer come, and Christ, once so gentle and so fair, is not any more divine, but from very far off demands a sober and sombre world, bereft alike of beauty and of pleasure, since the way is so difficult, our enthusiasm so narrow."

That is the keynote of the book, and it is easy for such a writer to accept the miracle of Bolsena and the stigmatization of St. Francis. Of the latter he says that it is "as certain as any other fact of history, and far better attested than most." Quite naturally, therefore, he falls foul of "that Protestant Frenchman who has made his fame out of this saint of the Catholic

Church"; and, although he admits that St. Francis accused the Church of "a kind of compromise, not with evil, perhaps, but with indifference," and that she "destroyed" both him and Joachim di Flore, because "the victory of either meant not only her own destruction, but the loss of order, of certain success," yet he none the less complains of M. Sabatier for converting St. Francis "into a kind of divine schismatic, an amiable Martin Luther—at least in his intention—accusing the Church (rather by his conduct, it would seem, than by his teaching) of the betrayal of mankind into a kind of slavery from which he, the little poor man, would set it free." Yet surely the difference is mainly one of words. Even granting that Mr. Hutton's version of M. Sabatier's position is a fair one (he does not profess to quote him verbatim), it would almost seem that the facts stated by a Protestant only need to be restated by a Romanist, in a slightly different form, to sanctify them and to make them true.

To understand Italy a man should be neither Roman nor Protestant, but pagan; and Mr. Hutton's limitations are the greater if, as we think we may infer from the terms in which he speaks of the Italian Government on page 22, his Romanism is political as well as religious. Thus his book might well have been a failure had he written of any other region save Umbria; but since Umbria is the home of mysticism, it is good that a mystic should write of it, and although Mr. Hutton regards painting as a part of religion or, at least, as an expression of religious feeling, he is none the less a competent and discerning critic, as accurate as he is suggestive. His book is destined to prove an invaluable companion for the tourist he so heartily scorns.

In dealing with a volume devoted to descriptions of scenery, to painting, to hagiology and to mysticism, it seems almost irrelevant to allude to a question which has but little connection with the main object of the book; but it may, perhaps, be permissible to point out that, *pace* Professor Bellucci and "The Journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects," it is by no means so certain, as Mr. Hutton appears to think, that the reconstruction of the stairway on the northern side of the Palazzo Pubblico of Perugia is really a restoration "to the original design." In the opinion of the present writer, the weight of documentary evidence is against that view. This, however, is a very minor matter, and we shall probably wait many a long day for a better book on Umbrian painters and Umbrian saints. Mr. Hutton's work is indeed a pleasant contrast to the rubbish which is so often accepted by publishers, and which apparently passes current with the public. A word of praise must be given to the illustrations, which are an admirable instance of the advance that has been made in the reproduction of color work during the past decade.

Socrates. By Rev. J. T. Forbes. (The World Epoch-Makers.) Scribners. 1905.

This moderate-sized volume is based on original sources and on some of the best recent authorities. While designed, of course, for popular use, it follows the scholarly plan of abundant references in footnotes to sources and author. The introductory chapters, which sketch the political, social, and religious ideals of the period, are purely for the general reader, to orient him and provide an *aperçu* of pre-Socratic thought and philosophy. The great difficulty in painting a correct picture of Socrates is to make allowance for the coloring of Plato and of Xenophon, and to disentangle his personality from that of his biographers; and this puzzle is all but insoluble. Grote thought that it was a tolerably safe procedure to appeal from the idealizing tendency of Plato to the matter-of-fact narrative of Xenophon. But it is now clearly seen that Xenophon is, in his matter-of-fact way, as much of a romancer as Plato, and that the Xenophontean Socrates is, in many passages, simply Xenophon himself discoursing commonplaces characteristic of the somewhat *borné* farmer, and horseman, and military adventurer. The Socrates who proses tediously about gratitude to parents, and about the military art as practised by Greeks and Persians, is certainly not that lofty and astonishing personality which administered an electric shock to the conscience of the youthful Alcibiades. So that the Platonic Socrates, with all the glamour of his power and irony and subtilty, is often likely to be truer than the tamer character outlined by Xenophon.

Mr. Forbes is aware of these perplexities and states them by way of warning, and then proceeds to use the Memorabilia more freely, perhaps, than the work deserves. His discussion of the Daimon or Genius of Socrates—always an alluring topic—is too diffuse, as also of the doctrine that vice springs from ignorance and virtue from knowledge. Both these dissertations savor a little of the pulpit with its *longueurs*. So does the sentence, "The remarkable thing [in the case of Socrates] is not the failure to reach dogmatic certainty (unattainable before Christ)." The fact is, that with Socrates to know what was right was to do it; there was something personal and individual in the origin of his theory of virtue. The Athenians of his time also needed, above all, clear notions of what was right and what was wrong, as is illustrated very neatly by the hazy groping of Euthyphro. With them, too, the appeal to pure reason would go farther than with a modern "camp-meeting." For the camp-meeting and for all of us a morality, steadied by reasoned convictions, and moulded by habit to a harmonious automatism, almost, would be safer than the cry of the emotions and an appeal to transcendental maxims. That was, in great measure, the method of Socrates.

However, Mr. Forbes has the primary qualification of a biographer—a sympathetic admiration of his subject. While his work is conscientious and sufficiently thorough, it is not always interesting, nor do the discussions leave a clean and clear impression. The reader who has finished it may clarify his mind by referring to the luminous and masterly chapters of Gomperz on the same subject.

The Law of Interstate Commerce and its Federal Regulation. By Frederick N. Judson. Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co. 1905.

Mr. Judson's name has been so much before the public recently in connection with an investigation carried on under and brought to an end by Executive authority, that it is unnecessary to remind our readers who he is. He writes with authority on a subject of great and growing importance. The purpose of his book is to present in a compact form the law of interstate commerce as declared by the courts, as enacted by the Legislature, and as administered by the Commerce Commission. It embodies the rules and decisions of the Commission—a body of administrative law which has some value as bearing on the "transportation problem"—but the more important part of the treatise is occupied with the consideration of the very difficult fundamental principles of law, constitutional and municipal, underlying our system. It is not at all a clear or easily comprehensible body of law, as every lawyer knows who has followed the current of decision from the great opinion of Marshall in *Gibbons v. Ogden*, down to the *Trans-Missouri* and *Northern Securities* cases; but, with the expansion of the powers of Congress, and the more and more emphatic demonstration of the fact that interstate commerce is by its very nature readily brought within the exclusive grasp, or, at any rate, supervision, of Federal authority, it may be simplified as time goes on.

Mr. Judson has a good power of statement, and his volume is a valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905.

The Week.

The Scandinavians not only have set the world a good example in settling their differences peacefully, but have given a lift to the general cause of arbitration. One article of the treaty for the separation of Norway and Sweden provides for the submission of future disputes to the Hague Court. There is the usual reservation of matters affecting "the independence, integrity, or vital interests of either"; but another clause sets forth that the question whether any controversy *does* affect "vital interests" shall itself be left to arbitration. This is a far-sighted and humane plan of making international deadlocks over trifles almost impossible.

While our Government is preparing, by putting the coastwise shipping laws into effect next January, to raise freight rates upon our Philippine trade, news comes of a rate war between the inter-island transportation companies and the foreign lines running to Hongkong. The latter have just put into effect such low rates to and from Iloilo, Cebu, and Zamboanga that it will be economy for these ports to trade with Hongkong rather than Manila. The situation is said to be regarded at Washington as one of the most serious since our acquisition of the Philippines. Naturally, this menace to the carefully nurtured trade within the archipelago is almost as exasperating a spectacle as if New York, Philadelphia, and Boston were suddenly to cease the interchange of commodities and to trade only with Liverpool. Our "gateway to the Orient" seems to be working like one of those patent doors which merely let the person ahead get halfway upstairs before they admit the next at all. The case comes into the greater prominence because, while we refused to develop the trade of the islands with us by tariff concessions, and are putting an additional obstacle in the form of shipping laws, we were going to build railroads and also to bring the separate islands into closer touch. So if the foreigner interferes with this, what will be left?

Congressman Herbert Parsons returns from Manila delighted to find that the "principle of the Philippines for the Filipinos" pervades the whole insular government. He also discovered that "all the Filipino political parties are now in favor of independence." Yet they can't have it, for, "to a practical-minded people like us," all their political talk is "academic." So it seems that the "principle" is to be allowed to work only when convenient. We must "educate the rising generation," Mr. Parsons tells us, by the sight of a good American government, before we can listen to a suggestion of independence. But he is not so sure that the government we are giving them is good. "I must confess that while everything was being well done, a great deal of money was being spent—more, probably, than the islands could afford." Thus we are to educate the rising generation in extravagance and bankruptcy. This shows us that the lot of the Filipino is harder than we thought. He has not only to submit to our enforced rule, but he has to rack his brains to try to explain our logical contradictions.

President Amador and the Isthmian Canal Commission, it is reported, are endeavoring to attract Spanish workmen from the famine-stricken districts of their country. The theory sounds like a good one. That men will only change their home and employment in order to improve their condition is axiomatic. Efforts to induce the class of laborers wanted at Panama to give up other jobs in this country have not been wholly successful. Very well, hunt out those places on the face of the earth which are even worse off than Panama. There are almost always famines and pestilences to be found somewhere; only the other day Calabria was devastated by earthquakes, and here and there a revolution is raising its horrid head. Some Russians, we believe, have already come to the Isthmus to escape something worse. So the dirt may be made to fly by the exertions of honest workingmen who have jumped out of a dozen transatlantic frying pans into the Panama fire. We may be a little colder than of yore in our welcome at New York or San Francisco to the poor immigrant, but two thousand miles to the south we shall continue to maintain a refuge for the downtrodden and oppressed and unfortunate from all lands. The canal may yet reach the proud distinction of coming to be regarded as an international charity-woodyard.

It is apparently the craven fear of being little which moves the republic of Panama to seek to annex Costa Rica The jokes about the Panamitos may have gone home. But what is the motive of Costa Rica? Is it not to slip quietly under the feathers of the eagle? Perhaps the Costa Ricans have not been deceived by all the *opéra bouffe* of our "recognition" of Panama, and our punctilious treatment of that tiny and feeble entity as if it were entitled to sovereign honors. They may be political realists who look hard at the substance of things, and so may have convinced themselves that a great American annexation movement is afoot—"from Hudson's Bay to the Isthmus"—with the inference that they will do well to get in early.

Cubans take their politics more tragically than we do, and it is not so portentous an event as our daily press sought to make it out, that the preliminaries of a Cuban Presidential election have led to violence and murder. The blood is hot in Cuba, but it is absurd to talk of what occurred at Cienfuegos being a premonition of revolution, or proving that the Government is not able to protect property and life. Least of all is it a case for jumping at the duty of the United States to intervene. We reserved the right to do so, under the Platt amendment which we forced upon Cuba, "for the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." Those are vague terms, but it would be a malign interpretation which should stretch them to cover the crimes in Cienfuegos on Friday. From all the evidence at hand, the authorities had the situation in full control, and nobody's life was in danger except that of brawlers. If political murders are a proof of the destruction of government, our own was destroyed long ago—ask ex-Gov. Black about the Troy politician-murderer whom he prosecuted. No doubt, the unhappy occurrence in Cuba will be used for political advantage in the canvass, just as it would be here.

Stand-pattism has its by-products in the shape of suggestions for raising more money for the Government without touching the tariff. There is scarcely one of the special war taxes of 1898 that some statesman has not seriously advocated reimposing this year. Even the chewing-gum tax has its champions again. Representative Tawney, who was one of the "insurgents" of three years ago, but now regards it as "possible to avoid any legislation of an extensive character during this fiscal year," brings up alcoholic proprietary medicines for sacrifice. Commissioner Yerkes has really anticipated him in making these concoctions a source of revenue, for his recent decision classing them as liquors will, if sustained, bring in a large sum annually. But there is one obstacle to putting a bill through Congress. If we are to trust the published testimonials, our national lawmakers have been among the most constant users of the

sovereign remedies in question. One manufacturer of these, if memory serves, recently published a broadside endorsement from fourteen M.C.'s and ex-M.C.'s who had "used it with beneficial effect." It is on record that one member, ex-Congressman Powers of Vermont, gave testimonials to three different medicines, all of which were freely used in advertising. The patent-medicine Trust, if there is one, has not a Senator of its own, but it has surely toned up enough official constitutions to demand a few favors in return.

Senator Dolliver evidently strove to put the case mildly when he said, in a speech to the Iowa editors a few days ago concerning the demand for tariff revision: "It will require a good deal of persuasion to induce Congress to fix a maximum schedule at the point of protection, and give over to the President the right, within limits, to reduce it by wholesale or retail in favor of countries commercially friendly to us." It will also require a good deal of "persuasion" to induce Congress to fix a minimum schedule and give the President the right to raise it as a frade club against our commercial enemies. Without departing from the text of Senator Dolliver's speech, it would not be hard to prove that something more than persuasion will be required to bring about any action whatever in regard to the tariff. The President is kept fully informed of the danger of "business disturbances that follow tariff legislation," as well as the "political disturbances which might cost his Administration its majority in the House of Representatives." The Senator was not indulging in generalities when he added: "These are all matters which the President is bound to weigh in the relations which he holds to the party throughout the country." Tariff revision would imperil the harvests; reciprocity is a bubble blown by Mr. Kasson and Mr. Foss; but, for a real issue, says Senator Dolliver, watch the progress of the railway rate-regulation fight in the Senate next winter.

"It seems to me," said District Attorney Morrison in Chicago on Thursday, "that the Government is in a fair way of breaking off the entire rebate evil in this country." What, without more laws? Has it been all a mistake, then, to mix up the rebate question with the project to give the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body, the power to decree railroad rates? So it would seem. Under existing law, we see representatives of a powerful corporation indicted, brought into court, compelled to plead guilty, and to pay fines of $25,000. No Esch-Townsend bill was necessary, no extra session of Congress, but just a plain enforcement of the statutes now on the books. We note, also, that it was not an impersonal corporation that was indicted and fined—not the indefinite Packing Company, but its officials by name, the said Weil, Cusey, Skipworth, and Todd. This is a clear violation of the legal precedent laid down by Roosevelt, J., in the case of Paul Morton.

This success in punishing the takers of rebates should help to clear the Congressional—and even a more illustrious—mind. Read the arguments made in the House, last session, in favor of conferring the rate-making power on the Interstate Commerce or some other commission, examine the newspaper articles on the same subject, and you will find the practice of giving secret rebates adduced as the one conclusive reason for the new law. It was not shown how the two things were connected. No answer was forthcoming when it was asked why there might not be rebates from rates fixed by the Government, as well as from those posted by the railroads themselves. It was enough to cry out upon the enormous injustice of rebates, and whoop the bill through. That ought not to be possible again. We have now discovered that the law we have is adequate to the work of striking at the giving or taking of railroad rebates. It is a crime, of course, always difficult of detection, but so it would be under the proposed new law as well as the old. The point is that the old is effective when rigorously executed. Hereafter, let the arguments for Government rate-making stand on their own bottom.

It is Senator against Senator on the question of forest reserves. At the moment when Heyburn of Idaho, a self-appointed critic of the Government's policy, issued his latest attack on the reserve system as applied to his State, Burkett of Nebraska was describing with enthusiasm the Administration's experiments in the Dismal River region north of the Platte. Mr. Heyburn bases his opposition to the Idaho reserve on the ground that the Government has allowed the Northern Pacific Railroad to abandon some 668,000 acres of land in the Cœur d'Alène, Priest River, and Shoshone reserves, and thereby set up a claim for an equal area of richer land. But the lieu-land law was repealed last March, and no scrip was issued when these reserves were established. Again, Senator Heyburn says bluntly, ignoring the conclusions of forestry experts, that it has not been proved that forests conserve rainfall. But the Senator from Nebraska, just back from an inspection of the 90,000 acres of sandhill land set apart in 1902 for experimental tree planting, says that the project should be encouraged. So far, the cost has not exceeded $5,000 a year, and already some 750,000 trees have been planted, over 35 per cent. of which are in a thrifty condition. Next spring a million young Western yellow and jack pines will be ready to transplant from the reserve nursery, and twice that number in 1907. Idaho's problem is to preserve her still abundant forests. Nebraska's is to redeem her wastes, largely created by the men who stripped the State of timber for railroad construction and fence building. Senator Heyburn should visit Senator Burkett's Dismal River constituency.

It was thought last winter, when the California Legislature voted to re-cede to the National Government the grant of 1864, embracing the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa grove of big trees, that the care and development of that splendid park in the Sierras had been assured. But now it appears that Congress did not specifically accept the recession, though it included in the sundry civil appropriation bill a clause providing $25,000 for the care of the park. The cattle and sheep men who have for years fought for the privilege of grazing in the Yosemite reservation, declare that neither Federal nor State authority extends over it, and are preparing to take their case to the Supreme Court. Meanwhile, a commission made up of Major Chittenden of the United States Engineer Corps, who made Yellowstone Park what it is, Mr. Marshall, topographer of the United States Geological Survey, and an official of the general Land Office, have made a thorough investigation of the Yosemite region and recommend: First, that the name be changed to the Yosemite National Park; second, that all existing legislation pertaining to the park be repealed; third, that a new code of laws, similar to that in force in the Yellowstone, be enacted; fourth, that $100,000 be appropriated to acquire all private holdings within the reservation; and, fifth, that a road into the valley be built up the Merced cañon to make it more easily accessible. It is to be hoped that Congress will at least take steps to define its attitude toward the Yosemite so clearly that even a "sheep-raiser with a political pull" may not err therein.

The striking fact about the Baltimore primaries last week was that, in every one of the most important contests, the candidates supported by the Rasin organization were decisively defeated. That the organization thus "rebuked" is in favor of the Poe-Gorman negro suffrage amendment, while Gov. Warfield, an opponent of that measure, backed the successful candidates, is a fact that may mean much or little. It is common for those interested to see in the defeat of a particular organization the rejection of every policy for which it stands. Certainly, of the two anti-organization candidates for Senate nom-

inations in Baltimore, one made his canvass largely on his personal record, and the other had drawn up an elaborate platform which dealt chiefly with public utilities and made no mention whatever of the amendment. In a few of the fights, however, this seems to have been made a direct issue. One successful candidate for ward executive said that he attributed his election to his opposition to the "Poe law." "The descendants of foreign-born residents," he says, "men who are American in everything except the possession of a grandfather, as demanded by that law, are against it."

Four months after Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia vetoed the shameful resolution of the City Councils to lease the gas works for seventy-five years to a political corporation, the whole convention of the City Party marches in a body to greet him. This at least shows that the Quaker City's enthusiasm for reform is of a more lasting character than cynical comments in the early stages of the fight would have had it. As the city was slow beyond all others in being roused against its despoilers, there is now hope that its wrath will not abate until lasting results are achieved. The "ripper" bill, which Gov. Pennypacker signed, on the engaging theory that the people had a virtual referendum on the law, since they might, if they chose, elect legislators opposed to it before it went into effect, must be repealed and a personal registration law that will keep clean the now purged registration lists must be enacted; and this means two years of watchfulness and effort. Political reversals have been rapid in Philadelphia. The City Party, which last year was a negligible factor in the local election, is now taking the lead in the fight, and its ticket has been endorsed in its entirety by the Democrats. Weaver, long regarded as a perfectly complaisant figurehead for the machine, is now the militant apostle of the most sweeping reform, and a complete convert from the notion of "reform within the party" to which the Union League still clings. A third of a year at white heat is a rare political experience for any American city.

What some of his political opponents call a "play to the galleries" was made by Gov. Hanly in his statement concerning his removal of David E. Sherrick, auditor of Indiana, from office. At this distance its theatrical tone seems to have been quite lost, and the explanation looks suspiciously like the blunt assertion of a man who is too honest to make compromises with the devil. When the Governor learned that Sherrick had hopelessly involved himself and imperilled the State funds, he demanded the auditor's resignation. "The next morning," says Gov. Hanly, "his resignation did not come, but some of his friends did, and informed me that the money could be raised only on condition that the defalcation be kept secret and that he be retained in office." This was the test that the Governor could not stand. Instead of taking the view that "Dave" was a good fellow and should be given a chance to "make good" through his friends who were profiting by keeping him in office, Gov. Hanly decided that he could make no such bargain as that. Acceptance of the money to cover Sherrick's loss on those terms, says the Governor, "would have made me, as Governor of the State, a party to a contract of such a character as would have warranted my own impeachment and removal from office." Plain as the case is and straightforward as Gov. Hanly's statement is, there exists, as the Indianapolis *News* intimates, an overt depreciation of the Governor's action, with a covert attack on his motives. Apparently, Gov. Hanly does not understand the freemasonry of Indiana "practical" politics.

The testimony of George W. Perkins at the insurance investigation on Thursday makes one or two points pretty clear. The first is, that the New York Life has been engaged in "window dressing" for the annual report. When the company, on December 31, 1903, sold to J. P. Morgan & Co. $800,000 in International Mercantile bonds, and on January 2 bought them back again, the transaction was really fictitious. J. P. Morgan & Co. charged the New York Life $266.67, interest for two days at 6 per cent. This was practically nothing but a short-time loan, with the bonds as security. On December 31, 1903, the company sold $935,000 in New Orleans Terminal bonds—another poor investment—to W. S. Fanshawe, but later the company lent Mr. Fanshawe $935,000, taking the bonds as security; and this loan stood until Mr. Fanshawe sold the bonds. Whatever be the technical excuses offered, the object of these two "sales" was not to let policyholders know exactly the condition of the company's investments. These, we grant, are relatively small items; but the principle involved is a large one. Mr. Perkins further testified that the purchases of the New York Life from J. P. Morgan & Co. for the period during which he has been connected with both concerns amounted to $38,804,918.51; and Mr. Perkins's share of the profits, $10,412.57, has been returned to the insurance company. This is all very well as far as it goes. No one can deny, however, that the backing of such a large buyer has meant to J. P. Morgan & Co., and thus to Mr. Perkins personally, more than the mere sale of $38,804,918.51 in securities. The profits from the moral support of the New York Life can never be exactly calculated. This is the reason why the position of Mr. Perkins as a high officer of the insurance company, and as a partner of the banking house, has provoked so much suspicion and deserved censure.

Don't cry over spilt campaign funds, is reported to be the final wisdom evolved in the conferences at Oyster Bay on the subject of money illegally taken from life-insurance companies and given to the Republican party. "There is no way of returning funds that have been spent." If this decision is intended merely to reassure "campaign quartettes," or the laborious composers of campaign "songs," or the spellbinders who saved the country at so much a night, no one will object. They earned their cash at the cost of fearful discomfort to themselves and others, and should not be asked to disgorge. But how about the gentlemen who took the money for disbursement, knowing that the contribution was both immoral and illegal? Are they delivered from all qualms, and released from all obligations, simply because the funds are "spent"? That would be an odd defence in law for an embezzler, if he had an estate or a bond to be sued upon. Surely, the Republican party is not ready to confess that it cannot raise among its millionaire friends enough money to pay off the sums wrongfully taken for its benefit from widows and orphans. If the last campaign fund is exhausted, restitution ought at least to be made a first lien upon the next one.

The Franchise Bureau, established by Comptroller Grout as an adjunct to his Department, may prove efficient in helping to conserve the city's interests. Hitherto, applications for franchises have been granted or refused without systematic examination of their merits. Now, for the first time in the city's history, there is a bureau whose exclusive duty it is to inquire into conditions relating to public franchises. Its value has already been shown in the case of the Union Railway Company. This company is seeking to obtain a series of twenty-two extensions in the Bronx. Yet its application was found by the Bureau of Franchises to contemplate seizing every valuable street in the fast-growing Bronx. Should the company obtain these rights, it could proceed to build such lines only as it now deemed profitable; the rights for the remaining routes it could hold in abeyance indefinitely. This, the report showed, had been its invariable practice. With this comprehensive report in hand, Comptroller Grout has been able to proceed intelligently in forming his conclusions as to the specific restrictions which should accompany the grant of the franchise.

SENATOR FORAKER'S CHALLENGE.

The Republican campaign in Ohio starts off with loud cries of alarm from the leaders. Vice-President Fairbanks was imported to implore the patriotic voters not to "strike down" the Republican ticket, and Senator Foraker pointed out that it would take a great deal of "explanation" to account for Ohio's not going Republican this year by the "usual majority." So one would say, after the 255,000 plurality for Roosevelt last year. Of course, the apprehensive orators do not fail to allege that a Democratic victory in Ohio would be a terrible blow to President Roosevelt. This is an old trick. Lodge is trying it on in Massachusetts. You will hear a village boss asseverate gravely that if his candidate for constable is defeated, the President will feel discouraged by the fearful and unmerited rebuke. We all know these pretty ways of the politicians. Yet it does seem as if the Ohio gentry were rather overdoing their hysteria. To talk so anxiously about the possibility of being beaten in that State is a queer way to hearten the faithful.

That there is a bad snarl in the Republican politics of Ohio, is generally admitted. Gov. Herrick is unpopular, and has provoked a powerful revolt within his party. His open alliance with Boss Cox of Cincinnati—one of the lowest of his species—and his dependence upon the Dick machine, which is an enginery nicely planned to turn out a large product of little men, have hurt more than helped him; and it is certain that he will be badly cut at the polls. No one supposes, however, that he can be actually defeated. Senator Foraker may be suspected of taking a malicious pleasure in exaggerating the party peril. He had been roughly pushed one side by the Herrick-Cox-Dick alliance, and only as a desperate resort was he besought to come and stump the State. So his professed alarm may be only the artifice of the physician, magnifying the danger of the disease which he is called in to cure.

It is not, however, the Senator's utterances about Ohio politics which will attract wide attention, but his deliberate challenge of President Roosevelt on two capital national issues. His speech is tantamount to serving notice on the President that, if he persists in advocating tariff reduction, or urging reciprocity treaties, the Senatorial Old Guard will fight him; and also that Mr. Roosevelt's plan of railway rate-regulation cannot be enacted into law except over the dead bodies of Foraker and his allies in the Senate. This is a political event of the highest significance. Senator Foraker carries great weight in the Senate. In his case, seniority does not yet spell senility. He can speak and organize as well as vote. Moreover, he is one of the unavowed Presidential candidates. His deliberate defiance of his own President, then, in the gravest matters of party policy, is a sign of the political weather which no observer can afford to neglect.

Needless to say, on the tariff Senator Foraker represents the crassest stand-pattism. Touch not a hair of yon gray fraud, he cries. With commendable frankness, he admits that the present tariff was simply log-rolled into shape by special interests, which will allow no change in one schedule without threatening to pull the whole edifice tumbling. At least, he can mean nothing else by saying that "some duties can, no doubt, be changed now with benefit," but that "when we touch the tariff we touch the business of the whole country." Pull out one brick, that is, and down comes the whole wall. And this tariff Bourbonism is matched by what Senator Foraker says about reciprocity treaties. The President, he thinks, will not negotiate any; but if he does, "I am sure the Senate would not ratify them unless it was found that they did not seriously injure *any* important American industry." In plain language, each powerful protected interest enjoys the right of veto upon both Congress and the President.

Equally explicit is the Ohio Senator in his antagonism to the President on the subject of railway regulation. While in favor of certain extensions of the law against discrimination and rebates, he is flatly opposed to Mr. Roosevelt's plan of conferring the power to make freight rates upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, or some other body created by Congress. This scheme, Senator Foraker artfully remarks, is one stolen from the Democrats, and is actually endorsed in the Democratic platform of Ohio this year; naturally, as a stout Republican, the Senator is against it. He does not say what people are to think of that Republican in the White House who is for it.

We may be certain that Senator Foraker's speech will have been read, pondered and inwardly digested at Oyster Bay. The President need no longer doubt that he has a fight on his hands within his party. The situation which was faintly defined at Washington last winter, will be more clear-cut in the next session. A group of powerful leaders will deny Mr. Roosevelt's right or ability to make the party organization register his personal policy. They will demand to be consulted deferentially. If that is refused them, they will set about thwarting the President's wishes. Then we shall see whether he can be as masterful when not a candidate for re-election, and without a party organization dancing obediently when he pipes to it, as he was when every politician knew that to "get in behind" him was to place money on the winning horse. The President found a difference last year. He was driven to retreat on his tariff proposals; his railway legislation was beaten; his San Domingo treaty rejected. What will the coming winter bring forth? Senator Foraker by himself might be despised. If the President meant to run amuck among corporations, he could even be glad of the opposition of a Senator whose corporate relations lay him open to the suspicion that he is not wholly impartial. But Foraker does not stand alone; neither can the President desire to read so prominent a Republican out of the party. It is a case for clear convictions, so far as the tariff challenge is concerned, and a resolute standing by them, rather than petty tactics; while in the railway question, what the President has to do is, not to outmanœuvre Senator Foraker and his fellows, but to refute their arguments. This last is the real difficulty.

CORPORATION ABSOLUTISM.

President McCall of the New York Life Insurance Company gave last week the frankest expression we have yet had to an idea which has evidently been getting a firm hold upon many of his associates in the management of great corporations. This is, that they are of necessity absolute monarchs in the kingdom of business. The motto of each of them is, *Sic volo, sic jubeo.* Mr. McCall freely shouldered all responsibility. Did he pay $50,000 to the Republican campaign fund on his own motion? He did. Without consulting the finance committee? Certainly. Did he order hundreds of thousands disbursed on his personal word? At any time. Was it at his direction that more than $200,000 was left in the hands of "Judge" Hamilton without an accounting, and under misleading entries in the books? It was. Did he think that such enormous and unregulated responsibilities ought to be put upon the president of a great life-insurance company? Yes, they are an inherent part of his executive function. If he is not free to do whatever he will with the funds of the company, he is not a real president.

This fair epitome of Mr. McCall's testimony touches on the really great question involved. Mere personalities and recriminations drop out of sight by comparison. It is the theory of the benevolent tyrant in the great finance with which we are squarely confronted. If a company is only big enough, has the adequate number of millions, and impinges upon the interests of the community in endless ways, then its president is entitled to do whatever seems right in his own eyes. In doubtful cases, his fiat creates propriety. If a method which he adopts seems irregular and threatens loss, it is enough for him to say magnificently, "I ordered it done, I accept the responsibility, I guarantee

that the company will lose nothing by it." How excellent it is to have a financial giant's strength!

Unfortunately, this fallacy of bigness, this blunder of thinking that the reasons which apply to administering hundreds of dollars necessarily fail when it is a question of millions of dollars, overlooks two things. One is the law. The other is morals. For the law knows nothing of this absolutist management of large corporations. Lawful method, strict liability, the personal responsibility of directors and officials—these are the watchwords of our statutes and judicial decisions in the premises. We suppose it to be beyond doubt that, under existing law, President McCall could be compelled to pay back every dollar given by the New York Life to politicians. Nor is the Penal Code silent about some of the transactions which he and Mr. Perkins have admitted. Directors and officials of a life-insurance company are practically in the position of an executor of an estate. Suppose that the latter decided that the interests of the heirs would be imperilled by the success of one political party, and should contribute $1,000 to the other—would he not have a fine time getting his accounts passed by the courts? Even an autocratic life-insurance president seems to feel the bookkeeping difficulty, since he has not yet been able to discover under what "account" the political payments were entered.

But the moral maze into which we are led by the theory that the magnate can do no wrong, is more bewildering than the legal. Where shall one stop? If it is right to give $50,000 illegally to protect policyholders, it is right to give $1,000,000. If $50,000 was the assessment of the New York Life in 1896, it might easily have been asked to pay $100,000 in 1904. We are really astonished at the moderation of Treasurer Bliss in demanding only $50,000 when the assets of the company (and, of course, the number of its insured in danger) had so greatly increased! Mr. Perkins testified that the assets may soon amount to $1,000,000,000. What will the proportionate share of the politicians be then? We may be sure that they will be prepared to submit affidavits that the other fellows will ruin the business of the company unless $200,000 or so is paid to beat them. There is, in fact, simply no end to the absurdities and perplexities and moral perils into which you run, once you allow that fiduciary funds can be used in any way that seems good to their administrators.

We understand perfectly that the gentlemen who have felt themselves chartered to use corporation funds as they saw fit, indignantly disclaim bad motives. Indeed, they seem almost as much oppressed by the sense of their own rectitude as by their conscious wisdom, power, and success. But, granting their purity of intent and their unrivalled sagacity, they yet must be made to see, with the rest of us more fallible mortals, that business methods should be such as to endure the test even when weak and bad men are in control. We often see the same confusion of ideas in politics. Reformers are sometimes so convinced of their own goodness that they resort to devices which they would be the first to cry out against if employed by a Tammany politician. We have got to make our business methods correct even if some business men are supernatural in wisdom and angelic in character. When the law prohibits doing a certain thing, it is no defence to say that it was a good man who violated the statute, with the best intentions in the world.

It is clear that the corrupt entanglement of corporations with politics must be taken sharply in hand by the American people. Mr. Perkins has lighted a fire of which the blaze is seen all over the country. It is not a case for bickerings between pot and kettle. The Democrats, as Judge Parker admitted from the first, have been as ready to sin as the Republicans; latterly, it has been the opportunity rather than the willingness that has failed them. They have had the appetite, but not the food. The whole miserable business, however, must be ended. By State or Federal statute, or both, it must be made unlawful for corporations to make, or for party agents to solicit from them, campaign subscriptions; so that the future corporation absolutist who uses company funds for party purposes may, if he chooses, thank God that he did it, but will have to utter his devout thanks in jail. Meanwhile, personally, things cannot go on as if nothing had happened. Young Mr. Hyde became an impossible burden to the Equitable; President Alexander had to resign—but is that to be the end? Are not other resignations and dismissals imperatively called for? Example is the only thing that really counts in business and public affairs, and this insurance investigation will not have wrought its perfect work until an example has been made of trustees not fit to be trusted; until directors who are both buyer and seller have to elect a single rôle; until presidents who are a law unto themselves are compelled to exercise their talents in some other capacity. As Mr. Cleveland puts it, with his refreshing, heavy-footed honesty, we must "compel in the direction and management of life-insurance companies . . . honesty and alertness in discharging fiduciary obligations."

SHOULD LIFE INSURANCE BE CHEAPER?

In the course of the successive exposures of corrupt or unbusiness-like methods in American life insurance, since the Equitable scandal broke last spring, one question has failed to receive the attention which it merits. The train of evil consequences arising from the huge masses of capital accumulated in the form of surpluses has been clearly demonstrated. The formidable danger in the future, if these funds are to double and treble themselves as they have done in the past decade or two, has appealed to every one—not least of all to intelligent insurance managers themselves. Some of them have privately confessed their misgivings about the financial Minotaur which the existing system was letting loose on the community. Much has been said also of the mischievous influence of some special contrivances of insurance, such as the deferred-dividend policies, which made inevitable the excessively rapid heaping-up of money which must be invested. In all this, however, there has been surprisingly little discussion of the question whether the rates prevalent for the insuring of lives in this country are not too high. In any other sort of corporation, the admitted existence of an unwieldy and demoralizing surplus would lead to immediate adoption of one of two policies—increase of dividends or lowering of the charge for service. It is the second of these questions which ought to appeal most directly to policyholders.

Are our life-insurance premium rates too high? English critics, basing their judgment on their own system, answer, Yes. But the question is one of facts and figures rather than of general principles, and it is the examination of the subject from this point of view which gives timeliness to an article by Mr. Allan H. Willett, of the Department of Economics of Brown University, in the September *Political Science Quarterly*. He examines in great detail the statements of twenty-four American life-insurance companies, comprising all the most powerful concerns, and reaches this conclusion:

"The average experience of twenty-four companies shows a saving on mortality of over 20 per cent., and an excess of interest earnings of nearly or quite one per cent., and a generous profit from lapsed and surrendered policies, while the loading is just sufficient to cover the cost of carrying on the business. The gain-and-loss exhibit indicates that, but for the depreciation of securities during the year 1903, the insurance operations of that year would have brought into the companies a profit of more than $40,000,000, to be returned to the policyholders or added to the surplus. With no improvement in the methods and practices of insurance companies, a reduction of 20 per cent. or 25 per cent. in premium rates is possible for a company managed with average care and efficiency, and is in every way desirable.

"But to bring insurance rates down to the present cost-level is only half enough. The cost itself ought to be lowered. It is demonstrable that some of the practices of insurance companies tend to increase their mortality loss, that a higher net rate of interest could be secured on their investments, and that the cost of administration is often extravagantly high. Improvements in any of those particulars would materially lower the cost of insurance, and make possible a further reduction

in premium rates, resulting in a wider utilization of the benefits of insurance by people of small or moderate income."

The first point on which this conclusion is based is the variation of actual mortality from the assumed average mortality of the tables in use by the companies. The reports of the twenty-four companies for 1903 show the total indemnities which the companies, in accordance with their mortality tables, were theoretically prepared to pay in the period for death losses. They also show what was actually paid, and the sum thus disbursed is less by $20,315,698 than the amount marked out by the official tables. The premium income for the period having been $318,328,592, a profit of 6½ per cent. on the entire receipts from that source appears to have resulted from the difference. But this is not all, for the average of mortality loss is abnormally raised by the results of a very few companies. Nineteen out of the twenty-four companies show actual mortality bearing a ratio of 80 per cent. or less to the assumption of the tables; ten of them work out below 70 per cent. Mr. Willett argues from this that the average of the tables is excessive, under proper admission of risks, to the extent of 20 to 30 per cent.

The reserves of the companies are calculated, in their reports, on the basis of interest earnings of 3 to 3½ per cent. But the average of actual interest earnings of the twenty-four companies in 1903 was 4.3 per cent.; therefore a profit of 1 per cent. over the assumed requirement is shown to exist in this direction. Again, the important question of lapsed policies arises for investigation. The full reserve required against the policies lapsed in 1903, by all these companies, was $40,446,983; the "surrender values" paid were $31,903,657; difference, carried to surplus, $8,543,326, or 2¾ per cent. of the total premium income.

In taking up the question of expense of administration and procuring business, a difficult field is entered, because the estimates of the necessary ratio of such outlay to gross income is an arbitrary matter. Yet even so, and with the very liberal allowance made by the larger companies for their agents' expenses, nine out of the twenty-four companies report a ratio of expense in acquiring business to the year's income from such business smaller than was deemed necessary. Obviously, the discussion touches here on the larger question as to needless extravagance in soliciting business —a question of great significance when the double conclusion is adopted that accumulation of excessive surpluses is an evil, and that the offer of insurance is made, not for the satisfying of a company's ambition, but for the benefit of the insured.

It will be no unfair conclusion from these figures that the cost of insurance to the American policyholder is too high. It is far from the purpose of conservative reformers in this matter to insist on any such sweeping cut as should in any degree imperil the soundness of life insurance, prudently and properly conducted. But when it is capable of proof that the cost of insurance is far higher than the needs of such administration, and that the consequence of this overcharge is the very surplus whose piling-up is the cause of the recent insurance-company scandals, the hour surely ought to have arrived for reconsideration of the whole matter.

THE LAST OF CHOLERA PANICS.

"King Cholera," a medical authority has written, "is, in truth, a lazy and voluptuous potentate; unless he is carried by quick steamers, he will not travel far without a rest, and when he reaches his destination, he declines either to advance or show his power unless he is nourished and pampered." The discovery that Asiatic cholera is really one of the easiest of infectious diseases to control, has changed completely the public attitude towards it. There is cholera at present in Germany, but her busy trade and exchange of passengers with this country continue undisturbed. Our public-health authorities exhibit not the slightest alarm, and it is taken everywhere for granted that the disease will not reach our shores.

With the mystery of cholera, the hysterical fear of it has largely disappeared, but certainly no scourge ever contained more elements to inspire consternation and horror than did this disease at its first invasions of Europe. Coming out of the East without warning, its progress along the high-roads, though always slow, seemed to be well-nigh irresistible; States and cities waited with a sort of fatalism for the news of its arrival, or made a frenzied but unavailing fight against it. The mortality that would follow its introduction at such gatherings as the Nizhni-Novgorod fair, the Hindu ceremonies at the sacred pool at Hurdwar, or the Mohammedan pilgrimages to Mecca, was beyond description fearful. Again, the apparent caprice in the spread of the disease, which would spring up in streets far from the supposed centres of infection and attack persons who had neither seen nor come near a cholera sufferer, added an element of terror. Kipling tells of the cholera outbreak in camp that marked out a regular figure eight among the tents and then passed away. No wonder the legend grew up that the Wandering Jew himself was the bearer of this pestilence.

It was in 1832 that the cholera, which had entered Russia in 1829 and swept over Europe in the next two years, was first conveyed to America. The brig *Carricks* sailed in April from the affected port of Dublin with 173 immigrants aboard. By the time she reached Quebec on June 3, forty-two of these passengers had died. The rest were landed on Grosse Isle, but were allowed free intercourse with the city, and on June 8 cholera broke out in Quebec. Fifteen cases were officially reported on that day. The epidemic reached New York on June 23, Philadelphia on July 5, Detroit on July 6, and so over the entire country. There could be no better illustration of the results of modern sanitary methods than the figures of this outbreak on fresh territory. There were a thousand deaths in Quebec in a fornight, and 3,512 in New York city in the year. Yet now, after cholera has been present in Germany at various points for nearly a month, the total death roll has reached only 80 and the number of cases 236.

The next invasion of cholera was in 1848, when it reached New Orleans and Staten Island almost simultaneously, but did not enter New York city until the next year, when it caused deaths to the number of 5,071. A recrudescence of the disease occurred in Europe after the Crimean war, and was again brought here in 1854. But meanwhile discoveries were being made regarding the cause of the cholera and its methods of transmission. It is curious that in the very year, 1854, when Dr. Snow of London was studying the famous case in which he traced 143 cases of cholera to a polluted public well, the London College of Physicians had reported, "It is not probable that, in the case of cholera, the influence of water will ever be shown to consist in its serving as a vehicle for the poison generated in the bodies of those who had suffered from the disease." A fungus theory had been propounded in 1838. "Cholera cells" were pictured in the *Lancet* in 1849, and in 1852 the name "cholerine," afterwards famous as a euphemism for cases of cholera inconvenient to acknowledge, was proposed for the zymotic principle of cholera. Quarantine methods were being better understood, too. At the port of New York in 1855 and 1856, cholera ships arrived in the harbor without the infection reaching the mainland. In March, 1866, however, the *England* from Mersey arrived at Halifax, having had 92 cholera deaths on the way. The crew and passengers were isolated, but the pilots, who declared they had not even been aboard the ship, came down with the cholera, and it again began to spread. It was in New York by May. Its rapid spread in that year was attributed largely to the dispatch of troops to the South and West. In 1873 cholera entered at New Orleans, probably by coolie vessels from India. There were a few cases in the United States again in 1886. In 1884 Robert Koch announced his discovery of the specific germ.

Then came that extraordinary exhibition, the scare of 1892. The country was preparing for a world's fair, at which

hosts of foreigners were expected, and the cholera was active over a good part of Europe. Hamburg and its suburbs had, up to October, 18,757 cases and 7,839 deaths. The liner *Moravia* from that port arrived on August 31, with twenty-two steerage passengers dead from what the ship's surgeon put down as "cholerine." The *Normannia* and the *Rugia* followed with similar conditions aboard, and eight deaths occurred in the harbor. President Harrison had ordered a quarantine of twenty days, and, after a most trying imprisonment on board the same vessels with the sick, quarters in tents and temporary buildings were found for the well passengers on Sandy Hook and Fire Island. Meanwhile, a yellow press—an adjunct which the disease on its previous visit had not enjoyed—had excited the whole country over the imminent peril. The rest of the country looked at New York as if its population were already decimated by the disease and a step on its streets were hazardous. As a matter of fact, a dozen or so of "doubtful" cases, with two deaths, were all that appeared on shore. It may be noted that in most of the vessels bringing infection to America, the disease broke out during the voyage. The dispatches reported the other day that steerage passengers from Hamburg are now being held for quarantine before embarkation, thus greatly reducing the chance of this happening.

Asiatic cholera is not regarded as a contagious disease. A person takes it only by swallowing the germ, which, though readily carried on clothing, bedding, carpets, or articles used by the sick, is short-lived, being killed quickly by drying, sunlight, or the ordinary disinfectants. The only vehicle for its rapid or wide transmission is water. Overland it cannot progress at a stage any farther than a person can travel between his receiving the infection and his entire collapse. This period is from three to five days, and it makes quarantine precautions extremely simple. The appalling rapidity of its progress has been one of the peculiar terrors of this disease. It is "a disease of hours, not days." The pulse disappears, the face shrinks, the voice grows strange and husky, the skin becomes bluish, and the sweat cold, but, after six to twenty-four hours, if the sufferer still lives, the temperature rises, the pulse returns, he sleeps. There is no specific. The treatment consists in keeping up the heart action, and trying to carry the patient past the crisis. The death-rate has varied in past epidemics from 15 to 90 per cent. It is not, however, the ability to cure, but the ability to prevent, which has made the cholera no longer "worse than forty fights."

WAR CHIEFS IN PEACE.

The recent death of Rain-in-the-Face in South Dakota removes one of the few remaining Sioux leaders who were associated with Sitting Bull in the historic campaign that culminated in the massacre of the Little Big Horn in 1876. When Geronimo, the old Apache, who is spending his last days as a paroled prisoner in Oklahoma, is gone, it will be possible to close up the account between the frontiersman and "untamed" Indian. The chiefs who are left have long ago "come in," and even the memories of Custer and Crook and Miles are dim in their minds. Quanah Parker the Comanche, Red Cloud the Sioux, Poosh-e-to-nek of the Sacs and Foxes, Chief Godfroy of the Miamis, and others great in their day as warriers, are feeble echoes merely of their old selves. Chief White Calf of the Blackfeet died early in 1903, and Chief Joseph, the great Nez Percés leader, died on the Washington reservation last year. Sitting Bull, who was killed in 1890, is almost as historic as Red Jacket. The fact that Rain-in-the-Face in his later years wore the uniform of the Indian police, and that Geronimo turned many an honest penny last summer at the St. Louis Fair selling beadwork and pictures of himself with his autograph, illustrates the dramatic anti-climaxes that must be recorded in writing the history of the last of the "war chiefs."

The complaint that history is too much taken up with wars and conquests is as valid concerning the American Indians as it is of the Macedonians or the Goths. Rain-in-the-Face will be longest remembered because of the unverified report that he personally killed Gen. Custer and cut his heart out. But he has lived quietly on the Standing Rock reservation since he returned from Canada and surrendered to Gen. Miles in 1881; and these twenty-four years of submission to agency rule, with his service in the Indian police, must be considered in making up his record. In the same way, Comanche history will deal with the clashes between that tribe and the early settlers of Texas rather than with the long rule of Quanah Parker, who has inspired among his people a zeal for education and industry in the manner of the late Bishop Whipple.

This old man, now past sixty, distinctly remembers the time he first saw a wagon and picked up a limited knowledge of English from the pack-train men who drifted into the Southwest when the Indians still held it securely. In his lifetime he has developed from the typical plains leader described by Catlin to the earnest advocate of the white man's civilization. The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing of Parker early in 1904, told of his popularity at Fort Sill and with the cattlemen who leased the reservation pastures. As a mark of their esteem, the cattlemen built a house for the chief. One of them, proposing to help furnish the house, asked what special article the old man most wanted. Parker said that a big roll-top desk would please him, and explained: "You see, I open desk, an' sit down in my chair an' put my feet up on desk an' I light my seegar, an' I hol' my newspaper up in front o' me—like this. Then white man come in, an' he knock at my door, an' he say, 'Quanah, I wan' talk to you a minute.' An' I turn roun' in my chair, an' I puff a lot o' smoke in his face, an' I say, 'Go 'way! I busy t'day.' "

Tecumseh, with his fine speeches and his dream of an all-powerful federation of Indians that should sweep the white invaders into the sea, is succeeded by old Gabriel Godfroy, head of the remnant of the Miamis left in the Wabash valley in Indiana. His fight has been to save the homes of his tribesmen from being sold to pay taxes. Early this year Godfroy, seventy-three years old and broken in health, appeared before the Circuit Court of Miami County to urge the claim of his people to exemption from taxation. His plea was in striking contrast to the speech preserved in the school readers and credited to his predecessor. "When this case was commenced years ago," he said, "I was a rich man. I owned a fine farm and was worth $50,000. Now I am so poor that my credit is not good for a dollar. Politics ruined me. Because I voted, the Commissioners thought I should pay taxes. I never wanted to vote, because I thought I had no right at the polls. My people should have remained away. But we were urged, first by one party and then the other. My friends elected me road supervisor. I did not want the office, but I took it." The "piping times of peace" are all very well for the home builders on the border, and even the young Carlisle and Hampton graduates endure the industrial struggle passably. But for the trained warriors to submit to the dull routine of reservation life without sinking into hopeless degeneracy is an achievement more difficult than it seems to the man bred to civilization.

As Quanah Parker represents the reformed "blanket Indian," striving to pass from the prairie to the schoolroom without friction, Pleasant Porter, chief of the Creek tribe, may stand for the political evolution of the Indian leader who has never been a warrior. With the others of the Five Tribes, the Creeks long ago "buried the hatchet" and retired to live peacefully as a little isolated nation in the Indian Territory. Had that been possible, a chief's lot would have been in direct contrast to that of Gilbert's policeman. But with the pressing in of the whites and the coming of the "Dawes Commission," Chief Porter had new problems to solve. Questions of land allotments, town-site locations, the provision for a school system, the leasing and selling privileges to be given white settlers and merchants, and the tribe's atti-

tude toward Statehood—these are some of the more serious matters that this Creek Indian, scarcely more than once removed from the leaders who fought Gen. Jackson, has had to consider. It was Porter who called the separate Statehood convention which met at Muskogee recently and proposed to make a State independent of Oklahoma and call it Sequoyah, in honor of the "Cherokee Cadmus," an Indian who had perfected a syllabic alphabet and taught his people to read before Mrs. Trollope arrived in Cincinnati. The peace chief is less picturesque than the war chief of the Rain-in-the-Face type, but he has managed the business of adaptation surprisingly well, on the whole.

APPETITE WAITING ON DIGESTION.

The era of food experiments which began approximately with the twentieth century is surely as much entitled to a place in the chronicles as famine years or "bumper" crops. Dr. Wiley, with his "poison squad," Professor Atwater with his man in a glass case, and Professor Chittenden with his fellow-instructors, athletes, and soldiers of the regular army as subjects for diet experiments, are typical figures of this important period. Professor Chittenden, who outlines his conclusions in the October *Century*, makes a most simple and satisfying argument against not only the general practices in eating and drinking—every one knows that these are abominations in the sight of the scientist—but even against the dietary standards commonly accepted by the experts. These, he says, are based primarily on what people of certain habits of life *do* eat, and not what they *should* eat. The sensation of hunger, and the liking for particular articles of food, he goes on, are entirely untrustworthy as guides, for they are merely acquired habits, and any one, by constant application, can acquire a new set of hungers and appetites. The real index of the body's needs is the supply of food required for "the maintenance of body-weight, nitrogen equilibrium, health, strength, vigor, and endurance—and, in the period of adolescence, to supply material for the growth and development of the tissues of the body."

When, with quantities of food only about half those prescribed in the standard dietary, subjects of various ages and habits of life were able to do their work with increased ease, one winning an intercollegiate championship, and many actually gaining weight during the period of the experiment, it seems at least to shift the burden of proof to the other side. The quantities of food taken are, as the writer acknowledges, "absurdly" small, judged by inherited standards. Contrast, for instance, with the ordinary training table, with its abundant rare beef, this dinner, the heaviest meal of the day for the athletes under observation:

"Bacon, one and one-half ounces; potato croquette, two and one-half ounces; macaroni, two and one-fourth ounces; bread, one ounce; butter, one-fourth ounce; water ice, four and one-half ounces; one cup of coffee, with two ounces of cream and three-fourths of an ounce of sugar."

Professor Chittenden does not hold a brief for any of the numerous systems of hygienic diet—the meat and coffee and fried foods on his bills of fare show that. But his recommendation "leans somewhat toward vegetarianism," for the simple reason that if one eats meat to any extent it is next to impossible to escape eating too much, as the proper amount is here established.

Research of this sort certainly ought to be of interest to any person of intelligence. The announcement of a way of life equally beneficial at once to the constitution and the pocket-book is an event of the first importance. But the world puts all manner of obstacles in the way of him who would reform his diet. Restaurants are conducted on the theory that man is an animal whose food is naturally in the ratio of a platter of meat to one potato and a small side dish of some other vegetable. The "portion" as customarily served contains more nitrogen than Professor Chittenden would allow for an entire day. It demands uncommon resolution to keep on paying for food and leaving two-thirds of it uneaten. We fancy that this is one of the reasons why the people who do actually make over their victuals and drink, usually go over to one of the "fad" systems. It is very much harder to cut down the allowance of the old familiar viands than to take up a brand-new set. Better take a dinner of herbs outright, many think, than toy with a piece of beef the size of a postage stamp. So, we have the two-and-seventy jarring sects of emancipated eaters, vegetarians, fruitarians, eaters of raw food, eaters of vegetables that grow wild only. These cults have their own restaurants, where they are removed entirely from the lure of the flesh-pots.

Has there ever been a case, we wonder, in which a convert to any of these doctrines has not reported great improvement from the change? The gross eater of beefsteaks becomes a vegetarian. He never felt so well in his life, he has gained fourteen pounds, and can lift double the weight he could in his unregenerate days. He joins the straiter sects, cuts out eggs and milk. Again he undergoes that amazing physical regeneration that has been so rapturously described. Next, perhaps, he is taken in hand by a missionary of "sun-kissed food." He eliminates everything that does not grow in the full sunshine. Talk with him, and he makes it clear that potatoes and turnips were just as bad for him as pork and mutton had been. There must be a limit somewhere to the improvement to be effected by this process of exclusion.

Whether the world at present needs any further demonstration that it eats too much may well be doubted. The trouble is that the acknowledged fact influences people's daily lives little more than the philosopher's demonstration that matter does not exist. If the American people, even the educated part of it alone, were to give more than intellectual assent to such expositions as Professor Chittenden's, the Beef Trust would go to the wall in a week, half the retail butchers would be spreading mortar with their cleavers, and the corner grocers digging trenches with their sugar scoops. The up-to-date cook-book prints the number of calories and grammes of proteid at the head of each recipe; but the cook or housewife who takes the trouble to add them up is a source of wonder and amusement to her friends. On grounds of expediency it might be advisable to suppress all further discoveries about food until those already made have begun to sink in. Modern man has many weaknesses, but his intrepidity in the face of the danger of over-eating compels admiration.

WALKING IN SWITZERLAND.

ON THE RHINE, August 7, 1905.

The subject of Switzerland and its mountains is so well worn that I should have deemed it impossible to say anything interesting about it had I not, by an eighth visit, added so much to my conception of it that I feel as if I had never before understood it. There are with us large numbers of professional men, especially of students and professors, who might forget their home world in a form of activity which is at the same time most restful and most invigorating; and it is for them alone that I venture on a few suggestions. The main object in visiting the regions I have just left is to enjoy a closer contact with nature than can be reached in the hurly-burly of life. The tourist who profits most by a visit thither is he who can see the sentimental and fanciful—perhaps I might say the idealistic—side of Alpine scenery, and it is he whom I have in mind as I write, whether he has already been in the country or not.

The valuable lesson I have learned on my eighth visit is that it is the pedestrian alone who can, in fancy, hold talk with the snow peaks; recall the history they have witnessed; hear their stories of Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon, and listen to the tread of armies which, two thousand years ago, dragged their impedimenta over roads traces of which are still visible. He alone feels the grandeur of precipice piled on precipice, as if nature in playful mood had torn up the mountains from their foundations and tossed them upon each other in one imposing pile. For him only do falling waters play in infinite variety; the torrent, the cascade, and the rivulet—ministering to his entertainment by taking all the forms that the mind can conceive.

To one who would love to study Alpine scenery in such a spirit as this, and see in

the snow peaks something more than the embodiment of all that is cold and impassive, I would say, Walk if you can. It is even better to be alone without a human companion to disturb the current of your fancy, unless you are with a spirit so kindred that the two feel as one. If you really cannot walk, the patient mule may serve as a passable substitute; at least he is better than the mail coach, as the latter is better than the railway. At this moment the opening of the Simplon tunnel is being celebrated with the idea that the tourist will now pass a mile under ground some of the most beautiful scenery that Switzerland can offer, or satisfy himself by a glance at it from the window of a railway carriage. Every real lover of the mountains will be sorry if there are not many who wish to enjoy them in some other way than this.

In the course of my recent perambulations I met a Swiss gentleman who inquired why Americans came to Switzerland, and whether we had not plenty of mountains at home. As an American I was proud to say that, so far as impressive grandeur is concerned, Switzerland has nothing to show that equals Niagara, the cañons of the Colorado, the Yosemite Valley, or the Yellowstone Park. Even its glaciers are surpassed by those of Canada and Alaska. But we must admit that the associations with thousands of years of history and a hundred years of modern adventure are mostly wanting. And then, on the practical side, for a resident of the Atlantic Seaboard at least, the Alps are easier to see and walk among than any of the American sights I have mentioned, except Niagara. Only on some of the lonelier passes need the Alpine pedestrian ever go more than one or two hours without meat, shelter, or lodging, as required. In almost every hamlet, at the beginning of every mountain ascent, will be found a hut or châlet with a peasant Amphitryon dispensing at least bread, milk, tea, and beer, and, probably, sips of yet more spirituous constitution, suggesting to the temperance reformer that he has here an unoccupied field for his propaganda. The well-devised postal system of the little republic, organized in the interest of the people alone, removes one of the greatest difficulties the pedestrian tourist encounters among us—that of providing for his luggage. By railway, mail-coach, or horse it penetrates the remotest fastnesses, and carries with it anything that the means of conveyance admits, at a fixed and uniform rate. The walker will, of course, do wisely to carry on his back the essentials of a night's stay, but he can send everything else ahead of him by post.

A few hints on the subject of expense may be useful, especially in view of the widespread impression that living in Switzerland is much cheaper than at home. If asked whether such is the case, I should reply that this depends very largely on the traveller himself. The facilities for economizing are greater than at home, and so are the temptations to expenditure. But, live as cheaply as you will, the time when an American family could come to Switzerland and save the cost of its passage across the Atlantic in the cheapness of a summer's board—if it ever was, which I doubt—is now archaic. To go more closely into the question, it is hardly necessary to say that the American summer hotel or farm house, where you take your choice of the best your host has to offer you at a fixed daily rate, is unknown in Europe. The mountain hotel of the Alps is managed on much the same plan as the hotels of London or Paris. And the guest of a Swiss hotel who will enjoy the liberal fare of a White Mountain resort must pay more for it than he would in the White Mountains. A comparison can best be made when the guest goes "en pension," for which a stay ranging from five to eight days is necessary. This means, besides lodging and its accessories, the Continental breakfast of coffee and rolls, with lunch and dinner at the table d'hôte, where you partake only of the dishes offered. For this the cost does not differ materially from that of board at home. Corresponding to the range from one dollar a day at a New Hampshire farmer's boarding-house to four or five dollars at the fashionable White Mountain hotels, you have the range from five francs a day in Alpine valleys to twenty francs at the palatial hotels of the Engadine.

The pedestrian cannot go *en pension*, nor will he often find palatial hotels on his route. At those he does find he may live about as economically as he chooses. He may ask for the cheapest room at the "pension" or hotel, confine his supply of proteid food to the amount which Professor Chittenden has shown to be most conducive to health and vigor, and accept the conclusions of twentieth-century physiological chemistry by subsisting during his walks on the not unpalatable combination of bread, milk, chocolate and sugar, with advantage both to his pocket and health.

I may conclude with a word for the smaller and cheaper hotels, which abound everywhere. They are not surrounded by that atmosphere of vulgarity which makes the appellation "second-class" so distasteful to American ears. They are clean and well kept. A feature which the lonely and perhaps homesick traveller will most appreciate is the glad-to-see-you welcome with which he is received. What can we do for the Herrschaft? What will he have to eat? What will he drink?—are the questions asked in word or in manner. The guest who transplants himself from one of these modest inns to the ambitious hotels owned by companies may be disposed to sum up what he has gained by the change. The green-aproned "Kellner" is replaced by the uniformed porter, the plainly dressed waitress by the white-necktied waiter, the unadorned table service by one of beauty, and surroundings suggesting primitive life by those of civilization; but the meals and the bed are substantially the same. If the former are better cooked, only an expert could appreciate the difference. It may be added that the old practice of putting on the traveller's bill items by guesswork is much less common in the small hotels than in the large ones. Finally, the tipping system is now much less of a nuisance than formerly, and the line of attendants who sped the parting guest is seen no longer. S. N.

Notes.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston, announce 'Sea Power in its Relations to the War of 1812,' by Capt. A. T. Mahan; 'The Brothers' War,' a study of the causes of the Rebellion, by John C. Reed; 'The Fight for Canada,' by William Wood; 'The True Story of Paul Revere,' by Charles F. Gettemy; 'The Indian Dispossessed,' by Seth K. Humphrey; 'In and Out of the Old Missions of California,' by George Wharton James; 'The Florence of Landor,' by Lilian Whiting; 'Two in Italy,' by Maud Howe; 'Il Libro d'Oro,' miracle stories and sacred legends from the Italian, translated by Mrs. Francis Alexander; 'American Railroad Rates,' by Judge Walter C. Noyes; 'The Constitutional Law of England,' by E. W. Ridges; and a 'Memoir of Colonel Henry Lee,' by John T. Morse, jr.

Fox, Duffield & Co. have nearly ready the 'Letters of Henrik Ibsen,' and 'Man and the Earth: An Economic Forecast,' by Prof. N. S. Shaler.

A. Wessels Co. will issue an illustrated art book, 'The Hundred Best Pictures,' European and American, with descriptive text.

The Macmillan Co. will shortly bring out a new work by Sir Norman Lockyer, who has taken for his subject the orientation of Stonehenge and other stone circles (in Brittany, Devon, etc.), all or some of which he believes to have been sun or star temples. The results of his investigations will have a special bearing on the early history of the British Islands. Thus, his view of the orientation of Stonehenge, to wit, that its main avenue or some part of it was disposed so as to look towards the rising sun on the summer solstice or longest day, would seem to suggest a time-reckoning other than the May-November or farmer's year presupposed by the folklore and institutions of the Celts, with the consequent conclusion that this Druidical monument, so-called (for which, by the way, Sir Norman Lockyer gives a date not later than 1700 B. C.), was the work not of a Celtic people but of a pre-Celtic, non-Aryan race, the builders of the long barrows; in other words, that the Druids were not Celts at all.

We have been much mystified by the little volume, 'The Only True Mother Goose Melodies,' bearing the imprint of Lee & Shepard, Boston (no date), and copyrighted in August, 1905, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. This, then, should not be its first appearance. Dr. E. E. Hale furnishes an elusive introduction highly complimentary to the editor, Mrs. Butler; but there is no editing of any kind, nor does Mrs. Butler's name occur elsewhere. The title-page states that this is "an exact reproduction of the text and illustrations of the original edition published and copyrighted in Boston in the year 1833 by Munroe & Francis." But the facsimiled title-page bears only the date of copyright (1833), not of publication, and is totally different from that of the 1833 edition facsimiled in the late W. H. Whitmore's monograph on 'The Original Mother Goose's Melody' (Albany, 1889). The pagination is also different, as appears from comparisons in the same monograph. From the present reissue and its pretensions one might infer that by "original" edition of 1833 was meant first edition from the Boston house. There was however, an earlier, between 1824 and 1827. Dr. Hale further muddles matters by applying to the present so-called 1833 issue what

Whitmore says regarding the engravers of the cuts in the *princeps* of 1824-27—a complete misfit. The cuts in the volume before us are its most interesting feature. Two are signed in initials by Abel Bowen, a Boston engraver (1790-1850), and one by Avery, a much later craftsman. Bowen founded in 1834 the Boston Bewick Co., for general engraving, and eight or ten at least of the present series are copies from Thomas Bewick's 'Birds' or 'Quadrupeds,' or suggest a Bewickian provenance.

Among recent legal publications we have received a privately printed monograph by Paul Jones on 'The Commercial Power of Congress,' under the commerce clause of the Constitution. It is a volume of nearly two hundred and fifty pages, and contains an examination of the general principles of constitutional interpretation laid down by the Supreme Court, and of the evolution of the constitutional power of Congress to regulate commerce. It is carefully done, but lacks a table of cases.

The new dress of the Smithsonian *Miscellaneous Contributions* is very handsome. In the current number Dr. Theodore Gill has one of his charmingly written compilations (with contributions from his own unrivalled fish-lore) about the tarpon and lady-fish and their relatives. The spawn of the lady-fish grow to the length of 3 to 3½ inches, and then become shorter and more compact until they measure but about 2 inches, when they start anew, and, this time without turning back, attain a length of two or three feet. Mr. Ales Hrdlicka gives in twenty pages tables based on original observations comparing the weight of the brains of many mammals, birds, and fishes with the weight of the whole body; but it is singular that he should have failed to remark (as some known analogies might have suggested) that the weight of the body was not an informative term of comparison for the brain-weight. He might have given for each species of mammals a constant which, multiplied by the cube-root of the weight of the body, would give a weight for the brain from which, in a half of the individual cases, the divergence would be less than 6 per cent., and which would, therefore, have made his tables highly instructive, while at present they are most confusing.

The Chemical Society of London has had the happy idea of issuing a small annual volume (D. Van Nostrand Co.), reporting the cream of the discoveries made in their science throughout the world. Ten contributors have divided the work, have made their selections with judgment, and have given the results accurately. The chief fault we have noticed is one that besets all such year-books, namely, that where novel conceptions are introduced, they are not always sufficiently explained. Thus, in describing Abegg's important theory of valency, the reporter fails to make clear to us just what is meant by a "contravalency." In yearly reports of the progress of different branches of science, this fault is usually attributable to insufficient study of novel ideas on the part of reporters. The new annual will be particularly welcome to non-chemists who may desire to keep up their acquaintance with the science. More space than we can afford would be required for a list of all the chemical discoveries of 1904 that would interest most of our readers. We will just mention that nicotine and camphor have been virtually made from their elements, and that genuine rubies have been artificially produced.

The new numbers of the Annals of Harvard College Observatory furnish interesting information about the ninth and tenth satellites of Saturn, the discoveries of which, like that of the eighth, are achievements of that establishment. To see either of these last two may fairly be compared to seeing a ball an inch in diameter at a distance of three thousand miles. At the Yerkes Observatory one of them was twice caught sight of by a highly skilled observer who knew just where to look. Otherwise, they are revealed only by photography. We know, however, that one of them always presents the same face to Saturn. They are not mere curiosities. The perturbations of one of them, which are undergoing elaborate examination, are expected to supply astronomers with a much desired fact.

The British Academy have just brought out a paper, entitled "Celtæ and Galli," by Professor Rhŷs of Oxford. This is not the first contribution they have had from him; it was, if we are not mistaken, with his "Studies in Early Irish History" that they opened their proceedings. The present pamphlet, as its name suggests, has to do with the tribes of ancient Gaul. The subject is approached from the linguistic side, the greater space being given up to the interpretation of monuments. Of these the most important are (*a*) the bronze fragments of a five-years' calendar found at Coligny near Lyons, and supposed to date from the first century A.D., and (*b*) two inscriptions on a lead tablet found at Rom, in what was once the territory of the Pictones. Professor Rhŷs finds that the language in which they are written, though Celtic, is not Gaulish, but akin to the earliest known specimens of Irish. In fact, using Irish as the key to this forgotten idiom, he is able to make out to his own satisfaction the sense of all the sentences in the calendar, and of most of those on the tablet. The latter, being in the nature of prayers and curses, are harder to interpret than the former, which perplex mainly through their incompleteness. In any case, after allowing for possible errors, Professor Rhŷs's paper probably marks a considerable advance in our knowledge of the early Celts and their languages. The papers of the Academy, by the way, have not yet been collected in a volume. They may be bought singly from the Clarendon Press or their agent, Mr. Frowde.

The interest in the discussion of the education problem in South Africa continued to the close of the meeting of the British Association. Sir Richard Jebb, by request, repeated his presidential address at Johannesburg to a large and enthusiastic audience. Referring to the special needs of the Transvaal, he said that the nucleus of a university would probably come into operation almost immediately by the establishment of four faculties, namely, engineering and mining, law, agriculture, and education. The elements of three of these faculties were already in existence, and those of the faculty of agriculture would be promptly constituted.

The persistent discouragement of the women contingent by the Prussian universities shows its effects in the statistics of these institutions. Several years ago the general enrolment of women at the German universities reached the maximum of about 1,400, Berlin leading with something like 600. In the semester just closing there were only 960 women as "Hörerinnen," and 78 matriculated, all told. This does not include Bonn, which publishes no separate report of its female attendance. The range is from 3 in Münster to 369 in Berlin. Women can matriculate only in the three universities of Bavaria, the two of Baden, and the one of Würtemberg; yet the bulk flock to the Prussian institutions, where they are not allowed the privilege granted to men. The inference is that women students as a rule are not candidates for academic degrees or honors, but wish only to attain an education in certain lines, and seek the best that is offered in those lines.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for September contains an article on the commercial relations of the West and the Orient from the earliest historic times to the present, by O. P. Austin, chief of the Bureau of Statistics. It is replete with interesting facts and figures, and is illustrated by pictures, maps, and diagrams. A comparison of Sweden and Norway as regards resources, industries, and commerce is timely, and adduces the well-known fact that Norway's merchant marine is fourth in size among the merchant marines of the world. A short account of contemplated improvements in Panama for the exploitation of its resources includes a project for a model town with a complete system of waterworks, electric lights, sewage, and drainage. Plans for these works are open to competition.

The Paris *Journal* draws attention to the peculiar status of the Nobel prizes since the separation of Norway and Sweden. It declares that, if Nobel were yet living, he would see realized the fears he entertained when he made his foundation. Although he was himself a Swede, he nevertheless wanted that the peace prize should be awarded not by his compatriots, but by the Norwegian Storthing, in order that "these two hostile brothers" might come to a better understanding. It is a question now what the executors of his testament will do. Will they respect the last will of the donor and yield to the Norwegian Parliament the right to award this prize, or will they disregard this wish and claim the right for the Swedish Storthing? This question is now being vigorously discussed in interested circles.

Striking evidence of the density of population in some parts of China is given by recent surveys for the railroad now being constructed between Shanghai and Nanking. Along the Soochow section of fifty-two miles 549 centres of rural population exist within a quarter of a mile on either side. It is expected that this section will be open for traffic in March, 1906, and to Wusieh, the great silk district, in June.

—Among the contents of the October *Century*, Gen. Porter's full account of the discovery and identification of the body of John Paul Jones easily takes first place. The evidences of identity were too numerous to be recounted here, and it is sufficient to say that they are so varied, so strong in detail, and so harmonious and overwhelming in the aggregate, that there is no hold left for any reasonable doubt. Among other things, the marks of the pneumonia from

which his left lung suffered severely in 1789 (Buell, vol. ii., pp. 235 and 267), and of the kidney trouble from which he died, were both plainly demonstrable in the long-delayed post-mortem examination conducted by eminent anthropological and medical experts. There will be some difference of opinion as to the propriety of Miss Katharine A. Carl's description of life with the Empress Dowager in the imperial palaces of Peking. It is needless to say that Miss Carl's opportunity to paint the portrait of the Empress, involving admission to the inner life of her court for nearly a year, could never have been secured had there been the slightest suspicion that the artist thus favored would give any account of that life to the press. Miss Carl admits that her action will be an offence to her Chinese friends for which she can never hope to atone, but alleges in justification the propriety of correcting false reports which sensational newspapers have put in circulation without her consent or knowledge. Her paper, the first of a series, is extremely interesting, but readers who have a sensitive conscience in such matters will peruse it with something of the feeling of self-condemnation which they would suffer in peering into the intimacies of some sumptuous private residence through connivance with an unfaithful servant. From the forthcoming memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans we have the first published account of the escape of the Empress Eugénie from Paris to England, during the troublesome days of early September, 1870. The Empress and her attendant, Mme. Lebreton, were accompanied to the coast by Dr. Evans and Dr. Edward A. Crane. Sir John M. Burgoyne, who took the party, with the exception of Dr. Crane, from Deauville to the Isle of Wight in his private yacht, adds an account of the passage, which proved to be dangerously stormy, but which the Empress endured with admirable courage and good spirit.

—All readers of *Outing* are acquainted with the frequent contributions of Edwyn Sandys on various phases of experience with rod or gun. A goodly number of these sketches, together with others not heretofore printed, have been issued from the press of the Macmillan Co. in book form, under the title of 'Sporting Sketches.' As a purveyor of outdoor life to those who are obliged to take their share of it largely from the printed page, Mr. Sandys stands between the genuinely literary sportsman, such as Henry Van Dyke, and the mere spinner of wildly improbable yarns—a type well represented by the volume entitled 'Fergy the Guide,' noticed in these columns some months ago. There is a swagger in his style that seems unduly artificial now and then, and the pocket flask comes forth so frequently as to suggest the callow youth who finds himself tipsy for the first time and is inclined to show himself proud of the achievement. Still, many of his descriptions are remarkably true to life, and they are permeated by a healthful sense of humor. The book might well have spared any description of the "sport" of shooting such a songster as the bobolink, but the passage ends with a condemnation perhaps severe enough to counteract any possible harm. Mr. Sandys distinctly prefers angling to shooting, on the humane ground that the devotee of the gun is apt to be too exclusively absorbed in the mere act of killing, while the angler is more open to accessory sources of satisfaction. But the fly enthusiast would hardly admit him as an angler: "It is not all of fishing to cast flies, nor is it all of sound sense to go without fish when you want 'em simply because the poetic way to take trout happens to be by means of a bunco bug, fashioned out of barbed wire and millinery, and bearing only a questionable resemblance to any honest insect." His chapter on the Mascalonge confines that fish within unduly narrow geographic limits. It is taken occasionally almost anywhere in the drainage basin of the Ohio. Dr. Jordan has in his collection the head of a fine specimen caught near Louisville, Kentucky, and the writer has seen a similar trophy from the Monongahela in West Virginia.

—"Et les morts ne reviennent pas!" exclaimed Berlioz after having seen and heard Bellini's "Romeo and Juliet." It is true, and can be proved. Were there ghosts who could return, Shakspere would be a familiar sight, reproach in his sad eyes, as he confronted the short-story writers who, with growing frequency, take his name hopelessly in vain. It is distressing to find Mr. Quiller-Couch at it in his 'Shakespeare's Christmas, and Other Stories' (Longmans, Green & Co.). Nor is there great relief in the abundant presence of Shakspere's father and the Burbages. Better, yet unsatisfactory, are the remaining stories in his volume, mainly of military adventure. The King's army versus the Parliamentary forces in 1644, Sir John Moore retreating upon Corunna, Wellington in Portugal, are showy names for labels; but the bush is mightier than the wine. Research and perfection of writing will not give a story wings. In fact, this favorite writer has put on what human personality constantly longs for—a new adjective, and has become, for the moment and with exceptions, dull. We rate among the exceptions the two capital Cornish stories of "Ye Sexes, Give Ear!" and "Frenchman's Creek," which have all the crispness and humor of the original "Q." May their tribe increase!

—'The Trend in Higher Education' is the title of a volume of essays, addresses, and papers by President William Rainey Harper (The University of Chicago Press). Many of them are published for the first time. They discuss from what the author would perhaps call the Western point of view the chief university problems of the day, generally in a spirit marked by great moderation. Some of the subjects are "The University and Democracy," "University Training for a Business Woman," "Shall College Athletics Be Endowed?" "Latin vs. Science," "Coeducation," "Alleged Luxury among College Students," and "The Length of the College Course." Summed up, it would be extremely difficult to say exactly what the author believes to be the nature of the "trend" which he discusses. This is partly due to the great number of subjects discussed, for, as the "Higher Education" has broadened, its field has widened so as to cover *omne scibile*. The "trend" is, of course, democratic, and scientific, and eclectic, and coeducational, and modern, and utilitarian; but when we go into details, we find ourselves lost in their immensity. On many subjects there are two sides, and here the author balances rather skilfully between them. The questions of Latin, luxury, and university training for a business career may be cited as examples. On the whole, the book is that of a man of learning of no very pronounced views, who may be called an educational opportunist. He would have the university a true university, and a modern university, and a university which repels no good sort or condition of man; but he would rather have details of administration and study determined by the circumstances of the particular foundation and the terms on which it is acquired. This balance and moderation saves the author from many pitfalls, and at the same time makes it difficult to criticise in any very specific way his attitude towards the "trend."

—Mr. George Washington Moon, who describes himself as "an old man between eighty and ninety, 'a man of war from my youth,'" will be remembered by some readers, no longer young, as the author of an attack on Dean Alford, called 'The Dean's English,' conspicuous chiefly for an innate certainty on all subjects. Age has not withered him, and he has now entered on the field of art criticism, with all his old asperity, cock-sureness, and cheerful ignorance. In 'The £30,000 Portrait in the National Gallery' (Brighton, Eng.: Francombe's Library), he has set out to prove that this canvas is neither a painting by Titian nor a portrait of Ariosto, and he is at least half right, for the portrait is almost certainly not Ariosto's and only doubtfully by Titian; but surely no one ever made a lamer argument for a sustainable thesis. Apparently, Mr. Moon has never heard that Titian's early work was profoundly influenced by Giorgione's and is almost indistinguishable from it; and his method is to quote the vaguest generalities of criticism about Titian's mature style—such as that it was marked by "nobleness," "senatorial dignity," "grandeur and importance," and the like—to find the imputed characteristics, in his own opinion, lacking in the portrait under consideration, and to conclude triumphantly, with heavy underscoring, "*Unquestionably, it was not painted by Titian: for it lacks the acknowledged characteristics of his work.*" The author's ineptitude is best shown, perhaps, in his holding the artist responsible for the costume, which is simply that of the time, and which, he says, "looks like a woman's low-neck dressing-gown, having, round the top of it, a muslin frill!" "Why!" he proceeds, "those American millionaires and their friends have been playing a practical joke upon us by cajoling the National Gallery authorities into becoming the possessors of what they credulously thought to be a portrait of Ariosto by Titian; whereas in reality it is neither a painting by Titian, nor is it a portrait of Ariosto; but is a grotesque combination of the comical and the serious; and represents a little crouching dwarf, with a disproportionately large, and misshapen head;—in fact, a droll personification of 'Humpty Dumpty, Sitting on the Wall!'" Such is his delightful description of an admirable sixteenth-century portrait, which, if it is *not* by Titian, can scarcely be by any one else than Giorgione.

—But the true significance of Mr. Moon's

pamphlet (it is scarcely more), like that of a lady's letter, is in the postscript, in which, having satisfactorily established his position as a connoisseur, he describes several pictures in his own possession, prudently refraining from guaranteeing their authenticity, but roundly asserting them to be by Raphael, Titian, and others, and naming the prices at which he is willing to dispose of them. His "Titian" he asserts to be a portrait of Cardinal Bembo, when secretary to Leo X., but he does not produce the other portraits on which he bases this identification. As to the attribution, "the two principal living experts—men whose names are synonyms for honor and ability," differ about it, one considering it to be the work of a seventeenth-century Italian, the others thinking it by an eighteenth-century German. It follows, of course, that it must be by Titian. The "Raphael" is reproduced, incautiously, and we fear that three pages of elegant extracts about the divine sweetness of the great Umbrian's style will not reassure the doubters. One of Mr. Moon's pictures, by a hitherto unknown artist, should have a value of curiosity—we refer to a "Venice—Sunset; a Fisher," by J. M. W. Turner, P.R.A. As it is said to have been exhibited "the year in which he was elected president," it should be cheap at 5,000 guineas. For the benefit of future historians of the Royal Academy it may be stated that that year was 1845. Mr. Moon's crowning proof of critical acumen, however, is his discovery that, in his "Titian," "not only do the eyes follow you, when you move to the right or the left; but the whole head seems to turn and follow you. . . . This," he says, "is the perfection of portrait painting; and Titian was the greatest master of the art." The conclusion is obvious. The painter of this portrait could not produce, on a flat surface, a head that you can walk around and see from various points of view—neither could Titian—therefore! The reader rubs his eyes and wonders in what age he is living.

THE HISTORICAL SAGAS OF ICELAND.

Origines Islandicæ: A Collection of the more important Sagas and other native writings relating to the Settlement and Early History of Iceland. Edited and translated by Gudbrand Vigfússon and F. York Powell. In 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1905.

The old literature of Iceland is among the most striking literatures that the world has ever seen. The population of the island has never been more than about seventy thousand, and the people have always had to resist a climate of grim severity, with few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life. But both in prose and in poetry they have produced much work of the highest merit, work with a character entirely its own, hardly more unlike the literature of the primitive Greeks, or primitive Arabs, or primitive Celts, than it is to the literature of the earlier Middle Ages among their Teutonic kinsfolk in Germany. With the poetry of the Icelanders, the two volumes that lie before us have nothing to do. It was collected in a book by the same authors as those to whom we owe these volumes, a book published some twenty years ago under the title of 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale.' What we have now is only prose writings, and only a selection from a much larger mass of such prose writings as have a certain historical interest, because they contain matter which throws light on the annals of Iceland and (to a less degree) on the annals of other parts of northwestern Europe during the tenth and three following centuries. The selection is to some extent arbitrary, because no two persons would quite agree as to which writings were entitled to be called historical, nor as to which were so easily accessible in print elsewhere that it was needless to include them in the present collection. However, even those who may not adopt the view these editors have taken, will be too grateful to them for what they have here given us to quarrel with them over any questions of insertion or omission.

The principal contents of the two volumes —we need not enumerate everything contained—are as follows:

(1.) *Landnámabok*—the Book of the Land-Taking, whereof more anon. This work, the foundation of the chronicles of the island, is followed by several genealogies, extracted from the Story of Njal and various other sagas, and placed here in order to illustrate and complete the family records of Landnáma. Icelandic history has the genealogies for its skeleton.

(2.) *Islendingabok* (Libellus Islandorum) a collection of notes made in the eleventh or twelfth century, chiefly by Ari the Wise, a learned Icelander, relating to the old law and customs of the Norsemen settled in Iceland, followed by other scattered matter bearing on the same subject, taken from other ancient sources.

(3.) Tales and Legends relating to the conversion and early church history of Iceland, including the Lives of sundry ancient bishops, together with miscellaneous matters, partly tales, partly bits of ecclesiastical law.

(4.) Sagas relating to the history of Iceland during the first two centuries (roughly from A. D. 900 to A. D. 1100), divided into four sections, which treat of the South, the West, the North, and the East Quarters respectively. Among these there are some well-known tales already translated into English, such as the Eyrbyggja Saga, the story of Gisli, and the story of Viga Glum, with others less familiar and hitherto untranslated, such as the vivacious and dramatic Saga of Hrafnkel Freysgodi (Priest of Frey).

(5.) Sagas relating to the exploring voyages of Icelanders, including the two which describe the first discovery of America, the story of Erik the Red and the story of Thorfinn Karlsemne.

All or nearly all of this matter has, we think, been printed before in Iceland or in Denmark, but much of it is now accessible only in books that have became scarce, and in texts far from accurate. It is therefore a great service to the student of the old Northern history and language to have so many tales brought together in this convenient form, and to have a text which has been carefully revised. Those who read Icelandic are still unfortunately so few that the addition of an English translation of most of the contents of the volumes is a great boon, while even the scholar who knows the language may be grateful for the help an almost literal translation gives in making out passages which are often of some difficulty.

How much is due to each of the two editors is not stated in the preface. Both, alas! have left us. Gudbrand Vigfússon died some years ago, and York Powell, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, passed away in the spring of last year. Apparently the revision of the text, and the valuable prefatory notes to each saga dealing with its text and the date of its origin, are due to Vigfússon, while the translation has been done by both working together, as they worked in the preparation of the 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale.' Vigfússon was a scholar of eminent learning and extraordinary care and assiduity, who knew the literature of his native isle as few men in modern times have done. York Powell, with far less mastery of the Icelandic sources, had great literary talent and a wonderfully wide range of knowledge. It was hard to find any historical subject about which he was not almost as well informed as those who had made a special study of it. Unfortunately, he was not businesslike in his literary habits, and has left us far less than his gifts and attainments would have enabled him to leave had he been more methodical, and had he been willing to read less that he might produce more. Thus the book is in several respects unfinished, for it has not received that revision which it needed all the more because Gudbrand Vigfússon died before giving to it the final touches which only he could give. Nevertheless, deeply as we must regret the loss of these two distinguished men before completing their work, the book as it stands is one of great value, and will doubtless find a place on the shelves of every university library and of every scholar of the old Northern literature.

Before we pass to the sagas themselves, a word may be said about the translation. It is clear, direct, and simple, slightly archaic, as is right, but not so quaintly archaic as the later translations from the Icelandic which we owe to the late William Morris and his coadjutor, Mr. Eirikr Magnússon. The proper names are, however, treated in a puzzling way, being sometimes given in their old (though not their oldest) Icelandic form, and sometimes, where they have (as usually) a meaning, rendered into Old English equivalents. It would have been better to give them always in Icelandic, explaining the meaning in a footnote. Every now and then old-fashioned English words are used which need a glossary to explain. How many of us know what is meant by a "cog" or by an "oyce"?

The Icelandic saga is a remarkable and indeed almost unique form of literature. It is in prose, though fragments of verse are found here and there imbedded in it, being the verses of old poets or composed by the persons themselves to whom the story relates. The prose is plain, simple, concise, nervous, unsurpassable for clearness and directness. No better narratives are to be found in any language. The style and manner are most like those of parts of the Old Testament, such as the story of Joseph in the book of Genesis, or the stories of Deborah, Gideon, and Samson in the book of Judges. Herodotus tells a story equally

well, but he tells it with a more obviously artistic touch; for though there is an art in many of the sagas, it escapes notice, owing to the perfect ease with which the narrative flows on, and to a simplicity that would be bare and hard were it not so fresh, were not the incidents so true to human nature, were not the language the necessary and inevitable language in which to convey the incidents. The narrator never interposes comments or reflections, nor do we find anything to enlighten us as to who the narrator was. We seem to listen to his voice as he repeats his tale to a listening circle in the hall of an Icelandic house in the long nights of an Arctic winter. Much of each tale consists of talk passing between the actors; and the talk is always short, crisp, and vigorous, ringing clear like the stroke of a sword on a shield. Often intensely dramatic, it gains in its effect from the very absence of any comment, even such comment as the chorus makes in a Greek tragedy. All that happens seems to be the natural result of character, and of that conjunction of circumstances which makes Fate. Though Fate is rarely mentioned, one often feels its overmastering power just as in a Greek tragedy.

Most of these sagas grew up in the eleventh century, and lived on the lips of the story-tellers for two or perhaps three generations before they were written down. Many have doubtless perished, and some have been preserved in only one manuscript. The most remarkable, as an historical document, though not so interesting as a piece of literature, is the one with which this collection begins, the 'Book of the Land-Taking.' It enumerates the various chiefs who settled in Iceland from A. D. 874 onwards, coming mostly from Norway, but a few from the Norse colonies in Ireland and the Shetland Isles. Each settler's genealogy is given, sometimes running back two or three or even four generations, and his children and more remote offspring down to the date of the compilation of the book. The place where he settled is mentioned, and details are often added as to his adventures or his character, and the fortunes of his descendants. Thus the book constitutes a sort of biographical dictionary and politico-geographical sketch of Iceland to which there is no parallel in the early literature of any other European country. It reminds one a little of the catalogue of heroes and ships in the second book of the Iliad, but is a great deal fuller and more minute; and it also reminds one of Domesday book, though more occupied with genealogies and less with land. Curious anecdotes are interspersed, throwing much light upon the customs and life of the Icelanders; so the book, though almost as full of proper names as the genealogical chapters of Nehemiah and Ezra, is much more entertaining. As is observed in the preface to these volumes: "No other work is so thoroughly representative [as is Landnámabok] of that unwearied interest in personal and local details which was characteristic of Icelanders in the past, and is by no means extinct at the present day." The book, in its oldest form, was compiled by Ari hinn Frodi (the Wise), a learned Icelander who, born in A. D. 1067, lived till 1148. It was revised by two hands in the thirteenth century, and has come down to us with a good many additions later than Ari's time, though these additions are in most cases so old as to be of nearly equal value to the older parts. It is the foundation of all we know about the beginnings of Iceland, and its genealogies serve to connect the other sagas.

We must pass over the tales which relate to the Christianization of the isle (A. D. 1000), and the doings of the early bishops, to come to the sagas in the second volume, most of which are rather biographical than historical, though enshrining some historical and legal facts, and illustrating the life and manners of the people in a way which gives them historical value. Among these, none is more interesting to American readers than the saga of Eirikr Raude (Erik the Red). Erik was, according to Landnámabok (p. 72 of this edition), the son of Thorvald, the son of Àsvald, the son of Ulf, the son of Yxna-Thori (all chiefs in Norway), and came with his father to Iceland, whence he sailed to Greenland, and became the first settler and principal chief there in or about A. D. 984. While he was living there, there came to Greenland an Icelander named Bearne, who, in sailing from Iceland to Greenland, had been driven far to the south, and seen lands unknown before. The news of this discovery roused the adventurous spirit of Leif, son of Erik the Red, who presently fitted out a ship with a crew of thirty-five men, and sailed from Greenland to look for the new lands. First he came to a land where there was no grass, but great sheets of shale ran up from the shore to glaciers above. Next, after sailing further, they came to another land which was very low, and where were woods behind a beach of white sand. Then, putting out to sea again, they ran before a northeast wind for two days, and came to islands lying off a grass-covered coast, and ran into a shallow bay, where a river entered, and their ship was left upon the shoals by the receding tide. Here they spent the winter, building themselves booths and stringing their hammocks in them. They caught salmon, as many as they wanted, and they said that there was no frost in the winter, and the herbs hardly withered. A German, who was in their company, found vines, so the land was called Vinland.

Another saga, called after another Icelander named Thorfinn Karlsemne, gives an account of this voyage of Leif's differing in some points, and adds a narrative of a later voyage made by Karlsemne himself southward from Greenland, along the same coast, in which a number of further details about Vinland are given, including stories of trafficking and of fighting with the natives of the land, who are called Skraelings, and the physical characteristics of whom point rather to Esquimaux than to North American Indians such as one would expect to find in regions where the climate was mild enough for wild vines and wild wheat to grow, and where the sun in midwinter rose at the time of day-meal (8 A. M.), and set at the time of afternoon-meal (4 P. M.). This is one among many difficulties attaching to the narratives of these two sagas, as we have them. But that Icelanders did find new lands far to the south of Greenland, and did get down to a temperate climate, seems to admit of no doubt. We need not be tempted to identify the bay where Leif landed with Newport or the Charles River. The indications are vague, as might be expected in a story that has passed through many mouths. But, vague as they are, and marvellous as are some of the incidents narrated, there is obviously a substratum of fact, and the things related about Vinland and the Skraelings have every appearance of belonging to that substratum. There is little that one can call romantic or fantastic about them. References to these discoveries occur now and then in other Icelandic tales, and we are told that a bishop of Greenland set off to refind the then lost lands about A. D. 1121, and that in 1347 a vessel went as far as one of the more northerly points touched at by Leif. Thereafter the curtain (first raised by Bearne) falls, not to rise till after Christopher Columbus.

Apart from these stray lights upon history and geography, these sagas present a wonderfully fresh and vital picture of Old Northern life and character. The customs and beliefs of the people, their legal usages, which occupied a great part of the thinking and doing of the Norsemen, their family relations, including the duty of avenging a kinsman's death, and their superstitions, often extremely curious, are all set forth with bold lines and in strong colors. As the sagas were written down in Christian times, there is less left of the old mythology than one could desire, yet more than we find of the old Celtic mythology in the primitive Irish writings. One remarkable difference between the early Norse and the early Celtic literature must not be omitted. There is much less feeling for nature among these Teutons than one finds among the Celts. Man occupies them entirely, and nature is not referred to even so far as to give any sort of background or any sense of atmosphere. On the other hand, the delineation of character is incomparably more sharp and telling than it is in the Celtic tales or poems, and the narrative incomparably more spirited. In this respect it is only the Greeks who can be deemed to have equalled or surpassed the Icelanders, equalled them in vigor and dramatic quality, surpassed them in largeness of conception and in finished grace of execution. The epics of early India, the epics of mediæval Persia and the early Middle Ages in Europe, the ballad poetry of Europe a little later, even the lyric poetry of early Arabia, are all far less interesting, and present far less striking pictures of human life than do these products of nameless sagamen and poets in the snowy North.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES.—II.

The Native Tribes of South-East Australia. By A. W. Howitt, D.Sc., Honorary Fellow Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland. Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xix, 819.

The Northern Tribes of Central Australia. By Baldwin Spencer, M.A., F.R.S., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, Professor of Biology in the University of Melbourne, and F. J. Gillen, Special Magistrate and Sub-protector of Aborigines, South Australia. Macmillan Co. 1904. Pp. xxxv, 784.

L'Origine des Pouvoirs Magiques dans les Sociétés Australiennes. Par M. Mauss, maître de conférences pour l'histoire des

religions des peuples non civilisés. (École Pratique des Hautes Études. Section des Sciences Religieuses.) Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. 1905. Pp. 55.

'The Northern Tribes of Central Australia' is a worthy successor to the authors' previous work on the native tribes of Central Australia, which added so much to our knowledge of primitive man in the island-continent. After a general ethnographic introduction, the following topics are discussed: physical features, social organization, marriage ceremonies, totems and sacred ceremonies connected therewith, the *churinga* and allied objects, *intichiuma* ceremonies, eating the totemic animal or plant, initiation ceremonies, fire ceremony of the Warramunga, traditions relating to totemic ancestors, magic, medicine men (their power and making), superior beings, burial and mourning customs, the avenging party, welcoming dance, names and naming, various customs (knocking out teeth, giving blood, hair, childbirth, food-restrictions, nose-boring, inheritance, fire-making), myths (sun, moon, stars, comets, rainbow, whirlwind), weapons and implements, clothing and ornament, decorative art. Pages 745-766 are occupied by a glossary of native terms used, and pages 767-773 by a list of totem names (mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibia, fish, insects, mollusks, plants, material objects, natural phenomena, human beings). In an inserted table are given the chief physical measurements of 23 adult males, 17 adult females, 7 girls, and 5 boys. The numerous illustrations, as is also the case with those in Mr. Howitt's book, are excellent and are as instructive as the text itself.

This work endeavors to fill the gap in our knowledge of the tribes inhabiting the wide extent of territory between the Macdonnell Ranges and the Gulf of Carpentaria. The intimate nature of some of the information published arises from the fact that one of the authors spent nearly twenty years among the Arunta tribe, while "both are regarded as fully initiated members of the same tribe." Possibilities of observation and photography were open to them that were utterly beyond the reach of other investigators. Among the chief general results of their inquiries the authors find that, in so far as important beliefs and customs are concerned, there is no radical difference between tribes which count descent in the male line and others which count it in the female line. The belief that the members of the totemic group are responsible for the increase of the animal or plant which gives its name to the group, is more widespread than was formerly known. Universal in the area in question is the belief that every living member of the tribe is the reincarnation of a spirit ancestor (the method of determining the totem of the individual varies in different tribes, from the simple ideas of the Arunta and Kaitish to the complicated notions of the Urabunna). Moreover, these tribes, which believe that "the child is the direct result of the entrance into the mother of an ancestral spirit individual," have, the authors assure us, "no idea of procreation as being directly associated with sexual intercourse, and firmly believe that children can be born without this taking place." It is astonishing that a people of the capacity of the Australian blacks, as shown by some of their other ideas and accomplishments, should entertain so naïve a view of a fundamental human attribute. With a change of environment, the Australian mind might have developed some brilliant parthenogenetic lore, doctrines of virgin-birth, and the like. But the Gnanji, "a wild and savage-looking people," who form a sort of buffer between the coast and inland tribes, have a quite definite belief that "a woman has no *moidna* or spirit part," and, consequently, while many spirit female children exist, "they never undergo reincarnation." Where girl infants come from is not made clear by the native ideas.

Another interesting fact brought out in this book is that, while among the tribes considered there exists "a most remarkable agreement (often, indeed, extending to details) in regard to some of the most important customs and beliefs," there exists also, side by side with these resemblances and identities, "equally marked divergence in regard to speech" (p. 15). The Arunta and the Kaitish, *e. g.*, on perfectly good terms with each other, possessing "customs, organization, and beliefs almost identical," have mutually unintelligible languages. Here, again, we meet a phenomenon well known in primitive America; indeed, the problem of the relation of all the Australian tongues to one another and to a common stock raises the questions familiar to students of American Indian languages. As to the peopling of Australia, the authors hold to the theory of two immigrations by the far north of the island—the original one, of which the Tasmanians (who reached what is now that island when land-connections still existed) were the modern representatives, and a second one (ancestors of the present Australian blacks) the participators in which were of a somewhat higher stage of culture than the first. These proto-Australians spread over the land from the north in three directions: coastwise (east), riverwise (southwest), and towards the centre. After the second migration the waterways separating Australia from lands on the north operated to prevent any further immigrations on a large scale, and Messrs. Spencer and Gillen are quite right in scouting the idea of any sensible Malay influence, and in declaring that, "if there be one thing which, more than any other, is strikingly true in regard to the present inhabitants of the continent, it is that, except to a very slight extent on the north-east, they have been uninfluenced by outside peoples." The course of such changes in totemic customs, etc., as can be detected has been from north to south, following the original line of migration, which is also further indicated by the fact that "such things as *corrobborees*, which are handed on from tribe to tribe, always pass from north to south, and never vice-versa."

Our authors emphasize the importance of the informal discussions (there is nothing like a definite "meeting" in our sense of the term, with set dates and regular speeches) which take place during the performance of the principal ceremonies. Here matters of tribal interest are discussed, and "it is undoubtedly by means of the meetings and consultations of leading men such as these that changes in regard to customs can be introduced." It is thus that the natural conservatism of some savage peoples can be overcome and reforms made possible. On these points our authors are in agreement with Mr. Howitt. There is something of truth, then, in the traditions that ascribe to certain special men or women the invention of this implement or weapon, of that custom or institution. The position of women and of the aged among the tribes studied by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen is by no means so desperate as has been charged against the Australian natives by many writers. Apart from certain revolting ceremonies which are a matter of ancient tribal custom, "the natives, on the whole, are decidedly kind to one another," and there is "no such thing as allowing an old and infirm person to starve." The stories of brutal treatment of wives and of continual and cruel inter-tribal warfare are very much exaggerated. The so-called "wife-captures" are very often only prearranged elopements, and "the members of contiguous tribes, where they are in contact, live for the most part in a state of mutual friendship." The initiation ceremonies (the rite common to all the ancestors was probably that of knocking out a tooth) bring about in the life of the men a duality of experiences and activities—"a peaceful monotony" of the ordinary existence common to men and women, "broken every now and then by the excitement of a fight"; and, on the other hand, "matters of a sacred or secret nature," concealed more or less from the women, which, with increasing age, "occupy by far the greater part of his thoughts," while his mind's eye contemplates return to the spirit home and subsequent reincarnation. Up to the age of fourteen, however, the young Australian is "perfectly free" to wander, to play, to work, to watch, to imitate where permissible, at will. When he is made a man, he puts off childish things.

The prevalence of individual marriage in Australia is greater than is commonly supposed, and most of the sexual irregularities occur in connection with ancient ceremonies, representing, some authorities think, the reluctance of the primitive group to permit to any one man the monopoly of any one woman. The interesting Intichiuma ceremonies, which (except "rain-making") had been known only from the Central Australian tribes with male descent, are found by Messrs. Spencer and Gillen to "exist well developed in the case of tribes which count descent in the female line, and in which also there are no true class names, but only names for the moities." The Warramunga, with whom the present work is concerned, have some peculiar and suggestive totemic ceremonies relating to a mythic ancestor, the *wollunqua*, a great snake, who is said to be still living in the Thapauerlu waterhole in the Murchison range. In the *nathagura*, or fire ceremony, of the Warramunga the women take part. Of the medicine men we are told (p. 479) that, "with the exception of the Anula tribe, on the Gulf coast, the function . . . is to withdraw, and not to impart, evil magic." The form of magic most widespread is that associated with pointing-sticks and bones. Among the twenty tribes inhabiting the central and north central portions of Australia, there is, apparently, no equivalent of the beings called *Baime* or *Daramulun* (all-fathers, supreme beings) reported from the tribes of

the east and southeast, although, in the initiation ceremonies among all the central tribes, the women and children are made to believe that the sound of the bull-roarer is the voice of a great spirit coming to take away the youth. To the set of customs and beliefs relating to these beings our authors prefer to apply the term "sacred" or "secret," rather than "religious." Regarding such "moral precepts" as exist among these tribes, they do not think they are supposed to have the sanction of a "superior being," but probably "have originated in the first instance in association with the purely selfish idea of the older men to keep all the best things for themselves."

The myths and traditions relating to the celestial bodies are comparatively small in number among these tribes; and the stars, except the very bright ones, seem much neglected. With respect to the rainbow, the Kaitish and the Anula entertain opposite opinions, the former believing that it follows, the latter that it precedes, the rain. Another instance of foreign influence is to be found in the fate of stone implements, the making of which "threatens to become rapidly a thing of the past over practically the greater part of the central area." This is due to the introduction of iron tomahawks, hoop iron, wire, etc. Their stone implements range from very rude specimens, like those of the old Tasmanians, to chipped ones "as well made as those found in European barrows." Of spears no fewer than eleven main types are described. The "true central" tribes do not manufacture fish-hooks, but capture fish by driving them onto the land out of the shallow water-holes. They are likewise ignorant of boats, there being no water to occasion their use; but, as the authors point out (p. 666), there is a striking likeness in form between the *pitchis* (or wooden bowls) and boats. In the matter of decorative art, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen are of opinion that "the Central Australian savage has been but very little influenced by his natural surroundings." His delight is in the production of wavy lines, circles, and spirals; that of the West Australian is in squares and zigzag lines. The origin of these geometrical designs is not known, and they have now purely conventional meanings. The ground-drawings, which are a prominent feature of some of the totemic ceremonies, are perhaps the most interesting specimens of Australian aboriginal decorative art. The idea entertained by some writers that the modern Australian blacks are a people who have "fallen from the high estate" of their ancestors is not tenable in view of the facts disclosed in this volume. The authors well say that the "elaborate ritual," about which so much has been said, "is without doubt elaborate, but, at the same time, it is eminently crude and savage in all essential details," and "though the ceremonies are very numerous, each one is, in reality, simple and often crude, it being only their number which causes them to appear highly developed." This truth many observers have never seen.

Professor Mauss's little monograph on Australian magic is one of many essays which might be based upon the books just reviewed. He claims to have read practically all the literature of the subject, and his references are certainly numerous enough. He treats the matter under these heads: the magic power, birth, revelation, initiation by other magicians (traditional revelation), the relation between initiation by revelation and initiation by magic traditions, the preservation and the disappearance of magic powers. The initiation ceremonies, etc., have the result of producing in the medicine man and his adepts "a state of collective belief" by virtue of which he becomes at one and the same time the explorer and the slave of the social consensus, the "public opinion" of the tribe. He is half-sincere, for his early ecstasies are not altogether feigned, and the perfect credulity of his disciples convinces him not infrequently of the reality of their experiences. The Australian medicine man has at least that "half-sincerity" possessed by the professional magicians of all lands. He is in a position to fill out his personality, and this is what primitive society demands of him; he acquires, as it were, a "new soul," which permits him to have particular and intimate relations with nature and man, alive and dead and waiting to be born. He is what he is, does what he does, is treated as he is, because society intends and urges him to be such. He is, in fact, a being of the greatest sociological value.

These two books, full of new and important data, and this little essay, seeking to reach a generalization upon one particular topic, are among the most recent and most valuable contributions to the literature of the Australian aborigines. In reading them one is impressed more than ever with the fact of the essential unity of the human mind and the psychic nearness of all peoples to ourselves, whether the distance that separates us from them be one of space, time, race, or culture.

MORE BIRD BOOKS.

The Home Life of Wild Birds: A New Method of the Study and Photography of Birds. By Francis Hobart Herrick. Revised edition, with 160 original illustrations from nature by the Author. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. 8vo, pp. xvi, 255.

Photography for "The Sportsman Naturalist." By L. W. Brownell. Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xviii, 311.

Bird Life and Bird Lore. By R. Bosworth Smith, late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and formerly Assistant Master of Harrow School. With illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. xx, 434.

The first edition of Mr. Herrick's 'Home Life of Wild Birds' was printed in 1901, and contained the most remarkable series of original photographs that had appeared in any one volume, as well as interesting and valuable notes upon the home life and habits of birds. A new method was announced, which consisted in what the author termed "the control of the nesting-site"—that is, the removal of the nesting-bough with its nest, and its transportation to some convenient place where satisfactory illumination of the subjects could be obtained and affairs at the nest could be viewed and photographed by the observer, who was concealed in a small tent placed close to the nest. Many grave doubts were entertained by critics as to the advisability of such radical measures, and great loss of bird life was predicted if it were employed, but the author now informs us that, during the past five years, only four broods out of fifty-nine have come to grief, and two of these owing to interference by hay-makers. This is a most remarkable record—our own observations show a much greater percentage of losses in undisturbed nests; in fact, the difference is so great that it would seem advisable to recommend the method for the protection it affords—that is, provided the observer employs all the precautions prescribed by the author. Professor Herrick tells us that the only depredation he fears is the irresponsible or malicious small boy, but the dangers from this evil are minimized by the almost constant attendance of the observer.

The present issue is in octavo form and has been largely rewritten and entirely reset. The first three chapters have been materially changed; chapter xi, on "Nest-Building," is entirely new, as are also in large measure those which follow, on "The Development and Care of the Young" and on "Life and Instinct." Forty-eight new illustrations have been added, and twenty-nine of the one hundred and forty-one that appeared in the first edition have been dropped.

Mr. Brownell's volume is one of the second series of the "American Sportsman's Library." The title is somewhat misleading; the contents would be better represented if the word "Sportsman" were deleted, since they not only deal with game photography (unless all is game that comes to the sportsman's camera), but portray various phases of animal and plant life. It is essentially a book for the novice, and it begins at the beginning, the stage to which most camera users return after a campaign of snapshots, and from which the second better directed and more useful sally is made. In this second effort the camera is usually employed in a certain definite direction to some particular end. In the early chapters, Mr. Brownell calls attention to the great need of good figures from life of almost all our game, and appeals to the sportsman to supply these as trophies of his art by combining with the gun the use of a camera. The camera, lenses, shutters, and the necessary apparatus for a field-worker, together with the appointments of the dark-room, are well treated in the next three chapters, which contain valuable suggestions to the beginner, and will undoubtedly save him not only many discouraging experiences, but a large amount of cash. The author might have been a little more positive in his statements on these topics, for, after his explicit instructions based on experience, it would hardly seem necessary that "the beginner should experiment for himself until he finds that which he considers best adapted to his use." These general instructions are followed by chapters on photographing mammals, birds, birds' nests and young, insects, fish, reptiles, flowers, trees, fungi, animals at the zoölogical gardens, and lastly a chapter on photographing in camp and woods. There is scarcely a field which has not received some consideration.

There is little doubt that much can and should be done in this line. Hunting with a camera offers the nearest substitute for hunting with the gun; the only disappointing part is the uncertainty of the result of your shot. Your game goes on, and all you have is the hope that your film

contains the image. While we agree in general with Mr. Brownell that photographs should represent the organism in the native free and living state, we also believe it next to impossible to get good, clearly defined pictures of many animals in this manner; and even if this were possible by the exercise of endless patience, we venture to ask how long it would have taken to secure the illustrations for such a work as Holland's 'Butterfly Book,' from life. The volume speaks of work done, of almost countless plates exposed, and many good results obtained. It is illustrated with eighty-four half-tone cuts, almost all after photographs by the author, selected to show the various phases discussed.

In 'Bird Life and Bird Lore' we have a popular treatise by a lifelong observer of English birds, who has the happy faculty of combining his personal observations with those of his predecessors and conferees into a series of pleasing and instructive sketches. For example, in his account of the raven, which embraces three of the ten chapters, we find a description of the fowl, his status in poetry, history, hagiology, and folklore, together with the author's observations, covering a period of fifty years. Throughout the book there is an earnest plea for the protection of birds, more particularly the much-abused Raptores, which appear to have been as ill treated abroad as in our own country in the past. The chapter on owls should convince the most skeptical reader that there is more good than evil in these birds of the night. "The Old Thatched Rectory and its Birds" (Stafford), "The Old Manor House and its Surroundings," and "Bird Life at Bingham's Melcombe" (Dorset), describe these picturesque places, their traditions and inhabitants, human and avian, and the relations they bear to each other. The Rectory was the home of the author's youth, while his later years were spent at Bingham's Melcombe. "A Day on the Norfolk Mere" narrates the events of an outing on the breeding-grounds of the water-fowl, while "The Wild Duck" discusses the mallard, its habits and present status as a game bird, and mallard hunting. Another essay deals with the magpie, which has received the same careful consideration bestowed upon the raven. The book is illustrated with seventeen half-tone reproductions of drawings and photographs of birds, bird-haunts, the Rectory, and Bingham's Melcombe, and concludes with an elaborate and complete index.

THE CIVIL WAR REVIEWED.

The War between the Union and the Confederacy, and its Lost Opportunities. By William C. Oates. The Neale Publishing Company. 1905.

The New Zealander's contemporary, or predecessor, will find in Gov. Oates's autobiographical history an unconscious but excellent delineation of the Southern American who made the civil war possible, and he will follow the mind of one type of Confederate soldier through those four years. It is quite enough for the political side of the volume to say that, a theoretical secessionist, the author maintains that the withdrawal of States from the Union would not have destroyed it, and consequently Lincoln's Gettysburg address was made "on the erroneous hypothesis that the life of the nation was at stake." "The assumption that the Confederates sought the destruction of the Union was preposterous" (pp. 36-37).

It would have been better had the author not discussed the general operations of the war, for where he treats of battles or campaigns in which he did not participate the work has no reason for being. It is not worth while seriously to notice statements of which this is an example:

"The United States soon [after the destruction of the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*] brought around the *Monitor* ironclad to attack the *Virginia*, which it did only at long range, . . . apparently afraid to advance on the *Virginia*. . . . The dread of the *Virginia* and the Confederate batteries on the Potomac caused Gen. McClellan to transport his troops to Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula via Annapolis [and thence] by transport" (p. 109).

The personal interest in this loosely written volume lies in the naïve account of the Fifteenth Alabama, raised in the southeastern part of the State, as it gradually "found itself" through the rough experience of the field and became a formidable agent of war. Doubtless it is a fair type of many other such organizations, agglomerations of unsophisticated units. A captain, whose name is given, made his first march in Virginia "at the head of his company with a great umbrella stretched over him." But he "was large and corpulent, a lawyer by profession, unused to the sun, fifty-two years old, and therefore excusable." This "therefore" is a clue to many of the oddities of those days. When Capt. Oates's company visited the field of the First Manassas, the crushed fennel and pennyroyal still emitted a pungent odor which some of the men attributed to the "dead Yankees, supposing that they had a different smell from other dead men"! Attacked, as all rural troops invariably are, by measles, Gen. Oates (he became a general in the Spanish war) sagaciously points out that the mortality from this, and he might truly add from all other camp diseases, is deplorably increased by the mistaken but invariable policy of new troops, when left to themselves, of maintaining regimental, instead of competent, hospitals. Country levies simply must pass through epidemics, frequently devastating epidemics, of those infectious diseases of which townbred regiments represent the survivors, and they cannot be properly cared for by and among their untrained comrades.

Rambling and careless in style, frequently in error as to events, sometimes grotesque in opinions and occasionally prejudiced against individuals (Longstreet being a conspicuous victim), the author so clearly intends to describe facts as he saw them that we draw attention to one experience, more important than a mere passing incident. It illustrates how easily the great currents of war may be diverted. Such examples occur in every campaign, in most great battles, nor is it just to attribute them all to neglect at headquarters. No commander is omniscient. It is only the very great general or the superior army that sometimes can shut the door once opened to disaster. It is familiar history that, on the second day of Gettysburg, Warren saved the Union left, probably the Union line, by hurrying in the very nick of time Hazlett's battery and Vincent's brigade, torn by his own initiative from another command, to the unoccupied crest of Little Round Top. On that day Lee had directed Longstreet to attack the Union left by the Emmittsburg road, and, without peremptorily fixing the hour, had desired this to be in the morning. For reasons satisfactory to himself, Longstreet delayed until the afternoon, by which time Law's brigade had arrived from toward Chambersburg. When Hood's division advanced, the Fifteenth Alabama was on the extreme right, which carried it beyond the Union left. Oates's original orders required him to pass up the valley between the Round Tops and to move by his left upon Little Round Top, the immediate key to the Union flank. But pressing back some intervening skirmishers, he was tolled to Great Round Top, still further to the Union left and 120 feet higher. Halting there, he entreated a staff officer of Law to authorize him to remain. Wisely this officer, who had been sent to learn why Oates had halted, iterated the order, and the course to Little Round Top was resumed. That delay cost the Confederates its possession. The time consumed by resting and by pleading for permission to hold that hill had been utilized by Warren, and, ten minutes before the assailants swarmed up the lesser height, Vincent and Hazlett were guarding its summit.

The delay, trifling in point of time, was the turning-point of the battle for that part of the field, and perhaps for the whole field; and although Col. Oates did not seem to appreciate it then, and perhaps does not realize it now, his allowing himself to be led off by the skirmishers and then dallying upon the Pisgah of Great Round Top appears to have sacrificed for Lee the second day of the battle. It is useless to say that Longstreet should have struck early in the morning, or that he should have taken the responsibility of modifying the letter of Lee's order as to the Emmittsburg road. When he did strike, there was time for the troops under Oates's immediate command to occupy the empty crown of Little Round Top, with the probability of effective support by Hood. Nor is it a sufficient answer that Great Round Top, where Oates was, commanded Little Round Top, where he was not. It was higher, but its apex was a thousand yards away, and out of effective infantry fire with the arms of '63. He might have made a Gibraltar of it, as he claimed; but, like Gibraltar, its significance was defensive. It had no aggressive value except for artillery fire, and two could play at that game. This was simply a matter of ten minutes, but of ten absolutely necessary minutes, minutes of fate.

Waning enthusiasm early in the war, straggling at all times, and wholesale desertion later, civil incompetence, and frequent military inefficiency are again and again reiterated as leading to the general failure. Among our author's ingenuous accounts of interior military life there is no mention of prayer meetings, which are conspicuous in Gordon's Reminiscences; but that both officers and men should be drunk on opportunity (pp. 165, 198) seemed a matter of course. Col. Oates is quite sure that, notwithstanding the Richmond press, the Virginians did not do all the fighting; he believes that the men from the Cotton States were the military superiors of those

from the Border States; and he feels certain that Hood's division, stronger by 2,500 than Pickett's, two of whose best brigades were absent, would have carried and held Pickett's objective at Gettysburg. There is constant and sharp criticism of Longstreet, upon whom so much post-bellum Confederate fire converged, and for Davis as a leader Gov. Oates has unconcealed contempt, although regarding him as "a noble man, true to the cause and the people he represented."

From this heterogeneous mass of anecdote, plain fact, and general argument, we select but one more example. It is the circumstantial account (p. 236) of a young wounded Union general's suicide within the Confederate lines at Gettysburg, as detailed "then and there" by the Alabama officer who demanded his surrender, Col. Oates himself not being fifty paces away. The report, which is not new, has always been denied by Union writers, but this record is very straightforward.

Gen. Oates attributes the failure of the Rebellion (as we prefer to call it) to a series of causes, some independent, some chainlike, as follows: Confederate independence was threefold more difficult to accomplish than had been apprehended. That is to say, the war was blithesomely begun without its cost being counted, and adequate means were never at hand. Firing upon Sumter was a mistake, because it consolidated the North, which otherwise would not have inaugurated a war of coercion (notwithstanding other forts and places were held by the insurgents in arms). An established credit in Europe at the very beginning, based upon cotton, would have furnished a gold basis for carrying on the contest. This reckons without the blockade. Negro soldiers under white officers, with their freedom guaranteed, should have met the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. Of this later. The absence of a geographical barrier, which is a truth of nature, for

> "Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die."

To live in peace with the United States separated by an artificial boundary would have been difficult, but not impossible—with no Fugitive Slave law! The "Lost Opportunities," chiefly tactical, we have no space to discuss.

Among his conclusions Gov. Oates recognizes an internal danger, a "troublesome and poisonous serpent," in the Confederate Constitution. As that Constitution, adopted almost solidly from the United States Constitution, made no provision to the contrary, according to Confederate doctrine Confederate success would have carried with it the right of a State to withdraw at will from the Confederacy. That would never do: "too fickle a standard for the basis of a great and stable Government." Gov. Oates would "have had the germ of dissolution forever blasted" by a requirement that the consent of the majority, or of two-thirds, of the States should be necessary for the withdrawal of one. But he admits that it is now settled "that the Union cannot be dissolved and that the States cannot be destroyed." The germ has been blasted.

The relation of slavery to the Confederate cause, and particularly the expediency of using negro troops in defence of the Confederacy, are now merely academic questions, along with that of the righteousness of the Confederacy itself. But they were so important in their day that it is well worth learning what this earnest fighting man, and we may suppose thousands of others, thought about it. Condensed, his statements are: The men in the ranks fought for home rule, local self-government, separate national independence, with slavery as an incident. No one is likely to believe that that rank and file reasoned out such conditions when they were enlisted—or conscripted. They simply followed their leaders. The motive of those leaders, the agitators and advocates of secession, he says was the perpetuation of slavery as a means of wealth. But even before 1863 the soldiers were beginning to talk of its being a rich man's war and a poor man's fight; and had the maintenance of slavery been officially proclaimed as the object for which alone the war was waged, the author asserts that the men-at-arms, two-thirds of whom never owned a slave, would have disbanded themselves and have gone home in ten days. Capt. Oates was very close to the men in the ranks, and he distinctly knew their sentiments. But he does not add that "the Congress of Bourbon incapables," as he styles the Confederate legislators, succeeded in impressing the soldiers with one set of principles while they sedulously cultivated another. As early as February, 1863, Capt. Oates thought out a plan by which the negro who was honorably discharged after Confederate enlistment should be forever free and receive eighty acres of land, while gradual emancipation should be provided for his wife and children. This was regarded by "the legislative dotards," as he pleasantly calls them, "as the vagaries of a young man's enthusiasm." When ruin stared them in the face, and after all the military leaders, in some form or other, had advocated arming the blacks, the Richmond Congress, in an act approved March 13, 1865, four weeks before Appomattox, authorized the employment of negro troops whose relation to slavery should be changed only by their owners' consent and the operation of State laws. That was the domestic institution and State rights sure enough! "A negro who did not have sense enough, under that law, to have deserted to the enemy at the first opportunity would have been too much of an idiot to have made a soldier" is a verbatim extract which shows both the author's sentiments and his style. We may safely leave the subject with Gov. Oates's mature judgment: "The institution of slavery had probably existed as long as it was of any utility as a civilizer of the African race, and as long as it was of any real benefit to the white race." "After slavery was practically dead, the Confederacy clung to the putrid body and expired with it." "But the utility of such Government [established by the combatant help of its slaves] remains in the obscurity of speculation."

A copious appendix is occupied with regimental history, charged with curious information as to the peculiarities of the men. It also reflects the writer, honest and artless. One example must be quoted: At Chickamauga "I slapped him on the shoulder and said to him, 'Tommie, my boy, give it to them.' He turned up his beautiful blue eyes, which were slightly crossed, his young face all begrimed with powder, and smilingly said, 'That is what I am doing, Colonel.'" One minute later "little Tommie was lying there, his brains shot out and he entirely dead."

We have given so much space to this book, which in one sense is worthless and in another is of the highest importance as a revelation of men, because, after four full years of fighting, the author was in the Alabama Legislature for two years, a member of two State Constitutional conventions, for fourteen years a Representative in Congress, Governor of Alabama, and a brigadier-general in the Spanish war. He certainly should be a typical Alabamian, so that even at this expense the operation of his mind is worth understanding. Full of errors in proper names, not to be depended upon for facts at second hand, sometimes mistaken in judgment, this is a document that real historians will absorb in their study of the men who, reckless of life and full of provincial patriotism, sacrificed so much in an unavailing effort to maintain that a part is better, if not greater, than the whole.

Protection in France. By H. O. Meredith. London: P. S. King. 1904.

The Progress of the German Working Classes in the Last Quarter of a Century. By W. J. Ashley. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Current discussions of the fiscal controversy in Great Britain cover an ever-widening range of mooted questions, as the volumes now before us plainly indicate. First it was the real or imagined needs of the British Empire about which the Chamberlainites were concerned; then the necessity of retaliating upon protectionist countries supplied a text for the agitators; again it was the alleged decay of English industries under the malign influence of "dumping" that alarmed all patriotic souls; and now it is the experience of other countries that must be considered in order to gain real insight into the needs of the hour; hence these studies by Messrs. Meredith and Ashley.

'Protection in France' is one of a series of books upon "Protection in All Countries" to which Mr. W. H. Dawson has already contributed a very good volume upon Germany and Mr. A. Maurice Low a very bad volume upon the United States. Mr. Meredith begins by sketching the history of French commercial policy during the nineteenth century, pointing out that the period of severe restriction from 1792 to 1852 corresponds with the "setback towards extreme protection" which resulted in England from the Napoleonic wars; that the liberal policy under the Second Empire followed shortly the reforms of Huskisson, Peel, and Gladstone; and that the reaction toward higher duties which produced the French tariff of 1881 has its English counterpart in the agitation of the "fair traders" during the eighties and the "tariff reformers" of the present day. Had he been writing for German readers, he could have pointed out similar resemblances between successive stages of English and German tariff history.

In explaining the changes of French policy, Mr. Meredith finds it convenient to draw a distinction between what he calls "scientific" and "mercantilistic" protec-

tionism. The "scientific" protectionists, he says, recognize the general disadvantages of interfering with the natural course of trade, but believe that the particular circumstances of a backward country, like Germany prior to 1860, or a new country, like the United States, justify a temporary departure from the commercial policy that is best for such a country as Great Britain. The "mercantilistic" protectionists, on the other hand, still cling to the unintelligent superstitions of the seventeenth century concerning the balance of trade, the possibility of selling without buying, and the like. French protectionism of the last fifty years has been almost exclusively of the mercantilistic type, as exemplified by Thiers, Quertier, and Méline. Opposed to it there has been, of course, the small body of able free traders; but "scientific" protectionism has never made great headway in France.

In a most interesting manner Mr. Meredith then interprets the development of French tariff policy since 1850. Under the Second Empire the Government favored liberal policies, but the mercantile protectionists "were influential in the country, and had working majorities in both houses." Accordingly, while inclining toward the free traders, the Government sought to defend the policy of tariff reduction by arguments not inconsistent with the theories of mercantile protectionism. This it did by arguing that protective duties should not exceed the difference between the domestic and the foreign costs of production, and showing that, judged by this standard, existing duties were too high. Upon this theory the "conventional tariff" of 1861 was based, and in it the Government of the Second Empire never wavered. The result was, however, that the French tariff was liberalized upon protectionist principles, the free traders acepting a half loaf as better than no bread; so that the people of the country were never educated in the doctrines of free trade. It was natural, too, that when, after 1873, agricultural and other imports began to flow into the country in increasing volume, the protectionists should accept this as proof that, even upon the theory of the existing tariffs, duties were too low. Therefore, mercantile protectionism speedily gained the ascendency, and only a few resolute free traders have been found to lift their voices in opposition. From 1880 to 1892 the application of seventeenth-century notions to nineteenth-century policies became increasingly strict, until in M. Méline, the French McKinley, mercantile protectionism found its stoutest and most unenlightened advocate.

The effects of the tariffs of 1881 and 1892 Mr. Meredith has no difficulty in proving unfortunate. Neither agriculture nor manufactures, neither the laborer nor his employer, has prospered as it was confidently predicted that he would do, while a general "slackening in the growth of the trade of France" has been increasingly in evidence. The present tariff is as full of anomalies and crass absurdities as the McKinley or Dingley acts with which Americans are so sadly familiar. Mr. Meredith's general conclusion is that the intelligent student must condemn the existing system, whether he be inclined to hope for much or little from "scientific" protectionism. From any standpoint, except that of seventeenth-century mercantilism, the work of M. Méline is a dismal failure.

Professor Ashley's study of the German working classes is written, of course, from the standpoint of one who would wish to be considered a "scientific" protectionist. Its purpose is to show that "Germany has actually witnessed a great advance in the well-being of the masses of her people during the last quarter of a century—a period in which she has also been pursuing a policy of protection." The reason for the book's appearance seems to be that some of Mr. Chamberlain's unpatriotic opponents have argued that the condition of Germany should deter Great Britain from adopting a similar commercial policy. In order to demonstrate that the "advocates of tariff inaction" are mistaken in their references to Germany, Professor Ashley examines at considerable length the available evidence concerning the condition of the German people during the past generation. The agricultural classes, the workpeople in manufactures, the growth of savings banks, the progress of coöperative stores, statistics of meat consumption, facts concerning emigration, housing conditions, and many similar topics, are passed in review, the usual outcome being that a considerable improvement seems to be apparent. Finally, a chapter is devoted to the crisis of 1901—which some misguided souls had accepted as proof that protection does not give complete immunity from fluctuations in industry—and it is argued that the affair was not much of a depression anyhow, and that the country speedily recovered from it.

But the most significant feature of the book is not the facts presented, but the use which Professor Ashley makes of them. To a Méline or a McKinley, the progress of Germany during the last thirty-five years, be it small or great, would be proof positive that the whole movement was due to high protection, even though a high tariff was not adopted until 1879. But Professor Ashley has a scientific reputation to lose, and is, moreover, writing for an audience taught by men like Cobden and Bright, so that he does not play fast and loose with all rules of logic—and dictates of common sense. Therefore, he says: "It should, however, be perfectly clear that it is no part of my present contention that German progress in general material prosperity has been the result of protection; it will be quite sufficient for my present purpose if I can produce a realization of the fact that protection has not been inconsistent with—has, if you like, not prevented—a great advance." If the school of Smith and Ricardo and Cobden had done nothing more than produce an intellectual environment in which a militant protectionist finds it expedient to move thus circumspectly, it would be abundantly justified by its works. It is worth while to reflect upon the fact that in no other country—and not in England before the day of Cobden—has there ever existed such an intelligent body of economic opinion, which even a Protectionist must respect; and one may well wonder how long such conditions would survive a definitive triumph of Chamberlainism over Cobdenism. Professor Ashley, of course, was born in an age of enlightenment, and is not likely to relapse into seventeenth-century darkness. But how about a subsequent generation, knowing nothing of Smith, Ricardo, and Cobden? The Manchester School seems, after all, to have spread popular enlightenment upon the most difficult of economic questions. Can we expect as much from the Birmingham School of which Mr. Chamberlain is the political Boanerges, and Professor Ashley the leading "scientific" protagonist?

Chatham. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

A good deal of misunderstanding exists concerning the position which English Liberals, not of Lord Rosebery's school, hold with regard to colonies and Imperialism. Mr. Morley, for example, during his recent visit to this continent, took pains more than once to disclaim before Canadian audiences the idea that he was a Little Englander. On one occasion, at least, he boldly defied any one to produce from his "overabundant" speeches and writings any passage that voiced a wish to get rid of the colonies. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his followers, though the fact is far from being generally recognized, do not hold the position adopted by Lord Sherbrooke a generation ago. We make this preliminary statement because some readers might hold Mr. Harrison to be precluded by his political views from writing a sympathetic and adequate book on Chatham. But in point of fact no one who has dealt of late with the career of the Great Commoner has shown a deeper admiration of his nobler and more positive qualities. Cromwell urged the artist to paint him as he was, and Mr. Harrison looks upon Chatham as being a man lofty enough to have the full truth said about him.

The standard of measurement is given on the first page of the volume:

"In eight centuries," says Mr. Harrison, "our country has known but four great creative statesmen: men who, to use the words of a well-known historian, have been 'founders or creators of a new order of things.' William the Conqueror made all England an organic nation. Edward I. conceived and founded Great Britain. Cromwell made the United Kingdom and founded our Sea Power. Chatham made the Colonial System, and was the founder of the Empire. For good and for evil, through heroism and through spoliation, with all its fast and far-reaching consequences—industrial, economic, social, and moral—the foundation of the Empire was the work of Chatham. He changed the course of England's history—nay, the course of modern history."

From this passage it will be seen that Mr. Harrison rates Pitt's achievement as highly as ever it has been estimated by his most fervent admirers of the imperialist type. Furthermore, he is at some pains to repel or mitigate the criticisms which had been directed against the statesman's foibles and tricks of manner, including what Macaulay has to say about the crutch and the flannels.

Where there is such full recognition at the outset of Chatham's remarkable rôle in the modern development of England, one is led to conjecture what Mr. Harrison will have to say regarding the faults of temper and the other traits that marred the effectiveness of a genius otherwise so potent. As every one knows, Pitt ceased, from the moment when he entered the House of Lords, to hold a party together or direct the course of the national policy. Likewise, every one realizes, to a certain extent, how hampered he was by physical infirmities.

We doubt, however, whether it is universally known that, besides suffering agonies from hereditary gout, the whole working of his mind was conditioned by the effect it had upon him. Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice, when writing his 'Life of Shelburne,' asked Sir Andrew Clarke for an opinion rogarding Chatham's malady and its mental consequences. The statement which he received from the great doctor runs as follows: "Suppressed gout disordered the whole nervous system, and drove him into a state of mental depression, varying with excitement and equivalent to insanity. But there was no specific brain disease." Mr. Harrison's whole judgment of Chatham's later acts hinges upon the belief that he not only overestimated his powers as a party leader after he had entered the peerage, but could not command his faculties for any considerable length of time. Many of his contemporaries thought he was simply acting a part. This view Mr. Harrison repudiates with energy. "The fortunes," he says, "of England were delivered over to the perverse ambition of a dogged King, to the mischievous counsels of a distracted ministry, whilst the greatest brain and the finest soul of the age lay as it were in some mysterious trance."

Mr. Harrison (and this seems to us the gist of his book) looks upon Chatham as a just and humane imperialist, who might, but for the perversity of fate, have been expected to hold in check the baser impulses that were encouraged by England's successes in the Seven Years' War. Having the reputation of a great war minister, he is wrongly supposed to have loved war for itself. But though in his youth a cornet of the Blues, he never saw active service, and it would be impossible to prove that he had any lust of military glory. When he became prime minister, the fortunes of his country were in a desperate state, and it was his duty to retrieve the situation. He also saw what possibilities of colonial expansion lay before a maritime and self-governing people like the English. Had he been unhampered by colleagues, he would never have signed a peace with France until she had lost all of her colonial possessions and been forced to recognize in Prussia a Power of the first rank. Mr. Harrison doubts whether such overtopping success would in the long run have been a good thing for England; but, for Pitt's conduct of the Seven Years' War, he has no essential condemnation. He points out that the loss of life during the struggle was slight in comparison with the issues at stake, and exonerates Chatham from all charge of having had that craving for military fame which marks Alexander and Napoleon. "His wars were singularly sparing of blood, suffering, and ruin, to the victors as to the conquered. They have resulted in permanent conquests and settlements unexampled in modern history."

Although Chatham had wrought his life's work prior to 1762, and after that date suffered a considerable loss of reputation, we doubt whether Mr. Harrison would rate him so highly were it not for those traits which received illustration during the years when he was out of office. Shackled to a certain extent by his chivalrous regard for George III., he could never as a minister have been a party to the follies of the Stamp Act or have approached the Americans in any other spirit save that of fairness and generosity. A single vigorous phrase sums up his whole position in the matter. The Americans, he said, were the sons of England, and not her bastards. The word "conciliation" is one of the commonest terms which has come down to us from the great debates that culminated in 1775. But such conciliation as was desired by Chatham and Burke did not have its roots in any narrow motives of policy or desire for momentary advantage. For the élite of English statesmen and thinkers, the Americans were full partners in the imperial concern. Dr. Johnson may at first sight seem an exception, but his prejudice against the Americans was based, ostensibly at least, upon the fact that, while vociferously talking the language of freedom, they did nothing to emancipate the slaves. In the case of Chatham there was no wavering or inconsistency, and Mr. Harrison gives him credit for having done his best to check the excesses of the imperial movement which he had stimulated by winning the victories of the Seven Years' War.

Pitt's affectations and overbearing ways are not left out of sight in this study, nor is there any disposition on Mr. Harrison's part to disregard any of the shortcomings that rendered him a difficult colleague; but there remain after this candid and searching inquiry the same nobility of soul, scorn of petty self-seeking, breadth of outlook, and sublimity of purpose which made Pitt in his own day the idol of the whole English world.

Picturesque English Cottages and their Doorway Gardens. By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.H.S. With a prefatory note by Ralph Adams Cram. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 1905. Pp. 112, 140 ills.

Of late many excellent books upon the minor domestic buildings of rural England have found their way from the press. Most of these are devoted to the buildings of a single county or to those of a group of counties in which similar influences have given rise to buildings that have a common likeness. Thus, Mr. Ralph Nevill has made an excellent book about 'Old Cottage and Domestic Architecture in Southwest Surrey'; Mr. W. Galsworthy Davie has photographed the old cottages of Kent and Sussex, and Mr. E. Guy Dawber has written a most valuable account of their planning and construction and the changes which their design underwent in successive generations. The same authors have performed a similar work for 'The Old Cottages, Farm Houses and Other Stone Buildings of the Cotswold District.' Mr. James Parkinson has photographed the minor half-timber buildings of Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Cheshire, and Mr. E. A. Ould has furnished the book with an introducion that worthily supplements its pictures.

To these must now be added Mr. Ditchfield's 'Picturesque English Cottages,' less technical than the others, equally well illustrated, and covering the field more broadly. For more reasons than one, it is well that serious study is being given to these simple but beautiful buildings. Changes are going on rapidly in England, and old cottages are constantly disappearing under the pressure of an increasing population. Even though the intrusion of modern buildings into English villages may not be causing a very rapid destruction of the beautiful cottages that form such an attractive feature of English rural scenery, yet the process is steady and unarrestable. Apart from this, however, it is most satisfactory to have at hand illustrations of a wealth of examples and well-written accounts of the construction and local peculiarities of a class of buildings from which we, if we could rightly interpret them, should learn much that might add to the reasonableness and beauty of our own houses. For, after all, reasonableness and beauty are the two predominating qualities of English cottages. Reasonable they always are, suited to the needs of the people who built them and made of the materials of their own district, thus having the inevitable charm of a well-marked local character. Incontestably beautiful they are, whether in the half-timber work of the well-wooded southern counties or of the Welsh border, or in the warm-toned brickwork of East Anglia, or in the fine oölitic stone that extends in a broad band from Somerset to Yorkshire and gives the distinguishing characteristics to the cottages of the Cotswold district, so different in all ways, save in their reasonableness and beauty, from those of the south and west.

Spontaneous they are, too, and not striven for with evident effort, as is all but the best of our work to-day. The way of their building was traditional, handed down from father to son, yet free from monotony and filled with the individuality of time and place. It is this spontaneousness, this inevitable quality resultant from an unaffected solution of a simple problem with the materials nearest at hand, that gives them that intimate alliance with their surroundings, that tieing in with the landscape, which not even the dullest can fail to note in them. The best of them, those of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, were built at a time when what flickering spark was left from the Gothic art of the Middle Ages had in cities been smothered by the advancing tide of the Renaissance, while in villages and throughout the country the tradition of that great art was preserved, not in its mere form, but far more vitally in its spirit. Those were the days when, in the country at least, and away from the sophisticating influence of the "new learning," men built instinctively with truth and beauty. That instinct is utterly lost. If to-day we find a simple beautiful house, it is because some one with a sense keener than his fellows for making a thing of beauty, some one trained for years in his art and craft, has given his best thought to the work, and has been, for once, favored by circumstances less antagonistic to the making of a work of beauty than have usually beset him. But the common country builders who made the English cottages, untrained as they were in all that goes to what we deem the making of an architect, reached simple beauty with a certainty and directness that failed as seldom as our effort to reach it succeeds.

It is, therefore, because of the high value to us of the instinctive art of these old buildings that we welcome Mr. Ditchfield's book. Its many illustrations are chosen with care, to show the variety of design prevailing in different parts of Eng-

land and in different centuries. The text, covering as it does such subjects as methods of construction, influence of material, the evolution of the cottage, foreign influence upon it, the cottage garden and its flowers, is entertaining, and by no means too technical for the uninstructed reader. Were it not for its binding, the book would be wholly without blemish. As it is, the man who clothed so excellent a work in so tasteless, so utterly inappropriate a cover, should tender his humblest apologies to its outraged author.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison's Selected Writings. Edited by Barrett Wendell and Chester N. Greenough. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Ames, V. B. Matrimonial Primer. San Francisco: Paul Elder.
Bagot, Richard. The Passport. Harpers. $1.50.
Barr, Amelia E. Cecilia's Lovers. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bayne, Charles J. Perdita, and Other Poems. Atlanta, Ga.: Cole Book Co. $1.25 net.
Birrell, Augustine. Andrew Marvell. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Blackmore's Lorna Doone. Edited by Albert L. Barbour. Macmillan Co.
Blake, Katherine D., and George Alexander. Graded Poetry Readers. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. Maynard, Merrill & Co.
Borrow, George. Romano. Lavo-Lil. Putnams. $2 net.
Cadogan, Edward. Makers of Modern History. James Pott & Co. $2.25 net.
Capart, Jean. Primitive Art in Egypt. Translated by A. S. Griffith. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Champney, Elizabeth W. Romance of the French Abbeys. Putnams. $3 net.
Chase, Leslie. Political X-Rays. The Grafton Press. $1.50 net.
Crapsey, Algernon S. Religion and Politics. Thomas Whittaker.
Curtis, Olin A. The Christian Faith. Eaton & Mains. $2.50 net.
Davis, Elizabeth H. For Each Day of Prayer. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.25.
Dix, Beulah Marie. The Fair Maid of Graystones. Macmillan. $1.50.
Donnell, Annie Hamilton. Rebecca Mary. Harpers. $1.50.
Douglas, Amanda M. A Little Girl in Old San Francisco. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Douglas, James. Old France in the New World. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.
Fielding's Selected Essays. Edited by Gordon H. Gerould. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Flint, Austin. Handbook of Physiology. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Forman, Justus Miles. The Island of Enchantment. Harpers. $1.75.
Gilder, Richard Watson. "In the Heights." Century Co. $1 net.
Goodwin, Frank. A Treatise on the Law of Real Property. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.
Goodyear, Wm. Henry. Edinburgh Architectural Association's Illustrated Catalogue of Photographs and Surveys of Architectural Refinements in Mediæval Buildings. Edinburgh.
Gordon, John B. Reminiscences of the Civil War. New ed. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Gosse, Edmund. French Profiles. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Gray's and Collins's Poems. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Griffith, J. Quintin. Helps and Hints in Nursing. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Haggard, H. Rider. The Poor and the Land. Longmans. 75 cents.
Hall, A. Neely. The Boy Craftsman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $2.
Harland, Marion. When Grandmamma Was Fourteen. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.25.
Hartshorne, Charles H. Courts and Procedure in England and in New Jersey. Newark: Soney & Sage.
Healey, Patrick. The Valerian Persecution. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Hess, Isabella. Saint Cecilia of the Court. Fleming H Revell Co. $1.25.
Hill, George William, The Collected Mathematical Works of. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Historians' History of the World. Edited by Henry S. Williams. Vol. XXV., Index. The Outlook Co.
Houghton, Louise Seymour. Telling Bible Stories. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Howard, Prof. G. E. Preliminaries of the Revolution. Harpers. $2.
Iota. Patricia: A Mother. Appleton.
Jacob, Violet. The Golden Heart. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.25 net.
Jenks, Tudor. Captain Myles Standish. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Jenks, Tudor. The Days of Milton. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1 net.
Jordan, Kate. Time the Comedian. Appleton. $1.50.
Kerr, Robert P. The Blue Flag. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. 75 cents.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Latham, Charles. The Gardens of Italy. Description by G. March Phillipps. 2 vols. Scribners. $18 net.
Leech, John. Pictures of Life and Character. Putnams. $1.50.
Le Strange, G. The Lands of the Eastern Caliphate. Macmillan Co. $4.
Lewis & Clark Expedition, Original Journals. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. VI. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Libraries of Chicago. The Chicago Library Club.
Little, Archibald. The Far East. Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d.
Liquor Problem, The. Prepared by John S. Billings and Others. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Lloyd, Nelson. Mrs. Radigan. Scribners. $1.
Lohmeyer's Geissbub von Engelberg. Edited by Wilhelm Bernhardt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Mabie, Hamilton W. A Book of Old English Love Songs. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Macgregor, Mary. Stories of King Arthur's Knights, told to the Children. E. P. Dutton & Co. 50c.
McKean, Thomas. The Vortex. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Menpes, Mortimer. Brittany. Text by Dorothy Menpes. Macmillan Co. $6.
Millar, A. H. Mary Queen of Scots: Her Life Story. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Mother Goose Melodies. Introduction by Edward E. Hale. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Ober, Frederick A. Hernando Cortés. Harpers. $1 net.
Orczy, Baroness. The Scarlet Pimpernel. Putnams. $1.50.
Pier, Arthur S. The American Grudge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Plavti Comœdiæ. Edited by W. M. Lindsay. Henry Frowde.
Pope's Rape of the Lock. Edited by Elizabeth M. King. Macmillan Co.
Poulsson, Emilie. The Runaway Donkey. Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.50.
Promise of American Architecture, The. Compiled by Charles Moore, Washington.
Pryor, Mrs. Roger A. Reminiscences of Peace and War. New edition. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Baum, L. Frank. Queen Zixi of Ix. Century Co. $1.50.
Read, Craveth. The Metaphysics of Nature. Macmillan Co. $2.75.
Reinsch, Paul S. Colonial Administration. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Ridges, Edward Wavell. Constitutional Law of England. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $4 net.
Schouler, James. Law of the Domestic Relations.—The Law of Bailments. Student's Edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 each.
Shearer, J. B. Modern Mysticism. Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Committee of Publication. 75 cents net.
Shelley's Poetical Works. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde. Also, Indian thin paper edition.
Shields, Charles Woodruff. Philosophia Ultima. Vol. III. Scribners. $3 net.
Skae, Hilda T. The Life of Mary Queen of Scots. Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Smith, F. E., and N. W. Sibley. International Law as Interpreted During the Russo-Japanese War. Boston: The Boston Book Co.
Smythe, William E. Constructive Democracy. Macmillan Co.
Stevenson's St. Ives.—Wrong Box.—Complete Poems. Scribners. $1.
Stoddard, W. O. Dan Monroe. Boston: Lothrop Pub. Co. $1.25.
Strang, Herbert. The Adventures of Harry Rochester. Putnams.
Street, George E. Mount Desert. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Tennyson: A Memoir, by his Son. New edition. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Thomas à Kempis. The Imitation of Christ. Translated by John Payne. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Thurston, Katherine Cecil. The Gambler. Harpers. $1.50.
Tooker, L. Frank. Under Rocking Skies. Century Co. $1.50.
Van Tyne, Claude Halstead. The American Revolution. Vol. 9 of the American Nation. Harpers. $2 net.
Wagner, Charles. Justice. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1 net.
Warner, George H. The Jewish Spectre. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.
Watson, Edward W. Old Lamps and New. Philadelphia: H. W. Fisher & Co.
Wellford, E. T. The Lynching of Jesus. Newport News, Va. 50 cents.
Wells, Carolyn. Patty in the City. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
White, Eliza Orne. An Only Child. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Whitehouse, Wm. Fitzhugh. Charles Duke of Brunswick. London: Elliot Stock.
Wilde, Oscar. Intentions. Brentano's. $1.50 net.
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The Week.

While the terms of the Anglo-Japanese treaty had been pretty fully disclosed, in one way and another, their official publication entire last week revealed the fact that the alliance is more sweeping than had been supposed. It covers not merely "Eastern Asia and India," but the whole world. Article 2 provides that if either Japan or Great Britain becomes involved in war "in defence of its territorial rights or special interests," the other "will at once come to the assistance of its ally." This is as broad as words could make it. If England goes to war with Germany, she can call the Japanese to arms. If Japan drifts into hostilities with France, the British *entente* with that country will at once be abandoned for war. Now nothing is clearer than that the nation having the greatest number of points of contact with the rest of the world will chiefly have the call on its ally. In other words, Japan is far more likely than England to be drawn into hostilities as a result of this agreement, which is an aggravated example of the (organized) sympathetic strike. Its two bases are hostility to Russia, which is really far stronger in England than in Japan—as much, one might say, as Sebastopol is further in the background than Mukden; and the calculation of world control by the union of two irresistible sea powers. Here again it is manifest that the charge for keeping up her navy will be proportionately much heavier on Japan than on England. We cannot think this for the good of Japan or of mankind. The treaty explicitly safeguards the integrity of China and equal opportunities to all nations for trade. By so much it is surely wise and humane.

Lord Lansdowne published his Japanned *Pax Britannica* with a well-assumed air of giving universal satisfaction, even to Russia and Germany; but the news from Berlin and St. Petersburg shows that a league for war may always be met by another, if it does not actually provoke it. The German press is exasperated, the Russians are both amazed and angry, and it is plain that a rival combination of Powers will be formed if possible. Meantime, in an announcement that an Anglo-Japanese shipping corporation has been formed, with a capital of $25,000,000, to control the carrying trade of the Orient, we have a hint of the commercial interests that have all the while lain behind the war. It has been steamers against railroads—the English and Japanese investment in shipping versus Russian investment in the Trans-Siberian. The battle has gone for the ships, thus far; but if they for long cripple the railroad in its natural business, it will be the first time in the history of modern industrialism that such a thing has been done.

Militarism always finds new reasons for crying give, and the fact that the Anglo-Japanese alliance is so confidently said to guarantee the peace of the world—especially in the Orient—will nowhere diminish the demand for armaments and money to pay for them. We have already had a fair test of this, so far as England and India are concerned. The defence of the Indian frontier against a possible Russian attack has been the reason given for the military burdens laid upon Indian taxpayers without their being consulted. Yet when, during the discussion of the last Indian budget in the Commons, Premier Balfour was asked if the extinction of the Russian navy and the practical paralysis of the Russian army did not justify a reduction in the credits asked for military purposes, he was distinctly cold to the suggestion. That was a matter for the army experts, and he had heard nothing from them. It was better to go upon the old assumptions. So the Government has, in fact, done, even straining things to the breaking-point in giving Gen. Kitchener a free hand to make ready for an army that will never come. Similarly to-day the jubilations over the stroke of diplomacy which has allied Japan and England, and placed either beyond the possibility of attack, will not lead to the abatement of a single military demand. Only leave it to the experts, and nations never are, but always to be, safe.

One result of the Taft party's trip to the Philippines is that nobody speaks any longer of the Filipino desire for continued American rule. It clears the air to get rid of the notion that the islanders would not let us withdraw our beneficent sway even if we wanted to; but, on the other hand, the new doctrine leads us up a logical blind alley. The younger men of education, says the Secretary, are the ones who have been advocating immediate independence. How is this to be met? By educating more young men. So the hope of contented quiet in the archipelago is virtually given up for "at least a generation." Mr. Taft's frankness in the discussion of insular problems has always been praiseworthy. The high expense of government there which impressed other members of the party and is invariably commented upon by students of colonial problems, is, he says, gradually being reduced, which is good news, though the saving be small. "Filipinos," moreover, "are being introduced very rapidly to the places of Americans," presumably at smaller salaries, which is one way of saving. These things, of course, had no connection with the Congressional excursion. Whether that has accomplished real good must depend on Congressional action next winter. The Philippine Government, poor as it is, was made to pay the travelling expenses of the sightseers, as is the good old precedent for countries that own colonies. Yet if the members of the party act as liberally as they talk in their home-coming interviews, it may have been a good investment.

We hope that the dignity and sovereignty of the mighty Republic of Panama will be duly safeguarded in the plan to make her pay Colombia $1,000,000. The negotiations are on foot in Washington, not in Colón. This of itself looks like a slight, yet the Panamans do not appear to be haughtily sensitive on that point. Having sold their country to the United States, we presume that they think it proper that all further money transactions affecting its status should be conducted by or near the real owner. But what is the $1,000,000 to be paid for? Surely, the plea that Colombia "needs the money" is not a sufficient reason. There is talk about Panama being bound to meet her share of Colombia's foreign debt, incurred before the glorious movement for the independence of Panama, carried through by bribed soldiers; but we have seen this alleged obligation completely disposed of by able American journalists, on grounds of morals, international law, and the indefeasible right of the stronger. To say that it will be wise of the Panamans to pay Colombia rather than contest the legality of her claims, seems to us unworthy of a republic which has an army whose commanding general cannot be bought for less than $8,000. It is high time that there were an indignant cry on the Isthmus: "Millions for bribery, but not a cent for our just debts."

Secretary Shaw made another of his triumphant defences of protection at Richmond on Monday night. He showed that the tariff cannot be revised, because it is such a consummate product of logrolling. Its graft being distributed to every one politically powerful enough to demand a portion, "all interests are protected"; consequently, nobody with sufficient influence to elect delegates or control Congressmen makes any objection—the silly and unorganized consumers and taxpayers being, of course, worth

the attention of no politician who knows his business. Moreover, if any one in the greedy combination takes it into his head to protest against another's undue share of the spoils, he is silenced by being reminded that one brick out of the tariff arch makes the whole thing tumble, and that his own plunder will be taken away if he insists upon that of others being abandoned or lessened. This, we submit, is a fair account of Secretary Shaw's victorious illustration. He said that he had heard an ex-Governor of Florida speak about reforming "the iniquitous tariff," and had shut him up by asking if he wished to begin by repealing the duties on citrus fruits. That is, if as many as possible are let in on the ground floor of a profitable iniquity, it becomes a great national virtue and blessing.

"Deliver us from another period of low prices," exclaimed Secretary Shaw just about a year ago. We supposed that to be pretty sound Republican doctrine, and we are amazed to see the thoughtless, almost flippant way in which his colleague, Mr. Wilson, announces that the coming winter will see lower prices for agricultural products. He ought to make the admission with bowed head. Are not wheat, corn, beef, pork, butter, eggs, and poultry the very things his beloved farmers produce? And this expression, "the relief of the householder"—what does that mean? What does the householder want of relief? As the Bureau of Labor, half a mile from Secretary Wilson's office, showed last year beyond all cavil, the householder is making money considerably faster than he can spend it. Anyhow, why think of him at all in his capacity as a consumer? Party orators have often explained that every one but the loafer is a producer. He makes harvesting machinery, or clothing, or canned goods, or nails, or pine boards, or wire fencing, and gets even by selling these back to the farmer at excessive prices. "I don't know much about the tariff," Secretary Wilson once declared, "but I am a protectionist." His latest interview tends to contradict both statements.

The Government hires its men for all departments through a single agency. Why should it not buy its supplies in the same way? That is the simple argument for the plan now being considered by the President, for establishing a single Government purchasing depot here in New York. The Keep Commission has discovered that the various branches of the Government have paid all manner of different prices for identical supplies, according to the volume of their purchases. It is an obvious economy to secure carload rates for the bureau that has hitherto been buying by the hundredweight. It is explained in advance of the submission of the new plan to Congress, that most of the Government supplies are already bought from New York houses. Congressional logic might see in this, to be sure, an argument for passing the good things around rather than for consolidation. The location of warehouses and departmental purchasing depots has not in the past been entirely independent of political influences. This objection has been partly anticipated by the suggestion that it is easy for any Western house to establish a New York branch, and, of course, the reformed system would not remove any of the existing safeguards. Should the scheme eventually be put in practice, one result that can be safely predicted is the establishment of a cordon of "constructive" New York offices for distant firms around that of the Government purchasing agent.

The conviction of Representative Williamson of Oregon for complicity in land frauds adds another to the list of notable victims of the reawakened conscience of the officials in charge of public lands. When Senator Mitchell fell before the Government prosecutor several months ago, it was seen that the matter had passed the point where knowing the judge or being "solid" with the jury was worth more than a backing in law. Testifying in this third trial —the previous trials having resulted in a disagreement—Dr. Gesner, one of the three defendants, said that he had merely tried to protect his range. He had gone to Biggs—Marion R. Biggs, another defendant, and formerly a United States land commissioner—for advice. The advice was that, while he could not buy outright the claims surrounding his range, he could loan money on them and take mortgages therefor. Of course, this was a mere technical evasion, as was shown by a witness's testimony to the effect that Dr. Gesner "was looking for 100 men to take timber claims for him," and that the witness had visited a shearing camp "where he had met a crowd waiting to see Gesner." The trial brought out once more facts that have been known all over the West concerning the reckless misuse of public lands. It showed, too, how hard it is even now to convince a jury that "stealing from the Government," whether of land, timber, or mineral, is a punishable offence. Whatever comes of the appeal already taken in Senator Mitchell's case and undoubtedly contemplated in the case of Williamson, Gesner, and Biggs, the Interior Department has scored a moral victory that will be exceedingly valuable as a deterrent.

Gov. Higgins is confronted by an open scandal in the Charities Department. Fiscal Supervisor Bender is resisting, with all the wiles of conscious guilt, the attempt of the State Civil Service Commission to bring him to book for violating the law. It was charged that Bender collected campaign assessments from his subordinates. He was to have had a hearing on September 14, when he was suddenly seized with Constitutional scruples about the power of the Commission to investigate him. The matter was accordingly referred to the Attorney-General for an opinion. He gave it in due time, completely upholding the right of the Commission to "continue the investigation pending." But did Bender acquiesce? Not he. He slipped off to Hudson and got a restraining order, returnable October 7. His obvious intention is to fight the thing all the way through up to the Court of Appeals, until his misdeeds shall have been forgotten or he himself shall be safely out of office. But what is the Governor going to say to this extraordinary performance? Will he allow a subordinate, charged with violations of the statute, to twist and squirm and double like a criminal, and to take advantage of every legal technicality to stave off an honest answer to the question whether he is a knave in office? This matter transcends mere niceties of legal interpretation. Without waiting for the courts of last resort to decide whether the Commission has the power to compel Bender, the Governor can instantly order him to answer.

Sober second thoughts on the subject of endorsing Jerome are evidently at work in the heads of party leaders on both sides. At first, they were chuckling over having so neatly disposed of the man who had defied the bosses. He could get on without them, could he? Well, he would see. But just now the question which is alarming them is, "Can we get on without him?" What they clearly perceive is that he is the only man before the people who awakens a particle of enthusiasm. Voters are flocking to sign his petition. Already more than 20,000 names have been attached to it, of rich and poor, high and low, Republicans, Democrats, Mugwumps. Is not such a political phenomenon deserving of attention even from party autocrats? What are they going to say to their own minor candidates who are imploring them to put Jerome on the ticket so that they may have some chance of floating through on his popularity? His impending flood of votes is not to be despised from the point of view of the most cold-blooded politics. And no one, we imagine, is any longer deluded by the cry that one party cannot endorse Jerome without a pledge from him that he will reject the support of the other.

Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham's death, long known to his friends (and to himself)

to be imminent, removes one of a type that has undeniably grown rarer in recent years, but that we can ill spare. He might, in fact, have stood as the representative of that class of Americans whom Mr. Bryce, on his recent visit to this country, regretted to find smaller than when he first knew us. We mean the eminent lawyers who were also eminent in public spirit; who applied their special knowledge to the great problems of our political life, and were ever ready to lead their fellow-citizens in any crisis of reform. Mr. Peckham was such a man. Never was he wanting when pernicious doctrines or scoundrelly politicians were to be attacked. His unbending integrity and plainness of speech brought him the high tribute of the enmity of men like David B. Hill, and cost him the Supreme Court justiceship to which Mr. Cleveland nominated him; but it may well be that, in private station, he did the State more service than he could have rendered on the bench. To have a man ever at hand whose life and speech were a rebuke to all things base, and a whip to rogues, was a true measure of Mr. Peckham's value as a citizen.

No one, except perhaps President John A. McCall of the New York Life, will be surprised to learn that "Judge" Andrew Hamilton is employed as legislative agent by all three of the big insurance companies. Mr. Hamilton, as the investigators discovered, now has $235,000 of the money of the New York Life. For this he has rendered no accounting, but President McCall is sure the fund has been or will be properly expended—say, in purchases of real estate for the company or in "legal expenses." On Friday the committee of the Legislature found out that the Equitable and the Mutual have such implicit confidence in Mr. Hamilton's integrity and discretion as a persuader of lawmakers that they, too, have entrusted him with large sums for disbursement without accounting. Whenever a legislature takes up the insurance laws, Hamilton is on hand to guide the members in the right path. As Alfred W. Mayne, associate auditor of the Equitable, euphemistically put it, the business of a legislative agent is to look out that "nothing inimical to the policyholders' interest is passed." Mr. Mayne, like President McCall, was indignant at the intimation that such an agent might exert improper influence. The legislative agent of an insurance company, as we gather from the testimony, always wins his laurels by moral suasion. We would, however, point out to the guileless managers of big insurance companies that the existence of their alert and well-provisioned lobby might be a temptation to venal legislators. A few of the representatives who meet at Albany, Trenton, or Harrisburg might imagine that if they introduced "strike" bills often enough and refused to be convinced by pure logic, the arguments would become more tangible. This we suggest as a mere possibility. Hamilton, vouched for by all three companies, would firmly resist every demand for a bribe; but paragons of virtue like Hamilton cannot live forever.

On December 28, 1896, Gov. Charles A. Culberson, now United States Senator from Texas, wrote to Mr. McCall for a sworn statement, telling, among other things, "the amount, if any, paid by or on behalf of the company for political purposes during the last campaign." Mr. McCall did not commit perjury. The unpleasant questions were turned over to subordinates. One of the affidavits returned to Gov. Culberson reads as follows:

> "Theo. M. Banta, cashier of the New York Life Insurance Company, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that all payments, except such as are made at the branch offices, pass through his department, and that to the best of his information, knowledge, and belief no moneys were, directly or indirectly, paid by the company to the Republican campaign fund during the Presidential election [1896]."

Hugh S. Thompson, comptroller of the company, and John C. Whitney, auditor, made similar depositions. Mr. McCall had not, in 1896, experienced a change of view on the subject of campaign contributions, for he gave away policyholders' money in 1900 and 1904. His want of boldness and frankness is therefore amazing, not to say painful. Instead of shuffling and allowing his cashier, comptroller, and auditor to deceive the Governor of Texas, he should have admitted proudly that he gave $50,000 to defeat Bryan.

President McCall now notifies his agents by circular that never again will the company contribute "to any political organization for any purpose whatever"; and, in order to avoid mistakes, he will ask the trustees to pass a resolution. Policyholders will find it a little hard to reconcile this announcement with President McCall's hearty defence of his gifts to the Republican National Committee; a few days ago he was fully convinced of the wisdom of his course. To be sure, he explains his present attitude by saying that "the gold standard has been irrevocably adopted. Therefore the question of similar contributions cannot arise again during this or any subsequent administration of the New York Life." But it may easily happen in the exigencies of politics that issues as vital to the policyholders as the gold standard itself may come to the arbitrament of the ballot-box. In that case Mr. McCall (or his successor) would, according to his avowed theory of trusteeship, be compelled to wring his hands helplessly while the country was being ruined. We are inclined, therefore, to believe that in his heart of hearts Mr. McCall now regards his unostentatious and vicarious generosity to the Republicans as a mistake.

Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, in his testimony before the legislative committee of inquiry, admitted that directors are often, in a very real sense, dummies. A director, he said, is practically powerless, of little use except to comply with the law's requirements. The executive officers attend to the business of the corporation and occasionally appeal to the directors for advice. In fine, directors do not direct. In this statement he pointed out one of the great weaknesses in the management, not only of insurance companies, but of other vast corporations. The law provides for directors on the theory that they will act as a check upon executive officers and safeguard the property. The agents who are soliciting insurance or asking you to invest in the stock of some railway or industrial organization, point to the list of directors: "Look at these men, of the highest skill in finance and solidity of character. You cannot possibly make a mistake in casting in your lot with them." But, according to recent revelations, this roll of respectabilities who give standing to a company and inspire faith in it throughout the country, is a mere catalogue of names. That such a system is wrong, no one will now dispute. Mr. Schiff spoke of his own bitter experience in this whole matter; but he and his fellow-directors are not the chief sufferers.

Herr von Lindequist, who has taken over from General Trotha the administration of German Southwest Africa, has a new plan for the pacification of that colony, which he naturally hopes will prove "rapid." It is in so far sensible that it departs in a measure from the blood-and-iron policy of his predecessor. Von Lindequist means to treat different classes of the insurgent natives differently. Those who have conducted warfare honorably, like Chief Morenga and his followers in the south, will be approached with proposals for a peace satisfactory, it is hoped, to both sides. Even the Hereros will be asked to surrender, instead of being hunted down relentlessly; a free pardon being offered to all except a specified few who have been guilty of atrocious massacres. Those who accept amnesty will be given land within a reservation, and promised considerate treatment. All told, this indicates a marked change in the spirit of the military dream. It has been brought about largely by public opinion in Germany, which has been increasingly uneasy over the great and apparently fruitless expenditure and loss of life in the attempt to put down the rebellion.

SECRETARY SHAW'S RETIREMENT.

The announcement last week by Secretary Shaw that he is to relinquish the Treasury on February 1, was not unexpected. When the President, last March, requested the members of his Cabinet to retain office during the ensuing year, it was well understood that this marked the term of service for several of them. Mr. Shaw has never been one of the inner circle in Cabinet politics, and is, indeed, an associate with whom very intimate political relations on the part of the President could hardly have been expected. Brought into the Administration by Mr. Roosevelt, in February, 1902, with the alleged purpose of removing from the field a possibly dangerous competitor for the next Presidential nomination, his selection was dictated by political expediency. There can have been no special bond of sympathy between the two men in political theories or ideals. In particular, Secretary Shaw's public deliverances regarding the tariff question must have been irritating to the President, and at times perhaps embarrassing. They reflected an obstinate element of Bourbonism intrenched in the Cabinet, whence their official utterance, important because proceeding from the finance minister of the nation, gave material for the bitterest opponents of Mr. Roosevelt's personally liberal tariff policies. The reason why the Secretary under such circumstances retained his office even as long as he has done, was partly the political argument, but doubtless also the further fact that Mr. Roosevelt has never taken great interest in Treasury affairs, and was probably glad to have them off his mind.

With Mr. Shaw's economic theories, we have, as our readers are aware, no sympathy whatever. In the matter of the tariff, they are hopelessly out of touch, not only with intelligent modern thought, but with the growing convictions both of the Eastern business communities and of the prosperous West. It is fair to say, however, that these economic vagaries have played no essential part in his administration of the Treasury. They have not even been incorporated, as have the theories of many preceding secretaries, in his annual reports, which have received much praise, usually well-deserved, for their business-like discussion of practical matters of the moment in Treasury finance. These matters have not been such formidable questions of public credit and the money standard as confronted Secretary Carlisle and Secretary Manning; they were mainly questions arising from the country's great prosperity during Mr. Shaw's term of office, with the consequent strong demand for currency facilities. Protection of the Government's own credit currency by an adequate reserve, and positive declaration for the gold standard in our money, were obtained from Congress while Secretary Gage occupied the Treasury Department, two years before Mr. Shaw succeeded him. The battles won by the sound-money public officers in those earlier days did not need to be fought over.

In so far, however, as Secretary Shaw has had occasion to touch upon these questions—as in his argument for a pledge of redemption of silver certificates in gold at the holders' option—he has taken a sound position and has adhered to it. His reports contain some strong paragraphs on the other question which remains for future settlement, of our unscientific system of national bank circulation. Unlike his attitude on the tariff question, the position taken by Mr. Shaw on the question of bank currency was that of advanced financial thinkers who refuse to be fettered either by outgrown expedients or by the inertia which shrinks from any change. His report of 1902 contains a thorough and well-grouped array of facts to show why the present bank-circulation plan works awkwardly at all times, and cannot in the nature of things be permanent.

In administering his office, Secretary Shaw has in the main been fortunate. We use this word because the practical problems besetting an American finance minister, especially in his relations with the money market, are very different in times of financial stress from those which arise in an era of prosperity. The present Administration has not had to steer the public finances through the perilous seas of 1894 or 1885. A Secretary of the Treasury who at such times sustains public credit and public confidence, often in the face of violent opposition from a Congressional majority, and as often with only ambiguous statutes to rely upon, has a great political achievement to his credit. A different test of administrative efficiency arises in times of high prosperity and abundant revenues, when the Treasury's absorption of currency, under our clumsy law, becomes a disturbing influence. This was what harassed Secretary Fairchild in 1888, when "public deposits in bank" and "the public surplus" became actual issues in a Presidential contest.

Secretary Shaw has had the same difficulties to encounter, and it was in an effort to deal with them that he made the most serious official blunder of his career. When, through the reckless performances of a gang of Wall Street speculators, the autumn money market of 1902 had been thrown into confusion, and credit institutions which were themselves to blame for the situation appealed to Washington for relief, Mr. Shaw resorted to two actions of plain inexpediency and illegality. Contrary to the law's requirements, he released the banks from the duty of keeping reserves against Government deposits. Similarly overstepping all previous interpretations of the law, he authorized, by his simple fiat, banks with public deposits in their hands to substitute other security for the Government bonds previously required. The first of these provisions the banks themselves refused to utilize; the second has been in the main withdrawn by the Secretary himself.

In other directions, Mr. Shaw's Treasury management has been plain sailing. It is pleasant to be able, after the series of disgraceful disclosures in other departments of the present Cabinet, to say that taint of that sort has not touched the Treasury. When one recalls the part played by the Treasury in other Administration scandals, this means much. To Secretary Shaw is also due a recognition of the fact that he has mitigated, so far as obsolete theories and mediæval laws made possible, the barbarities of the attack on personal baggage by the custom house. We sincerely trust that his successor, possibly not hampered by sympathy with the theories out of which these persecutions logically grow, will carry the good work further.

A PROPAGANDA OF SOCIALISM.

A new society has been formed to propagate the doctrines of collectivism, particularly in American colleges. Its list of members includes some names well known in literature and philanthropy. They are the names of native Americans, not of naturalized citizens, who have gathered about them some two hundred souls zealous for the realization of their ideal. It is not necessary to take such persons too seriously. Were their plan to be adopted, they would probably be among the first to chafe under the new conditions of life and government. They belong to that class of reformers of whom Voltaire said: "Ils défendent les ragoûts dont ils ne mangent pas."

It is rather remarkable that educated Americans should be sanguine as to the success of Socialism here. In Europe there is indeed a tendency to regard the United States as the Mecca, if not the home, of the Socialist; but most Americans know better. Socialism is exotic here; and here less than anywhere else should its missionaries be successful. As understood on the Continent of Europe, and as expounded by European writers, it exaggerates the idea of equality, but opposes more or less consciously the idea of liberty. Fortunately, the organization of society and of the state is the effect, not the cause, of national sentiment; and individual liberty is conserved not so much by a particular form of government as by harmony between the popular will and the statute law. In so far as popular sentiment in the United States is native, and in the best sense patriotic, it is hostile to the despotic spirit of the proposed collectivism.

This may explain why the Socialistic

orators who before every election are vociferous in East Side halls and on street corners, are so often men (and women, too) who know almost as little about the language as they do about the political institutions of this nation. The Socialism which comes as an emigrant from France, Germany, and Russia, seeking hospitality and asylum, finds a welcome chiefly from those who have confounded the idea of equality with that of liberty. The hope of the Socialist in this country is not to gain proselytes among those who are American by birth and tradition, but among the masses of those who, having come here as immigrants, are not yet rid of their hereditary misconception of freedom. In European, especially in Latin, countries the idea of equality has usually been uppermost in the minds of revolutionists, while the sentiment in favor of liberty has been comparatively feeble. Even in the French Revolution, as certain French writers admit, there was no triumph of individualism in the Anglo-Saxon meaning of the term. The revolution was an attack upon corporations and groups, with the idea of reducing all individuals to a uniform type, under a strongly centralized government. The result was that, after the overthrow of the old régime, the French found that they had discarded church, family, caste, and corporation, only to be at the mercy of a money aristocracy which, as Le Bon says, was "ephemeral but formidable, ruling over a dust of individuals without defence or solidarity."

But the programme of the Socialist is even more threatening than the rise of a plutocracy. If its ideal is to be realized, there must be a dictatorship as absolute as that of an Oriental despot. The intelligent Socialist must care very little for individual liberty, and, considering the economic conditions to which he looks hopefully forward, he must care even less for the arts and sciences. It is difficult to see upon what utilitarian principle such a future should be preferred even to the sad abuses of our present civilization. In the Socialist Utopia, the workmen will have the State as their taskmaster—not the State as an abstraction, but in the person of an overseer who will drive them as if they were slaves or criminals. With the loss of personal initiative, there will come also a loss of comfort and repose. The well-meaning enthusiasts who would thus gain equality at the price of liberty, may enjoy the prospect of eating this ragout; but it requires little knowledge of human nature to be convinced that even the most oppressed worker in a factory, or delver at the bottom of a mine, would soon long to regain his previous condition of servitude, if only he might be his own master.

There is an atheistic Socialism, and there is a Socialism grafted upon the teachings of the New Testament in the hope that where logic failed to convince, conscience might lead. This form of collectivism has not made much progless among men of science, but it has become a favorite theory of those who are called "workers"—by which name are designated those who for religious or moral reasons are engaged in philanthropic pursuits. Christian Socialism, which plays some part in the politics of European nations, particularly of Austria, has obtained some vogue in our theological seminaries and university settlements, and has led to a vague idea that the church of the future will be identical with the community. Bebel, the German Socialist, has declared that the Pope, better than any one else, sees clearly the storm which is gathering on the horizon; and Bourdeau has suggested that the papacy might become a formidable rival of revolutionary Socialism, if it were to place itself at the head of a universal democracy and wear a Phrygian cap beneath the tiara. This is even more extravagant than the dreams of "benevolent feudalism."

It is not probable that Socialism of any kind will make many converts among our younger university men, even those who have tasted the joys of collectivism under an athletic director at the training-table. With its contraband literature and its visions of the future, Socialism has been singularly attractive to students in some of the foreign universities; but this may have been as a species of amusement, just as college sporting men of a former generation delighted to transgress the statute which forbade the keeping of "a gun, dog, horse, or any other explosive weapon."

THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH.

"I do not believe the masses of colored people are yet fitted to survive and prosper in the great Northern cities to which so many of them are crowding," is Booker Washington's conclusion, expressed in the number of *Charities* especially devoted to a study of "The Negro in the Cities of the North." But it is not altogether borne out by the dozen or more papers contributed by students of various phases of the problem. In Chicago the negro population is estimated at 35,000; in Boston and its suburbs at 26,000; in Philadelphia at over 60,000; and in New York the total is now nearer 70,000 than the 60,000 shown by the census of 1900. Border cities like St. Louis, Baltimore, and Washington (where in 1900 the largest single group, 86,702, was found) are also vitally interested in the social and industrial status of their negro citizens. While the studies published by *Charities* do not pretend to be exhaustive, they nevertheless indicate that the city negro is not the incubus that fanatics like the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr., would have us believe he is. The success of the race in making a place for itself in the industrial life of Boston and Chicago is beyond dispute. Of course, conditions are still unsatisfactory. Miss Kellor's observations on the agencies North and South that "assist" negroes in finding employment in New York and Philadelphia are sufficient to prove that.

It does not, we admit, necessarily signify a satisfactory economic state to show that 88 per cent. of the negro males over ten years of age in the eleven largest cities of the North are engaged in gainful occupations, in comparison with the 83 per cent. of all males of the same age, but it suffices to dispose of the charge that as a race they are idlers. More hopeful is the knowledge that they are entering lines of work from which they have heretofore been barred. Thus, the building trades' strike in Chicago in 1900 opened up to negroes a grade of employment that had been regarded by the labor union in control as "white man's work" exclusively. The stockyards strike in 1904 resulted in the permanent employment of a considerble number of colored workers whose efficiency has been amply proved. Mr. R. R. Wright, Jr., of the University of Chicago tells of a typical case: "Several years ago a negro 'boner' came from Kansas City, where he had followed his trade as a union man. He was not admitted to the union in Chicago, where 'boning' was considered a 'white man's job'; and members of the union, though outwardly friendly to the negro, privately advised one another to 'knock' him if he aspired to anything except a 'negro's job.' But, during the strike, negroes got the opportunity to develop proficiency as 'boners.' Now it is no longer considered a 'white man's job,' and the negroes who work at it are being urged to join the union." In the teamsters' strike this spring the negro strike-breakers were conspicuous for their courage, though they were not so numerous as the unions would have us believe. Approximately 800 of them were used, while some 5,000 whites were engaged for the same purpose by the Employers' Association. Mr. Wright reports that about eighty negroes now hold places as drivers obtained during the strike, and that they are doing satisfactory work.

John Daniels of the South End House, Boston, says of the industrial condition of negro men in that city: "There is not an abnormal amount of premeditated and long-continued idleness among the Boston negroes, but there is a good deal of temporary lack of employment." This is explained by the fact that as yet many of the race must depend upon "odd jobs," or work of inferior grades. Mr. Daniels estimates that there are nearly 10,000 colored wage-earners in Boston. Of these, something like 3,200 are servants, waiters, janitors, laborers, store porters,

hostlers, messengers, and stewards. In the next higher rank of employment, which includes barbers, clerks, stenographers, teamsters, and skilled workmen, Mr. Daniels found 875 negroes, or 20 per cent. of their working men. In the group described as commercial and industrial proprietors—merchants, retail and wholesale, boarding and lodging-house proprietors, boot and shoe makers, undertakers, livery-stable keepers, and hucksters—there are listed 134 negroes; and 131 negroes in the professions help to show that the race is forging ahead in Boston.

Politically, the negro in the Northern city is still in a bondage almost as complete as that under which Tammany's supporters live, and which, before the recent upheaval, Boss Durham's Republican organization imposed upon Philadelphia. But conditions are improving. In an excellent article on "The Black Vote of Philadelphia," Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois of Atlanta University points out that a negro business man, Walter P. Hall, is a member of the Committee of Seventy which is backing Mayor Weaver in the fight for a clean city. One member of the Common Council of the city is a negro, though Durham has promised the "gang" that he shall be the last one. But Durham may change his mind about that, as the ward leader is likely to do who declared that the organization's majority was so safe that it could afford to ignore the 25,000 negro voters, and who told a patronage-seeking delegation to "go to hell," for he didn't need their votes. On the whole, Professor Du Bois does not find that the negro voter is more venal or unintelligent than the white possessor of the suffrage who has contributed to the upbuilding of the corrupt "oligarchy of ward politicians and business men using public office for private gain."

The gravest charge against the Northern city negro is that he is a demoralizing influence. He is alleged to be a social as well as industrial nomad, with a common-law wife in every city and a passion for gambling that makes it impossible to maintain a home. Yet, as Fannie B. Williams, of the Frederick Douglass Centre, Chicago, and Miss Griffin of this city point out in two excellent studies, the negro church is developing institutional work in the cities at a most encouraging rate. Thus, St. Mark's Church, in West Fifty-third Street, besides helping to support three missions, is planning a home for aged negroes, and its Epworth League proposes to maintain a home for respectable young women, where they can live decently and at a low cost. Its Lyceum and various church clubs are popular and flourishing. Miss Ovington of the Greenwich House testifies that the average negro woman in this city respects the marriage obligation, and comes nearer to maintaining a clean, attractive home than do the majority of East Siders. Socially, therefore, as well as politically and economically, the city negro in the North is lifting himself up to a standard of citizenship that will bear inspection. Mr. Washington may be right in advising his people against leaving the South, but they seem to endure the change surprisingly well.

THE FAILURE OF FUSION.

The event has now shown what all along was reasonably clear—that a genuine and hearty union of the various anti-Tammany elements is impossible. The chief reason stares one in the face. How can two (much less three) walk together except they be agreed? There was no real agreement, as to either men, principles or methods, among the parties to the succession of fruitless Fusion conferences. There was visible an attitude of mutual and settled distrust—and distrust with good reason. Anybody who could credit the Republican machine, as now controlled, with an unselfish desire to promote good government in this city, would be a simpleton; anybody who could see in the Hearst League promise of aught but mercenary plotting and disgraceful political methods, would be a lunatic. Those two organizations could confer with the Citizens Union, but that they could ever honestly coöperate with it in an effort to make the government of New York city non-partisan and pure, was from the first unthinkable. It is just as well that the pretence of blending contradictions is finally abandoned.

We should also freely admit that the compelling power of high personal character has been lacking. Of Mr. Cutting, every New Yorker ought to speak with gratitude and respect. He is the personification of single-eyed devotion to the public good. If he has made mistakes in tactics, that only shows that he is fallible like the rest of us; if he has shown himself exigent, that merely indicates that he knew the men with whom he had to deal; but throughout, as all are convinced, he has thought first of the city and last (or, rather, not at all) of himself. But, leaving him out, what hope was there of any good coming from the other participants in the conferences? In other days, we have seen our most distinguished citizens come forward—Committees of Seventy, and so on. But this year our fate was placed in the hands of Halpin and Ihmsen! Who is Halpin? A machinist of the machinists, the willing and contented servant of Odell, a man who might inspire confidence in an applicant for the job of cleaning the spittoons in the City Hall, but who is absolutely unknown and without influence as respects the citizenship at large. And for Hearst to imagine that putting forward one of his own employees, the advance agent of his dollar-branded campaign to secure the Presidential nomination last year, could possibly awaken anything but fear and disgust, simply demonstrates that unscrupulous politicians do not even know their own trade.

Another deficiency in the line of character appeared in the dearth of suitable candidates for the Mayoralty. Dr. Parkhurst, on his return, comments upon our barrenness in men of proved ability, courage, and honesty, to whom we can turn in a great civic emergency. We have all been struck by it in this municipal campaign. Casting about for a mighty name, we have had offered us only the unknown or the mediocre. It is a painful revelation of the blight with which tyrannical party machines and the boss system have smitten our public service, for there can be no doubt that we have the raw material of great public servants in abundance. All of us, with Dr. Parkhurst, can turn in our minds to men who, by natural capacity, by strong personality, and by public spirit, would be admirably fitted for high office; but they are banished from our politics. Bosses like only little and cringing men about them. They make the road to political dignities lie through such intolerable personal indignities that self-respecting men are driven to other pursuits.

Let it be also frankly confessed that there has been no burning issue presented this year of a sort to fuse refractory elements of opposition to Tammany. In other campaigns—in 1884, 1894, 1901—there has been some glaring display of Tammany criminality or ruffianism for public indignation to fasten upon; this year that was wanting. In its absence, the attempt was made, foolishly, we think, to get up an artificial issue on a vague cry for municipal ownership. Tammany looked on all the time with an amused smile, confident that it could make off with that issue bodily if there proved to be anything in it. Meanwhile, the opportunity was neglected to drive home the one great truth on which an anti-Tammany campaign must always be based—the truth, namely, that Murphy, like the leaders before him, is at the head of an organization which exists only by making plunder of the city's offices, and personal gain out of the public business. That essential nature of the beast is not really concealed by the amiable Mayor who consents to stand in front of it. When two men like Murphy and McCarren effusively patch up their differences, honest folk do well to be on their guard. It is as ominous as the reconciliation of Herod and Pilate.

If Mayor McClellan were the man his paulo-post-future eulogists allege, he would put his foot down now on this business. What is the obvious situation? Murphy, having so fine a blooded mastiff at the head of his ticket, is openly pre-

paring to string "yellow dogs" all the way down it. He thinks McClellan will pull them all through. Particularly disturbing is the plain intention of the Tammany boss to degrade the judiciary. He would refuse renomination to deserving judges in order to put his tools or favorites upon the bench. Murphy appears also to have struck hands with Odell to defeat Jerome—though there can be no doubt that the great majority of the honest residents of this county desire him as District Attorney. Indeed, we are assured that Mayor McClellan himself is anxious that Tammany should make no opposition to Mr. Jerome. Well, then, what is the strong and resolute Mayor going to do about it? It is unquestionable that he can have his way if he insists upon it. Were he to demand clean associates on the ticket with himself, from top to bottom, especially the keeping of Tammany's dirty hand off the judiciary, and to make his own candidacy conditional upon that, it is clear that he could dominate the situation. He can do what Grover Cleveland did in Buffalo—say flatly that he must not be nominated for Mayor unless the candidates for other offices are made acceptable. Here is the great test of Mr. McClellan. We do not ask that he indulge in posturing. It may not be necessary for him to lift up his voice—the thing may be done quietly perhaps; but the city is entitled to demand of the Mayor, at this juncture, that, privately or publicly, he intervene to protect it from the disgrace and danger which Murphy and McCarren are plotting.

We think it high time that the members of the bar considered measures to protect the judiciary in this municipal campaign. There is opportunity for work in either political camp. Murphy should be given to understand that his plan to put creatures of his own in place of Judge Ingraham and Judge Gildersleeve will not be tolerated. Then, if Gov. Higgins could be got hold of by decent Republicans and held firmly while appointing a successor to the late Judge Van Brunt, we might get the making of a stirring campaign in behalf of an able and upright judiciary as well as a capable, honest, and fearless District Attorney. The two causes might fitly be joined, so that we could the more surely look for justice both from the bench and from the chief prosecuting officer.

THE ROOT OF ALL GOOD.

Our blood boiled when we read that a country clergyman had had the effrontery to offer at a religious meeting here in New York a resolution declaring that "no talent for high finance, no useful service to the community, no benefaction to the Church or to objects of philanthropy, can excuse or atone for dereliction in trust, contempt for the rights of others, or disregard of the rules of common honesty." Bishop Potter, who was presiding, very properly frowned, and passed over the matter in a paternal manner. If he and the Episcopal Church do not make stand against this reckless abuse of our best citizens and most devout worshippers, no one will; and the tongue of slander will run on unchecked. Just because a few officers and directors of insurance companies have been "caught with the goods on," there is a wild howl about a frantic and unscrupulous scramble for gain. A day or two ago the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst joined the chorus; William Allen White has an article about it in the October *Atlantic;* President Nicholas Murray Butler has been solemnly warning his boys at Columbia; and at a little social gathering in Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller has been lamenting that more of his dear friends do not choose the higher things of life in preference to filthy money. Of these four men only one is qualified to testify as an expert. Dr. Parkhurst is a minister, and of course wholly ignorant of business; Mr. White is a Kansas editor, who probably has not to-day a paltry half-million of unencumbered property; and Dr. Butler is nothing but a college president, pegging along on $10,000 or so a year. Mr. Rockefeller ought to know whether it is worth while to get rich. Whatever he may say when speaking for publication, his real feelings are expressed by his actual choice of good things.

The intimation that he has not chosen wisely should be resented by every loyal New Yorker. What are we here for, if not for money? Is Wall Street a health resort? Is Broadway a golf links? Are the roofs of our sky-scrapers breezy mountain tops? Are the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria the echoing aisles of a primeval forest? Does Manhattan Island lift its fronded palms in air? Dr. Butler is no backwoods deacon that he should chatter about reputations melting like snow before the sun of publicity. Apparently, he alludes to such men as James W. Alexander, James Hazen Hyde, and Chauncey Mitchell Depew; but they are not making any complaint. They got what they wanted, and they are not crying because they have lost what they didn't need. Your professional thief must reckon upon spending at least a quarter of his time behind prison bars, at hard labor, with poor food. But all three of the men we have mentioned made off with more than the most skilful cracksman could hope for; they are at large, with comfortable houses and well-cooked dinners; and one of them is a member of the United States Senate. They are not beggarly school teachers and preachers whose stock in trade is reputation; they are not butlers or coachmen on fifty dollars a month that they must have letters from their last employers. They are high financiers; and if you don't admire them, you can do the other thing.

The people who work in the money mill have taken the job with their eyes open. Walk through Wall Street and look at them. Listen to their talk at the bars and in the restaurants of the financial district. They are not fools, as Dr. Butler and Mr. White would have us believe. They are getting the objects that are worth having in this troubled and transitory life. They acquire power. When a man has piled up enough millions he can make existence a burden for his enemies on the Stock Exchange. John W. Gates and James R. Keene are as happy every day as a bulldog killing a cat; but Dr. Parkhurst doesn't enjoy a thrill like that once a decade. If you have enough money, you can always see your name and your picture in the papers. Your slightest cold in the head throws the yellow journals into hysterics of red and green ink. Your wife and children run a gantlet of photographers while daylight lasts. Your house is pointed out to the people who are seeing New York. The wages you pay your servants, the price of your cigars and of the underclothing of your whole family, the food you eat, and your last divorce suit are matters of public discussion. It's much better than being President or even a popular actress.

After all, however, these are only intellectual pleasures. It is to the real man, the physical, that money caters as nothing else can. We do not observe that Dr. Butler and other anæmic moralists are living very high. They cannot afford private cars, private yachts, and automobiles. They have to work so hard that they cannot indulge in ten-course dinners, nervous prostration, and other things which the wealthy and well-bred now reckon among the bare necessities. William Allen White is not opening champagne every night at the club; his purse couldn't stand that pace for a single month. Let us free our minds, then, from hypocrisy. Everybody can't be rich. Society could not exist without its submerged tenth of bootblacks, college professors, car conductors, artists, street-sweepers, musicians, and small tradesmen. But these are occupations for the dull and unambitious. Any one who has red blood in his veins will get out and hustle for the stuff that will procure him the choicest viands, the richest wines, and the most refined society.

IN SOUTHERN SWEDEN.

MALMÖ, September 13, 1905.

If one had been expecting signs of political disturbance on entering Sweden at this juncture of affairs, he would have been disappointed. For neither as he paused in Norway nor as he mingled with the people in Sweden would he see anything that seemed to be different from an ordinary state of affairs. Indeed, the more intelligent

Swedes with whom we have conversed have no hesitation in expressing their sympathy with Norway and their dissatisfaction with the failure of the King to notice her grievances. It seems but fair that the part of the nation which carries on nine-tenths of all the foreign trade, should have a due share of the consular appointments and of the honors and emoluments of the government. But here at Malmö the united flag still floats over the pleasure park.

As this visit to Sweden, however, is in the interest of glacial geology, I cannot forbear speaking of some most interesting phenomena which have recently come to light and must prove of great interest to the general reading public. Of course, one expected to find abundant indications here of the great ice movement which radiated from Northern Scandinavia, but the extent of those indications all around the North Sea and the Baltic is such as to surprise even the hardened glacialist. Before coming to Denmark and Sweden I had picked up Norwegian pebbles from the glacial till which borders the moorland of Yorkshire on the east coast of England. Indeed, Norwegian boulders are abundant in Eastern England as far south and as far inland as Cambridge, showing that the whole North Sea was at that time but an expansion of Scandinavian ice. Denmark, also, is entirely covered with Scandinavian drift. Zealand, at any rate, is scarcely anything else than a congeries of terminal moraines with intervening bogs and kettle-holes, the one filled with peat and the other with water. Boulders innumerable are everywhere apparent in fields and fences and in the solid walls of barns and houses. An American could easily imagine himself in southern Michigan or in Wisconsin or Minnesota.

Here in Skåne, which forms the very southern part of Sweden, we have a similar contour of land surface, with its rich agricultural possibilities. But the story of its formation recently brought to light is more marvellous still. To a considerable extent it is found that the farmers of Skåne are living upon the richness of Finland, as those in Ohio are upon that of Canada. It appears that the centre of the ice movement in Scandinavia was farther east than was first supposed, so that the same movement which carried boulders to southeastern Russia carried them also southwestward down the whole length of the Baltic Sea, where, meeting with less resistance on the west than upon the south, a portion of the ice turned northwest toward the more open North Sea. Thus the whole of southern Skåne became covered with a congeries of terminal moraines whose material was in part brought from Finland and in part pushed up from the bottom and shores of the Baltic Sea.

Under the guidance of Dr. N. O. Holst of the Swedish Geological Survey, who is now at work mapping the region, I was permitted to see probably the most remarkable results of glacial action that have ever been brought to light. For some time the Salem Natural History Society of Massachusetts fancied that Ship Rock in Peabody, which they carefully preserved, was the largest of American boulders. But the late Mr. David A. Wells challenged the claim, and called attention to a still larger one in Norwich, Conn., while Prof. W. O. Crosby, entering the lists, maintained that one which he had discovered in Madison, N. H., should claim preëminence. To cap all, however, Prof. Edward Orton came in with a report, which, to most who have not seen it for themselves, may seem a regular "fish story." This was, that in southwestern Ohio he had found a mass of Clinton limestone covering three-quarters of an acre, and twenty-feet thick, which had been transported bodily for many miles and laid gently to rest between two glacial deposits.

Now here in southern Sweden, a few miles east of Malmö, is a story which eclipses all that has gone before. For many years commercial companies have been quarrying chalk along a belt three miles long and 1,000 feet wide. Upon the surface this appears simply as a swell in the glacial deposits from 100 to 150 feet in height, the chalk being everywhere covered with several feet of boulder-bearing clay. The earlier geologists were greatly puzzled by the position of these chalk beds, since they belonged to an older formation than those which ordinarily occur in southern Sweden, and should, therefore, have been under them. But here the order was certainly reversed, and the older formations appeared above the younger. The riddle is now solved by the discovery that this whole mass, three miles long and one-fifth of a mile wide, and from 100 to 200 feet in thickness, has been torn from the shores or the bed of the Baltic and transported bodily to its present position, thirty or forty miles inland. For, in most places, glacial till is found to underlie it and separate it from the newer rocks which form the substratum of the peninsula. It should be said, however, that the chalk everywhere shows indications of immense pressure and disturbance. The upper portions have been sheared off and often mingled with bands of boulder clay, while most of the abundant flint nodules have been shattered and arranged in lines or belts showing the direction of the line of movement. The chalk is also broken up into small cubes. Still, for the most part, the immense mass remains compact, and has moved as a solid body. For many decades to come, the rich manufacturers and farmers of Skåne will continue to profit from this vast mass of foreign treasure which has been so conveniently brought within their reach.

From what we have observed in Sweden, it would seem that the poorer the land the greater the wealth of the families in children. In much of the stony region through which we have recently passed, families of eight and ten children seem to be the rule rather than the exception; one is, therefore, not surprised to find the tide of emigration to America upon the increase. Already a new Sweden is growing up in our Northwestern States, and the United States has two-fifths as many Swedes as remain in the mother country; there being 2,000,000 in America to 5,000,000 in Sweden. Among the glacial lakelets of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota they find conditions closely resembling those which they are leaving behind. With their thrifty habits and high moral character they cannot fail to become a valuable element of our population. But the farseeing philanthropist is led to ask with concern what is to happen when there are no more glacial fields to conquer, and the overcrowded populations of these stony farms can find no further outlet for emigration.

G. Frederick Wright.

MARSHAL BERTHIER.

Paris, September 20, 1905.

A time will come when, in the popular imagination which always transforms history into legends, Napoleon and his marshals will appear somewhat like Charlemagne and his *preux*. There were never so many books written on the Napoleonic period as in our time. Is it because France consoles herself in a certain measure for her great defeats in the war of 1870 by remembrance of the heroic period of the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire? or because the history of Napoleon is the most dramatic history of modern times? Hitherto the marshals who helped him in the organization and command of his armies have been left more or less in the background. I have before me an elaborate work on 'Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram and of Neuchâtel,' by Gen. Derrécagaix. The first volume extends from 1753 to 1804, the second covers the later years of the marshal.

Berthier's name is known chiefly to military men as that of a great organizer. He was Napoleon's general chief of staff, a function which became more and more important as the armies became more and more numerous.

"His talents," says the author of the work we mention, "have not had the reputation which they deserved; and posterity, in attributing to him simply the part of satellite to the brilliant star which he accompanied, thought it rendered him sufficient justice. . . . After the Empire, the friends of the Emperor and the marshals formed in his school fell into the habit of minimizing Berthier and of attributing to him the sole merit of having known how to transmit the orders of Napoleon. His enemies went further: they denied him any sort of worth, and sometimes added that the genius of the great man alone had made his reputation. The Prince Major-General having died suddenly, on foreign soil, at the moment when the Emperor disappeared in his turn, exiled in a distant island, the detractors had free scope and wrote history at the dictate of their dislikes or their whims. Marshal Berthier's memory suffered cruelly by this."

Napoleon never separated from Berthier during his numerous campaigns. It is true that he himself made his plans, but Berthier helped him in their execution. In the campaign of 1815, which ended at Waterloo, Berthier was not with him, but was replaced by Soult; and Napoleon said afterwards, in talking of his defeat: "If I had had Berthier, I should not have had any misfortune." The papers of Napoleon's chief of staff were destroyed by order of the Emperor when he returned to Paris in 1815. In 1855, the commission charged with publishing Napoleon's correspondence (an immense work and a most important historical document) received many papers signed by Berthier; all that could be found had been collected by Berthier's grandson, Prince Alexander of Wagram, at Grosbois. These papers were catalogued and classified with care by M. Albert Dufourcq. In 1870, Grosbois, the country place of the Berthiers, was occupied for a while by the Prussians, but the collections were respected, and Gen. Derrécagaix has been able to use for his work the archives of the place, which was given by Napoleon to his companion in arms. He has also used largely the national archives, as well as the archives of the Ministry of War and of the Foreign Office.

Louis Alexandre Berthier was born at

Versailles on the 20th of November, 1753. His father was a colonel, who had fought under Marshal de Belle-Isle, but who ended his career in the topographical service. Alexandre entered the army; his father had brought him up for the topographical service, but he preferred an active life, and asked to join the army of Rochambeau. He left France in June, 1780, and, after stopping some time in Martinique, arrived in the revolted colonies on the 30th of September, 1780. He distinguished himself on various occasions; saw the capitulation of Yorktown; and afterward had to take part in an expedition against the West Indies and Jamaica. His first campaign lasted three years; he returned to France in 1783 with the staff of Viomènil, of which he was a member. He took part in a mission which was sent to Prussia, under the orders of the Marquis de Custine, to study the military organization of that country; and it is a curious incident of the life of the future major-general of the *grande armée* of 1806 that he should, twenty years before, have had to study on the spot the elements of strength and of weakness in the future adversaries of Napoleon. On his return he was attached definitely to the general staff of the army.

When the Revolution broke out, Berthier was already thirty-six years old; Napoleon, Lannes, Soult, Ney, were only twenty years old, Davout nineteen, Murat eighteen, Bernadotte twenty-five, Mortier and Bessières twenty-one. The services which Berthier had already rendered exposed him to some dangers. Lafayette had given him a high command in the National Guard, and Berthier protected against the mob of Versailles the departure of the King's aunts for Italy. For this he was denounced as a friend of the royal family; he lost his command, and retired for some time to Précy-sur-Oise, where he lived as a private citizen.

At the beginning of 1795, on the recommendation of Marie Joseph Chénier, brother of the great poet, he obtained a post in the Army of the Alps, with Kellermann; he then organized completely the service of the general staff. He urged the Minister of War, Gen. Clarke, to allow the Army of the Alps to take the offensive, to cross the Alps and take possession of Piedmont. When Bonaparte's views were formed on the campaign of 1796, he designated Berthier as his chief of staff, and from that moment the destiny of Berthier was bound up with that of Napoleon. After the day of Fructidor, Bonaparte had become all-powerful in military matters, and was the true Council of the Government. The choice he made of Berthier was not due to any personal recommendations, but was inspired solely by the study Bonaparte had made of his reports and his plans. They met each other at Nice, and prepared together the first campaign in Italy, which began with the famous proclamation of Bonaparte in which, addressing the army, ill-fed and ill-clothed, he offered to it the rich plains of Lombardy. We cannot go into the details of the campaigns of 1796 and 1797 in Italy, of the expedition against Rome, of the expedition to Egypt, of the second campaign in Italy of 1800. In all these, Berthier played his part as major-general of the staff.

Berthier was with Bonaparte on the famous day of the eighteenth Brumaire, and two days afterwards he was named Minister of War. As such he was able to reorganize all the services of the army. He left this post only when Napoleon entered on the campaign of 1800, to resume his functions of major-general. After the battle of Marengo he was sent by the First Consul as Ambassador Extraordinary to Madrid, in order to enter into negotiations on the subject of the conventions to be made with the Duke of Parma and the cession of Louisiana to France. The secret object of his mission was to incite Spain to make war on Portugal, England's ally. On his return he was appointed for the second time Minister of War, directed the movements of the French armies, and corresponded with Moreau, who commanded the Army of the Rhine, with Augereau, with Brune, Macdonald, Bernadotte, and Menou. The victories of the French armies were followed by the peace of Lunéville, and afterwards by the peace of Amiens. When Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor, one of his first acts was to name twelve marshals. At the head of the list figured Berthier. Soon afterwards he was named *grand veneur*, one of the great officers of the new court, and also Senator. Napoleon was well aware of the important part which he had taken, from 1800 to 1805, in the formation of the great imperial army which was soon to triumph over all the European armies.

"The extraordinary brilliancy," writes General Derrécagaix, "of the personality of Napoleon has often hindered his contemporaries and posterity from judging his colaborers as they deserve. The habit has been formed of making no account of his Minister of War, of believing that the First Consul and afterwards the Emperor in effect filled these functions, and that Berthier was a mere intermediary. But things did not so take place. The part of Bonaparte, First Consul, was that of a dictator-generalissimo, of a capacity, of an ardor, an audacity and a creative fecundity quite incomparable. Berthier's part consisted in embodying the ideas, the projects, the will of the hero, chief of the State and of the army."

To follow Berthier in the campaigns of the *grande armée* would be to write the history of the Empire. After the second Austrian campaign, Napoleon made him Prince of Wagram. The campaign of France in 1814 ended with the capitulation of Paris. Berthier was with the Emperor at Fontainebleau. Napoleon asked him to go with him to the island of Elba. Berthier did not accept this offer; he was married to a Bavarian princess, he had children. He ought, after the great favors conferred on him, to have retired into private life, and he had the weakness to accept from Louis XVIII. the command, and the empty title of captain, of the King's bodyguard. Upon the return of Napoleon from Elba, Berthier accompanied the King to Belgium, but did not remain with him, and went to Bamberg, whither his wife and children had retired. He remained there during the Hundred Days. The Emperor hoped that Berthier would come back to him, and said that he would forgive him on condition that he would reappear in his uniform of *garde du corps*. At Bamberg, Berthier asked for passports in order to go back with his family to his French estates of Grosbois and Chambord; but the Allied Powers objected to his return to France, for fear lest he should again serve Napoleon as major-general. The Princess alone received passports for herself and her children.

In the month of May, 1815, numerous Russian troops traversed Bamberg. On the 1st of June, Berthier went to his children's room in the third story of the Residenz, and from a window looked on the fine troop of Russian cuirassiers in the street. He mounted a chair so as to see better, and, losing his balance, fell from a height of 29 metres to the street, and died almost immediately. Was it an accident? was it suicide? The legend will have it that Berthier, on seeing the Russian troops, full of remorse for his conduct after the abdication of Napoleon, committed suicide. Such is not the opinion of General Derrécagaix, and he gives strong arguments for the other alternative. *Adhuc sub judice res est.*

Correspondence.

THE GERMAN 'WHO'S WHO.'

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your comment (No. 2098) on 'Wer Ist's?' you criticise the selection of American names, and say "there is in the preface, however, no hint of the criterion employed." I think your inference is inaccurate. The work is essentially "ein deutsches Zeitgenossenlexikon" (p. vii.), and of foreigners "infolge ihrer deutsche Interessen berührende Tätigkeit" (p. viii.). That is, the labors of eminent foreigners must in some way, directly or indirectly, have touched German interests.

Being the first volume, it undoubtedly has many omissions, but it was not intended to include "Who's Who" of the world, not even of America. O. K.

Ottawa, September 25, 1905.

[We will leave our correspondent to compare in 'Who's Who in America' the names we discussed in 'Wer Ist 's?' and discover if he can, in most of them, the peculiar "activity touching German interests" which warranted their inclusion —and the corresponding omissions pointed out.—Ed. Nation.]

LINCOLN'S WRITINGS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you kindly tell me if the Writings of Abraham Lincoln advertised in the *Nation* by the Francis D. Tandy Co. is in any way connected with the work that G. P. Putnam's Sons are obtaining subscriptions for? It seems strange that the two works should come out together—if there are two. Will you please put me straight about the matter?—Yours, E. H. L.

October 2, 1905.

[So far as we can inform ourselves, there will be a very considerable difference in the contents of the two series, though they will have, of course, much that is common property and not copyrightable. The Messrs. Putnam's edition forms part of the "Writings of the Fathers of the Republic" upon which they have been engaged for the past

twenty-five years, as their Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, etc., testify. Both publishers promise new matter—if not always Lincoln's own, at least relating to him, such as, in the case of Messrs. Putnam, Mr. Schurz's critical estimate of him, a memorial address by Mr Choate, and a special introduction from President Roosevelt's pen. The coincidence of publication is purely fortuitous.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

A collection of the letters of the late Lafcadio Hearn has been undertaken by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will be edited, with a biographical outline, by Mr. Ferris Greenslet of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the collaboration of Mrs. Hearn and of Basil Hall Chamberlain, the literary executor. It is requested that persons having letters of Hearn's will kindly communicate with the editor at No. 4 Park Street, Boston.

The Johns Hopkins Press will issue immediately a new and thoroughly revised edition of Prof. William K. Brooks's book on the 'American Oyster'; also, a new metrical translation, with an introduction and explanatory note, by Prof. Paul Haupt, of the Book of Ecclesiastes.

James Pott & Co. will bring out 'The Reign of Gilt,' by David Graham Phillips; 'The Woman of To-morrow,' by Helen M. Winslow; 'Women of Wit and Beauty of the Time of George IV.,' by John Fyvie; 'Milton and the Cavaliers,' by F. S. Boas; 'Makers of Modern History,' by the Hon. Edward Cadogan; and 'The Aspects of Balzac,' by W. H. Helm.

'One Thousand and One Modern Anecdotes,' by Alfred H. Miles, will shortly be published by Thomas Whittaker.

Macmillan Co. have in press 'Alcestis, and Other Poems,' by Sarah King Wiley; 'The City, and Other Poems,' by Arthur Upson; and W. B. Yeats's Poems and Plays in two volumes.

Among the forthcoming publications of John Lane Co. will be a book entitled 'Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers,' by J. H. Hutback and Edith C. Hutback, grandson and great-granddaughter of the elder brother, Sir Francis Austen. Though the navy was much in Jane's thoughts—'Persuasion' and 'Mansfield Park' make this clear—it is a patent fact that her works give no idea of the stirring times in which she lived, whereas the adventures of her brothers take the reader through the Napoleonic wars, our war of 1812, and so down to the second Burmese war in 1852. Sir Francis Austen left complete log-books of every ship on which he served. It is from these, from letters of Jane's—several of them published here for the first time—and of other members of the family, with frequent reference to Capt. Mahan's works, that the book has been compiled. It will have numerous illustrations, including an original sketch of the novelist by her sister Cassandra.

From the Clarendon Press announcements we select 'Shakspere's Poems and Pericles,' or his extra-First-Folio works, reproduced in collotype facsimile after the original edition in each case, with introductions by Sidney Lee, the whole in five volumes of a thousand copies each; 'Poems and Extracts Chosen by William Wordsworth,' for an album, in 1819, with facsimiles, with introduction by Prof. H. Littledale; 'Wordsworth's Literary Criticism in Prose,' with an introduction by Nowell C. Smith; 'Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes,' with an introduction by E. de Sélincourt; 'Chronicles of London,' edited by C. L. Kingsford; the third volume of Beazley's 'Dawn of Modern Geography'; and 'Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century,' by J. E. Spingarn, in three volumes.

We have been favored by the Chicago Library Club with a copy of its modest publication, 'Libraries of the City of Chicago, with an Historical Sketch of the Chicago Library Club.' It consists, besides the sketch, of a list of libraries—as complete as was practicable—followed, in the case of several of the larger ones, by more detailed statements as to their origin, buildings, special collections, etc. Portraits of John Crerar and Walter Loomis Newberry, and views of several buildings and interiors, enhance the value of this conspectus. The very first on the list, the Altrua Art Library, supported by the Altrua Circle, has an exceptional interest, being open for reference and circulation of its books and photographs to all self-supporting girls and women. Notable in the Newberry Library is the index to its genealogical collection, in 700 type-written volumes; in the Ryerson Library of the Art Institute, its unrivalled collection of Braun carbon prints; in the Historical Society's Library, the Madison and Wilkinson papers, etc.

The sixth volume of Dr. Thwaites's noble edition of the Original Journals of Lewis and Clark (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is occupied with scientific data—geography, ethnology, zoölogy, botany, mineralogy, meteorology, astronomy, etc. The section relating to the Indians, a fine example of editing in the presentation of tabulated matter, is generally readable, and the remainder according to the reader's taste. The chief illustration is a facsimile of the first page of Floyd's Journal. A seventh volume and the atlas are yet to come.

To the Dent-Putnam "Classiques Français" have been added Octave Feuillet's 'Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre' and Benjamin Constant's 'Adolphe,' introduced respectively by Augustin Filon and Paul Bourget, and each provided with a portrait. These are truly pretty books without and within, fitted for the hand and the pocket; and the proof-reading, if not quite impeccable, is sufficiently accurate for any one not a novice in French.

Newnes's Pocket Classics (Scribner) grow with 'Songs and Lyrics from the Dramatists' and 'The Poems of Gray and Collins,' and 'The Imitation of Christ.' These little volumes in limp covers with gilded ornamentation are externally the more attractive; but the presswork is clear, especially in the à Kempis.

Slightly larger than the foregoing but similarly bound is the new output of R. L. Stevenson's 'Edinburgh' (Lippincott). Here the print is both large and more even in tint.

Early in the present year we characterized Thomas Hutchinson's "Oxford Edition" of the Poetical Works of Shelley (Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). It now comes to us again in two forms, one 12mo on heavy paper, the other from the same plates but with smaller margins, and printed on the Oxford India paper which effects such marvels of compression. The latter volume is, in fact, just half the size of the other, and is a rather more presentable book, with scarcely any deduction to be made for legibility.

As Mr. Hutchinson's chief concern was with his text, so has been Mr. Paul E. More's in preparing the Cambridge Edition of Byron's Complete Poetical Works (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). For this purpose, publication has been held back for several years in order to profit by Murray's seven-volume edition. Like Mr. Hutchinson, again, Mr. More has had to strive with his author's erratic punctuation. Byron's own notes have been sparingly supplemented in view of the size of the volume, which now takes its place in a standard series of great convenience and fair, unpretentious appearance.

The Memoir of Tennyson by his son, having run its prosperous course in two volumes, has now been reissued by Macmillan in one—say, rather, bound in one, as the pagination has not been harmonized. It is, no doubt, sufficiently heavy to hold, but there is a gain in the combination apart from the more popular price. The presswork is unexceptionable, and the entire get-up is free from any suggestion of cheapening.

From the same firm we have the second reprint of Mr. Charles Dexter Allen's 'American Book-Plates,' a work of permanent value for guidance and reference, and freely illustrated with examples. Its heraldic shortcoming we pointed out ten years ago. We will recall to mind the section on early American wood engravers, in which, as the descriptions are summary, we should have been glad to have a list of authorities, such as the monographs on Paul Revere, Abel Bowen, and John Anderson, the earliest American engraver on wood. Of Anderson we read that at the age of twelve (or in 1787) he made his first plate—of copper pennies rolled thin—being a head of John Paul Jones.

'Pictures of Life and Character, by John Leech' (Putnams), mainly from *Punch*, raises the question how far these cartoons represent the England of to-day, and to what extent they now contribute to the gayety of the artist's countrymen. They have historic value, no doubt, for manners and customs, for dress, etc. In some the humor of the drawing suffices; in many the legend is necessary for the smile. Mr. Henry James is cited in praise of Leech for his treatment of the horse: "He understood the animal, and drew him as if he knew how to ride as well as to draw." But Muybridge, and the snapshot as we daily see it applied to racing and leaping, have proved Leech to have been bound by the conventionality of his day regarding the horse in action. One wonders if his drawings in this particular would, with the enlightenment we now have, have been bedevilled like those of our horse artists striving to depict what they never see, but constrained by the knowledge furnished by the camera.

Dr. Arthur Mahler and his collaborators, Carlos Blacker and W. A. Slater, have produced a useful little book in 'Paintings of the Louvre—Italian and Spanish' (Double-

day, Page & Co.). In it they have tried to give some account of every picture of the Italian or Spanish school actually exhibited in the galleries of the Louvre, together with a running historical and critical commentary; and this task they have performed with commendable accuracy and sufficient knowledge, so that the book, as embodying the latest results of research, is to be relied on. The criticism is unoriginal and often extremely commonplace, and there is nothing inspiring or entertaining between the covers of the volume, but there is a great deal of information, and the traveller who wishes to know what he is really looking at will find it a valuable supplement to the official catalogue. It is well arranged, the English is smooth, and the illustrations are numerous and, considering the scale, well executed. The worst fault of the book is the color of the cover —a really terrible blue.

The latest of the "Menpes books" is devoted to 'Brittany' (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan). Mr. Mortimer Menpes has made a specialty of travelling with a water-color box and a literary daughter, and the results of these travels appear each year in good time for the holiday trade. Text and illustrations have a common facility and a common lack of seriousness which is welcome, or the reverse, according to one's point of view. Is it a fear of the hackneyed or a prudent regard for his own limitations that leads the artist to avoid all notable picturesqueness and all celebrated scenes? Certain it is that the wonder grows how an artist can travel so far and see so little that might not be seen anywhere else. Here is what he brings back from Mont St. Michel: a baby in a cradle, an old woman with a bowl of soup, a young woman at breakfast, a man in a kitchen, and a girl doing nothing in particular in no particular place. There are caps and sabots and a very little furniture to mark the province, but of one of the most wonderful places in the world there is no hint. If the work were first-rate, one might be satisfied with it as art though quarrelling with it as illustration, but it is only a very mild second-rate, at best.

David W. Hoyt, Providence, R. I., concludes with part xi. the second volume of his 'Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass., with some Related Families of adjoining towns and of York County, Maine.' It winds up the Morrill Family, and adds Mussey, Peasley, Pike, Stanyard and Stevens, Wells, Whitridge and Whittier, with others, plus additions, a general index, one of places, and one of surnames. The work is here ended, for want of pecuniary support, and this is much to be regretted in view of the author's diligence, scientific method, and devotion. The typography is elegant.

The well-known Danish philologist, Prof. Ludv. F. A. Wimmer, has just published the third volume of his 'Danish Runic Monuments,' completing the text with description and interpretation of all the Danish runic inscriptions. The fourth volume, which will contain a vocabulary, is still in preparation. Denmark is particularly rich in runic monuments, especially those written in the elder alphabet. Professor Wimmer has for a generation or more been one of the recognized great authorities in the field of runic research, and his standard work on this topic, 'Die Runenschrift,' which in its German garb appeared in 1887, now being somewhat out of date, the appearance of the introduction to this present work (to form part of the first volume) will be eagerly looked forward to.

The annual volume of Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association is marked by a vigorous plea for reform in the method of publication. Dr. Charles P. G. Scott, the protestant, easily demonstrates the inconvenience of grouping in a single volume a mass of papers so miscellaneous that it is a mere chance if any given reader is interested in any three successive titles. He desires that all important papers be published separately, in pamphlet form, each to have its own title-page bearing the subject, the name of the author, a fixed formula showing the relation of the paper to the Association, and the imprint of the publishing company, in the order indicated. Each member of the Association could then collect and arrange in scientific order the papers in which he might be interested, while outsiders would be able to purchase any paper desired without the necessity of paying for a mass of material not only of no use to them, but seriously in their way. It is just possible that the tomb-like character of the present method of publication may be partly responsible for the fact that many of the best papers presented at the meetings of the Association cannot be secured for publication in the Transactions at all.

The most noteworthy article in the *Geographical Journal* for September is the account of several journeys in Asiatic Turkey by Col. Massy, a member of the British consular service. He appears not only to have travelled with absolute safety, but to have been hospitably treated wherever he went. This is the more remarkable as he passed through extensive regions in Kurdistan where there exists no sign of government, the chief of each tribe being a law to himself. On one occasion he was witness to an intertribal fight over the ownership of a few sheep, in which several Kurds were killed. By his explorations in the Taurus, near the Cilician Gates, he throws some light upon the much-discussed question as to the route Cyrus took over the mountains. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Baghdad railway scheme and its extension to the Persian Gulf. A vast region, which now, from lack of profitable transport, is only a nomad-traversed grazing country, will, with the advent of the railway and irrigation, become one of the finest cotton and grain-producing parts of the world. Other subjects treated are the Nile flood and its variations, with tables of observations taken at various points, and the highlands of Chili in North China, from the record of a journey made to promote British interests in that part of the empire.

The French Government is having a new edition of the Koran prepared in Algiers, the main stress being laid upon the thoroughly scientific preparation of the text. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that this work has been undertaken at the request of the Orientalist Congress which convened some months ago in Algiers, in which also a large number of Moslem savants took an interested part.

First of the 1906 calendars to arrive is "Spemann's Kunst-Kalender" (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), a pad in form as in the three preceding issues. As usual, too, the art is of all ages, well chosen and well printed, often in color, and each plate is described. Architecture has a place beside sculpture, drawing, and painting. Repin's barefooted portrait of Tolstoy standing; Legros's medallions of Charles Darwin and Carlyle; Savinsky's portrait of Maeterlinck, occur here, and there are several American examples. The same New York firm sends us the tenth issue of "Meyer's Historisch-Geographischer Kalender," companionable with the foregoing in size and appearance, but cultivating another field in the usual way. Notable American personages are not wanting among the portraits. What we do miss is any reflection of the great Russo-Japanese duel. The Japanese scenes are all of peace. Both calendars are indexed for the illustrations.

—The editor of *Scribner's* must be credited, in the current number, with a unique achievement in securing an account of the Presidential field-sports direct from the pen of the President himself, and so fresh that the blood of the bears slain could even yet presumably be traced on the Colorado hillsides. "How We Defeated the Russians," from the pen of the Mikado, is about the only conceivable way in which this could be surpassed. Perhaps, when it is all over, the President's natural disposition to take the people into his confidence will draw from his full inkhorn a candid description of some of his battles within the walls of the White House, in comparison with which his encounters with the bears and bobcats of Colorado are but child's-play. The Bancroft letters and diaries, in this issue, come down to Mr. Bancroft's return to America, during the summer of 1822. His gratitude to President Kirkland, through whose interest his travel and study abroad had been made possible, was unbounded. "I owe to you," he writes soon after his return, "my intellectual existence, my hopes and my happiness. If I can enter with fine prospects the paths of usefulness and honor, I am indebted for this advantage to you." Russell Sturgis contributes a few paragraphs on the decoration of the Sorbonne, lamenting the fact that the foremost decorative painter of modern times should have been compelled to devote his time to thinking out dreamy schemes of personification and metaphor, though the result gives one "a certain sense of surprising achievement in a direction not wholly admirable and not involving much original thought."

—Mr. Nevinson's third paper in *Harper's* simply adds emphasis to his already well-established thesis that the various legal forms for the supposed regulation of native contract labor in Africa are but the flimsiest kind of cover for genuine human slavery. Just what is to be done about it in an age that no longer feels any enthusiasm for the doctrine of an inalienable human right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, remains to be seen. Mr. Nevinson apparently feels that his task ends simply with demolishing the hypocrisy which would cover the facts under a dis-

guise of fine language. Another instalment from Prof. John Bassett Moore's forthcoming book on American Diplomacy is noticeable chiefly for its clear assertion and illustration of the much forgotten fact that the United States was one of the most potent influences for the political betterment of the entire civilized world from the very start. The experiment of 1898, even under the most favorable interpretation, merely marks a change of method, the results of which have yet to demonstrate their validity. Hamilton W. Mabie pays a brief but very warm tribute to the free kindergarten as a force for the mental and moral uplifting and the Americanization of the masses of children of foreign parentage in the poorer districts of New York city. One may heartily accept all that he says, and still reserve one's opinion as to possible fundamental defects in the kindergarten theory when applied to the education of children unhampered by similar disadvantages.

—Certain phases of the present social and political situation stand out most prominently among the contents of the *Atlantic*. William Allen White pleads for "the Golden Rule" in the life of the masses as the needful ameliorating factor. "Until men cease to wrong one another in small private transactions, they cannot in justice demand as rights the suppression by their Government of similar large public transactions." The logical outcome of this reasoning would remit the whole matter from the courts of law to the field of moral regeneration, yet Mr. White pleads in one portion of his paper for legislative intervention to establish and maintain rates of wages for labor sufficiently high to enable the laboring classes to grow mentally and morally up to the stature necessary for good citizenship. Mr. White seems not to have reasoned the matter out thoroughly enough to appreciate the hard fact that an arbitrary general raising of wages by Government decree is impossible by any other method than the Government assumption of all industries, in order that prices to consumers may be kept at least equal to cost of production, or the deficit made up by some form of taxation. William Z. Ripley supports the President's plans for Government regulation of freight rates, emphasizing at the close of his argument the alleged necessity for such regulation as the only practicable means of forestalling the more radical measure of Government ownership. To many, however, rate regulation by Government order seems rather an entering wedge, likely to open the way to still more forcible assaults in the interest of public ownership. Colonel Higginson writes of "the cowardice of culture," which is always fearful of evil to come from the possession of power by the many. There has been no time in our independent history, he thinks, when it would not have been a calamity rather than a blessing to have been ruled by our highly educated men alone.

—A tenth volume has been added to the great Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office at Washington. It opens with the letter M—anonymous authors' initial, sometimes revealed—and closes with Mnikhovski. *Medicine*, as might have been expected, outranks in bulk all other titles, and fills 280 pages, or as nearly as may be 30 per cent. of the total. Here, as under *Materia Medica*, the recent acquisitions include not a few works published in the sixteenth century; and four such are to be found also under *Magic*. *Man*, *Massage*, *Mastoid*, *Measles*, *Meat*, *Meningitis*, *Milk* (43 pages), and *Marriage* too are very full, and under the last head we find in 1673 a pre-Darwinian vindication of the union of cousins-german. Malthusianism appears to have lost none of its interest, judging from the nineteenth and twentieth-century works here catalogued. An admirable utility of this index, as well as of the collection, is seen in the case of Sir Morell Mackenzie's treatise on 'The Hygiene of the Vocal Organs,' of which the English edition is immediately followed by a display of versions in German, Swedish, Spanish, Dutch, and French. This is a chapter of literary history. For a *cause célèbre* we are indebted to Mrs. Maybrick. Lombroso furnishes the psychopathology of Alessandro Manzoni, and McKinley's case is technically treated in a large number of instances, preceded by a memorial discourse. Among unexpected constituents we notice Richard Madden's 'History of Irish Periodical Literature,' together with sale catalogues of his library and his art relics; and J. C. Merrill's 'Notes on the Ornithology of Southern Texas,' and his posthumous library catalogue. It is noteworthy that, letter for letter, this second series of the Catalogue is one volume ahead of the first.

—Our Minister to Switzerland, Dr. David Jayne Hill, takes diplomacy very seriously. He purposes tracing its history, in six volumes, from the time of the Roman fecials to the present. The attempt is ambitious, but, to judge from the first volume, 'A History of Diplomacy in the International Development of Europe' (Longmans, Green & Co.), hardly likely to prove successful. A history of international law, or of international relations, affords a promising subject, but that of diplomacy, closely defined as it is here, has a fatal weakness. Mr. Hill says in his preface: "A history of diplomacy properly includes not only an account of the progress of international intercourse, but an exposition of the motives by which it has been inspired and the results which it has accomplished." Now to the present reviewer this appears to be the precise contrary of the truth, for it is the history of international intercourse that includes the history of diplomacy, and not the less that includes the greater, as Mr. Hill would have us think. The greatest statesmen—Bismarck, Cromwell, Cavour—have overridden diplomacy rather than been diplomats. Politics in its highest aspects transcends diplomacy, and the historian who selects the lesser field for specialized treatment is thereby reduced to the least pregnant issues. It is perhaps unfair to conclude against Mr. Hill at this stage, and he should be given grace until he reaches, in a subsequent volume, the year 1648, his real starting-point. For the present it will suffice to say that in his first volume, coming down to the year 1250, he merely restates, and not with the hand of a practised mediævalist, a great deal that was in no need of such repetition.

—Mr. W. Morton Fullerton's 'Terres Françaises' (Paris: Armand Colin) is a study in the topology of provincial France. Like M. Bérard, who coined this useful word, Mr. Fullerton is more interested in discussing why a town or an abbey or a castle is here or there than in describing it; that can be left to the mere topographer. His volume contains an account of three tours made in Burgundy, Franche-Comté, and the Narbonnaise. The topologist is really only the intelligent historian under a new name, and so Mr. Fullerton, as he travelled leisurely through the French provinces, saw under the provincial town, of a dulness proportionate to its distance from Paris, the Gallic *oppidum*, and thought more of Hannibal and Vercingetorix than of Bismarck. Bibracte, the Acropolis of the Ædui, the modern Mont Beuvray, roused in him more enthusiasm than any cathedral or abbey in these rather dreary little towns, whose whole interest often seems to centre in their church. The French, he thinks, would do well to devote to their own origins and the local history of their provinces some of the attention that they lavish on Greek excavations. Here is an American making a pilgrimage, with all the sensations of a pilgrim, to the Æduan remains, while the average Frenchman knows more about the discoveries of the French School at Delphi than of the site of the first national assembly of the Gauls at Mont Beuvray. "Une telle montagne, au delà du Rhin, aurait été il y a longtemps consacrée par un discours dithyrambique de l'Empereur, acclamant, aux applaudissements de toutes les tribus germaines, le palladium de la race." With a dithyrambic Emperor, anything may happen, but we doubt whether the French are more indifferent than other nations as to their origins. It is America that furnishes all the reverential historical pilgrims of our day. At the birthplace or the home of every famous man, at the site of every great event, you will find as part of the scenery a well-informed American deploring the ignorance and indifference of the direct heirs of those traditions. Mr. Fullerton dreams of some French Cecil Rhodes who, with what we may call an inverse ambition, shall send the youth of Paris into the provinces to learn how France has become a nation. His meditations on the past of provincial France are interesting enough, and should be in the hands of all who take the same road. But even the French public which he has chosen to address can hardly know its provincial geography as thoroughly as he assumes. In a future edition, therefore, let him provide a map.

TWO SOUTHERNERS ON THEIR PROBLEMS.

The Color Line: A Brief in Behalf of the Unborn. By William Benjamin Smith. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

The Negro: The Southerner's Problem. By Thomas Nelson Page. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

A few years ago a lack of positive and systematic information about, or discussion of, the negro problem made it one of great difficulty to all investigators. During and after the Reconstruction period, there was a crop of books like those of Andrews, Chamberlain, and Pike, which, with many allowances for prepossessions, were at least

mémoires pour servir. Then there was a long interlude without any searching or thoughtful works; now the difficulty is to see the forest for the trees. Half a dozen volumes have recently appeared, illustrating all the points of view, from the old-fashioned "Cursed be Canaan" to the bitter and heartrending cry of the most highly sensitive negro.

Of these various works, two of the most recent are Mr. Page's and Professor Smith's, which may well be considered together because they represent the great truth that equally honest and candid Southern men may stand in different attitudes towards their negro brethren. Professor Smith, who is by profession a mathematician, and who inclines throughout his book to make use of statistical arguments, returns to a good old-fashioned plea which was more in vogue about the time he was born than it is to-day. His fundamental postulate is that the negro is racially inferior to the white man; that he is not simply inferior in degree, but in kind, and that the inferiority is absolutely not to be overcome. This method is really the most logical of the numerous lines of argument in behalf of slavery, for it sweeps away altogether the uncomfortable theory of the natural equality of men, to a large degree disposes of the arguments from Christianity, and goes far to minimize the inherent cruelty and despotism of slavery. If provable, it is an argument that not only justifies slavery, but now justifies any degree of political and social dependence which the white man thinks suitable and which does not run counter to the Constitution of the United States or the statutes against peonage. To support his argument, Professor Smith holds that the negro has made no progress in Africa; that in no time that we can foresee would he become the equal of the white man; that he contributes nothing to American civilization. He appeals to the theory of heredity as opposed to the influence of environment.

This course of argument is much disturbed by such phenomena as Du Bois and Washington, for whom the only explanation that fits the theory is that their gifts are those of white men; and this goes straight back into that paradox which paralyzed the pro-slavery argument, viz., that if a mulatto is white man enough to be great, he is no longer negro enough to be ignored. Professor Smith's main argument, however, is not derived from the intellectual powers or promise of any members of the negro race, so much as from an assumed physical and anatomical inferiority. At almost wearisome length he goes into the question of weight, stature, chest-girth, respiration, power of vision, etc., and to such physical characteristics as the length of the arm, projection of jaw, and cranial sutures. The positive evidence to which he refers is made up of a small number from the records of instances, and no scientific man would commit himself to the doctrine that the thesis could ever be proved or disproved from such narrow bases. The same may be said of Professor Smith's elaborate arguments that the negro is dying out because his birth-rate is diminishing; and, if the death-rate does not also diminish, the balance will eventually be against him. Considering that every decade shows an increase of millions in the negro race, the process of extermination seems not yet to have begun; and considering that, in almost every State and city in the Union, the last ten years (or even five years) of reliable statistics show a reduced rate of increase, it would seem that Professor Smith has simply struck one end of a general, and not a racial, phenomenon. In the present state of vital statistics, the farthest point apparently that can be reached on this subject is the generalization made by Professor Wilcox that the negro birth-rate is decreasing. It would not necessarily prove that he was less than a man if his total number were also decreasing.

All this discussion about the inferiority of the negro, however, is a means to an end with Professor Smith. He is attempting to show the awfulness of amalgamation, and, like most Southern writers upon that subject, he assures you on the one side that the negro is so far below the white that amalgamation is an unthinkable evil, and at the same time in many pages warns his countrymen that amalgamation is a positive danger. If there be a danger, it is because the white people of the South do not feel an innate superiority to the negro race—if the white race are permeated with race consciousness, there is no danger of amalgamation; yet Professor Smith says, "We must insist that the South in this tremendous battle for the race is fighting not for herself only, but for her sister North as well." At the same time Professor Smith insists that by illicit relations with a negro woman a white man "does not impair in any wise the dignity or integrity of his race; he may sin against himself and others, and even against his God; but not against the germ-plasma of his kind." From these arguments Professor Smith, of course, easily advances to the proposition that the reception of Booker Washington by the President of the United States was "an open proclamation from the housetops of society that the South is radically wrong, that no racial distinctions are valued in social life; . . . the unescapable result would be the mongrelization of the South."

The ultimate logic of Professor Smith's book is that since the negro is by nature so far below the level of the white man that he can never rise near it, the South is in danger of racial submersion, unless the Northern people will assist it by turning a cold shoulder socially upon all negroes, of renown or otherwise. The somewhat difficult crossing of the stream between the bases and the outcome of this argument is as skilfully performed by Professor Smith as circumstances will allow.

Thomas Nelson Page has given pleasure to thousands of his countrymen by his previous writings, and he brings to the problem a very different frame of mind: he has nothing to say of heels and shinbones, and much to urge of common interests between the two races. The chapters of his book are made up of articles written at different times for different periodicals, and with different objects in view; so that there is more or less reduplication and some lack of harmony between the different parts of the work; and, as a whole, it leaves upon the mind an impression of the great difficulty of the whole negro question, and of the lack of any positive programme or even happy suggestion for its solution. So far from setting the negroes apart as a race somewhere midway between beasts and men, Mr. Page regards it as unfortunate that the negroes themselves "have long regarded their race as a special species, to be considered from quite a special standpoint, judged by different standards"; and throughout he judges the progress of the negro substantially by a white man's standard. Nevertheless, he insists, as many Southern men do, that "Wherever the negroes and the Southern whites are let alone and are not affected by outside influences, they for the most part live in harmony"; and though he does not deny the right of Northern people to discuss the question, he plainly thinks their influence rather mischievous than otherwise; and he dwells more than most Southerners upon the natural good feeling between the races, especially after the end of the civil war. To his mind the main reason for the disturbance of that kindly relation was the bestowal of suffrage on the negroes, which he holds to have been entirely revengeful: "For this they took eight millions of the Caucasian race, a people which in their devotion and their self-sacrifice, in their transcendent vigor of intellect, their intrepid valor in the field, and their fortitude in defeat, had just elevated their race in the eyes of mankind, and placed them under the dominion of their former slaves." He recognizes the malign influence on the Northern mind of the vagrant laws of 1865; but he cannot forget, and no Southerner can, the disorder and profligacy of the Reconstruction governments. Nevertheless, so far from excluding the negro from the human race, he commends the present suffrage laws in the Southern States because they "will tend to break up the dense solidarity of the negroes, and will give the best among them . . . an opportunity to rise and range themselves in a class where they will be freed from the burden of the ignorant mass which weighs them down, and may form a better class to which the others may aspire." So far from holding the race incapable of improvement, he declares "that the negro has not behaved unnaturally; he has, indeed, in the main behaved well"; and elsewhere, "Unquestionably a certain proportion of the negro race has risen notably since the era of emancipation." Yet he is dissatisfied with the degree of progress, and doubts the estimate of the holdings of property by negroes—a doubt which must be shared by any one who carefully looks into the statistics. In other words, Mr. Page thinks that the upper stratum of negroes has improved a good deal, while the lower stratum may not have improved sensibly.

Of the "demonstrable inferiority of the negro race to the white race," Mr. Page is perfectly sure, and he thinks that the cases of high mental development can all be traced to the influence of whites; indeed, he goes so far as to say that "slavery, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Its time has passed. No power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation." He is equally ready to say in regard to Secession that "the true and ultimate cause of the action of the South was her firm and unwavering adherence to the principle of self-government and her jealous devotion to her inalienable rights." Of the smaller

capacity of the negro to take advantage of his opportunities as shown in the West Indies, in Liberia, and in the Northern States, Mr. Page makes much, and it would be hard to gainsay the force of his arguments. In one respect, however, Mr. Page thinks he sees positive deterioration, namely, in the loss of skilled trades, which he believes they enjoyed in slavery. There were undoubtedly slave carpenters and mechanics, and a few engineers, but all the evidence now obtainable seems to show that, except for blacksmiths and a few like plantation necessities, there were almost no skilled negro mechanics outside the towns in slavery times.

Professor Smith has no remedies to propose for the negro question except to keep the negro down; Mr. Page has several suggestions, few of which he is able to follow out to any practical application. Although he admits that the education of the negroes has been a disappointment to the South, he puts himself squarely upon the ground that "the alleged danger of the educated negro becoming a greater menace to the white than the uneducated is a bugaboo which will not stand the test of light. That this might be true if the white is allowed to remain uneducated, may readily be admitted," and he claims credit for the South for expenditures for negro education. Nevertheless, he ventures to hint that "a crusade against the South based on her attitude towards the negroes . . . might sweep away the last remnant of good feeling that remains, and with it every dollar raised by taxation on the property of the whites to educate the blacks." That is, although negro education is helping to solve the problem, the South may cut it off if its feelings are too much disturbed.

In three different places Mr. Page takes pains to point out the absolute impossibility of the deportation of the negro—a remedy which is still often put forward by Southern writers. Any remedy, Mr. Page says, must be "one that will commend itself to the body of the intelligent whites at the South." The question must be taken out of politics. Any solution must recognize the different classes of negroes, and the negroes themselves must give up their feeling of solidarity. Both races must be raised simultaneously. The North must keep out of the attempt to help the South solve the problem. All these generalities do not bring us any nearer to the solution of the problem. In fact, the only positive suggestion in Mr. Page's book, other than that of continuing education, is "for a reasonably limited number of representative Southern men to meet in conference a reasonable number of those colored men in the South who are more familiar with the actual conditions there, and thus are representative of the most enlightened and experienced portion of that race."

Mr. Page's book is honest, kindly, and, barring a few extravagances, moderate; but the reviewer lays it down in the same disappointed frame of mind as the English squire who tried to get drunk on port, and, after the fourth bottle, remarked, "But I don't seem to get no forrarder."

BABYLONIAN EVIL SPIRITS AND INCANTATIONS.

The Devils and Evil Spirits of Babylonia: Being Babylonian and Assyrian Incantations against the Demons, Ghouls, Vampires, Hobgoblins, Ghosts and Kindred Evil Spirits which Attack Mankind. Translated from the original Cuneiform texts, with transliterations, vocabulary, notes, etc., by R. Campbell Thompson, M.A. Vol. II. "Fever Sickness" and "Headache," etc. London: Luzac & Co. 1904. Pp. liv., 179.

The first volume of Mr. Thompson's 'Devils and Evil Spirits' (reviewed in these columns nearly two years ago) dealt with evil spirit texts as such. The present volume contains the texts of charms for the cure of *Aš̆akku*, which Mr. Thompson translates tentatively 'fever,' and 'headache,' a series of miscellaneous texts of charms for driving out various diseases, a group of texts called *Luḫ-ka*, translated tentatively 'cleansing the mouth,' and supposed to be intended for use in restoring purity to those who have broken the ceremonial laws and thus incurred the punishment of disease, and a little group of texts describing certain supernatural beings whom Mr. Thompson supposes to be akin to the Arabic jinn. While the distinction between disease tablets and evil-spirit tablets is not well defined and the charms and incantations in both cases are substantially the same, it being supposed that every disease is caused by demoniac possession, nevertheless the distinction made in the titles of the two volumes is justified from the texts themselves. Compare, for instance, the differentiation of fever and disease from demoniacal possession in this incantation from the fever series (p. 29):

"Fever unto the man, against his head, hath drawn nigh,
Disease unto the man, against his life, hath drawn nigh,
An evil Spirit against his neck hath drawn nigh,
An evil Demon against his breast hath drawn nigh,
An evil Ghost against his belly hath drawn nigh,
An evil Devil against his hand hath drawn nigh,
An evil God against his foot hath drawn nigh,
These seven together have seized upon him,
His body like a consuming fire they devour(?)"

The texts in this volume were originally written in Sumerian, but almost all of them are furnished with a Semitic-Assyrian interlinear translation. With a few exceptions they came from the library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh, but various references to Ea and Eridu show that they were originally derived from Eridu. The principle of sympathetic magic is on the whole somewhat more pronounced in the tablets of this volume than in those published in Volume I. The sucking pig and virgin kid play an important part in the remedies. The pig or kid is to be killed, cut up, and placed upon the sick man. The heart of the pig, which has been placed upon the sick man's heart, is to be held by him, and the pig's heart is to be as his heart, the blood as his blood, the flesh as his flesh, and the pig is to be in his stead. The virgin kid is dealt with in the same way. Each was placed upon the sick man with a repetition of "the incantation of the deep of Eridu." Another method of sympathetic magic represented in these tablets is the preparation of a figure of the sick man in clay or some similar substance, which figure is then placed upon his loins and the evil spirit charmed into it. The pig or kid or image in which the spirit of disease is thus induced is then destroyed or cast away.

In his introduction Mr. Thompson calls attention to the New Testament miracle of exorcising the evil spirits into the herd of swine, which are then destroyed in the Sea of Galilee, and suggests a parallelism of ideas between this miracle and the charm of the sucking pig. This may seem somewhat forced, but it is a fact that New Testament ideas and even expressions with regard to possession by demons are at times parallel to the expressions and ideas contained in these Sumerian magical texts. As pointed out in the introduction to the first volume, Sumerian magic, which was a well-developed system at the time when the Babylonian-Semites entered the land, not only was adopted by them but also affected the whole of Hither Asia, and passed over thence into Europe. This does not mean that other peoples did not have somewhat similar conceptions of disease as occasioned by evil spirits and the like, but that the formulated and developed system of the Sumerians was so much in advance of their crude and undeveloped thought that it was in general adopted by them, so that Sumerian magic may be said to be the parent of the magical systems of Syria and the West.

This little fragment (p. 27) of an incantation, by which a demon is to be driven back to the desert, accords with a common conception which we meet in the New Testament, the Old Testament, and generally in Oriental folklore, of the place of abode of evil spirits:

"O evil Spirit! To thy desert!
O evil Demon! To thy desert!
O evil Ghost! To thy desert!
O evil Devil! To thy desert!"

The incantations are regularly cast in poetic form, and sometimes the description of the disease and its working is highly dramatic and impressive (p. 11):

"The evil Fever hath come like a deluge, and
Girt with dread brilliance it filleth the broad earth,
Enveloped in terror it casteth fear abroad;
It roameth through the street, it is let loose in the road;
It standeth beside a man, yet none can see it,
It sitteth beside a man, yet none can [see it].
When it entereth the house its appearance is unknown,
When it goeth forth from the house it is not perceived."

In his introduction Mr. Thompson calls attention to the great importance of the *name* in this system of magic, and in fact in magical systems in general. The name of the disease and of the demon which caused the disease must be pronounced, and also the name of a good spirit or deity strong enough to overcome the evil spirit which has possessed the patient. External appliances and charms are not of themselves effective, but only in connection with the proper use of the *name*. It is for this reason that he who applies the incantation must commence with some statement showing that he acts in the name of a god. In the Eridu tablets, Ea and his son Marduk are the names of power, and the common introductory formula, usually indicated by a few catchwords only, relates how Marduk saw the sick man and went to Ea, etc. The evil spirit is likewise sometimes identified by a story, as in the legend of the worm that causes toothache by feeding on the gums, which is meant to show

that the person making the incantation knows the cause of the disease. Often a considerable number of names of evil spirits or kinds of evil spirits are used, so that the right one may surely be mentioned, it being impossible in many cases to determine precisely the cause of the evil. Mr. Thompson points out that this idea of the compelling power over demons of the holy name was taken up into Jewish and Christian magic, so that the exorcisms of the mediæval monks were the same in principle as the charms and incantations of the old Sumerians. He might have pointed out more distinctly how early this commenced in Christian practice, as shown by the emphasis laid by the writer of the Acts of the Apostles on the fact that demons were conjured and disease healed by the name of Jesus.

Mr. Thompson points out further that there was something of the nature of taboo (he prefers to write it *tapu*) among the Sumerians and their Semitic successors. The breach of ceremonial laws, of which the sinner might not himself be conscious, brought upon him calamity in the form of disease, and to remove this calamity atonement must be made to appease the offended gods or spirits. The word used for atonement is *kuppuru*, the equivalent of the Hebrew *kipper*, which latter word Mr. Thompson thinks was taken over by the Jews from the Babylonians at the time of the Captivity. He mentions some forms of atonement for taboo in the Hebrew Levitical law (p. li.):

"A woman after childbirth (Lev. xii., 2 ff.).
"A person touching anything unclean (Lev. v., 2 ff.).
"A man or woman with an issue, or similar uncleanness (Lev. xv., 2 ff.).
"A Nazarite defiled by touching a dead body (Numb. vi.).
"Leprosy, and the house wherein leprosy breaks out" (Numb. xiv., 18, 53)";

but he fails to cite or apparently to appreciate the much more strikingly parallel Hebrew laws of atonement for unknown trespass contained in the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of Leviticus. The theory of those laws is that if any calamity, sickness, disease, or the like come upon a man, it is due to some breach of law, ceremonial or moral (to make a modern distinction), witting or unwitting; and the disease or calamity was removed only by atonement. The general principle underlying these laws is identical with that represented in the incantations dealing with the *mamit* or ban which has fallen upon a man (p. 119):

"Ban! Ban! Barrier that none can pass,
Barrier of the gods that none may break,
Barrier of heaven and earth that none can change,
Which no god may annul,
Nor god nor man can loose,
A snare without escape, set for evil,
A net whence none can issue forth, spread for evil."

The nature of the transgressions which cause the evil in both the Sumerian and the Jewish codes is well set forth in the following (pp. 137 f.):

"While he walked in the street,
. . . while he walked in the street,
While he made his way through the broad places,
While he walked along the streets and ways,
He trod in some libation that had been poured forth, or
He put his foot in some unclean water,
Or cast his eye on the water of unswashen hands,
Or came in contact with a woman of unclean hands,
Or glanced at a maid with unwashed hands,
Or his hand touched a bewitched woman,
Or he came in contact with a man of unclean hands,
Or saw one with unwashen hands,
Or his hand touched one of unclean body."

Mr. Thompson's suggestion that the Jewish law of atonement was derived from Babylonia at the time of the Captivity is, we believe, incorrect. While the original connection of the two is clear, the differences in detail are too great to admit of this direct derivation. The relation of the two is rather the same as that of the Babylonian and Hebrew stories of the Flood, secondary, not primary.

The close of the incantation of the ban, quoted above, is interesting as illustrating the use of the magical bowl. After the introduction, already cited, this incantation seeks to cover the ground of the particular affliction for which the remedy is to be applied, whether caused by evil spirit, evil demon, evil ghost, etc.—may he be caught in the snare of Ea, closed in a dwelling from which he cannot get out, and the like—ending with this definite statement (p. 125): "With a bason without opening may they cover it." Now this is precisely the method of exorcism or banning of evil spirits practised by the Jews in Babylonia, as shown by recent excavations. Great numbers of bowls have been found inscribed within with incantations, generally in Jewish script, against evil spirits, and sometimes with demon figures. These bowls were placed on the floors of the houses, mouth down, for the purpose of imprisoning the evil spirit, who otherwise would have injured the occupants.

Most curious is the little series of tablets to which Mr. Thompson refers in his preface as containing descriptions of a number of supernatural beings. The first contains a precise description of a little clay figure of a woman, naked from the waist up, suckling a babe on her left breast, of which great numbers have been found in Babylonian explorations. After describing the little figure accurately, the tablet closes with the words: "Her name is Nin-tu, a form of the Goddess Mah" (p. 149). This is the mother goddess to whom, Mr. Thompson suggests, barren women made votive offerings in the hope of receiving offspring. The other descriptions are not so readily identifiable, and the purpose of the whole series is by no means plain. Possibly figures of all these demons were offered as votives for certain purposes. That charm tablets were themselves offered as votives to the gods is shown by the inscription on the reverse of one such charm, which recites that it was presented as a votive offering to Nabu; whether to secure his interference, or because this incantation used in his name had wrought a cure, is not clear.

We notice occasional unnecessary repetitions: precisely the same account of the use of the young pig, virgin kid, etc., is given in both volumes, and the extremely interesting and curious legend of the worm a translation of which was given in the introduction of the first volume, appears with text, translation, and photographic plate at the close of the second volume. The texts are printed on one page in Roman transliteration, and on the opposite page appears the translation. There are a few footnotes, one of which informs us that a certain tablet was written in the 129th year of the Seleucidan era, that is, 183 B. C. (p. 63). Evidently these incantations continued to be used in the original Sumerian tongue centuries after it had become a dead language, the language itself having a mystical value like Latin in the Middle Ages. The Semitic interlinear translations indicate a scientific and scholarly interest of the learned class in the actual meaning of the words of the charm. That the original sense had in some cases been lost when they were made is clear from the imperfections of the translations.

The second volume closes with a brief vocabulary of selected words from the texts, the translation of which is still in a somewhat tentative condition. The work is a welcome and valuable addition to our knowledge of the evil spirit lore of Babylonia, which was an integral and perhaps the most essential part of its practical religious system.

History of Ancient Pottery, Greek, Etruscan and Roman. By H. B. Walters, M.A., F.S.A. Based on the work of Samuel Birch. In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905. Pp. xxxvi., 504; xiv., 588.

The preface of this book relates very briefly the steps in the study of ancient pottery which have made possible so extensive and so elaborate a work. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, published long ago his invaluable and very original work. There was nothing like it—there never has been anything like it. It was republished in a much enlarged edition in 1873, just in time to help us in America when we were compelled to receive and study in haste the extraordinary collections brought from Cyprus. That was the last edition of Birch's book; and he, a very old man, did not try to carry it to later editions or to incorporate with it, in other forms, any record of the remarkable advances made from year to year in the knowledge of the subject. Neither did any other writer take up his task. There are, of course, huge and costly books devoted to the illustration of Greek vases, and the Germans have taken the lead in this, as in so many kindred subjects. The catalogues of certain museums are of vast importance in the study, and contain a deal of very closely packed though unclassified information. The English enthusiasts for purity in art have studied the figure-drawing and painting on the vases, in minute detail. No part of all this production has tended to replace in any way the epoch-making work of Samuel Birch, so that now, when it becomes possible to publish a new edition, it is found that, even after certain branches of the subject have been separated from it—left for future treatment—the book is enlarged to nearly twice the size of even the latest edition of Birch's volume. This work has been done by Henry B. Walters, an assistant keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum, a university prizeman, and the author of special catalogues and (as stated in 'Who's Who') of a so-called 'Little Book on Greek Art,' which has not come our way.

Now what are the deletions? What is it that has been omitted from the programme as arranged by Birch? It is all that is not Greek nor Greco-Italian. Egyp-

tian pottery, ancient Oriental pottery such as that from Mesopotamia and Syria, and the "pottery of the Celts and of Northern Europe," have been left out of the new work. We have, then, in the two volumes, seventeen chapters devoted to Greek vases and their decoration, and one chapter devoted to "Etruscan and South Italian pottery"; five chapters on Roman pottery, by which is meant the pottery of Italy under the Roman rule; and, finally, brief mention of earthenware found in Britain, Gaul, and Germany, but evidently of the Roman Imperial epoch.

There are thus three times as many pages devoted to Greco-Roman ceramic ware as were found necessary in even an exhaustive treatise of thirty years ago. This comes of a really prodigious advance in the amount of accumulated knowledge and in the variety and thoroughness of the philosophical examination of the subject. The preface to this book states the case in these words: "For the historical account of vase-painting in Birch's second edition one chapter of forty pages sufficed; it now extends to six chapters." A similar increase in the space occupied is found in the matter of the pictorial subjects with which the vases are adorned. Nothing remains nearly as it was thirty years ago except Part I., occupying the first five chapters of the first volume, and dealing with the technical part of the subject. Even there, however, the chapter concerned with the sites and circumstances of discovery is very largely new, as indeed it had to be. Even where nothing was to be added as to the place of discovery, there is still much to say about the conditions of discovery and the conditions of preservation—the shapes and distributions of the tombs in which vases were found, and more especially the conditions and the nature of terra-cotta statuary and members of architectural compositions.

With the enlargement of the text, there has come a great increase in the number of illustrations. There are now 69 plates, and many are in color—that is to say, in the red and black made necessary for the proper showing off of painted vases. The rest are half-tone pictures, exhibiting chiefly the forms of vases, though the painted figures and ornaments are still intelligible in their black-and-white reproduction. There are, moreover, 250 text illustrations, giving forms and patterns more roughly but still with an approximation to accuracy. Some of them are the wood-cuts of the former editions; others are rough and slight photographic renderings, well enough adapted to explain the text.

We have spoken hitherto as if painted vases formed the chief subject of the book. Of course, they take up the greatest number of pages; and indeed it is disappointing to find that very little more space is given to the statuettes found at Tanagra, in Sicily and in Syria, than was given in the old book of thirty years ago. On the other hand, the discussion of Roman and Roman-provincial statuettes and reliefs of terra-cotta is most interesting, and appears to be very complete. The reader is reminded of the great interest which has been shown of late years in the study of those reliefs in stucco which adorn the walls and stone vaults of buildings discovered or explored in recent times in Rome and in the neighborhood of the city. The terra-cotta reliefs mentioned in this book are often of kindred artistic interest. Thus, the two reliefs shown in Plate LXI., representing the one the dance of the Curetes around the infant Zeus, according to the Cretan legend, and the other a similar story of divine infancy, "Dionysos in the Liknon-Cradle" (that is to say, in the winnowing basket associated with his worship), and attended by a faun and a menad, are interesting quite beyond the ordinary range of fragments of late classical art because the material, the low relief, and the scale of the work all agree so perfectly with the daring, the even extravagant character of the design. So, in Plate LXII., are given reliefs of the youthful Theseus lifting the rock, and a group of priestesses with their sacred utensils, in which sculptures a somewhat graver and more restrained method of design has been used with equal freshness and vigor of modelling. The conclusions drawn by intelligent archæologists during the last ten years with reference to the semi-independent nature of Augustan-Roman art—an art Greek only in its ultimate origin, and separated in the details of its conception by a whole world of time and conditions from Greek art of the central age—are borne out by these plates and by the discussion, fifty pages long, which accompanies them. The chapter on Roman lamps which follows is, although of less interest to the art student, of great importance to the investigator of ancient sociology.

Still, however, Greek vases are the central theme. The supreme importance of this subject in modern opinion is exemplified by the bibliography, of which Part II. is devoted to vases alone and excludes, of course, references to periodicals. This Part II. is of twelve and a half pages, and contains therefore nearly 300 titles; and it need hardly be suggested that these are all works of accepted authority, the slighter and more popular manuals being neglected. The fact is, that Greek vases have always attracted the most earnest study of thinkers of various classes. The archæologist pure and simple finds in them an endless, a simply inexhaustible subject of theory and speculation, and a series of dogmas upon which he can base those conclusions which are styled "facts" in an historical sense—facts until their certainty is called in question. The student of manners and of costume finds an inexhaustible subject of investigation in the outline drawings and the paintings in red and black upon their swelling sides. The student of Greek poetry and legend has an unending source of wonder and cause of close thought and inquiry in the scenes represented, which may be "Homeric" or from legends earlier than Homer, and which again may be based upon versions of the Greek fable that have perished altogether or have left no detailed record behind. There is, too, the constantly recurring question as to the universality of the stories as we have them in those works of Grecian literature which have survived. Was it in that way that all Greek-speaking people of all the Mediterranean lands which they inhabited thought of the legends in question? And, finally, the artist's interest in the Greek vase-painting is infinite and most varied, because, while the decorative quality of the pieces is not preeminently great, and while a room adorned with the finest pottery of Attica is, after all, not made brilliant by its contents, yet the pieces taken separately in the hand convey to the student the loftiest and most stimulating lessons in the way of storied art applied to decorative purpose.

Musical Studies. By Ernest Newman. John Lane. 1905.

A great change has come over the spirit of English musical criticism in the last decade or two. Before the nineties there were able writers in London, but even those who, like Dr. Hueffer, saw that there was something in music besides Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, never dared to lay rough hands on the old idols. Then came some men who, like naughty boys in school, threw paper balls at everybody and everything. They did no harm, but actually achieved some good by forcibly calling attention to the fact that some of the old things might be bad and some of the new ones good. Another type of the present-day criticism is personified in Mr. Ernest Newman, who, while always preserving his dignity, does not hesitate to speak out his mind freely in regard to both the older and the younger masters; to refer, for instance, to "Beethoven's nonsensical remark about the Pastoral Symphony being 'more the expression of feeling than painting,'" on the one hand, and on the other to rebuke his own countrymen by remarking, with reference to the "Margaret" movement of Liszt's "Faust" symphony: "In face of this divine piece of music alone the present neglect of Liszt's work in England is something inexplicable."

Mr. Newman also ventures to fly in the face of public opinion with a few pages of very depreciative remarks on Gounod's "Faust." Here he is decidedly in error. Whatever the faults of what is, after "Carmen," the best opera ever written outside of Germany (unless Verdi's "Aïda" be excepted), it has the divine gift of melody; and it is the almost utter lack of this gift that will make Mr. Newman's particular idol of the moment, Richard Strauss, an ephemeral figure on the musical stage. The essay, in the present volume, on this maker of megatherian tone-poems would be more amazing had it not been preceded by a similar panegyric in this country, waggishly perpetrated by Mr. James Huneker, who is noted for his virtuosity in paradox and self-contradiction, and who has already lowered his admiration of Strauss several pegs. Mr. Newman attributes to Strauss pretty nearly everything except the creation of the world. He is "a master of orchestral effect such as the world had never seen"; he "stands proudly, loftily alone, unique among musicians"; he has been "unconsciously evolving a musical bias that was to remould the æsthetics of music"; he "appears to be wildly artificial because he is absolutely natural"; he is "the destroyer of . . . all previous values, . . . the creator at once of a new expression and a new form"; he has shown that the symphonic poem is the real music of the future, and will bring about "the ultimate passing away" of the opera; he has emancipated music "from the tyranny of the voice"; he is the first who has sufficiently appreciated "the astringent quality of the discord"; he is "the first complete realist in music"; he makes "one ask one's self whether it is

possible for music to develop farther than this." This, and much more of the same sort, Mr. Newman tells his amused and incredulous readers, most of whom, in all probability, see in R. Strauss nothing more than an unbalanced, extravagant imitator of Berlioz and Liszt, who has added absolutely nothing new to musical form, and very little of value to its substance; whose orchestration is far inferior in sensuous charm and emotional warmth to that of Johann Strauss, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, Grieg; and who is also vastly behind these men and other contemporary musicians in the capacity of creating new melodies, which decides the ultimate rank of composers.

Oddly enough, in the last seven pages of his book, an appendix to the Strauss essay, Mr. Newman seems to have suddenly discovered that his idol is, after all, stuffed with sawdust. This appendix is concerned with Strauss's latest work, the "Domestic Symphony," which had its first performance in New York. Nearly all of its composer's German admirers consider it his master-work, and it is certainly quite as good as any of its predecessors; yet our author takes it to be "the work of an enormously clever man, who was once a genius." To his mind, there is "not a memorable theme in it"; and, concerning the man who, on p. 259, was the "wielder of the mightiest orchestral language ever yet spoken," we are told frankly (on p. 301) that he "wants to wear all the clothes in his wardrobe at once," his work being "grossly overscored, a good third of the notes being perfectly superfluous." As for his "remoulding the æsthetics of music," there is, in truth, "a strain of foolishness in Strauss, that always prompts him to go through the heavy farce of mystifying his hearers at first" by saying he wants his new work to be taken as absolute music, yet giving a few words of the clue to his literary scheme to-day, and a few more to-morrow, until the story is complete. In the case of the "Domestic," he has "thought it worth while to put about a hundred people to a great deal of trouble and expense in order to suggest the imbecile spectacle of a baby shrieking in its bath; and I think it is time the world protested against so much of its leisure and its funds being taken up with sheer inanities of this kind." Verily, Mr. Newman's postscript is the most important thing in his letter.

In the other essays of this volume we find our author much more sane and satisfactory, and less self-contradictory. We were not particularly interested in his attempt to trace "a curious similarity between the æsthetic systems" of Wagner and Maeterlinck; but his chapter on "Herbert Spencer and the Origin of Music" is a notable specimen of brilliant dialectics, which leaves that philosopher (who should never have ventured into a field in which his ignorance was so dense) floundering in the mire. Mr. Newman's contention is that "music has its origin, not in speech, but in the venting of vague emotion in mere vague sounds." Better still than his demolition of Spencer are the two longest section of his book, which are concerned with Berlioz and with Programme Music. He fails, indeed, to prove that Berlioz belongs in the first rank of composers (for that, his melodic faculty was too weak), but he does much to correct the popular misconception of that interesting Frenchman as a volcano that was perpetually in a stage of eruption; giving a list of his works, with brief characterizations of them, to show how few of them deserve the epithet of "extravagant." He admits that the last thirty years of Berlioz's life were a failure to redeem the promise of his first period, and his theory regarding this is that he was overflowing with ideas in his younger days, and that there was a gradual failure of them in his latest years, owing to the terrible physicial tortures he endured from his intestinal neuralgia and the large quantities of morphia he had to take to still his pangs.

The essay on Programme Music is unquestionably the most lucid, original, and convincing discussion of that question ever printed. All those (their number is still considerable) who still fancy that music with a definite pictorial or literary substratum or programme is an illegitimate branch of the art, may have their brains cleared of cobwebs by reading this chapter. Whereas most of the older orchestral music of any value was absolute music, most of the later works of value come under the head of programme music; and the momentum of the latter species seems to be increasing every year. "One has only to take up a catalogue of the Russian, French, German, Belgian, American, or even English, music published during the last twenty years, to see how enormously this form of art has grown, and how the really big men all display a marked liking for it." We are very far from agreement with Mr. Newman in all of his ideas as to the reasons for this change or his forecast of the future—his strictures on the opera, in particular, are absurdly insular, and he fails to perceive that Liszt applied Wagner's principles to the symphony; but, on the whole, we must commend this chapter as a masterly specimen of original reasoning, rare in musical literature.

Metapsychical Phenomena, Methods, and Observations. By Dr. J. Maxwell, Translated by L. I. Finch, with a new chapter containing "a complex case," by Professor Richet, and an account of some recently observed phenomena by the Translator. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. xiii., 448.

This is certainly one of the most remarkable contributions to the literature of "Psychical Research," and impressive enough to deserve, though hardly to need, the two prefaces with which two distinguished men of science have supported it—the one, by Prof. Charles Richet, the physiologist of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and (with the book itself) translated from the French; the other, by the well-known physicist who presides over the University of Birmingham, Sir Oliver Lodge. The latter's introduction informs us that Dr. Maxwell was originally a lawyer, being indeed at present the Deputy Attorney-General of the Bordeaux Court of Appeal, who has for ten years devoted his leisure to the study of psychical phenomena, and, in order better to do so, studied medicine and proceeded to the doctorate. It is evident, therefore, that he possesses what would seem to be the ideal qualifications for the handling of a very perplexing and treacherous subject, while the book itself testifies further to his intelligence and literary ability. Now when a man of this calibre vouches for his personal observations of supernormal happenings, he may well expect to extort a moment's attention even from the most contentedly skeptical, and when his testimony is most calculated to stagger belief.

It would require a singularly open mind to accept Dr. Maxwell's conclusions at first hearing without reluctance. He has devoted special attention to what are known as "the physical phenomena of spiritualism," with the result that he practically rehabilitates the old-fashioned "raps" and table-turnings. These he has constantly observed under the most favorable conditions, in broad daylight and without contact. After experimenting with many mediums, private and professional, he seems recently to have discovered in a friend of his, a gentleman of scientific training, who is called "M. Meurice," a medium of singular power. Some of his performances—*e. g.*, in attracting light articles of furniture by "passes," and producing raps on an open umbrella which "look like drops of some invisible fluid falling on the silk" (p. 278)—are as extraordinary as anything recorded by the most credulous spiritists, and much better evidenced. For they were witnessed not only by Dr. Maxwell, but also by Professor Richet and a "Dr. X.," who is apparently too great a medical personage to compromise his name, and seem to have been well observed. This medium, in short, seems destined to accomplish for the "physical" phenomena much the same as Mrs. Piper has done for the "intellectual," and his feats are as difficult to account for on any hypothesis of fraud. It is earnestly to be hoped, therefore, that other men of science can be induced to avail themselves betimes of the unique opportunity of further testing this remarkable medium, and that in subsequent reports we shall be furnished, at least in some cases, with all the dry and precise details of the conditions of experiment, which Dr. Maxwell usually omits. He holds, rightly enough, that enough detail can never be given to silence the cavils of a sufficiently determined and ingenious skeptic. But, after all, there are minds less prejudiced who would like to judge reasonably for themselves of the adequacy of the precautions.

It should be noted further that, though Dr. Maxwell is, of course, quite familiar with the spiritistic interpretation of these strange phenomena, he is loth to accept it. He prefers to adopt the hypothesis of a physical nerve-force to account for the movements observed, and of a "general consciousness" to account for the intelligence displayed. But throughout he keeps theory discreetly in the background, and very candidly avows that not only with the regular mediums, but also with "M. Meurice," the phenomena spontaneously assumed a spiritistic form and tendency. Some, indeed, of the proofs of "spirit-identity" given him are very nearly as good as anything of the sort yet recorded. Finally, it should be said that, in spite of its size, Dr. Maxwell's book is eminently readable, although the translator has admitted a good many disfiguring gallicisms. An index was worth providing.

Five Years in a Persian Town. By Napier Malcolm. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905. Pp xvi, 272. 12 illustrations.

The town is Yezd, and what we have is a description of Yezd, or, rather, of the people of Yezd, from a missionary's point of view. Mission work itself is kept in the background, but the attitude naturally remains. The description is good and wonderfully objective, considering that Mr. Malcolm has really attempted to express in intelligible formulæ the essentials of a racial and religious character which had worried and puzzled him. The strain of the worry shows; but he has worked out very fairly some general attitudes which command respect if not complete acquiescence —character is too full of incommensurables ever to permit finality. One of his most fertile ideas is the effect of environment—the desert, with its separated plants each in a hermit existence, the solitary village visible at a day's journey on the even plain, the uniform mountain range, an atmosphere which shows a wealth of isolated units but checks all coördination. It is not that you cannot see the wood for the trees; there are only trees but no wood. So he sums up thus :

"I think I am right in saying that it all points to the fact that the great difference between Persia and Europe is that the Persian tends to take things piecemeal, and the European to regard ideas in their relation to others. At the same time this is not always at once obvious. A European is firmly convinced of the value of scientific knowledge, and will decorate a man who has discovered all that there is to be discovered about a black beetle. Here the Persian will laugh at the European, as he also will when the European rewards highly extreme excellence in the practical trivialities of life. But it is obvious that these exceptions are more apparent than real. The Persian is like a man who has got a pair of glasses that give him a very clear view of a very small field of vision. He does not view things absolutely piecemeal, but he generally regards only a very small area at a time. A man who picks up shells with an idea of adding to the general store of human knowledge is to him an imbecile; but he is only willing to pay the same attention to an invention like Marconi's that he would to an improved hair-wash" (p. 163 f.).

Naturally, a five years' residence, while it destroys the traveller's keen sense for the strange, does not give that depth of familiarity which such an attempt as this demands. Thus, it is plain that Mr. Malcolm's studies in Muhammadanism as a faith and a science had not gone very deep; the chances would be high against his passing examination in theology or law. So we have the extraordinary statement that "the Mussulman does not pretend to know anything about the attributes of Deity" (p. 84); as a fact, Muhammadan theologians, always protecting themselves with the doctrine of God's essential "difference" from man, have entered upon the most elaborate catalogization of the divine attributes. The fundamental conception, too, of the *sunna*, the usage of Muhammad, has evidently not been thoroughly apprehended (pp. 73 ff., 124 ff.). A fuller appreciation of its habit-forming power and, still more, of its multiform and contradictory elements would have cleared up much. Similarly the question of motive or purpose in an action will be found at length in the canon-law of Islam and even, in criticism of its perversion, in the 'Arabian Nights' tale of Abu Niya and Abu Niyatain—he of one motive and he of two. But, for all that, the book fulfils its purpose excellently, and makes a fair guess at some Persian characteristics. The illustrations—photographs and reproductions of native paintings—are very good.

La Nature et la Vie. Par Henry de Varigny. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905. 18mo, jésus, pp. 356.

Although it is the essential aim of physical science to explain phenomena without resort to any hypothesis of a direct action of mind upon matter (not but that mind *does* act on matter in any common-sense understanding of the phrase, of course), yet many of us are attracted to certain results of biological study with a quality of interest only to be accounted for as being grounded upon some vague hope of getting light from them upon the mystery of the life we feel within us. It is to such readers that M. de Varigny addresses himself. His nineteen chapters, arranged in seven parts, wear, in the table of contents, a vague air of consecutive thought; and precisely so they appear when one comes to read them. They are composed of anecdotal facts of natural history strung upon a thread of reason without which they would lose half their charm, which is very considerable. In the way neither of observation nor of reflection has M. de Varigny much to communicate that is original; but he tells us much that is recent, and tells it with scientific accuracy.

By simply chatting about a few fair specimens of the work, we shall best convey an idea of its quality. The first chapter discusses the question of how life first came upon the cooling earth. Throughout, the author abstains from explicitly laying down any conclusions. As the advertisement puts it, his pages "n'ont rien d'un traité didactique." But his statement of the evidences pretty nearly amount to acceptance of Kelvin's theory that life was imported upon an aerolite; and perhaps that is the best opinion in the present state of science, though for quite different reasons from these which Varigny commends. To begin with, the author admits, as scientific men mostly do, that Pasteur proved that there is no such thing as spontaneous generation. Yet Clifford demonstrated to the satisfaction of every competent logician that Pasteur only refuted a particular argument, and left the general question untouched. For the hypothesis of spontaneous generation is that, under a certain complex combination of circumstances which may occur in the whole mass of the ocean once in a hundred centuries or so, living protoplasm will be produced; and all that Pasteur did was to show that in certain flasks of broth—say one or two hundred litres in all—no life was produced in several months. If Clifford were to meet a person who thought this a sound inductive argument against the possibility of spontaneous generation (say, M. de Varigny), the following conversation might ensue:

Clifford—Suppose that a little over a century ago, when the possibility of aerolites was disputed, a man had carefully prepared a quarter of an acre of ground so that nothing could fall upon it undetected, and had closely watched it for a whole day and night without catching a single stone from the skies. Do you think that that would have amounted to solid proof that no aerolite could have fallen in any civilized country during the previous four hundred years? Or do you think it would have been an argument of only moderate value, or how should you esteem it?

Varigny—It would have been a silly performance because of the insignificance of the area and of the duration of the experiment as compared with four centuries.

Clifford—Yet, estimating the value of the argument on that principle, it is hundreds of times as strong as the inference from Pasteur's half barrel of broth to the million and a half millions of millions of tons of sea water and the thousands of centuries of time that are in question.

Varigny—Well, you must admit that Pasteur proved that nobody had ever observed spontaneous generation; and reduced it to the rank of a bare possibility, a mere fancy. Now do you mean to say that scientific men should give up their time to the examination of the host of fanciful things that the idle from time to time amuse themselves by believing in?

Clifford—No; but I think that to argue that because it is not wise for a scientific man to bother with a certain supposed phenomenon, therefore that phenomenon does not exist, is uncommonly bad reasoning.

The probabilities seem at present to be decidedly against the theory that life came upon the earth by spontaneous generation, not because if such a phenomenon were possible it ought to have shown itself in Pasteur's flasks during his weeks of experimentation, but, on the contrary, because, even if the event be possible, the whole mass of the sea and the whole time since the solar system was a nebula fall short by millions upon millions of multiples of being sufficient to render the requisite combination of circumstances probable. For we know, what was not known in Clifford's time, that a molecule of protoplasm is composed of thousands of atoms; and very likely thousands of molecules must concur to produce life. These atoms, too, must all be arranged in certain ways. It would seem, then, though we really know next to nothing about it, that for such a combination to occur by pure chance must require the fortuitous satisfaction of at least a hundred independent conditions. Now how rapidly can we imagine these conditions to be satisfied? If we suppose that in every single molecule of water they are satisfied as frequently as light vibrates, the probability of the fortuitous occurrence of one molecule of protoplasm in the mass of the sea in a million million centuries would be so small that one might call it a miracle. The merit of Kelvin's idea is that it opens our prison doors. We are no longer limited to this puddle of an ocean or to the twinkling of an eye that has elapsed since the solar system was a nebula, but have the whole vast universe of space and time to draw upon, in which it may be that living protoplasm was produced fortuitously in sufficient quantity to reproduce itself. M. de Varigny shows that there is no serious objection to Kelvin's theory. As it is sometimes stated, it seems to make life inexplicable; and that is the greatest logical sin an explanatory hypothesis can fall into. But the true effect of Kelvin's theory is to open a wider field of possibility.

Among other entertaining chapters are those concerning an indispensable poison (carbonic acid and its effects upon climate), concerning the advantages of degeneration and concerning universal interdependence. In the last we learn that in New Zealand ill-managed lumbering spoiled the oysters, which were attacked by a parasitic worm that increased when more mud was washed down in the rivers. The penultimate part of the work is entitled "Ce que veut la Nature." This was inevitable. This crystallizes the interest which was in solution throughout. But biology, as M. de Varigny rightly says, "will have none of final causes at any price whatever." Now, then, can it tell us "ce que veut la Nature?" It can give no other answer than that which we read in 1852 in a little brown book republished by Ticknor. The *poet* ought to know "ce que veut la Nature." The man of science ought not to know; and if he does, it is surreptitiously.

The Ethics of Imperialism: An Enquiry whether Christian Ethics and Imperialism are Antagonistic. By Albert R. Carman. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co. 1905.

This is an inquiry into what the author calls the apparent quarrel between "some phases of the system of ethics" which Christians accept as a revelation from the Deity and "the spirit of Imperialism," accompanied by an attempt at a reconciliation. The nature of the difficulty is easy enough to state, and is set forth in the first chapter, called "The Paradox." Christian ethics are altruistic, and involve the brotherhood of man and nations. Imperialism is nationalist, and involves hostility between nations. The ethical system of the author is not that of Spencer, whom he criticises, but his own, and we confess that we do not fully understand it, and shall therefore refrain from attempting to restate it. But of one thing we feel very certain, that he has not succeeded in reconciling Christianity and Imperialism, for the simple reason that in practice they are irreconcilable. Christian ethics involves Peace on Earth wherever possible, and Imperialism involves War on Earth wherever advantageous, and hence there is no common ground for the two systems to rest upon. They can be made to coexist, as so many other things in a queer world can, by our sometimes behaving like Christians and sometimes like Imperialists. When we arbitrate national differences, or refuse to fight if not attacked, we act like Christians; when we get up wars for the sake of expansion or trade, we play the rôle of Imperialists. This is part of the inconsistency of human nature, which explains a great many things otherwise very difficult to understand.

Mr. Carman seems to us to labor under the delusion that his paradox can be got over by a *systematic* reconciliation of opposites both of which he believes (no doubt correctly) to be involved in the scheme of evolution. But this is too deep for any one but a philosopher. Evolution reconciles everything historically, but logical and moral difficulties remain what they were before; and, despite all Mr. Carman's acumen, the reader continues to feel that the "paradox" is unsolved, though it remains perfectly natural as a phenomenon of the human mind and conscience, deeply embedded in original perversity.

Betting and Gambling: A National Evil. Edited by S. Seebohm Rowntree. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

This is a collection of papers by various hands, intended to set forth the present state of gambling and betting in England, as well as the measures of law designed to repress it, together with suggestions for their amendment. The point brought out with great distinctness is that, in the last fifty years, betting and gambling in England have, like so many other things, become democratized. Two generations ago they were still the vices of the upper classes; to-day, in England as elsewhere, they have spread throughout the whole community. Another point of importance, of which much shocking evidence is given in this volume, is that there is throughout the country a regular propaganda of gambling, through house-to-house solicitation. Not merely does the tout knock at the door of the industrious workman, and offer him opportunities of risking his money on chances of which he knows nothing, but, in the absence of the workman himself, the "runner" besieges the women of his family and leads them to stake earnings entrusted to them for household purposes. The chapter on "Gambling among Women" is full of sickening details of this sort, apparently amply vouched for by responsible witnesses.

When we come to the question of repression, great difficulties arise. Public gaming and betting may be suppressed, as the old "tables" in the Kursaals of Germany have been suppressed; betting may be legitimated and "elevated" by a system of licenses and inspection; but, to judge by this book, the main reliance must be in the long run on the enlightenment of the masses. A good chapter is that on "The Deluded Sportsman," contributed by a bookmaker, who shows very conclusively that the man who puts money on a horse against the professional invariably in the long run loses; this is the principle on which the business of bookmaking is founded.

The Declaration of Independence: An Interpretation and Analysis. By Herbert D. Friedenwald. The Macmillan Co. 1905. Pp. xii., 299.

Nothing in recent years has made so favorable a report as the work done in American history. A decade ago there was plenty of criticism of the "isolation" of our historical studies, cautious praise of the laudable awaking of interest, constant emphasis upon the insufficient and unsatisfactory output, with accompanying declaration that the value was distinctly out of proportion to the bulk. Those who were disposed to regret the barrenness of literature generally, had commended for consideration the activity shown in historical study and in economics, with the hope that, if the energy was intelligently devoted, one had the right to entertain high expectations. Slowly but surely we are beginning to see the growth of that "methodical, analytical, distrustful, not too respectful turn of mind which is often mystically called 'the critical sense,' but which is nothing else than an unconscious habit of criticism," to quote Seignobos.

The large body of young students who, ten years ago, entered enthusiastically upon the study of American history, are now beginning to produce the results of their labors, exhibiting a clearer perception of the facts and of the logic of history, in a better proportioned narrative; and eventually we may hope for some work of genuine historic art. In Mr. Friedenwald's book we have particular evidence of the harvest we are to reap. As a phase of the tendency to rewrite the old subject from a new point of view, this contribution to American history must be generously welcomed. It is an earnest of what we may expect from the author later, for he tells us that this preliminary study is in part but an abstract of a larger and more detailed work on the same subject. The significance of it lies in its offering a clearer picture of the development of the power of the Congress that produced the Declaration; of the interrelations of the growth of the power of Congress in strengthening the Union; of the democratic movements in the several colonies; and of the development of the sentiment of independence within and without the walls of Congress. It is the first attempt to give to the general reading public an adequate treatment of the period concerned, and within its compass it does what has been pressingly needed. Here we have knowledge kept within bounds, original authorities sifted and their pith extracted. Reading Mr. Friedenwald's essay will dispel the erroneous impression in regard to the supposed unanimity, or approach to unanimity, with which the Revolution was undertaken. It makes clear that the war was to be essentially a civil war—more so even than that of 1861-65; and emphasizes certain very important early phases of the struggle which have received scant consideration from those who have had much to do with framing public opinion.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alcott, Louisa M. Under the Lilacs.—Jack and Jill. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
American Jewish Year Book. Edited by Cyrus Adler and H. Szold. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Baker, M. N. Sewerage and Sewage Purification. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Banister, Corrilla. A Modern Miracle. The Grafton Press.
Beebe, C. William. Two Bird Lovers in Mexico. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.
Bell, Malcolm. The Drawings of Sir Edward John Poynter. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Benson, J. P. The Woozlebeasts. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.
Bowne, Borden. The Immanence of God. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Brown, Abbie Farwell. The Star Jewels. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Burke's Speech on American Taxation. Edited by James H. Moffatt. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson. A Little Princess. Scribners. $2.
Cabell, James Branch. The Line of Love. Harpers. $2.
Campbell, Douglas H. The Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns. Macmillan Co. $4.50.
Carey, Rosa N. The Household of Peter. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Carnations and Pinks. Edited by E. T. Cook. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Chambers, Robert W. The Reckoning. Appleton. $1.50.
Clute, Willard N. The Fern Allies. F. A. Stokes Co.
Coman, Katharine. The Industrial History of the United States. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Connolly, James B. The Deep Sea's Toll. Scribner's. $1.50.
Cook, Theodore A. Old Provence. 2 vols. Scribners. $4 net per set.
Cooper, Walter G. Fate of the Middle Classes. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1.25 net.
Cornes, James. Modern Housing in Town and Country. Scribners. $3 net.
Cowley's Poems. Edited by A. R. Waller. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan.

Cox, Kenyon. Old Masters and New. New, illustrated ed. Fox, Duffield & Co. $2.50 net.
Crawford, Francis Marion. Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Creed of Christ. John Lane Co.
Daring, Hope. The Appointed Day. Philadelphia: Am. Baptist Pub. Society. $1 net.
Diary of Samuel Pepys. Introduction by G. Gregory Smith. Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Dippold, George T. A German Grammar. Silver, Burdett & Co. $1.10.
Drachman, Bernard. From the Heart of Israel. James Pott & Co. $1.50.
Dunn, Martha Baker. Cicero in Maine. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Eno, Henry Lane. The Baglioni. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.
Fine, Henry Burchard. A College Algebra. Boston: Ginn & Co.
FitzGerald, Edward. Euphranor. John Lane Co.
Flood, W. H. Grattan. The Story of the Harp. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Ford, Paul Leicester. His Version of It. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Fraser, W. A. The Sa'-Zada Tales. Scribners. $2.
French, Allen. Heroes of Iceland. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Gibbons, Edward E. The Eye: Its Refraction and Diseases. Vol. II. Macmillan Co.
Goodnow, Frank J. The Principles of the Administrative Law of the United States. Putnams. $3 net.
Graham, Margaret Collier. The Wizard's Daughter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Haggard, H. Rider. Ayesha. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Haines, Henry S. Restrictive Railway Legislation. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Harben, Will N. Pole Baker. Harpers. $1.50.
Hare, Christopher. Dante the Wayfarer. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Health Culture Readers. Nos. One and Two. Hill & Evans. 50 cents.
Hiroi, Isami. The Statically-Indeterminate Stress in Frames Commonly Used in Bridges. D. Van Nostrand Co $2 net.
History of Henry Esmond. Edited by Hamilton B. Moore. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hope, Anthony. A Servant of the Public. F. A. Stokes Co.
Howe, William Wirt. Studies in the Civil Law. Second edition. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.
Huckel, Oliver. The Melody of God's Love. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 75 cents net.
Hudson, Alfred S. The History of Concord, Massachusetts. Vol. I. Concord; The Erudite Press.
Humphrey, Seth K. The Indian Dispossessed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Husband, T. F., and M. F. A. Punctuation: Its Principles and Practice. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. 75c. net.
Hutten, Baroness von. He and Hecuba. Appleton. $1.50.
Hutton, Edward. The Cities of Umbria. Dutton. $2 net.
Hyslop, James Hervey. Problems of Philosophy. Macmillan C. $5 net.
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Lathbury, Clarence. The Balanced Life. Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press. $1.
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Long, William J. Northern Trails. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50 net.
Lord, William Sinclair. The Rock-a-bye Book. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents net.
Lowery, Woodbury. The Spanish Settlements in the United States. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Loyson, Mme. Hyacinthe. To Jerusalem through the Lands of Islam. Chicago: The Open Court Pub. Co.
Macaulay's England in 1685. Edited by Arlo Bates. Boston: Ginn & Co. 30 cents.
Margoliouth, D. S. Mohammed. Putnams.
Marryat, Captain. The Children of the New Forest. London: Routledge; New York: Dutton. $1.25.
Martin, Helen R. Sabina. Century Co. $1.25.
Mason, Caroline A. Waxwing. Fleming H. Revell Co. 30 cents.
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Mills, Jane Dearborn. Marriage. Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press. 50 cents.
O'Connor, V. C. Scott. The Silken East. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $12 net.
Older, Mrs. Fremont. The Giants. Appleton. $1.50.
Osbourne, Lloyd. Baby Bullet. Appleton. $1.50.
Philippi, Adolf. Florence. (Famous Art Cities, No. IV.) Scribners. $1.60 net.
Plympton, A. G. The Schoolhouse in the Woods. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Preston, Laura Fitzhugh. Uncle Bob: His Reflections. The Grafton Press.
Quiller-Couch. The Mayor of Troy. Scribners. $1.50.
Representative Essays on the Theory of Style. Edited by William T. Brewster. Macmillan Co.
Sanborn, Mary Farley. Lynette and the Congressman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Shakespeare's Life of King Henry the Fifth. Edited by Ralph H. Bowles. Macmillan Co.
Sheldon, Walter L. The Divine Comedy of Dante. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston.
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Storey, Frederick D. The Higher Criticism Cross-Examined. Philadelphia: Am. Baptist Pub. Society. $1.25.
Stringer, Arthur. Lonely O'Malley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Sturgis, Russell. A Study of the Artist's Way of Working in the Various Handicrafts and Arts of Design. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $15 net.
Taylor, Henry C. Agricultural Economics. Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Thompson, Arthur R. Shipwrecked in Greenland. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Twain, Mark. Editorial Wild Oats. Harpers. $1.
Unwin, A. Harold. Future Forest Trees. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Van Dyke, Henry. Fisherman's Luck. Scribners. $1.50.
Van Dyke, Paul. Renascence Portraits. Scribners. $2 net.
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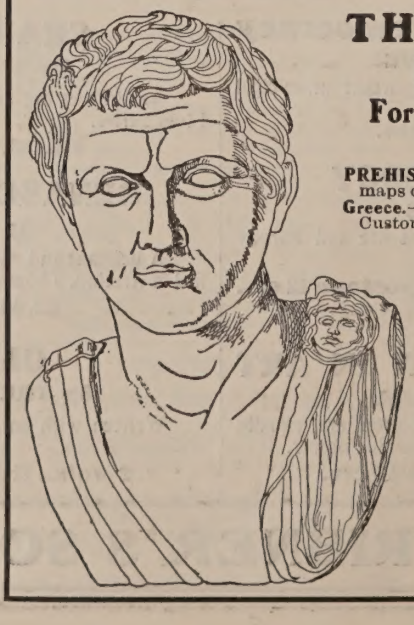

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905.

The Week.

President Roosevelt is evidently looking for no compromise with the railroads. His direction to the Attorney-General to bring suit against the Terminal Railroad Association at St. Louis, on the ground that it is a monopoly operating in violation of its enabling charter, will be regarded in certain Senatorial and railroad circles as throwing down a new gauntlet. There is no sound reason for that view, however. The grievance is one of long standing. Two years ago it was brought to the attention of the Administration by the Attorney-General of Missouri, but it dragged along under Secretary Root, who passed it over, together with the War Department, where jurisdiction was thought to lie, to Secretary Taft. The latter finally decided that he could do nothing, but recommended a suit by the law officers of the Administration. This Mr. Roosevelt has now ordered, as in the due course of business; and no one can deny that there are important questions of law and public policy involved which ought to be decided as soon as may be by the courts.

Schemes for bond issues to finance the Panama Canal are under discussion in Washington, though somewhat prematurely. Until the plan is decided upon by the consulting engineers, we do not know how much money to provide. There remains also the question whether the work is to be done by the Government or by private contract. In the former case, as Walter Wellman telegraphs to the Chicago *Record-Herald*, the cost will doubtless be 50 or 100 per cent. higher than by contract. He says that it will require something like "heroism" in the President to order this saving made, so many be they who would profit by lavish Government undertaking. But the Treasury will soon require heroic treatment if economies are not somewhere effected. In this connection, the rumor is interesting that the bond issue will be made large enough to pay back the $50,000,000 taken out of the surplus to buy out the French company for $40,000,000, and to squander $10,000,000 on the Isthmus. It is alleged that the canal is to be a work for posterity, and that posterity ought to foot the bills. Also, posterity will not be nearly so much interested as the living generation of stand-patters in preventing a Treasury deficit and so an enforced enhancement of the tariff.

President Roosevelt's reported determination to promote Brig.-Gen. John F. Weston, the commissary-general of the army, to the coming vacancy in the list of major-generals, will gratify every progressive officer in the service. Amid all the blundering at Santiago, Gen. Weston's work as commissary of Shafter's army was remarkably successful. Moreover, his department has been well handled ever since he became its head. While some line generals, notably Gen. Grant, the senior brigadier, will feel disappointed, the tonic effect of this promotion for merit, after the long series of advancements for friendship or by reason of political favoritism, will be of great value. Incidentally, the President's choice enables him to escape for a little longer the problem of what to do with Gen. Grant. The army thinks that this son of his father, who left the service a lieutenant to come back a brigadier-general after a varied career of twenty-five years in civil life, has had at least all the reward he deserves. It does not wish to have Wood, Grant, and Funston three of the six major-generals, particularly as they all have long periods to serve. Yet if the President should desire to advance the army's choice for the next vacancy, Brig.-Gen. J. Franklin Bell, the next in rank to Gen. Grant, he would find Gen. Grant's friends using in opposition the argument of seniority which the President himself invoked successfully to force Wood through the Senate.

If any excuse were needed for taking Secretary Bonaparte away from his duties at Washington to preside over Republican State conventions in Maryland, it would be furnished by his speeches exposing the purpose of the Gorman machine in urging the Poe disfranchising amendment. On October 4 he showed up the fallacy of the Gorman claim that the "grandfather clause" and the "understanding clause" are aimed only at the negroes. There are about 52,000 colored voters in Maryland, a majority of whom would be disfranchised; according to Mr. Bonaparte, there would certainly be more than 60,000 white voters who could not qualify under the Poe law. The Democrats have promised to bring the Governors of other Southern States to testify that, under similar disfranchising statutes, the whites are not affected, but Mr. Bonaparte shows that such testimony will be irrelevant, for it comes from States where hardly a white voter is barred by the "grandfather clause," and the temptation to apply the education test strictly has not arisen because there have been no critical party fights. In Maryland, on the other hand, the parties are closely matched, and the percentage of foreign-born voters, or those of foreign parentage, is large; in comparison to Virginia's 3 per cent., Baltimore shows 38 per cent. In the State's chief city, therefore, the Poe amendment might affect 45,000 white voters and 18,000 negroes. It is to be hoped that a series of joint debates between Secretary Bonaparte and those Southern Governors may be arranged; it would be a sort of torpedo-boat versus iron-clad encounter that would enrich political, if not naval, history.

The open letter issued by Senator Dick, chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee, entitled "As to George B. Cox," throws a new and interesting light upon the political owner of Cincinnati. The Democrats have been unkind enough, in their campaign against Gov. Herrick, to intimate that Cox's ambition to be promoted from owner of Cincinati to boss of Ohio is known to the Republicans, and perforce approved by them. In the public mind the impression has been planted that the election of Herrick means the extension of Cox's rule. But Chairman Dick hastens to assure the voters that Cox is really the most modest of all the unassuming men who have had to do with Republican politics in Ohio. "No Republican of influence has made fewer requests of the committee or has shown more consideration . . . to the interests of others than has Mr. Cox." Again, "No Republican with his political power has shown less disposition to dictate in State politics or to assume to be a 'boss.'" Furthermore, Cox's political activity has been confined to Hamilton County (Cincinnati), "which was once Democratic or doubtful, but is now strongly Republican." Having consented to come down from a discussion of the national issues concerning which he announced the Ohio campaign was to be fought, Chairman Dick should add to his letter, "As to George B. Cox," some mention of the man's antecedents, and an outline of the methods by which he rose from the obscurity of a dive-keeper in "Murderers' Row" to the headship of the "worst-governed city" in the country. Unless the letter is thus made complete and comprehensive, the people of Ohio may very well smile at this "character" furnished by Mr. Dick.

The "Boy" left standing on the burning deck of the Philadelphia organization craft, whence even Senator Foraker has fled, is United States Senator "Boy" Penrose. To-day he stands in sinister isolation, urging his "party loyalty" issue, with men like "Dave" Martin, Durham, Lane, and "Jim" McNichol to aid him. In explaining why he changed his

mind about speaking in Philadelphia on national politics and in support of the State ticket, Senator Foraker denies that the Administration's friendly attitude toward the revolutionists influenced him in cancelling an announced engagement. It seems to us that the Senator from Ohio has put his case badly. He says he cannot properly have anything to do with local issues in Philadelphia, and implies that he has just learned the reason. Upon finding out how matters really stood, Mr. Foraker must either have felt the same hot indignation against a "corrupt and criminal combination masquerading under the name of Republican" which fired Root and Bonaparte to emphatic speech, or have approved Penrose's attempt to save the Quay machine, which in city as well as State had contributed so lavishly and consistently to the party's success. In the one case a letter far different in tone from that sent to Chairman Andrews should have been written; and in the second, that liberty of movement and speech which the Senator boasts, should have held him true to his promise. In any event, some answer to Penrose's appeal should have been made. As the matter now stands, Senator Foraker too closely resembles the boy who would like to "paddle in the mud," but "dass'nt."

The support which Mayor Weaver can count upon in the Philadelphia Councils, in his efforts to protect the city against the predatory Durham organization, was accurately measured on Thursday. As a test, the passage of one loan bill over the Mayor's veto, and the failure of another, of less importance to the machine, by a single vote in the upper branch of the Councils, was discouraging. It will be recalled that when the "gas steal" bill was resubmitted earlier in the year, after the Mayor had vetoed it, the measure was decisively beaten. But public indignation against the gang's plan to loot the city was then at white heat, and the legislator who dared to uphold the gas grab actually felt that he was putting nimself in some bodily peril. Now that popular feeling has somewhat subsided, the reanimated machine holds its creatures to their old-time unquestioning loyalty. Behind the loan for $4,000,000, which Thursday's action of the Councils authorized to be submitted to the voters, can be seen the ring's plan to impair Philadelphia's credit, exhaust her resources, and force a sale of the city gas works after all. The ostensible purpose of the $4,000,000 loan was to provide a fund for changing railway grade crossings within the city limits. In his veto, Mayor Weaver pointed out that the negotiations with the roads as to the distribution of the cost of the work had not gone far enough to justify any decisive action on a loan, and, besides, the city has a million dollars in treasury which can be used at any time to begin the work.

Moderate tariff revisionists appear to be satisfied by the plank in the Massachusetts Republican platform, adopted on Friday; and since the stand-patters obtained the nomination of Eben S. Draper, a member of the Hopedale family of manufacturers, as Lieutenant-Governor, they should not be wholly disgruntled. Of course, Mr. Draper's brother, Gen. W. F. Draper, had to dissent and affirm that there is no demand for a change in the tariff; but even he must have derived some pleasure from Mr. Foss's failure to produce the thoroughgoing revision plank threatened by this insurgent, and by his readiness to accept the Lodge substitute, with some mutterings about a more radical measure next year. Lodge, of course, supplied the light-comedy features of the gathering, carrying water on both shoulders with his usual facility, and gravely replying to Mr. Foss's criticism of the Massachusetts Senators and Representatives by saying: "It is not well to impugn the motives or question the loyalty of your representatives in Congress." The fact remains that the revision plank adopted does come out for "present action," and as such it is extremely significant if only because it will help to force Mr. Roosevelt's hand. He cannot much longer keep the country in doubt as to whether he is sincerely for tariff revision, or whether he is going to allow his political managers to call him off because of their desire to earn the campaign contributions of the stand-patters, life-insurance companies included.

Mayor McClellan's speech of acceptance on Thursday sounded the non-partisan note prominently. This is a great change from two years ago, when the frequent theme of his campaign speeches was that non-partisan government of the city was impossible. We are willing to believe that the Mayor's experience in office has convinced him that a good business administration has forever to be at war with partisan scheming. His open declaration that some of his incompetent heads of department will not be reappointed if he is elected, will also be noted with approval—except by Hopper, Oakley, *et al.* Mr. McClellan's reference to municipal ownership, with the platform affirmations on that subject, snows how absurd it has been all along to imagine that Tammany could be beaten on such an issue. If it bade fair to become politically potent, Tammany was prepared to run off with it. To the Mayor's position on municipal ownership, little exception can be taken. He is for the Government's keeping its hands off private management until private management grows, in any given case, intolerable. Even then the municipality is to go forward cautiously and experimentally, not in a doctrinaire or fanatic spirit, much less in a temper of blind and confiscating rage. And it must count the cost thereof. The Mayor was stating the simple truth when he said that the sweeping measures of municipal ownership proposed by amiable enthusiasts or selfish plotters would surely result in either wrecking the city's credit, or heaping up a burden of taxation wholly insupportable.

After announcing that he was looking about for a high-grade Irish-American to nominate as President of the Board of Aldermen, Murphy has given the city McGowan. In an evil hour, that gentleman was induced, or allowed (a great mistake), to make a speech at a Tammany ratification meeting, and promptly revealed himself as a man of decided intellectual limitations, and political limitations almost shocking. He boasted himself a worshipping creature of the discredited Oakley, and talked loudly of the spoils he would have to distribute. The nomination of such a man is an insult to the Irish element of New York. Why did not Murphy call upon one of our many Irishmen of parts and character? Clearly, the McGowan candidacy is a distinct handicap to Mayor McClellan's, and a queer proof of his determination to compel Murphy to put up respectable men. The idea of one of McGowan's calibre succeeding to the mayoralty is enough of itself to give one a shudder. Mr. McClellan may be sure that the voters would think twice before making him Governor in order to make McGowan Mayor. In fact, the McGowan nomination is so discreditable and threatening that we think Col. McClellan will speedily have to make a pledge to serve his term out, if elected.

Under happier auspices, Mr. Hughes might have been a fitting and formidable candidate for the mayoralty. He had demonstrated his marked ability, and shown himself a fearless and unsparing investigator of public abuses. Hence if his first duty did not lie elsewhere, and if a free conference of all who oppose Tammany maladministration had pitched upon him as the man to lead the fight, there might easily have been an enthusiastic rallying to his standard. But what is the actual situation? The Republicans turned to him in desperation. They make no pretence of thinking that they could win with him, or anybody. The tactful Woodruff laid their motives bare when he compared the present party emergency to that when Mr. Roosevelt ran as Republican candidate for Mayor merely, as was afterwards confessed by Roosevelt himself, "to keep the organization together." Precisely for that

Mr. Hughes's name has now been invoked. Odell is looking simply for a figurehead behind which to hide—unless, and here is the most serious aspect of the whole matter, he hoped to call Mr. Hughes off the insurance investigation. In this connection, it must be remembered that the *Sun* has made the specific and detailed charge that Odell himself had $75,000 out of the Equitable "yellow dog" fund. He might well shrink from facing Mr. Hughes on that point. The latter has done what every one who believed in his clear head and public spirit expected him to do—declined to become a party to Odell trickery. This he sufficiently characterized, by implication, when he said that it was his duty not to give "the slightest occasion for questioning the sincerity and singlemindedness" of the insurance investigation. In electing to prosecute that to the end, unembarrassed by political entanglements, he has chosen, we are convinced, to perform the greatest public service now open to him. His refusal, according to Chairman Barnes of Albany, leaves the Republican party in a "deplorable" condition.

One good service which Mr. Hughes did in his plain-spoken address to the committee, lay in his blunt repudiation of a party conscience superior to the individual. It was the supreme obligation of party which was held up to him as the norm of public duty. The committee supposed that, if they rubbed that Aladdin's ring, the instant response would be: "Here am I." But listen to the surprising Mr. Hughes: "I may be pardoned for saying that I am a better judge." It was enough to throw all the party hacks standing by into convulsions. Their binding creed is absolute submission to the behests of their political organization. If ordered by that arbiter of life and death to go through fire and water, they would rise to the sublime act of faith and go, nothing doubting. "I am a Democrat. I am a Republican. Therefore, whatsoever my party commands me to do, that I will do in unquestioning obedience." But Mr. Hughes resents and disowns such a slavish rule. He will be the judge of his own first duty. A party man, he is not a party bondman. It is superfluous to point to the almost fatal character of the blow which Mr. Hughes has dealt Odell. That boss's conduct of the city campaign has been throughout a very miracle of mismanagement, and to-day he sits disconsolate in the ruin which he himself has made.

Senator Fulton of Oregon should be a marked man during the coming session of Congress. Not often, if ever before, has it been given to one man to speak wholly for a great State in matters of national import. But, so far as the Oregon delegation is concerned, Senator Fulton may truly claim that he is

> "The bosun tight and the midshipmite
> And the crew of the captain's gig."

Ordinarily, Oregon has two Senators and two Representatives. They also are marked men just now, but the marking has been done by the law. Senator Mitchell and Congressman Williamson, having been convicted of crime, are in line for the distinguishing dress in favor in Federal prisons. The other Congressman, Binger Hermann, is under indictment, and bids fair to make the convicted delegates stand as three to the one at liberty. Now, all this may be not without a bright side for Senator Fulton, but let him beware lest in rising to "speak for Oregon" he inadvertently remark: "As I and the distinguished convicts of the Oregon delegation believe," instead of using a more familiar phrase. Oregon, too, might not like to hear Mr. Fulton proclaim oratorically, "I protest against this measure, and so would the rest of the delegation were it *at liberty to*," for there is plenty of proof that the good people of the State are not pleased with the present condition in their national delegation, however much Senator Fulton's chest may expand when he thinks of his own triumphant virtue.

Under the new primary election law in Illinois, the voters of the State will be called upon this fall to select the successor to Senator Shelby M. Cullom, whose term expires in 1907. The party nominees chosen in the primary will go before the Legislature merely as a matter of form. In effect, the popular vote will determine the matter, and there is no reason to doubt that the choice of the Republican primaries will go to the Senate. It is of interest, therefore, to note the developments of the political round-up at the Springfield State Fair preliminary to the opening of the Republican campaign. When the long deadlock at the State convention last year was broken by the nomination of Deneen for Governor, it was understood that Yates, who was Deneen's chief rival, was to have the Governor's backing for the Senatorship. It was also believed that Sherman and Hamlin, the other rivals in the four-cornered fight for Governor, were to be lined up for Yates and against Cullom. But now the news comes that Lieut.-Gov. Sherman is for Cullom, that Hamlin is not enthusiastic for Yates, and that Deneen himself is of two minds about taking sides in the primary fight. If this really means the end of "Dick" Yates and his crude "office-holders' machine," it is cheering news.

The Mutual's contribution of $2,500 last year to Chairman Babcock of the Republican Congressional Committee was thoughtfully made not in a possibly awkward check—Judge Parker was saying ugly things about corporation checks just then—but in cash. And there was no nonsense about the danger to "the standard of value" and about policyholders having to be protected against a depreciated currency; the money was squarely given, so the intermediary testified, to prevent "tariff legislation." This is the first time that any of the illegal gifts from trust funds has been admitted to have been made in the interest of a "stand-pat" purchase of the Republican party. Congressman Babcock, who narrowly escaped defeat himself, and who has lately resigned as chairman, will have something to explain. Not long ago he was himself one of the most ardent tariff revisers going. Evidently, he had at least 2,500 reasons for changing his opinion. But what is that other tariff reformer, President Roosevelt, going to do about it? The evidence is cumulative that his campaign was financed last year largely by the money of men who make their pile out of the tariff. Is he to continue silent on that issue, after having once served notice that he was going to free his mind on it boldly; and so give added color to the charge that his managers sold him out to the men who have waxed fat on the tariff?

M. Witte's remark in Paris about the Anglo-Japanese treaty, that such alliances always have two edges and cut both ways, is already receiving confirmation. Russia is visibly gravitating towards Germany, and Germany is determined to have an *entente* of her own with France. Prince Bülow's authorized interview on the settlement of the Moroccan difficulty is full of benevolence towards France. M. Hanotaux, in his capacity as contemporary historian and also ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, comments interestingly in the Paris *Journal* upon the resulting situation. He would evidently look with some coolness upon an understanding between Russia and Germany. He doubts if the Franco-Russian alliance could remain what it has been if a German satellite were to swim into the orbit of the twin stars. Besides, he warns Russia, German motives will bear study. M. Hanotaux indulges in one significant reminiscence:

> "Some ten years ago, when Count Muravieff had the idea of occupying Port Arthur, a high German personage said to me: 'Do let your Russian friends throw themselves into Asia. That will make the burden of Europe all the lighter.' (The expression actually used by the German personage in question was more forcible and vivid.) It is hardly necessary for me to add that when he said 'Europe,' Germany must be understood."

This recalls vividly Bismarck's cynical account of his urging French statesmen to go in for colonial ventures. If they wasted their army and money in that way, they would not have such resources to use against Germany.

THE PRESIDENT'S QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Roosevelt has resumed in Washington that series of confidential talks with his callers which at once become public property. It is his way of both sounding and shaping public opinion. His private forecasts of the legislation which he is "determined" to extort from Congress, are supposed to be in the nature of prophecy which helps to fulfil itself. Last year, it will be remembered, these determined Presidential interviews were mostly about tariff revision. His visitors came away reporting the firmest resolution on that subject. It was known later that Mr. Roosevelt contemplated, if he had not actually written, a special tariff message. That, however, was a light which failed at the time, and it seems now to have been permanently extinguished. To-day, at any rate, those who go to the White House to scoff at the tariff, remain to pray over railway regulation. It is upon the latter issue that the President is now said to have decided to concentrate all his energies, adjourning tariff revision to that more convenient season which will never come.

We will not question Mr. Roosevelt's persuasion that railroad evils are now crying more urgently than tariff injustices for him to discharge his heaven-born duty of setting them right. It is said, also, that he regards the railway issue as simpler and clearer. On both points, however, we think his judgment might be attacked with good show of reason. If a champion were to set forth asking what were the most grievous public wrongs he might redress, we do not well see how he could overlook the outrages of the protective system. It has more helpless victims waiting for a knight errant than any other giant abuse. As a fountain of political corruption, social injustice, business vice, private demoralization, and governmental extravagance, waste, and fraud, it is without a rival. And if the tariff question is to be dropped because it is complicated, and the railway question taken up because it is as easily unloosed as a garter, we need a new definition of what is simple and what is involved. The President avers that he wishes only to do "justice," through Government control of railroads; but it will be found that an amount of detail is implied which would make even the intricacies of tariff iniquities seem like matter for the kindergarten.

What the President's precise plans and proposed remedies are, we shall know when he tells us; meanwhile, we have instructive light upon the motives which actuate him. Professor Ripley concludes his second article in the *Atlantic* in explanation of "President Roosevelt's Railway Policy" with some very interesting avowals. It is not the immediate question of railway rates which most concerns Mr. Roosevelt. He is made anxious by the strength of the movement in this country for Government ownership of railroads. "Will it not be better," asks Professor Ripley, "that the attention of this huge electorate should be diverted from such issues by the prompt application of really remedial legislation before the question is too widely advertised in a Presidential contest?" And he adds:

> "Whatever the future may some day contain, it seems clear that, under present conditions, public ownership and operation of the railways of the United States would be a highly dangerous experiment—dangerous not alone to business and property, but to the safety and welfare of the republic. In appreciation of this fact, the President of the United States is neither demagogue nor Socialist. He realizes the irresistible force of public opinion when once fully roused; he is well aware that public ownership of railways is no mere dream of idle theorists, but an accomplished fact in many foreign countries, and he foresees the political dangers latent in such a programme for our own country."

This, of course, is a very common form of political argument—"assent to this lest worse befall you"; but it has its obvious limitations. It has too much of the despairing air of "after us the deluge." We see a great danger coming, but, by consenting to a small danger, we can put off the evil day. How long will a newspaper-reading and demagogue-driven electorate allow itself to be "diverted" when the net is so ostentatiously spread in sight of the bird? Is not Mr. Roosevelt putting a powerful argument *ex concessis* in the hands of Mr. Bryan and his Socialist allies? We think it undoubted, and that Mr. Bryan is in an immensely stronger position politically for the water which the President has sent to his mill.

There is the further question, When is public opinion "irresistible"? When should it be given its head, when jerked to its haunches? According to the only test supplied by Professor Ripley, Mr. Roosevelt would have been for the Granger legislation because public opinion in the Western States demanded it imperiously; he would have bowed to the greenbackers in 1873, to the free-silver men in 1878, and surely would have been an eager defender of the silver-purchase law of 1890. This last is a capital instance of what happens when you go a little way along a hazardous road in order to prevent going all the way. Silver-purchases were excused as necessary in order to stave off free silver. But they were both bad in themselves and simply inflamed the free-silver agitation. Bland and Bryan were able to turn upon the Republicans with tremendous effect, saying, "You have conceded the principle, but you have been cowards, and gone only half way. Now make room for us, that we may give the people full justice." Is not President Roosevelt preparing just such another political appeal for Mr. Bryan, or for his Socialistic successor? Professor Ripley quotes with approval President Hadley's opinion that, even if the Interstate Commerce Commission were given power to fix railway rates, the number of changes would be "very small indeed." Yes, but one can hear the roar coming across the prairies: "What was all the excitement about, then? You were simply trying to 'divert' the honest electors, and all you have given them is a rate on shoe-pegs and canary-seed. Get out of the way, and let the real servants of the people take hold of the weapon you have forged and use it to some effect!"

The best way is to tackle political questions separately as they arise, and on their own merits. If we allow ourselves to be frightened by the spectre of the Socialism of the future, we cannot keep a clear head and steady vision for the Socialism of the present. That there are absues in railway administration cannot be deniad. If they cannot be reached by the unflinching enforcement of existing law, and if more thorough-going statutes will get at them, by all means let us have the needed legislation. But let us have it in and of itself, here and now, with sufficient reason shown, and without these dire insinuations about the great peril if we do not take the plunge into the small peril.

LODGE AND THE REVISIONISTS.

Senator Lodge told the Massachusetts Republican Convention that he was opposed to free raw materials. His speech cannot come in free, then. It was raw to the bleeding-point. Not even he ever succeeded better in amassing rhetorical material crude in point of fact and badly worked up as argument. It was, in truth, of a nondescript order which would compel it to go into that catch-all tariff classification, "Not otherwise provided for."

The Senator advanced the proposition: "Free raw material is nothing in the world but free trade, because it is an advocacy of partial free trade, and partial free trade means the complete downfall of the protective system." Then the McKinley tariff was partial free trade. It admitted hides free of duty. In that fact Massachusetts Republicans gloried, Lodge among them. They had saved free the raw material of a great Massachusetts industry. They did not go about bewailing the complete downfall of the protective system. Their wails, on the contrary, arose when the Dingley tariff clapped a tax on hides—a tax which Lodge mourned over and resisted. On his present principles, however, he should have hailed it as a boon, since it took Massachusetts manufactures just so much further away from the awful perils of free trade.

Apparently, also, Senator Lodge has forgotten the argument which he and

other McKinleyites used to produce so triumphantly on the question of drawbacks. "You say you ought to have free raw materials, else you cannot manufacture for export. Well, we give them to you through the drawback provisions of our tariff. We return to you 99 per cent. of all the duty you have paid on raw materials, provided you can show that they have been worked up into manufactures for export. What more can you ask?" That question has been put tauntingly from a thousand protectionist stumps. But this was before Lodge had discovered that free raw materials are inherently anathema. Of course, that tariff argument was a hollow pretence. Manufacturer after manufacturer has testified that it has been impossible in practice to take advantage of the drawback. It has, indeed, been worth millions of dollars to the Standard Oil Company; but whenever Congressman Lovering has pressed his bill to extend its advantages effectively to others, he has found insurmountable obstacles in the way. Yet, humbug or not, the claim has been, till wisdom was born with Mr. Lodge, that even our crazy American protection provided free raw materials for our exporting manufacturers. The German protective tariff, it is well known, takes minute care to give German industry its prime materials as cheap as possible. We fear that German protectionists would laugh in their coarse way at this latest notion of a Yankee Senator that free raw material means the complete downfall of the protective system.

The crudest nonsense of all is Senator Lodge's implication that anything like a scheme of logic or a consistent policy has led to the tariff as we know it. It is, rather, the haphazard and amorphous resultant of a long series of impudent and selfish demands by special interests, making corrupt use of political power corruptly obtained. Our tariff taxes are very like the transit taxes enforced by local barons in the Middle Ages. They took toll from every one that passed, the alleged reason being some service rendered, like building a bridge or keeping a road open, but the real reason being that they had the power to rob travellers and traffickers. In like manner our various powerful seigneurs have had their toll written into the tariff laws. The latest of them to insist upon their share of the plunder were the cattle barons, who, in spite of Lodge's protests, made Massachusetts pay them a tax on hides. It is this fact which lends peculiar significance to the present movement of revolt in that State. As the tax on hides was the pitch of protectionist stupidity and effrontery, so its removal might be the beginning of a return to sense and decency. Even Lodge is constrained to promise to work for this—though "only through the Republican party." He is not going to "enter upon a revision of the tariff by uniting with the Democratic party in Washington and voting down other Republicans." No wonder that Congressman Dalzell indulges in ribald jeers at Lodge's kind of tariff reform!

The Senator as a political historian is almost more diverting than as a political economist. Plaintively appealing to tariff-reform Republicans not to desert the sacred party, he said: "We went through that free raw-material agitation some years ago. I hope that some of us at least remember it. We lost the Governor three times; we lost the majority of our delegation in Congress." Do we sleep, do we dream? Was W. E. Russell elected Governor of Massachusetts and so many Republican seats in Congress emptied because of Republican trifling with the heresy of free raw materials? The records are open to those who cannot "remember" so well as Lodge. That disaster befell the Republicans because they would *not* admit the need of tariff revision. Hence Lodge's appeal is that Massachusetts Republicans be again as foolish as they were in the early nineties, and, by resisting tariff reduction once more, get whipped once more.

The Massachusetts Democrats have promptly seized upon their opportunity. Declaring that "the paramount issue at this time before the people of Massachusetts is relief from tariff restrictions," they demand that "the raw materials of our industries, such as coal, iron, lumber, hides, wood pulp," be put on the free list. Incredible as it may seem, after thus defying Lodge, they nominated Gen. Bartlett for Governor, who promises to make a fighting campaign, and hopes to repeat the success of last year, when a Democratic Governor was elected in Massachusetts on a tariff-reform platform.

UNIFORM MUNICIPAL CHARTERS.

The suit instigated by Governor Hoch to remove the Mayor of Kansas City, Kan., and the County Attorney of Wyandotte County, in which the State's largest city is situated, as well as to forbid to the city itself the exercise of corporate powers, is a reminder of the need for a clearer definition of the status of municipalities. Kansas is a prohibition State, but the Mayor of Kansas City, Kan., has persistently refused to close the 150 and more "joints" that have been doing business there, and the County Attorney has refused to take any action against their proprietors. Indeed, Mayor Rose has defended his course on the ground that the city needs the money paid into the treasury as fines by the lawbreakers. The case is likely to prove a test of Governor Hoch's power to enforce the statute against liquor selling. This, in certain towns, is now a regularly licensed business. From the point of view of the city officials, the Governor's action is considered to be quite as arbitrary and unwarranted as the action of Pennsylvania's Legislature last winter in passing the "ripper" bills directed against Philadelphia. In both cases the effect has been to substitute for the judgment of the municipality the conclusion of the State authorities.

The theory that the municipality is merely the agent of the State for specified purposes carries with it the tacit assumption that the agent shall be given wide discretion, and that the State shall not discriminate against one agent and in favor of another similarly placed. Uniform charters, classified according to the size of the municipalities, and framed with the actual experience of successfully conducted towns and cities in mind, are obviously desirable. But States have been slow to recognize the fact. The code which went into effect in Indiana last April, and which applies to cities and towns within the State the well-tried Indianapolis charter, or some necessary modification of it, is, therefore, of special interest. In the current *Forum*, Mr. H. O. Stechhan has taken the trouble to digest the 272 sections of the new code, and point out its advantages over the old system of individual charters and separate incorporation acts. In the past, the experience of one town or city contributed practically nothing to the well-being of its neighbor; every incorporated municipality has had to learn the same lesson for itself. The result has been, in Indiana as in other States, that one city has developed rapidly under a wisely framed charter, while another has been retarded by expensive, cumbersome, and unwise administrative methods.

Like the best of the "city-made charters" in force in this country, the Indianapolis model follows generally the Federal plan of government. Changes have been made during the fourteen years of the charter's life, but the fundamental idea of dividing the functions of government into the executive, the legislative, and the judicial, has been preserved. The Mayor is chosen for four years, and is ineligible for reëlection. Six administrative divisions, known as the departments of public works, public safety, public health and charities, law, finance, and collection and assessment, form the cogs in the executive machinery. The Mayor appoints the heads of all of these except the last, who is the regularly elected city treasurer. But the head of the finance department, the comptroller, who is an appointee of the Mayor, acts as an efficient check on the treasurer, who becomes merely a collecting and disbursing agent. The legislative authority is vested in one body—a common council. The judicial power is vested in a city court, presided over by a police judge, assisted by a city clerk and a bailiff. The judge and the clerk, like the Mayor, are elected for a term of

four years, and are not eligible for re-election.

In thus centralizing power in a responsible head, Indiana has followed the teaching of experience. If any proof were needed of the wisdom of such a system it would be furnished by the history of the "ripper" legislation at Harrisburg last winter. Finding that Mayor Weaver was becoming restive under the dictation of the Philadelphia machine, and was making trouble for the ring contractors and the police, who, at the gang's orders and for a price, were permitting vice to flourish, Durham decided that the departments of public works and safety must be taken from the Mayor's control. The Legislature passed the necessary bills, putting these departments under the control of the City Councils, and Gov. Pennypacker approved them. In 1907, therefore, when the "ripper" legislation takes effect, we shall have the crowning illustration of the mediævalism of machine government—a valuable example of what not to do to secure good municipal government.

The Indiana code divides cities into five classes, with a more complete consolidation of powers as they decrease in size. For communities of less than 2,500, a separate form of town government is provided, and this, too, is uniform and based upon the experience of successful small municipalities. Elections in cities and towns occur in "off years," the first coming next month for officials to take office in January 1, 1906. What must be regarded as a serious defect in the code is the failure to limit the time for which public franchises may be granted. Former charter enactments defined the life of a municipal franchise, according to its nature, at from ten to thirty-four years. New Jersey might have given Indiana valuable hints as to the danger of granting perpetual franchises to public-service corporations. Of course, the supporters of the Indiana law do not pretend that it is ideal; doubtless it will be amended after its workings have been observed for a time. But it puts clearly and simply before the municipalities the promise that all shall be treated alike by the State; and the form of the code is dictated by fourteen years of actual experience in charter-making and amending by the chief city of Indiana.

THE NEW YORK LIFE ON THE STAND.

President McCall's previous testimony had led the public to believe him capable of much moral callousness, but his attitude and admissions on October 4 were more damaging than his worst enemy could have believed possible. If he has any defence at all, it must be along the line of Mirabeau's saying about his younger brother: "In any other family than ours, he would be considered a scapegrace." In any other business than that in which the Equitable revelations had been made, Mr. McCall's confessions would be regarded as absolutely damning. It is true that no such palpable mismanagement, or outright looting, as marked the administration of the Equitable has been shown to exist in the New York Life; but the disclosure of its loose methods and reckless payments of huge sums for political corruption—avowed as they are with singular effrontery—has come with an especial and cumulative shock. We think that the country will be more stirred and feel more outraged by President McCall's latest evidence than by anything that has gone before.

Note, first, how the head of a great fiduciary institution acknowledges that $150,000 can be taken from its funds without a single trace being left on the books. Apparently, President McCall's contributions to successive Republican campaign funds were not even hidden under that broad mantle which covers such a multitude of sins, "legal expenses." The $150,000 was taken from the policyholders and left not a wrack behind. Mr. McCall had to confess with mortification that he had not been able to discover any bookkeeping entry showing from what fund the money was withdrawn. It is presumed that "profits" were diminished by so much, though there is no record. But what every policyholder will at once ask is, If $150,000 could thus disappear, why not $500,000? If money of the company can be taken for politics, and no tell-tale track left, why not for speculation, for gambling, for debauchery? In other words, the door for embezzlement seems to stand wide open. This is the implication of President McCall's statements; and it is almost more amazing than the gifts to politicians themselves, shocking and illegal as these were.

But the positively sickening thing is the final uncovering of the reptile fund to which President McCall has ordered such vast amounts paid from year to year. Within the past four and a half years, he swore, he had turned over $476,927 to a legislative jobber wholly without voucher. During that same period, he had paid out $1,103,920 in "law expenses," a good part of which, it is clear, must have been used to corrupt legislatures. Of course, Mr. McCall did not use the word "corrupt." His phrase was, "produce results"; but he knows, and everybody out of the infant school knows, that the most abhorrent means might have been used, and doubtless in many cases were used, to secure the desired "results" and demoralize our public life. The president of the New York Life must be commended for greater frankness than he displayed when first testifying about his payments to Hamilton. Originally, he talked evasively about "real estate" transactions; now, the only inference from his acknowledgements is that the money was a legislative corruption fund.

Naturally, Mr. Hughes had to go through the form of asking whether any direct proposition to bribe a legislator was ever laid before him, and, naturally, Mr. McCall replied with indignation, "Never." But this deceives no one. Mr. McCall was bred at Albany. He knows from the inside the game that is played there. It is idle for him or any president of a corporation who gives money to Albany lobbyists, to pretend that he does not know what is done with it. No member of the investigating committee could have kept his countenance if he had supposed that President McCall's protestations of ignorance and innocence were meant to be taken seriously. No, the facts stand out clear as noonday: the great insurance companies have poured out money like water to defeat or procure legislation. We have a blunt man out West who tells us just what to think of this business. Gov. Folk calls it crime. He says that President McCall's payment of trust funds to politicians is "embezzlement"—"just the same as if a public official in charge of the public funds were to put his hands into the public treasury."

One knows not whether to wonder more at the criminality than at the folly of the insurance companies in maintaining these bloodsuckers at the various State capitals. In so doing, they really invite blackmail. Their $2,000,000 a year fund, or whatever it is, creates ten "strikers" where it buys one, and raises up harpies on the right hand and the left. President McCall declares that he "trembles" at the beginning of every legislative year. But is not the more correct expression "cowers"? These officers of great insurance companies who surrender to lobbyists and hire bribers, simply advertise themselves as the most gullible of victims. The predatory gang which dogs their steps and snaps up the juicy bones they throw, is doubtless filled with joy at having found such "easy marks." This kind of corruption grows by what it feeds upon. Giving $200,000 one year leads to a demand for $300,000 the next. What is worse, when once you have struck hands with a corruptionist, he has you in his power. All your belated moral scruples he laughs at, and compels you, having gone with him one mile along the crooked road, to go with him twain.

As we have all along maintained, the business aspects of this affair are secondary to the moral. We can endure money losses, but we cannot abide management of great fiduciary institutions which is revolting to every honest instinct. The time has come, we submit, when the policyholders, agents, and directors of the New York Life must seriously ask whether its control can any longer be left with safety or honor in the hands of a man who has so grossly

affronted the uncontaminated moral sense as President McCall has done.

RUSSIA AFTER THE WAR.

Moscow, September 23, 1905.

Apparently there is not so much rejoicing over peace in Russia as there is in America. On the morning after the news of the agreement at Portsmouth was announced, the streets of St. Petersburg presented a scene but little different from that which is observable on ordinary occasions. There were but few flags flying, and no one seemed anxious to discuss the matter, though the newsboys were somewhat more vociferous than they were the day before. The army men who were interviewed upon the subject simply shrugged their shoulders and said, "The war should have gone on, and we might have done better." In justification of this feeling, they point to the fact that the strategical position is much more favorable to the Russian army than it was a year ago, and that Russia is most at home on land. In fact, the fleet has been practically a negligible quantity from the beginning. The army has always had to depend upon its land connection for reinforcements and supplies. A year ago the Russian army was compelled to project itself into the enemy's country, far beyond its natural base. The relief of Port Arthur was a practical impossibility, yet it had to be attempted to satisfy the demands of the people at home. Now the situation is reversed. The Japanese must advance beyond their natural base, while the Russians are drawing in upon their own.

Few of the newspaper critics seem to have any appreciation of the fact that a wide and impassable mountain barrier, extending from Mukden to Vladivostok, protects the Russian army along its entire left flank. Vladivostok, too (which an American editor a short time ago referred to as a Kamtchatkan fortress), would be a much more difficult fortress to subdue than Port Arthur was, since the natural base of the Russian army is but a short distance in its rear, making a prolonged investment well nigh impossible.

The very fact that, since the battle of Mukden, nine months have passed without the Japanese army's having made any advance upon land, shows that in that effort it had strained itself to the utmost. Another campaign meant large additional reinforcements, a great addition to the national debt, with a prospect, at the best, of a partial victory, and the hazard, at any rate, of a defeat. The Russian army is still 200 miles in front of Harbin, and has, 100 miles behind it, a strong natural line of defence in the Sungari River, while the army itself is now better disciplined and in better condition than at any time before. Such is the military point of view, and it certainly warranted the confidence of the Russian plenipotentiaries in making the stand where they did. It was no "bluff" on their part, but it simply brought the Japanese to face conditions which their wise statesmen fully appreciated, and led to the result in which both nations and the whole world may well rejoice.

One reason for the apparent lack of interest in the war is, that, relatively to the size of the country and of the army, the actual losses in battle have not been great, while the heaviest losses have fallen upon the Siberian troops, who were earliest drawn upon for defence. When there are 1,500,000 men continually under arms, and only one-third of them are at the seat of war, and less than 10 per cent of that one-third have lost their lives, the real extent of the calamity is brought down to moderate proportions; illustrating anew the hopeful fact that the increased efficiency of modern instruments of war, by modifying military tactics, really becomes less destructive of life than were former methods.

In Denmark, only, on our way to Russia, did we find warm sympathy for her cause. The English and the Swedes filled our minds with lugubrious accounts of the state of things we should encounter on landing at St. Petersburg. But in this we were happily disappointed. Our passports, of course, had to be presented, but our trunks were not even opened at the custom house, and there is no more restriction upon our movements here than there is at home. The churches and theatres are crowded with their usual throngs, with no more display of police supervision than one sees in New York. Admission to the great museum in the Hermitage, the principal palace of the Czar, is unrestricted. In gazing upon its rare treasures, one rubs elbows with officials and subalterns, tourists and students, peasants and priests with their families. In no place in the world does one see more signs of real democracy. The finest theatre in the city was filled with a plainly dressed audience, while the upper gallery, with its cheap seats, was crowded to suffocation. The opera was that most popular, beautiful, and wholesome composition of Tchaikovsky's, "Eugene Onegin," this being its 248th repetition.

Of the peasant, more anon when we have completed our tour in southern Russia. After all, he is the real controlling factor in Russian civilization, and must be dealt with in just comprehension of his nature and history. The question of his elevation and of admitting him to the franchise is not much different from that which we have with our negro population in the United States, only that the peasant in Russia is four-fifths of the nation, while the negro is but one-tenth of the United States.

G. Frederick Wright.

THE KARLSTAD CONVENTION.

Copenhagen, September 26, 1905.

The agreement announced yesterday evening by the commissioners lately in session at Karlstad closes the third act of the exciting political drama which began with the Storthing's declaration of secession on the 7th of June, and was continued with the approving plébiscite of the Norsemen on the 13th of August. A clear "triumph" for neither party, and received without jubilation by the press of both Stockholm and Kristiania, the convention of Karlstad may fairly be called a victory of civilization. The past fortnight has witnessed a renewal of the dangerous tension of feeling in the two countries concerned, and the eyes of the world have turned anxiously to the little Swedish city of Karlstad, where the appointed delegates were debating the "conditions" imposed by the Riksdag as the price of its consent to the legal and peaceable dissolution of the Union. In sharp contrast with the example set, to the amazement of mankind, at Portsmouth, the Karlstad negotiators remained throughout the conference as mum as an oyster. If they granted an interview, it was to discourse urbanely of the weather and the crops.

Nevertheless, the assembled correspondents rose mightily to the occasion, and there was no dearth of news. I have long supposed that the American reporter, with his constant practice in writing up political conventions several days before they take place, could beat the world in manufacturing gas out of nothing. But it is not so. A month's sojourn in Stockholm, with constant attention to the Swedish newspapers, during the exciting days of August and September, 1905, has quite shattered my patriotic illusion. What endless quantities of the sheerest east wind! Guesswork and gossip galore, canards and threatening rumors, and infinite credulity! At such a time one learns the meaning of Shakspere's phrase, "exsufflicate and blown surmises." But now the air is cleared, and the prospect is fairly bright. The fourth act of the drama will be the acceptance of the Karlstad convention by both parliaments—perhaps with some sharp debate—and then the fifth act will be the creation of a new and permanent executive in Norway, with the necessary changes of organic law.

The readers of the *Nation* doubtless know pretty well where the pinch came in the deliberations at Karlstad. It was over that one of the Swedish "conditions" which related to the demolition of the so-called "border fortifications" that have been erected in recent years by Norway. For Sweden this was a reasonable demand, in the interest of future good relations; for Norway it was a bitter pill to swallow. In the year 1895 there was in Sweden something like a flood-tide of pugnacious chauvinism, so that the Norsemen, hitherto neglectful of defensive precautions, began to feel that they must reckon with the possibility of an attack by land from the east. Accordingly, they built new outworks covering the old and interesting but useless fortresses of Frederiksten and Kongsvinger, and threw up strong modern fortifications at two other points.

This was done under the Union, with the consent of Sweden's King, as part of a system of national defence. The Norseman's account of the matter was that these works were necessary for the protection of Kristiania against a land attack—say by Russians, or Germans, or whoever it might be—from the east. And certainly one must allow that the right to fortify a national capital, in the way deemed most effective by its military experts, is one of the fundamental rights of a sovereign state. But the Swedes have always felt very sore over those border fortifications, and have insisted upon regarding them as a menace to Sweden, and nothing else. In vain the Norsemen pointed out that the works were of such a character that they would be worthless as points of concentration for an attack upon Sweden, even if the absurdity of an invasion of Sweden by its weaker neighbor were to be regarded as coming within the range of possibility. The Swedish re-

ply was: "Nonsense! A remote borderline is not the place for defending your capital against a *foreign* enemy. Your works are meant for *us*. They are a standing token of suspicion and unbrotherly feeling. If they remain as they are, after the dissolution of the Union, we shall have to fortify against you. This competitive race of fortification will cost money, provoke continual ill-feeling, and divert a part of the defensive strength of both countries to a point where it should least be needed."

Before and even during the conference at Karlstad, the more radical organs of opinion in Norway opposed the razing of the fortifications. They asserted that the demand was unreasonable and made simply for humiliation, and that it was better to fight than to submit to it. Presently, however, attention was focussed on what seemed a good solution of the difficulty. It was asserted in the papers—no one knew what the negotiators were saying—that Norway would consent to raze, or at least to dismantle, its fortifications, if Sweden would enter into a treaty of arbitration providing for the peaceable settlement of all disputes that might arise. But this seemingly hopeful suggestion forthwith aroused the bad temper of the Swedish chauvinists. They said: "We have no objection to your treaty of arbitration—indeed, we rather like the idea; but you must raze your fortifications *first*. Until you have complied with our conditions and thus prepared the way for the legal dissolution of the Union, you are not a nation with whom a treaty can be made. You are simply a pack of revolutionists. You have violated one compact; who guarantees us that you will not violate another?" (It should be remembered that, from the Swedish point of view, the Union still exists. The Union flag still flies over the Government buildings at Stockholm, and King Oscar is regarded as in law, though not in fact, the king of both countries.)

Naturally, this view of the matter was derided by the Norsemen as untenable and even absurd. They declared with emphasis that Norway, under the Union, had been a free and independent nation, with full power to make treaties, to adopt defensive measures, and to do all other acts proper to a sovereign state. Thus the angry debate in the press narrowed down to a question of precedence. Should the treaty or the demolition of the fortifications come first? As there was no sign of yielding on either side, and as the air was full of canards about the mobilization of troops, the situation became, a few days ago, extremely grave.

How this hard problem was finally solved by the Karlstad negotiators, is already known to the world through the telegraphic dispatches. The proposal is that the two governments bind themselves, for a period of ten years, to refer to the Hague tribunal all disputes except such as affect "independence, integrity or vital interests" (*Livsinteresser*). If there is a difference of opinion as to whether any particular dispute does or does not come under the exception, that question itself is to be referred to a special court of arbitration, the constitution of which is duly provided for. On either side of the border line between the two countries, from the sea on the south to the 61st parallel on the north, there is to be a neutral zone 15 kilometres in width, within which all military works, preparations and demonstrations of every kind are to be prohibited. Within a period of eight months the Norsemen are to demolish their new fortifications, the work to be done by a commission of three foreign officers. The sentimentally interesting forts of Frederiksten and Kongsvinger are to be left standing.

There is little doubt that this tickl[illegible] paragraph of the convention will be accepted by both parliaments. It complies substantially with the "condition" imposed by the Riksdag, and the Norse negotiators at Karlstad were in constant touch with the Government majority of the Storthing. The wisdom of the adjustment is sufficiently attested by the surly comments with which it has been received by the Jingo press of both countries. Many Norsemen evidently feel that their country has paid a wofully high price for the peaceable acknowledgment of its independence by Sweden; and many Swedes are disappointed that their headstrong neighbor was not more thoroughly humiliated. Meanwhile, the friends of peace in the world at large may well be gratified with the result, and congratulate the leading men of both countries upon the splendid example they have given to mankind. In particular, the aged King of Sweden will deserve to be remembered by posterity as Oscar the Good. One may feel, to be sure, a momentary regret that it was found necessary to make so large a reservation with regard to the kind of differences that are to be sent to the Hague tribunal. But the special court provided for in the convention will do much to offset that defect. It supplies the great desideratum, namely, delay and discussion, when grim-visaged war begins to show a wrinkled front.

A minor point dealt with in the convention is of considerable interest to the ethnologist, though of no great political importance. I refer to the Riksdag's demand that the Swedish Lapps should continue, after the separation, to enjoy the grazing rights they have hitherto enjoyed on the soil of Norway. A shimmer of romance rests upon the Lapp, just as upon the American Indian. He, too, represents a fading remnant of a stock that was once widely disseminated, but has been pushed to the wall by men of superior intelligence. Yet the case is not quite so pathetic as most people probably suppose. According to Professor Wiklund, who has made a special study of the Lapps, it is only those of the lowlands, the so-called forest Lapps, that are threatened with extinction. The highlanders are more than holding their own. They are nomads; their wealth consists mainly in their herds of reindeer, and during the greater part of the year they inhabit sterile mountain-tracts of which civilization can never make any use. But when summer comes, with its heat and its gnats, the reindeer make for the nearest coast land. The Lapp follows his animals, indifferent, of course, to national boundaries. In this way a large number of Swedish Lapps annually cross the line and spend the summer on the coast lands of Norway, where the deer help themselves freely to young trees and other vegetation, as well as to the hard-won hay on the farmer's rick. A Norse paper estimates, how accurately I have no means of knowing, that these unbidden four-footed guests number every year a hundred thousand, and that they do damage to the amount of five crowns each. If this estimate is within a gunshot of the truth, the hyperborean Norse farmer, whose battle with his environment is hard enough at best, has a rather substantial grievance against the nomadic Lapps and their reindeer from across the border.

It will be evident that the international problem presented is rather difficult. It is hard to see how the migrations can be prevented, or even regulated, without killing the reindeer; and killing the predatory quadruped would involve the speedy extinction of the biped who depends upon him. This is a result that no one desires, for, apart from considerations of humanity, the Lapps are in the main an inoffensive folk, whose trade is of considerable value. For centuries the Swedish Lapps have enjoyed the right of migration across the border, and this right was specifically conceded to them in a codicil to the boundary treaty of 1751. Some time ago it seems that the old law was suspended, and a temporary agreement made which has of late been in force. So far as can be told from the dispatches at hand, the Karlstad convention makes no attempt to deal finally with this question. It is provided that the rights of migration guaranteed by the law of 1751 shall not be abolished, and that the temporary agreement now in force shall continue to operate until 1917.

The other paragraphs of the convention, relating to traffic and waterways, are of smaller interest to the outside world.

And what of the fifth act of the drama, as I called it above? Will Norway find a king at last, or will it give up the search and elect a president? This is a field in which, so far as I can see, one man's guess is as good as another's. I have asked many Norsemen to tell me what was going to happen, but they all refused to commit themselves. They said: "We do not know; we have never voted on the question." From personal observation, I surmise that there is a clear preponderance of sentiment in favor of a republic. But many thoughtful men who at heart favor a republic dread the internal war of parties and factions that will be sure to come with any attempt to change the Constitution. They know that they lately won the admiration of the world for their unanimity and calm determination; they fear to lose it by a revelation of their internal dissensions. But this danger should be faced. The people have a right to be consulted with regard to the form of government they are to live under; and it would certainly be a sad commentary upon their political capacity if they could not express their will, after a vigorous educational campaign, and then abide unitedly by the decision of the majority. As time passes, the difficulty of picking up a satisfactory king seems to increase; all the more reason, then, for letting the people decide, very soon, whether they really want a king at all.

CALVIN THOMAS.

THE SIXTEENTH VOLUME OF CARDUCCI'S WORKS.

FLORENCE, September 14, 1905.

This volume, completed last year in August and now issued, contains a genial letter to the faithful publisher, Cesare Zanichelli, whose eldest daughter was married at the time of its conclusion.

"*Extremum hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem.*

"Let me, if it be not arrogant, repeat the prayer of the Virgilian shepherd in the last Eclogue, here at the beginning of this, which is assuredly the last of my Dantescan works—the last, because, during the short span of life that remains to me, I may collect and go through once more those too numerous writings which, in the enthusiasm of youth, I allowed myself to pen; but the idea of thinking out and constructing new ones would be quite out of season. It is just forty years ago, my Cæsar, that I, with the 'Discourse on Dante's Rhymes,' set my foot firmly on the field of Italian literature; and now, weary, I withdraw it with this essay on the noblest of Dante's Canzoni. With him I began, with him I end. How many thoughts, how many hopes, how many projects, how large a portion of our little world has passed before our eyes—now uplifted to the ideal, now immersed in petty cares—during this not lengthy space of life summed up in forty years. A source of hopes, and thoughts, and now of pleasant life-plans for you is your first-born daughter, with whom it is pleasant to associate the birth and growth of the publication of my so-called literary works. The printing of the volumes increased as Louisa's years increased; the former, once exuberant with youthful ardor, now begin to halt and to decline, the latter rejoice and prosper in their florid maturity. May she so continue to flourish for a long season in the companionship of the worthy man, Dr. Francis Mazzoni, to whom you have entrusted her youth. And may it be granted you through her to reap the reward of your modest, laborious, well-spent life, for which I, who have received many proofs of friendship, wish to leave a token of gratitude in these papers, which, from their subject at least, borrow a friendly garb that will, I trust, make them dear to you.

"GIOSUE CARDUCCI."

Dante's "noblest canzone," "Tre donne intorno al cor mio son venute," which forms the subject of this essay, is, according to the poet, if not the most beautiful —the superlative being reserved for "Donna pietosa"—assuredly the most powerful and imaginative, its intonation the widest and highest, its construction at once solid and graceful.

"It was written in the early, nay the earliest, period of his exile, when the conviction that he had always aimed at the welfare of his country and at justice was fresh and vivid, and the poet had not lost the hope that this would be acknowledged by some of his adversaries. . . . Now when could Dante have hoped for the gift of peace? When could he have imagined that his adversaries might listen to the admonition,

"Che 'l perdonar è bel vincer di guerra?

Assuredly only in the very first moments of exile, before rage and thirst for vengeance had reawakened, when memories were yet sad and gentle. That this canzone was composed before the sentences of January 26 and March 3, 1302, who runs may read in the verses:

"Onde s'io ebbi colpa,
Più lune ha volto il Sol, poichè fu spenta;
Se colpa mûore purchè l'uom si penta."

After examining the canzone as a whole and in its minutest parts, Carducci passes in review the comments of ancient and modern critics. At the commencement of the nineteenth century, Dionisi and Ginguené illustrated the canzone. With Dionisi (1724-1808) may be said to have commenced the Dantescan criticism of to-day. Ginguené (1747-1816), who had passed through the Revolution, approached it in the spirit of the new time. As commentators should be remembered Giovan Gaspar Orelli, Foscolo's friend, and other Italian exiles who, mindful of their country, educated Helvetian and Italian youth in the worship of Dante. Carducci is not satisfied with Fraticelli's illustrations of the Canzone, preferring the notes of Carlo Witte and the commentary of Mamiani.

In this canzone, as in the "Amor, che movi tua virtù dal cielo," the poet realizes the idea of the perfect allegorical canzone as it appeared to his imagination, a poetry that dresses moral beings (or, rather, purely symbolical conceptions) in the forms and appearances of persons who have passed through the historical world of phantasy, making them felt and heard, and grouping them in plastic and figurative positions. If we add the masterly framing of this movement in a really Oriental landscape, the skill with which the personages are made to take part in a truly dramatic dialogue that gradually assumes the color and the warmth of actual events as the poet himself intervenes with his great heart in his grand fable, we have the contents and the development of this canzone, which is truly remarkable in the poetry of the fourteenth century.

Carducci's Dante essay was first read and expounded in the University of Bologna, in March and February, 1901, then published in the *Antologia*. Another essay, on "The Development of the Ode in Italy," appeared in the *Antologia* of February, 1902. The "Springtime and Flowering of Italian Lyrical Poetry" was printed in 1903, and, with a few corrections and additions, closes the present volume. It traces the development of lyrical poetry from the Emperor Frederick II., who died in 1250, after thirty-five years of empire and of kingship of the Two Sicilies, to the Genoese Goffredo Mameli, who died in the hospital of the Pellegrini, July 6, 1849, just as the French entered Rome, under whose walls the poet-soldier fell mortally wounded. And what is that blast, like the trumpet of youth? It is Mameli's war hymn. Arise! to our feet! It is eighteen hundred and forty-eight:

"Fratelli d'Italia,
l'Italia s'è desta:
dell'elmo di Scipio
s'è cinta la testa.
Dov'è la Vittoria?
Le porga la chioma,
Chè schiava di Roma
Iddio la creò."

"The century between Machiavelli and Tasso, rich in literary epopee and classic prose, has scant and meagre lyric glory. . . . Still, there are some fugitive signs of vigor and native power. Amid the rumors of the bombardment of Genoa, ordered by Louis XIV., the Jesuit Pastorini sings: 'I sought to retain liberty, and gladly kissed each ruin, saying, Welcome ruin, but never servitude.' And a fresh breath of spring among the grey fumes of rice fields seems to hail a new era in the verses of Lemene." As the canzone took shelter in the shade of the epopee in the seventeenth century, so in the eighteenth the ode was developed in the shade of the drama. Metastasio as a lyric poet is of small account, he is content modestly to sing the canzonetta, but round him grouped minor canzonettisti, and from the union of canzonetti and canzoni came forth, more virile and harmonious than in the Cinquecento and Seicento, the Italian ode in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

"Here comes Parini, and with Parini modernity and variety. Here, too, is Alfieri, and with him the sonnet sighs and roars with new passion in Italy. Beside him, Vittorelli intones his hymn; and between him and Monti the idyllic Bertola murmurs an adieu to Posilipo; Monti admirable (let who will gainsay), the renewer of lyrical forms. . . . And between Monti and Foscolo we have the Piedmontese Saluzzo, with his coloring of Ossianic feudalism. And here is Foscolo himself, who dominates and compels in his train a nervous and rebellious generation with the fiery and sweetly fantastic force of a few sonnets and no large amount of blank verse. Finally, Manzoni and Leopardi, and many other minor poets."

Besides these original essays, which all attest the vigor and verve of our poet, who has just completed his three score years and ten, the sixteenth volume contains some of the choicest of his older works—the long, erudite essay on "Muratori and his Collection of Italian Histories from 500 to 1500"; two long essays on Leopardi, and the gem of gems, "Del Risorgimento Italiano." In fifty pages are condensed and luminously illustrated the history of Italy and her literature from 1749 to 1870. The fourteenth volume of the series, to contain Carducci's studies on Giuseppe Parini, has not yet appeared, but will be published during the present year.

That our poet is in good health and spirits is shown from the many racy little letters that appear from time to time. In one he requests the public to refrain from troubling themselves about himself and his family matters, or at least to keep to facts and not invent fables. In another he declines to permit an institution to bear his name—"not, at least, until Beccaria and Manzoni have been duly honored." There was a rumor that his health was declining when he left Madesimo earlier than was his wont in former years, but on inquiry he assured us that he had merely returned home because he was "weary of the place." He is now in *villeggiatura* with his great friend, Count Pasolini, attending to the proofs of his Parini volume, which will be followed by the remainder of his works until everything that he has written is before the public.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

LINCOLN'S WRITINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your statement in reply to a letter concerning the two forthcoming editions of the works of Abraham Lincoln, in your issue of October 5, is, from what it does not say, liable to convey a wrong impression. We feel sure that such was not your intention, and should be obliged to you if you would let your readers know the facts of the case.

Col. Robert T. Lincoln particularly requested Nicolay and Hay to compile his father's works, and transferred to them all rights that he might have to copyright

protection. Under arrangements with the present owners of the Nicolay and Hay copyrights, by which we pay them a royalty on every copy, we are bringing out an entirely new and enlarged edition of their collection. The new edition will contain nearly double the amount of material contained in the first edition, consisting of nearly 25 per cent. more of Lincoln's own writings, explanatory and biographical notes, a general introduction by Richard Watson Gilder, and special articles by other prominent persons. Our aim has been to make this a complete, definitive edition of Lincoln's works.

Of course, the State papers and messages of any President are not subject to copyright, but all his personal correspondence and unpublished writings are, for the common-law copyright to a letter vests in the author and not in the person in whose possession it may be; so the Nicolay and Hay edition must ever remain the only authorized and complete edition. We are naturally surprised that another house should, so soon after the death of John Hay, announce an edition of Lincoln's writings on which they pay no royalties to the holders of the copyrights, and which competes with an edition that does.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS D. TANDY & COMPANY.

NEW YORK, October 7, 1905.

TEACHERS AND PUBLISHERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A late open letter of Mr. Edwin Ginn to the editor of the *Nation* raises certain questions concerning the relations of publishers and teachers in the schoolbook business. The imputation of Mr. Ginn is of such a nature that I for one do not wish to let it pass unchallenged.

Some of Mr. Ginn's statements are expressions of facts all too familiar to school men. It is well known that publishers are desirous of manuscripts for publication, offering sometimes advance payments on contracts. The wish of nearly all publishers for competition in books of every grade and upon all subjects leads to the acceptance of manuscripts often inferior to books already published, in the hope that they may be patched up and made to sell by skilful agency work and generous treatment of school boards and teachers. It is true, as I believe, that publishers have sought to win the friendship of teachers and the adoption of one or more of their books by an almost wholesale presentation of their publications. To my knowledge, teachers receive many books for which they do not ask, books in which they are not interested, and which are mere lumber to them. It is not an unusual practice for publishers' agents to request the privilege of sending, not one, but many books to teachers. The same is true of the treatment of school boards, and no doubt some of the many books thus presented find their way to the second-hand dealers; but if there is abuse to the publishers from the sale of these, the publishers are primarily responsible, and they have a means of remedying the evil of which Mr. Ginn complains.

But a large number of schoolbooks for sale by second-hand and pirate booksellers is not to be accounted for on Mr. Ginn's hypothesis. His forty years of close acquaintance with the schoolbook business should have made him familiar with another favorite device of publishers and their agents. The wornout or partially used books of one house are accepted in exchange for the new books of its rival. Publishers openly announce exchange rates for this business, and it is well known that they make all sorts of special rates in order that they may get the other publishers' books out of a school and their own books in. (Profits are to be made from future sales.) Let no one think that the books received by the publishers in this exchange are destroyed; they go straight to the pirate dealer, where a new cover, with trimmed edges, and often a new title-page, fit them to be turned out, as Mr. Ginn says, to the damage of their original publishers. In view of this well-known practice, it would appear that Mr. Ginn might find a very different explanation for the conditions which he describes.

May I add a word for the craft of authors of schoolbooks, for whose welfare Mr. Ginn is solicitous? The practice of exchange rates and introduction prices by publishers is a favorite device for reducing authors' royalties, or, in some cases, of eliminating royalties altogether. This is a phase of the matter which many readers of the *Nation* could discuss with feeling.

Beyond question our publication of schoolbooks has been attended by some of the abuses commonly termed graft; it has been attended also by much unfair and cutthroat competition; but to charge teachers with responsibility for present evils goes wide of the mark. Fair business methods by publishers will furnish better books at more profit to themselves, and these methods will yield a larger revenue to authors. In the long run, better methods can but advantage the schools. I feel that I speak for the teaching fraternity when I say that more straightforward and businesslike dealings would be welcomed in the publication of schoolbooks.

CHEESMAN A. HERRICK.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, PHILADELPHIA, October 2, 1905.

TRAVEL IN SWITZERLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I add to the interesting suggestions for travel in Switzerland contained in the letter of "S. N.," in your issue of September 28, a word about a form of railway ticket to be had there which is unknown, I think, to many tourists who might find it valuable? The Swiss Government, which owns all the railways, issues a third-class ticket, good on every road in the republic for one month from date, for, I think, seventy-five francs ($15). There is some red tape to be gone through in procuring the ticket. It can be had only at the stations in the large cities; notice that it is desired must be given beforehand; the photograph of the user must be appended to it. But, once issued, the holder may travel all day and all night, if he pleases, for one month throughout Switzerland. If he wishes to go by second or first-class, he may do so by paying the usual supplement in addition. There are also mileage, or rather kilometre, tickets to be had in several of the countries of Europe, as Switzerland, Italy, Spain, which are available for members of one family. Cook's agencies do not handle any of these tickets, and at their offices no information can be had concerning them. But, where much travelling is contemplated, they reduce materially the expense.

Yours, etc., FREDERIC PALMER.

ANDOVER, MASS., October 4, 1905.

A SUPERSTITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the most familiar of superstitions is one of the most uncertain. Let it be questioned in any mixed company, "Over which shoulder is it best to see the new moon?" and a voice is sure to answer, "Over the right one, of course," while another retorts, "Yes, over the right one, but the right one is the left shoulder."

A writer in this month's *Atlantic* seems to have strong feeling on this point, but equal vagueness of belief. In an article on "Portents" she writes of her father being in the habit of lifting up herself and her brother, when children, to look at the new moon; "and always the children . . .felt . . . a . . . hand lightly pressing the left side of each little head and so turning it . . . towards the right. And they knew that this was to help them see the thin little moon over the right shoulder, and that this was best." Let not the advocates of the right shoulder take comfort in this testimony, for in the next paragraph we read: "One of these children feels still that touch of a vanished hand when the new young moon is in the sky, and turns in response to see the crescent as of old over the left shoulder."

Decision is difficult enough when doctors disagree, but when the emotional believer waggles from side to side, assurance seems impossible.

A LOVER OF SUPERSTITIONS.

Notes.

The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, announce "Audubon's Western Journal, 1849-50,' edited by Maria R. Audubon and Prof. F. H. Hodder (it has only recently come to light); 'Fordham's Personal Narrative of Travels, 1817-18,' edited by Prof. F. A. Ogg; and volume ii. of the 'Crown Collection of Photographs of American Maps,' from the rare originals in the British Museum, confined to twenty-five sets.

John Lane Co.'s fall issues include a biography of Edward A. MacDowell, by Lawrence Gilman; a translation of the Life of Tchaikovsky by his brother; 'Moorish Remains in Spain,' by A. F. Calvert, illustrated in color; 'The Homes of Tennyson,' painted by Helen Allingham and described by Arthur Patterson; and 'Great Japan: A Study in National Efficiency,' by Alfred Stead.

Macmillan Co. will issue a *de luxe* edition of Kaempfer's 'History of Japan in 1693,' uniform with their Hakluyt and Purchas; and will with 'Normandy,' the text by Miss G. E. Mitton and the drawings by Nico Jungman, initiate a new and cheaper series of "color books."

'China,' by the late Col. Charles Denby, will shortly be published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, with photographic illustrations.

We recall no edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspere' comparable at all points with that just issued by Jack in London (New York: Scribners). It is a small quarto, liberal and very clear in print, and adorned for each play by a full-page colored design from the pencil of Norman M. Price. These designs are, in point of merit and attractiveness, in perfect keeping with the rest of the elegant volume, and will impress and educate the taste of any child who reads this classic by himself—better so, than to have it read to him, when it will be less intelligible. The portraits of the authors after those in the National Portrait Gallery face the bordered title-page. The cover is richly gilded.

Similar praise must be accorded to the edition of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' bearing the same London and New York imprint; companionable in size to the 'Tales,' and of equal stateliness in the manufacture. The three-color prints are by Byam Shaw, and, though decorative enough, are of less even excellence than Mr. Price's, and generally inferior in color. However, where a bit of landscape comes in, we have such pleasing conceptions as Faithful helping Christian up, Lot's Wife, and Feeble and Ready-to-Halt; and at his best this artist is at no disadvantage in imagination or facility.

Pepys's Diary now issues in a Globe Edition (Macmillan), with an introduction and notes by G. Gregory Smith, who picks a crow with his countryman, R. L. Stevenson, over the diarist's contemplating ultimate publicity for his journal; taking the negative view. In spite of the failing eyesight which caused the discontinuance of this record, we believe the preservation of it had to do with Pepys's desire to live it over again in rereading, more particularly in the frail portions of it. The text follows Lord Braybrooke's, with Mynors Bright's corrections, and Braybrooke's notes are discriminated with his initial. The 800 pages of small print, including the copious index, still do not make a clumsy or very heavy volume.

Fox, Duffield & Co. bring out a reprint of Kenyon Cox's 'Old Masters and New: Essays in Art Criticism' in generous margins and with sixteen well-chosen illustrations, beginning with Veronese and ending with Saint-Gaudens (the Sherman statue). This is a distinct gain for the reader's understanding, and it makes the work still more desirable to own and to keep.

The steady demand for Henry Van Dyke's 'Fisherman's Luck' has led Messrs. Scribner to reproduce it once more from new plates, and it remains a very dainty book, though the cover stamp is not wholly to our liking.

In previous numbers of the *Nation* we have noticed the books of Mrs. E. W. Champney, published by the Putnams, which deal with the famous châteaux of France, finding them more fitted for shelves devoted to history, or to legend, or even to fiction, than to those where "geography and travel," or topography, or local antiquities are at home. Though all have a nominally architectural subject, they have no business at all in an architectural library, although the photographs might be taken out of the volumes for their intrinsic value. Thus, in the case of the new book proceeding from the same author and publishers, and entitled 'Romance of the French Abbeys,' there are nearly fifty half-tones taken from photographs of architectural and decorative subject, all well chosen; and he must be rich in material who possesses among his photographs one-half of these subjects. Some of the buildings are little known even to French students. In other cases the point of view is novel; or perhaps the sculptured detail chosen is one seldom given on so large a scale. Then, again, there are photogravures from historical paintings by Lesur, Jean-Paul Laurens, E. W. Joy, and Vibert, of modern men, and from the well-known "Vision of St. Bernard" by Filippino Lippi. There are, besides, two or three colored prints from rich mediæval windows. The book, then, will hold its own as a collection of attractive and instructive pictures, while the text is found to be just such a collection of fantastical, pathetic, and half-humorous stories as tradition associates with the monasteries of France.

Americans of Welsh extraction will find much to interest them in Owen Rhoscomyl's 'Flame-Bearers of Welsh History' (Merthyr Tydvil: The Welsh Educational Publishing Co.). It tells of the fortunes of the "Cymry" from their first beginnings to the day when their countryman, Henry Tudor, recaptured the crown of Britain on the field of Bosworth. By the "flame-bearers" are meant the champions from Caratacus (usually misspelt Caractacus) to Owen Glendower, round whom they gathered through centuries of savage warfare with the invader—Roman, Saxon, Norman—or too often with one another. The story of old Wales is a story of bloodshed and devastation, relieved by heroic valor and self-sacrifice. It does not lose in the hands of Owen Rhoscomyl. A soldier as well as a man of letters, he writes with a vividness which is little short of startling. He feels and he makes his readers feel all the horror and the glory of his subject. Not that he sacrifices the matter to the style. On the contrary, he aims at being scientific in his methods; and, in discovering the "formula" of the Welsh pedigree, he has supplied scholars with a new and valuable form of evidence. The book has attractive illustrations, and two prefaces, one by Professor Rhŷs, the other by Prof. Kuno Meyer. An abridged edition for use in schools is in course of preparation.

Another book of a different order relating to the Principality is the 'Church-Plate of Pembrokeshire,' by the Rev. J. T. Evans, vicar of Stow-on-the-Wold. The author is no novice at his work—he has edited the 'Church-Plate of Gloucestershire' for the Gloucester Archæological Society—and from his well-written introduction much may be learned as to the history of church vessels not only in Pembrokeshire, but in Great Britain as a whole. The greater part of his book is an exhaustive catalogue, with notes as to their appearance and history, of the chalices, patens, flagons, etc., in every parish in the "premier" county. Ninety-seven of them date from the sixteenth century, forty-seven from the seventeenth, fifty from the first half of the eighteenth; except for the thirteenth-century sepulchral vessels at St. Davids, not a single one is prior to the Reformation. This is not surprising. The spoliation of the monasteries under Henry VIII. was followed by the spoliation of the chantries under Edward VI., and, as Mr. Evans points out, the "one, two, or more chalices" which Edward's commissioners had been ordered to leave "according to the multitude of the people," were put into the melting-pot to make "decent communion cuppes" on the accession of Elizabeth. The book has been printed by subscription, and may be had from W. H. Roberts, 10 Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London. It is to be followed next year by a volume on the 'Church Plate of Carmarthenshire.'

The American Club of Paris, of which the offices of honorary president and vice-president are respectively held by the American Ambassador and the American Consul-General for the time being, was organized on the eve of Thanksgiving, 1903, for the purpose of giving public dinners on national anniversaries. Its first Year-Book, a pretty little pamphlet of thirty-one pages, printed in green, appeared in July, and contains, besides the names of the officers (both honorary and active), and of the one hundred and fifty members, an address on Washington, delivered February 22, 1904, at the first banquet of the Club, by Major H. A. Huntington.

The progress of education among the native African races is shown by some recent publications of the S. P. C. K. The most interesting, possibly, is a Swahili 'Geography of Africa' for use in the schools of Mombasa on the east coast. A Nupe Reading-Book is intended for one of the northern Nigerian races, and there is a collection of hymns and psalms in the language of the Baronga, a people resident in Portuguese East Africa, as well as a partial version of the Prayer-book in Malagasy. Uganda is represented by a 'Luganda-English and English-Luganda Vocabulary' and a revised edition of the Prayer-book.

"The Papuan Industries (Limited)" is the latest outcome of attempts by several missionary societies to promote the industrial and commercial development of the semi-civilized and savage races by business methods. It is a company, composed of supporters of the London Missionary Society, which proposes to have, at various points on the coast of New Guinea, cocoanut plantations of 150 to 500 acres, under the management of competent South Sea Islanders. Papuans living in the neighborhood will be employed on these plantations; but the chief object in view is to encourage the natives to form and work plantations of their own, the products of which the company will buy at fair prices. The cultivation of rubber, cocoa, coffee, and cotton will probably follow, as well as the development of the forest wealth. Special efforts will be made also to train the people in boat and ship-building and other handicrafts. The capital is to be $150,000, of which two-thirds has already been provided, and the surplus of profits, after paying a 5 per cent. dividend to the shareholders, will be used for the extension of the company's business. Similar companies have been in operation in India and Uganda for the past two years, but the parent enterprise is an Industrial Commission founded sixty years ago by the Basel Missionary Society to develop industry and self-support among its converts in India. Its success was so marked that in 1859 what

was substantially a branch company was established for work on the West African coast. The latest available annual report of the now united companies, known as the "Missions - Handlungs - Gesellschaft," shows a total profit of $135,600, or a surplus, after paying all expenses and a 5 per cent. dividend, of $57,880, which was given to the Missionary Society. In India, 2,462 persons were employed, chiefly in brick and tile-making, weaving, tailoring, carpentry, and smith's work. In Africa, the company's operations consist mainly of trade—a trade from which spirits, guns, and gunpowder are excluded, and in which the natives receive full worth for their produce. The commercial value of the palm kernel, which is the most important export of some of the colonies on the coast, was discovered by a representative of the company.

The illustrated account of the homes of working people in Germany and England gives to the issue of the Daily Consular and Trade Reports for September 25 a most attractive appearance. In the Krupp colonies at Essen there are 4,274 houses, occupied by 26,678 people. This includes the colony of Altenhof, of 159 dwellings, where invalid workmen are housed for life, and are exempt from the payment of any rent whatsoever. A basket-weaving house industry has been introduced, with the object of enabling the invalids to earn something in addition to their pensions. The colony is situated on the edge of a forest far away from the noise and smoke of the factory. There is also an outline description of the methods adopted by some one hundred towns or district councils in England to carry out the housing of the Working Classes Act, and of a work similar to that of the Krupps' undertaken by two great business establishments. Pictures are given of the different types of houses, as well as of village streets before and after the improvements.

The advent of spring in Middle Europe is the subject of the leading article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number five. It consists of a résumé of observations made during the past twenty years in a large number of places as to the time of blooming of thirteen designated plants and the leafing of four species of trees, chestnut, birch, beech, and oak. The five zones (the earliest dates being April 22-28, the latest May 20-26) are represented in five colors on the accompanying map. The "orthogonal-Tellurium" is described in number six as an instrument for aiding in instruction in mathematical geography, as well as showing the length of the day at any given place. Observations demonstrating the retrogression of a glacier at Salzburg are given in the same number, and the extension of our knowledge of Africa in the last half century is graphically pictured by a reproduction of the maps of the continent in the first edition of Stieler's Hand-Atlas, published in 1820, and in the latest, just issued. "Cuba under the North American Military Government and as a Republic," in number seven, is a condensed summary, by Prof. Karl Sapper, a well-known authority on Central America, of what has been accomplished in the island in political, industrial, educational, and sanitary reforms since the close of the Spanish war. In answer to the question whether the progress will continue under the present régime, he shows from numerous facts and statistics that the prospect for the future is most hopeful.

The Prussian Government has invited seven prominent sculptors to compete for a sitting statue to be erected in Berlin to the memory of Mommsen. It is proposed also to erect a companion statue of Leopold von Ranke. The Cultus Ministry has decided to expend the sum of 60,000 marks for Mommsen's statue, which is to be of marble, and is to be placed in front of the University building, to the right of the main entrance.

Technically and as a likeness, Mr. Jacques Reich's large etched portrait of President McKinley, in his series of eminent Americans, ranks among his best productions. It is nearly full-face, and catches well the expression of those alert, political eyes, and the mouth which knew so well when to open and when to keep shut. McKinley's admirers should make a note of this print, which may be had of the artist at 2 West 14th Street.

—'The King in Exile,' by Miss Eva Scott (Dutton), traces the wanderings of Charles II. from June, 1646, to July, 1654, and will be followed by another volume in which it is designed to carry the same story forward until the Restoration. As the present book contains more than five hundred pages, Miss Scott evidently has determined that no essential feature of the subject shall escape her, save the details of the King's debauchery. By 1653 his general conduct had become so scandalous that the biographer must take some notice of it, and a regretful passage from Clarendon is inserted to show what his best friends thought of him at this date. Otherwise the text keeps strictly to the development of the political situation, and Charles is described as the central figure of a party rather than as an individual whose psychology furnishes the main motive of the piece. In comparison with the later years of his exile, the period here dealt with was a time of prosperity, for during the early part, at least, he had powerful allies in Scotland and Ireland, while his own position at the French court was one of comfort and dignity. A hundred years had yet to pass before Louis XV. should style the Stuarts "that unfortunate family whose name I do not care to hear mentioned"; and Charles with his youth, his quickness of mind, his royal pedigree, and the interest lent him by his father's martyrdom, could not fail to be a romantic figure wherever he found himself. Montrose, a much finer man, was betrayed by Macleod of Assynt, but Charles II. after Worcester commanded the loyalty of his friends as completely as Charles Edward did after Culloden. It is with this picturesque part of the King's wanderings that Miss Scott has to do in the first instalment of her work, and she uses with good effect the ample materials which are afforded by the Clarendon, Nicholas, and Thurloe papers, in addition to a host of memoirs and an abundant body of correspondence. Among single episodes the most entertaining is Charles's perfunctory courtship of Mlle. de Montpensier, whose imperial ambitions and never-failing self-esteem shine forth in this affair as they do in the history of the Fronde. The bickerings between Charles and his mother are also a considerable element in that portion of the book which centres at the French court. A little unfortunately for Miss Scott, the flight from Worcester, embracing the whole body of Boscobel literature, has been claimed of late by Mr. Allan Fea; but though at this point she has little fresh information to communicate, her narrative of the adventure is clear and animated. In many ways the patient Clarendon is the hero of the piece, for Miss Scott shows no disposition to cloak Charles's precocious callousness of heart, and the chancellor's efforts to keep him on the path of public duty are most pathetic. In June, 1653, Hyde wrote to Nicholas: "If I did not serve the King for God's sake I would not stay here a day longer"; and as a whole Miss Scott's painstaking study shows more clearly than ever before how little Charles cared for his friends.

—Dr. Konrad Haebler of Dresden, known for his investigation in Spanish and Portuguese bibliography, has just published the first volume of his 'Typenrepertorium der Wiegendrucke,' the scope of which he outlined at the 1903 conference of the German librarians. It is a handy volume of nearly 300 pages, and is issued as a part of the "Sammlung Bibliothekswissenschäftlicher Arbeiten" of which Dr. Haebler succeeded to the editorship on the death of Karl Dziatzko. It deals with the printers of Germany and "neighboring" countries (meaning countries where no distinct typographical style was developed, but where the influence of German printers predominated, namely, Denmark and Sweden, Bohemia and Austria; the few incunabula cities of eastern Europe have been included for geographical reasons). Its purpose is to offer some basis of comparison between different types known to have been used by certain printers, offering therewith a guide, not only for the arrangement of individual works of known source, but also for the identification of books that do not bear the name of their printer. This is a welcome addition to the works of reference which of late years have been published for the benefit of students of early printing, such as Mr. Copinger's Supplement to Hain with Konrad Burger's index to the Hain-Copinger catalogue, and the late Robert Proctor's Index to early printed books in the British Museum. The 'Typenrepertorium' is built on Proctor's Index as a foundation, even if Dr. Haebler with his more exact method of measurements has gone one step farther and at times corrected some of Proctor's conclusions. Proctor utilized too much, it would seem, the impression which a certain type as a whole made on him, while Haebler's method has been to select as a basis for comparison the capital letter M, which, by the number of its variations and its frequent occurrence, has offered more opportunities than any other letter. For the Roman type, which does not come in for much consideration in the present volume, he has used the capital Q in its relation to the following U. Of course in no case has the form of the letter alone been taken as a guide. The measurement, in millimetres, of twenty or, in case of large type, of ten or even five lines has invariably been employed with it, and various other characteristics of each type have also been noted. It was while on a bibliographical jour-

ney to Spain and Portugal in the winter of 1897-98 that Dr. Haebler first began to work out his scheme for a repertory of types, when Proctor's Index appeared and gave the impulse to an extension of the work to cover the whole field of incunabula. The volume is divided into two parts, the first being a list of printers, arranged by cities, and under each city alphabetically; the second a tabulated list of types. Both parts contain references to facsimile reproductions, the first part also to Proctor's Index and other bibliographies and books on early printing. We have noted a couple of misprints: type M31:3 belongs to Arnold, not to Peter Ter Hoernen of Cologne, and the type of Gutenberg's 42-line Bible is M67, not M66 as indicated in the first part.

—The burning question for the last ten years with regard to Athenian topography has been as to the position of the fountain Callirrhoë (*Fair Stream*), which, according to Thucydides, was transformed by the Pisistratidæ in the sixth century B. C., and renamed the Enneacrunus (*Nine Springs*, from the openings of the fountain). The Greek periegete, Pausanias, in the second century of our era, mentions this fountain in his account of his way to the Acropolis from the city gate, on the northwest or southwest, while the best known Callirrhoë of classical times was by the river Ilissus, on the east of the Acropolis. Scholars have been at a loss as to an explanation for this sudden and unmarked digression from the traveller's route to an entirely different part of the city. But Dr. Dörpfeld, for many years at the head of the Athenian branch of the German Archæological Institute, bearing in mind the precision with which he and his fellow-explorers had followed the course of Pausanias in his description of the sacred enclosure at Olympia, conjectured that the periegete and his text were right, after all, and obtained permission to make excavations opposite the Acropolis at the foot of the Pnyx hill, where he thought the Pisistratean Enneacrunus might have stood. He found extensive remains of more than one system of water conduits, cisterns and larger reservoirs, but very little water, and scholars have been loath to believe that a famous ancient fountain stood where so little water could easily be obtained.

—The German Archæological Institute has considered this question of sufficient importance to send to Greece a technical expert in water supply, Herr Gräber, whose report is published in the latest number of the *Athenische Mitteilungen*. At nearly every point he confirms Dörpfeld's observations, and stoutly maintains his theory. Under the limestone hills of Athens lies a stratum of marly slate which is impervious to water, and slopes in such a way as to facilitate the supply of water for the ancient town; but the country has little rain, and water was scarce. In very early times, water was gathered at different points in the neighborhood and conducted to the old agora. In the sixth century B. C., however, this supply proved insufficient for the growing city, and the "tyrant" Pisistratus brought a fresh supply from the upper valley of the Ilissus. The conduits of Pisistratus are said to have continued in use until the seventeenth century, and Gräber has found, several miles from Athens, numerous shafts and galleries which seem to have been part of this system. The city still receives its chief supply of water through the aqueduct built by the Roman Emperor Hadrian, but the needs of the town are far beyond the present supply, and plans have been made to bring water eventually from Lake Stymphalus, eighty miles away, though this is an expensive undertaking for a poor state. The present mayor of Athens has improved both the quality and the quantity of the supply by repairing the ancient aqueduct of Hadrian, and Herr Gräber suggests that substantial further relief may be secured by discovering, clearing, and using the old Pisistratean pipes.

A UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

A History of All Nations from the Earliest Times: Being a Universal Historical Library by Distinguished Scholars. In twenty-four volumes. Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co. 1905. (Vols. I.—IX.).

The above heading contains part of the announcement which stands upon the title-page of this work, but in the same place will also be found the names of the chief contributors. The writers thus singled out from a number of minor colleagues are Charles M. Andrews, the late John Fiske, Theodor Flathe, G. F. Hertzberg, F. Justi, J. von Pflugk-Hartung, M. Philippson, Hans Prutz, and F. Wells Williams. Even with the full title and a list of the principal authors before him the reader is not in possession of all the facts. The present undertaking had its origin in Germany, where the universal history flourishes only less luxuriantly than the monograph, and where, in the 'Allgemeine Weltgeschichte' (Berlin: Grote),* was found material for nineteen volumes out of the twenty-four which form this set. For American needs, however, the task of adaptation and enlargement was found to be so considerable that the publishers organized a staff of their own, with whose aid they now issue four new volumes and an index, after having recast or amplified large portions of the German original. Dr. P. H. Steenstra of Cambridge supplies a more connected account of Biblical history and literature than was at first contributed by Professor Justi; Professor Jastrow of Philadelphia has revised the sketch of Babylonian and Assyrian civilization; and Dr. Jackson of Columbia gives an independent survey of Persian history. To the four volumes which have been added, John Fiske, Prof. Morse Stephens, and Prof. C. M. Andrews are the leading contributors. The series is to close with an elaborate index volume.

So much pains and money have been expended upon the preparation of this work in its American form that we should gladly hail it, if we could, as the ideal coöperative history. But, however reluctantly, we must temper our praise with reservations. To the public it may seem that a band of historians, if individually well qualified, should be able to produce an adequate sketch of human progress, on the coöperative plan. Yet how fraught with difficulties is all such labor those know best who have tried it, and President Woodrow Wilson did not exaggerate when, at St. Louis, he described his trials as a contributor to the Cambridge Modern History. For the reviewer a series like this, whether a true mosaic or containing but the materials of a mosaic, must ever remain an object of despair. The work is too large to analyze in a single article, and the few remarks which one can offer must almost inevitably be tinged beyond due measure with praise or blame according to the writer's habit of presenting his criticism. If the note of praise is sounded first, one's space is exhausted before he has fairly begun to illustrate the nature of an excellence which must vary with different volumes and different writers. If one begins to blame, he has thousands of pages to range over before it is time for the language of appreciation to be used.

These platitudes we set down in cold print merely because, beginning as we shall with certain strictures, we would not have the rest of our remarks rated as pure and perfunctory compliment. We have, it is true, been unfavorably impressed with the prospectus which heralds or accompanies the series, and through the help of which it will be offered for sale. Flamboyant statement we are all familiar with, but familiarity should not be permitted to breed a mood of cynical acceptance instead of avowed disapproval. We quote in full the concluding paragraph of the prospectus:

"Recent historians of the Dry-as-dust school have been apt to push this fashion to an extreme which has brought about its own reaction. They have forgotten—what the authors of the present volumes are careful never to forget—that history is a branch of literature as well as a branch of science. It can be made to delight as well as to instruct. These volumes are a proof of the fact. They combine history as a science with history as a fine art. They tell the entire story of man from his earliest known beginnings down to the present day in a style that makes history as interesting as romance. Yet they are severely and unswervingly accurate as to facts. The complete work constitutes a Library of Universal History which has no rival in the book world to-day."

The purchaser who is on the watch for history made "as interesting as romance" would not unnaturally feel some disappointment in turning from this announcement to the long and topographical account of the Egyptian nomes that Professor Justi contributes to the first volume:

"The fourth nome, Prosopites, has for its capital town Teka, probably modern Tukh, southwest from Tanta; the Greek appellation is derived from the town of Prosopis, which Dümichen has identified with the town of Pa-ari-shep, situated in the southern part of the western Delta. The fifth province is Saites (now Sa-el-Hugar), with the sanctuary of the goddess Neith, or Net. As a part of the same is to be regarded the name of Temi-en-hor ('the fortress of Horus') situated west, and now called Damanhnr. The sixth province, called Xoites, had Khasûû (now Sakha) as its capital, and lay northeast from Sais. The capital of the seventh province was Pa-neha (now Benha), lying on the southern part of the Damietta branch. Pa-tum was the capital of the eighth province, lying to the east."

Over ten pages are devoted to the nomes, and the passage we have cited gives a fair example of the treatment which Professor Justi has pursued. A minute geographical statement is undoubtedly most useful when inserted in a geographical work or in a technical work on historical geography, but to suppose that the general reader, for

*This series is not to be confounded with the 'Allgemeine Geschichte in Einzeldarstellungen,' which was also published by Grote, under the editorship of W. Oncken.

whom the prospectus is written, will find such history possessed of romantic interest, is to show a vast ignorance of practical psychology.

We have cited and commented upon the foregoing passage from the prospectus because in our opinion these volumes are a typical piece of German scholarship rather than a series of historical studies to be readily assimilated by the American public. For graphic and spirited episodes like Macaulay's trial of Warren Hastings, or Carlyle's description of the charge at Dunbar, or Bryce's coronation of Charlemagne, we may search in vain, nor is the vivid strain of writing attempted. We do not offer this remark as an unfavorable criticism, but merely as a definition. The tone of the work is scholarly, and those who are gifted with the historical instinct will find much in nearly every volume which they can read with pleasure and profit. What one misses is lightness of touch such as might lead the average person to take up historical literature with a fresh sense of its possibilities. The style of treatment suggests the intelligent manual rather than the historical essay or the rapid and animated narrative.

One reason why the element of the picturesque is not stronger we find in the comparative brevity of the text. From the size and weight of the volumes one might think each one of them would comprise at least two hundred and fifty thousand words, but on analysis the heaviness of the paper and the abundance of the illustrations account for a large proportion of the avoirdupois and of the space. Picturesqueness cannot be had without detail; and in volume five, which deals with 'Imperial Rome,' there are (omitting chronological tables and table of contents) less than a hundred thousand words. This is the shortest of the volumes before us, but we doubt whether the longest contains more than one hundred and fifty thousand words, while the average would be about midway between these figures. Such a computation may mean little to those who do not reckon habitually in terms of numbers; but any one familiar with the structure of books can see at a glance that where 'The Age of Feudalism and Theocracy' is covered in about a hundred and fifty thousand words, detailed information, comprehensiveness of treatment and picturesqueness of narrative cannot be combined. The work may be most valuable for a given purpose, but it cannot possess all the qualities which are claimed for the present series in the prospectus.

Those who overpraise or praise for the wrong things are laying up a store of disappointment. In our opinion the 'Allgemeine Weltgeschichte' was worth translating and adapting for an American circle of readers. The original contributors are good scholars, and the auxiliary corps of American writers comprise men of standing. But these solid and not too lively volumes should be understood to possess the virtues of erudition rather than the graces which shine in the popular presentation of a subject. Undoubtedly the aim of Justi and his colleagues was to prepare something which the German public could read with a degree of zest. The work as it stands can be read in America with profit and a measure of interest by the historical student, but upon the attention of the average book-buyer it places a heavy strain.

All of the volumes in this set are profusely illustrated. In many cases the subjects are well chosen, and often the work of reproduction has been satisfactorily done, but at the best the illustrations, as a whole, cannot be enthusiastically praised, while at times they fall below an average level in respect either to choice or to quality. Why, for example, we should be given such a view as appears in volume iv. (p. 43), with the title "Rome on the Palatine: ruins of Walls," it is hard to see. Our final criticism is, that the translation does not always conform to the genius of the English language. For example, in volume ix. (p. 258) occurs the following sentence:

"While he [Louis IX.] permitted to continue unchanged in form, nay, by the erection of the court of peers, consisting of the six greatest ecclesiastical and six greatest lay vassals under the presidency of the sovereign, as the supreme feudal tribunal, secured in the eyes of many its existence for all time; yet this very tribunal was essentially calculated to protect the interests of the monarchy as against the feudal powers."

In brief, the merits of this work, as a repertory of historical facts, are considerable; but we have not found it very readable or very smoothly translated or very beautifully, however copiously, illustrated. It must be pointed out that our criticism applies to the first nine volumes, which is the only portion of the work under review.

RECENT POETRY.

'The Vale of Tempe,' by Madison Cawein (Dutton), is a volume which, along with some crudities and weakness, has both the old glamour of poesy and an individual tang, so to say, that is uncommon in contemporary verse. Mr. Cawein draws his inspiration in equal draughts from the Kentucky landscape and from the world of pagan poetry, and in at least two of the aptitudes of the poet he stands pretty much by himself. His turn for vivid imaginative phrase is of the first order, whether he is dealing with lurid grotesque, as in the striking phrase "gaunt as huddled terror," or with the beautiful, as in his fine couplet—

" Invisible crystals of aerial ring
Against the wind I hear the blue-bird fling."

His command of the technique of tone-color is also exceptional. He is a master of tone, whether in the difficult key of "v," as in this description of oaks in spring:

" Velvet and silk and vair,
Vermeil and mauve and fawn,
Dim and auroral as the hues of dawn."

or in the imitative pedal-tones of this:

" The tumult and the booming of the trees,
Shaken with shoutings of the winds of March—
No mightier music have I heard than these,—
The rocking and the rushing of the trees,
The organ-thunder of the forest's arch.

"And in the wind their columned trunks become,
Each one, a mighty pendulum,
Swayed to and fro as if in time
To some vast song, some roaring rhyme,
Wind-shouted from sonorous hill to hill."

In poetry like Mr. Cawein's, for the most part so limpid and musical in tone, small discords are specially noticeable. We wish he could have avoided such minor defects as the stammering repetition of the "th" sound in such a line as

" 'Twas this that that sweet lay meant,"

and that he had not written, with but two lines between,

"She sits forgetful of her pail,"

and

" Her thin pale hair is dimly dressed."

At times Mr. Cawein's exuberant imagination and riotous musical impulse lead him into flighty, ineffective phrase and dissolute syntax. He does not always realize the good prose style, the essentials of which lurk within the best poetic styles, even in the heightened and "enthusiastical" modes.

All this, however, is by the way. Mr. Cawein is a "true poet," both in his art and in his inspiration. The concluding strophes of his fine ode, "'In Solitary Places," will serve to show his safety in the Siege Perilous of the poetic hall:

" I stood alone in a mountain place,
And it came to pass, as I gazed on space,
That I met with Mystery, face to face.

" Within her eyes my wondering soul beheld
The eons past, the eons yet to come,
At cosmic labor: and the stars,—that swelled,
Fiery or nebulous, from the darkness dumb,
In each appointed place and period,—
I saw were words, whose hieroglyphic sum
Blazoned one word, the mystic name of God.

" I walked alone 'mid the forest's maze,
And it came to pass, as I went my ways,
That I met with Beauty, face to face,

" Within her eyes my worshipping spirit saw
The moments busy with the dreams whence spring
Earth's loveliness: and all fair things that awe
Man's soul with their perfection—everything
That buds and bourgeons, blossoming above,—
I saw were letters of enduring Law
That bloomed one word, the beautiful name of Love."

In 'The Poems of Ernest Dowson' (John Lane Co.) we have a volume of "decadent" poetry, so called, of exceptionally fine quality. The pitiful facts of Dowson's brief life are frankly presented by Mr. Arthur Symons in an introductory essay. It was a frail and feverish existence, which embraced evil with a tragical eagerness. It was a life not unlike Poe's, but without the relief of domestic affection, and with no intermittent periods of citizenship and good repute; more subterranean, sordid, and unmanly. Yet the doubting dislike with which one acquainted with the facts begins the reading of Dowson's poetry, soon gives place to admiration and delight. Though he perversely chose to surround himself with moral and physical ugliness, he had the poet's vision of beauty. He was a scholar in words, and endowed with the gift of song. His poetry contains little suggestion of riot. In the main it expresses an almost cloistral ideal of calm and pure beauty, which to the reader who knows the poet's life carries a burden of haunting wistfulness. The final quality of Dowson's work a little suggests that of Leopardi's in its crystalline expression of unhappy moods, in its conflict of vision and volition. At its best, as in the piece characteristically entitled "Non sum qualis eram bonae sub regno Cynarae," it has a melody and a meaning that will not easily be forgotten:

" Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine

There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head;
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

" All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within my arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

" I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses, riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

" I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

'Peace, and Other Poems' (John Lane Co.), which, if we mistake not, is Mr. A. C. Benson's seventh volume of verse, maintains the even, comfortable level of his earlier books. Scholarly, sensitive, and sincere, without quite the temperament of a romantic poet, or quite the finish of a classic poet, Mr. Benson may perhaps best be described as a lesser, thinner Arnold. Like Arnold's is his way of compassing in a line or two the sentiment of nature in her sadder moods, as in these lines from the strophe of "Peace":

" The glancing stonechat piped his thin refrain,
And made the hills more silent, gray and old."

Like Arnold's, too, are his conscious Wordsworthianisms; and at a time when the landscape in most English poetry is Italian, or Indian, or Greek, or Irish, it is pleasant to find a volume full of the bird songs and cool, cultivated beauty of the English countryside. Perhaps the most interesting poem in the volume is a Wordsworthian piece called "The Charcoal Burner." There is something too much of it, but the poetic heart of it in the five stanzas that follow is a complete and detachable little poem of a peculiar charm:

" He hears the first shy songster spill
His liquid note, nor loud nor long
Faint tremulous pipe and drowsy trill,
Till all the wood is rich with song.

" He listens when the night-winds rise
About his turf-piled parapet,
And when the last soft murmur dies
He dreams of something stiller yet.

" And if the rattling thunder break
From ragged cloud-wreaths, piled in air,
He hides himself within the brake
And all his mind is dim with prayer.

" He is not merry, is not sad;
Unthinking hour by lonely hour,
Is in the sunshine dumbly glad,
And dumbly patient in the shower.

" He hath no fierce desires to slake,
No restless impulse to control,
And moving woods and waters make
A secret music in his soul."

The chief individual quality of Mr. Benson's work, the quality that most differentiates it from that of his masters, is a certain wistful Epicureanism, a disposition to dally with the thought of the decay of beautiful things rather than with that of the sempiternity of beauty. "A Song of Sweet Things that Have an End" is the most typical of his titles.

From a commendatory epistle affixed to Mr. Louis Alexander Robertson's 'From Crypt and Choir' (Robertson) we learn that the work of this poet is "super-Byronic." For ourselves, we should have thought "sub-Mooresque" a juster epithet, particularly applicable to such stanzas as this:

" I have swooned nigh to death in those white arms of thine,
Till the trance that enthralled me hath grown
To a dream where the glories of heaven were mine,
Then have waked on thy bosom to own
That the seraphs who stroll through the regions above,
Never know the rare bliss that I feel
When I wander with thee where the labyrinths of love
Their most exquisite raptures reveal "

Mr. Robertson's poetic instrument is not so much the lyre or the reed as the cornet-à-piston. There is, none the less, a certain attraction in his magniloquence. This is chiefly due, perhaps, to his proficiency in tossing about the names of Greek women and Egyptian deities—an art in which the Californian Muse, for some reason yet to be explained, is peculiarly apt.

Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney's 'Sonnets and Songs' (Harper) are love poems, of a passion and a sincere subtlety that are none too common. All of the sonnets and most of the songs give evidence both of temperament and of the study of the older poets, and frequently attain a richness of tone that neither could have accomplished without the other. The following fine sonnet is characteristic:

" And if I came, ah, if I came again,
And laid my hand on your forgetful heart,
Where once it lay so warm, could the pulse start,
Remembering Spring? Now, at the sound of rain,
I do but turn a little in disdain
To see the flowers renew their lovely part,
Blooming afresh. For memory holds no smart,
Love aches no more to know how it was slain.

" Yet if I came to you who heed no more
My name upon the wind? Love's ghost, lean near,
I have a word that only you may hear.
If you should come to me with dear desire,
My soul's dry staff should tremble to its core
And flame against your touch in buds of fire.

Mrs. Whitney's work does not always give evidence of the last pains with the file. In the penultimate line of this sonnet, "would," we take it, would have been better syntax and better poetry than "should." But such pedantic considerations are not of the first importance. There is in her work a joyous fervor in conception that gives a kind of poetic importance to even so slight a conceit as that of

THE DANCE.

" Like little eager children
The tiptoe tulips stand,
Row upon row of dancing heads
In joyous saraband.

' With lithe, long emerald petticoats,
And happy hands tossed up,
The sunshine is the laughter
That brims their golden cup "

'Love's Journey,' by Ethel Clifford (John Lane Co.), is a pleasant volume of slight but unaffected and musical poems. Despite a disposition to attempt the "Celtic twilight," there is a certain thinness of temperament in Miss Clifford's work that keeps it from being quite memorable. But if the rill of her inspiration is neither very deep nor very broad, it always flows freely and musically, with an amiable fineness of feeling, a simple ingenuity of phrase, and an unbroken atmosphere of poesy. Perhaps her verse is most telling when it catches something of the sentiment of other arts than literature, as in these lines

TO CHOPIN.

Singer divine of the unending sadness
Of those who never drank of Sorrow's cup;
Incarnate voice of their remote dim gladness
Who have not seen Joy's banners lifted up;
Poet of shadows and the mystic yearning
Of souls toward the shadowy unknown,
There is for you no bodily returning
Along the ways by dreams now overgrown.
So, to the Place of Sleep that you inherit,
The singing darkness where your soul must dwell,
Goes from our living hearts to your far spirit
The word that all your music means—Farewell.

Despite a considerable fervor of feeling and great readiness of phrase and metre, few of the pieces in the Rev. Minot J. Savage's 'America to England, and Other Poems' (Putnams) are of a sort to engage serious poetic criticism. Mr. Savage is most quotable in certain poems like "Where Is God," in which he contrives to give poetic suggestiveness to what is essentially a homiletic analogy.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through.
" We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea:
Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings:
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."

'The Rainbow and the Rose' (Longmans, Green & Co.), the most recent of E. Nesbit's (Mrs. Herbert Bland) numerous books of verse, has the same qualities that have given her other collections rather exceptional circulation. Mrs. Bland's poetic sentiment is appealing rather than poignant with the true poetic poignancy; though she has no gift of verbal magic, she has verbal adequacy, and her verse is always readable. "La Dernière Robe de Soie" is a fair sample of her lighter, and better, vein:

" Oh, silken gown, all pink and pretty,
Bought, quite a bargain, in the City,
Your ill-trained soul full false has played me—
No Paris gown would have betrayed me.

You knew, my pretty silken treasure,
I must not wed for love or pleasure,
But for a settlement and title;
Yet you encouraged his recital!

He said—oh, faithless gown, you listened
While on your sheen two tear drops glistened—
He said. . . . let love to music set it,
I'll never speak it—nor forget it!

'No, no!' I cried, I tried to save you—
False gown, you showed the tears I gave you!
You looked discreet when first I found you,
How could you let his arm go round you?

You darling dress—I'll smooth your creases,
I'll wear you till you drop to pieces;
But poor men's wives wear cotton only—
Dear gown—I hope you won't feel lonely!"

Among the Latin poets, Tibullus would seem to be peculiarly suitable to furnish pleasurable exercise to a talented English translator. He was preëminently a stylist, yet with scant affection for the anxious and recondite in phrase; he was without the incommunicable fire of genius that makes a perfect English rendering of Lucretius or Virgil forever an unattainable ideal, yet with a quality of his own that is as "fine and pure" to-day as Quintilian found it in his; and the views and sentiments of an observant, amused, rather easy-going gentleman that make the texture of his verse, have a singular air of modernity. In 'The Elegies of Tibullus' (Badger), Mr. Theodore C. Williams offers a metrical version of all of the genuine poems of Tibullus, together with those wrongly ascribed to him, that bears in every line evidence of his long pleasure in the writing. If we have any quarrel with Mr. Williams, it is for the variety of metres into which, as it seems without due reason, he has transmuted Tibullus's elegiacs. He would have done better to restrain his metrical fluency from the pentameter couplets, the "fourteeners," the assorted stanzaic forms that he gives us, and kept wholly to the elegiac quatrains, in which he has been particularly happy in catching the mood of his original. Perhaps, if the form were a little less hackneyed, he would have done better still to have adopted the Fitz-Gerald stanza. As a whole, however, the work is admirably performed. The note of it is not too modern, and it preserves to its advantage something of an eighteenth-century color in its phrase, yet it is exceptionally free from any suggestion of labored artifice. Though it is in no sense a slavish rendering, it does present the substance of Tibullus with remarkable fidelity, as may be seen by comparing the passage of the fourth elegy of the second book beginning,

"Heu! quicumque dedit formam cœlestis avaræ,"

with the following stanzas of the translation:

"'What God did beauty unto gold degrade,
And mix one bliss with many a woe and shame?
Tears, quarrels, curses were the gifts he made:
And Love bears now a very evil name.

False girl who dost for riches thrust aside
Love's honest vow, may winds and flame conspire
To wreck thy wealth, while all thy beaux deride
The loss, nor throw one bowl-full on the fire!

O when dark Death shall be the final guest,
No lover true will shed the faithful tear,
Nor bring an offering where thy ashes rest,
Nor lay one garland on thy lonely bier!

But some warm-hearted lass who loved not gain
Shall live a hundred years yet be much mourned;
Her tomb shall be some lover's holiest fane,
With annual gift of all sad flowers adorned.

'Farewell, true heart!' his trembling lips will say,
'Let peace untroubled bless thy relics dear!'
Oft will he visit, and departing pray,
'Light lie this earth on her whose rest is here!'"

Mr. Williams has a little sentimentalized his author, but this perhaps is no more than a fair compensation for the melancholy music of the Latin vowels.

BOOKS FOR MUSIC LOVERS.

The Study of the History of Music. By Edward Dickinson. Scribners.

Studies of Great Composers. By C. Hubert H. Parry. Geo. Routledge & Sons.

Joseph Joachim. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. John Lane Co.

Chats on Violins. By Olga Racster. J. B. Lippincott Co.

An Elizabethan Virginal Book. By E. W. Naylor. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Der Moderne Dirigent. Von Arthur Laser. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

While every year brings some new books on the history of music, very few of them have so good a *raison d'être* as Professor Dickinson's, which makes a strong appeal to teachers as well as to students. It is based on the plan and method followed in the courses of lectures on the history and criticism of music given by the author in the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, and it suggests the thought that if all the branches of music are as thoroughly and lucidly expounded in that institution as the history of the art, Western students need not any longer come East or go to Europe—except to cultivate their taste by hearing elaborate works that are not performed in their longitude. But perhaps Professor Dickinson is a *rara avis;* his book is certainly almost unique in its clearness of statement and general usefulness; it is a marvel of condensed information. Not only are all the main epochs in the evolution of music briefly and happily characterized, but every section is followed by a paragraph in smaller type referring the reader to the best books and articles in the English language on that particular phase of the question. This feature, which shows the author thoroughly at home in musical literature, it is that makes his book of interest, not only to students of musical history, but to the much larger number of those who wish to "read up" on this or that composer. The countless women's clubs in the country will, of course, give it a place of honor in their libraries, and the busy musical critics who are perpetually besought for information as to what books should be read for certain literary or lecture purposes, may now save time by ordering a few hundred postal cards with these words printed on the back: "Dear Madame, you will find everything you want to know in Dickinson's 'Study of the History of Music.'" For this relief much thanks, the critics will say.

A good sample of the terse yet comprehensive style of the book, and of the author's art of stimulating thought, may be found in his remarks on the difference in the conceptions of the functions of singers and players in the eighteenth century from those that prevail to-day:

"The singer was part creator with the composer. Song was not rendering prescribed notes in a prescribed way, but an act of spontaneous creation. This practice was the continuation of a usage common in the church far back in the Middle Ages. It was taken up by instrumental music. It was far along in the nineteenth century before pianists renounced the privilege of embellishing off-hand the pieces they played, even though they were the works of famous composers. In the oratorio of Handel's time the practice was permitted. It has flourished, although in a less degree, in the Italian opera of the nineteenth century. It was a token of the belief of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that improvisation is a higher art than the strict interpretative rendering of the work of another."

Among the best chapters in the book are those on Liszt and on Programme Music. Concerning Liszt the author remarks that "many of his works are so novel that they are difficult to classify," and he emphasizes a point too often forgotten by commentators, that Liszt's transcriptions of songs, orchestral works, etc., for pianoforte, "are full of original material, and are cast in a mould that was wholly Liszt's invention. In such cases as the Hungarian Rhapsodies and the Schubert 'Soirées de Vienne' they are as original as, for instance, the chorale preludes of Bach." As for the pictorial and literary programme in music, its chief value

"seems to be to the composer; his creative power is quickened by definite scenes and experiences, and musical effects are suggested that would not otherwise occur to him. He ransacks history, nature, poetry, and fiction for themes which he may illustrate. . . . It is beyond doubt that the principle under discussion is the chief cause of the vastly increased variety in the music of the present day. The mutual attraction of music and literature, with an increased deference to the latter, is the cardinal fact in the history of music in the nineteenth century."

The least satisfactory sections of Professor Dickinson's book are those relating to Dvorák, Rubinstein, and Tchaikovsky. To say that Rubinstein's vein of melody lacks originality, or that Dvorák represents the older (absolute) style in music, is to fly in the face of facts; nor is it true that Berlioz's operas "are not now heard." America receives scant justice, with two pages, as against England's five; but as the American section closes the book, it will be easy to enlarge on this subject in future editions, which ought to be, and doubtless will be, many in number.

Concerning Dr. Parry, who comes next on our list, Professor Dickinson says that "he is of the highest type of the university man in music, and in educated circles his scholarly attainments give him a regard which no other English musician enjoys in quite equal measure." Of his compositions little is known in this country, but his literary works are the delight of the highest type of amateurs. His 'Studies of Great Composers' is not a new book; it now appears in its eighth edition, and it is this circumstance that makes it worthy of renewed brief mention. Its chapters were written originally for a periodical for young people, and its popularity is probably due in part to the avoidance therein of the more abstruse questions which interest the inner circle only. The eleven composers selected for biographic and critical treatment are Palestrina, Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Wagner, while a supplementary chapter deals briefly with other masters. Narrowness manifests itself in the fact that the non-German composers (Liszt, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, Grieg) hardly seem to exist for this British Teuton's eyes; he even classes Chopin among those "who come near to the greatest," and tells us that his music is not "bracing or elevating"; but this only shows that even an eminent musical scholar may still have a great deal to learn.

When Joseph Joachim paid his first visit to London he was armed with a letter of introduction from Mendelssohn, who spoke

of his "perfect comprehension of music," as shown "in his manner of playing all modern and classical solos." That was sixty-one years ago, and Joseph Joachim is still active, a subject for inclusion in John Lane's series of "Living Masters of Music." Were this series restricted to composers, Joachim would hardly be in it, for, although his works number about two dozen, they lack the melodic originality which alone ensures long life in music. Their austerity exceeds even that of the compositions of his idol, Brahms, to which, by the way, Joachim not infrequently lent a helping hand; he wrote, among other things, the cadenza that is usually played in the Brahms violin concerto. Throughout his life, Joachim championed the cause of Brahms against Wagner, Liszt, and the other leading modern masters. Mr. Maitland makes a feeble attempt to defend him against the charge of partiality, mentioning the fact that portions of Wagner's operas were performed at the Berlin Academy of Music by Joachim's authority; but this only shows that even the director of that institution could not stem the Wagnerian Niagara. Mr. Maitland's treatment of the Liszt-Joachim quarrel presents only one side of the question, but even thus he cannot prevent the reader from smiling at Joachim's fears that if the form created by Liszt—the symphonic poem—succeeded, it would "result in a widespread contempt for the great things of the old masters." Surely, the leading champion of these old masters (next to Liszt!) should not have shown such small faith in their staying powers. Of Joachim's art as a violinist, Mr. Maitland gives an admirable account. Every violin student should read what he says (p. 36) as to Joachim's carrying the bow in such a way that he can use precisely the number of hairs that he needs to produce the desired effect. Nothing, too, could be more luminous and instructive than the following:

"Technically, the secret of his regulated or logical freedom may be said to be based on the principle of what is now sometimes called the agogic accent, *i. e.*, the kind of accent that consists, not of an actual stress or intensification of tone on the note, but of a slight lengthening-out of its time-value, at the beginning of the bar and at points where a secondary accent may be required. All the greatest interpreters of the best music have been accustomed to lay this kind of accent on the first note of the bar, or of a phrase, as taste may suggest; but none has ever carried out the principle so far or with such fine results as Joachim has done."

Olga Racster's 'Chats on Violins' is well named; it is made up chiefly of gossip relating to fiddles and their makers, yet the book is considerably better than one might expect from the author's introductory remark: "I simply intend to strive to follow in the steps of the great George Washington by telling as few lies as I can." The greater part of the volume is devoted to the Italian and German violin makers. The instrument's ancestors are also described, but the pictures of them are not placed where they would have been helpful.

Dr. Naylor's 'Elizabethan Virginal Book' is a critical essay of 220 pages on the contents of a manuscript in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, England. The author is organist and lecturer of Emmanuel College in the same city. With the aid of copious illustrations, he analyzes nearly 300 pieces of the Tudor period contained in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. He presents himself not as a mere antiquarian, "praising days long since outworn," but as one "doing battle with the ignorance which still attributes the invention of the main features of Modern Music to the eighteenth century." It must be admitted that he makes out a good case for his thesis.

The author of 'Der Moderne Dirigent' had the great good luck of being for a time a player in the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Hans von Bülow, one of the first of the truly modern conductors—that is, the conductors who use their brains as well as their bâtons in controlling a band. It was another member of this organization while it was under Bülow's control—the eminent violoncellist Anton Hecking—who once said that for the first time in his career he enjoyed playing in an orchestra: "Here, at last, is a chance to learn something." Mr. Laser, who until lately was a musical critic in New York, gives some invaluable examples of Bülow's method, which transformed mere players into artists. He successfully fights the foolish notion current here that the orchestra is more important than the conductor; he shows up the hollow pretensions of the talk about "following the traditions"; he points out that while Bülow and Seidl were two of the most eminent Wagnerian conductors, their interpretations often differed not only from one another's, but from Wagner's own; he tells of a case where Bülow conducted a symphony by Villiers C. Stanford quite differently from the conceptions of the composer, who, however, declared afterward that he had not known that his work was so beautiful till he heard Bülow's version. The conclusion Mr. Laser draws from this and more of the same kind is, that so-called "tradition" in music is usually synonymous with hypocrisy, and that the greatest conductor is he who eschews all attempt at "objective" interpretation, but gives his individuality full sway. The author then proceeds to show that Anton Seidl's unparalleled popularity and influence in America were due not to his having been a pupil of Wagner, but to his great and fascinating personality. He had entered into the spirit of Wagner's music so deeply that he "played it as if it had been of his own creation."

The second part of Mr. Laser's treatise considers the mooted question as to whether players at concerts should be invisible to the audience; he decides against this innovation, which has been frequently attempted in Germany. He then proceeds to give a number of practical hints to conductors; adduces reasons why they should not delegate the orchestra to an assistant when called upon to provide an accompaniment for a soloist; and explains in full why the concert master (leader of the violins) has lost his importance since conductors have adopted the modern idea that the orchestra is their instrument, on which they cannot play well at concerts unless they have practised on it at rehearsals (the older way having been to let the concert-master do most of the rehearsing). These are a few of the salient points in Mr. Laser's pamphlet, a treatise which cannot be too highly commended, not only to orchestral and other conductors who want to be up to date, but to all players, singers, and students.

The Book of the Spiritual Life. By the late Lady Dilke. With a Memoir of the Author by the Rt. Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, Bt., M.P. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The mystical stories by Lady Dilke are not very remarkable, either for their symbolism or for their imaginative power. They seem to us chiefly the result of reading, for they are full of ideas and thoughts of great writers gracefully strung together in language derived from a blend of Ruskin and the Bible much in use in the poetic prose of our day. We find ourselves, as in the world of the 'Hypnerotomachia,' in dark forests, rocky landscapes, sunset splendors, and Italian gardens in which fair women and strong knights move as in a dream, distilling in the end wise axioms from their fateful experiences and struggles. Little remains in the reader's mind but a sense of culture and a reminiscence of quattrocentisti pictures. These stories loudly cry for woodcut illustrations to give them point.

Sir Charles Dilke in the memoir of E. Frances Strong, afterwards Mrs. Mark Pattison, then Lady Dilke, his wife, shows himself to be of the opinion that biography should take the form of panegyric, for his narrative abounds with eulogy from beginning to end. This excess of post-mortem marital adulation, however regrettable it may seem, cannot wholly detract from the interest in the life of such a gifted woman, who, from her earliest years, was in touch with all the celebrated people of her time, in art, literature, and politics, in England, Germany, France, Italy. E. Frances Strong came of the stock of the United Empire Loyalists of Georgia; her father, Capt. Henry Strong, a retired Indian officer, became the Oxford manager of the London and County Bank. His daughter showed from her earliest years great aptitude for drawing, and by Ruskin's advice was sent to study at South Kensington, where Mulready became her master. She also became known at that time to G. F. Watts, Millais, Tennyson, and other celebrities of the circle of Little Holland House. Before this (1858), from a small child, she was subject to hallucinations of which she gives exact accounts, but which she seems to have attributed to an overfatigued brain and her power of visual memory, which was very remarkably developed. Brought up in strict High Church principles, she became on her emancipation as an art student from home supervision an ultra Puseyite. Her orthodox companions were astonished at her doing severe penance for any fault she recognized by lying for hours in the attitude of the cross on the bare stones; later on, she abandoned the Church to take part in the Positivist movement, which enabled her, as the wife of Mark Pattison, to face the shipwreck of her beliefs caused by the intellectual society without any faith in revealed religion which formed her surroundings in Oxford. Sir Charles Dilke asserts that although George Eliot did not draw the character of Dorothea Brooke in 'Middlemarch' from Mrs. Pattison, she used this lady's letters to herself to describe the religious ideal of her heroine, and further informs us that Casaubon's account of his marriage to Dorothea is given almost in Mark Pattison's own words, although Casaubon was in every way unlike the Rector of Lincoln.

After her marriage, Mrs. Pattison gave

much time to the study of foreign languages, literature, and philosophy with her husband, for whom she worked without giving up her studies in art, although at the same time she was a great success in Oxford society and created a "salon." Her contributions to the *Saturday Review* began at this moment in order to increase her personal income. In 1870 Mrs. Pattison turned her attention to art criticism, and from 1872, at the invitation of Mr. Appleton, the originator of the weekly *Academy*, she became its art critic. This position brought her in touch with all French and English artists and writers on art, and we are given extracts from letters from Burty, Müntz, Herman Grimm, Bertolotti, Thausing, Browning, Renan, George Eliot, Burne-Jones, Prince Leopold, and other eminent men. Mrs. Pattison had a wonderful faculty for work, and a great desire to get at the root of things; in her quest for information she evidently did not spare letters to specialists on her subjects. Her correspondence must have been enormous, but Sir Charles Dilke, in his compilation, does not give us much that is noteworthy; he chiefly picks out the elaborate and rather perfunctory compliments of literary celebrities in acknowledgment of her presentation copies, and samples of her own fluency in French in letters written to French critics.

'The Renaissance of Art in France' is Lady Dilke's most important literary labor. It remains valuable as a book of reference to writers on that period, and gave her an unique position in Paris in the art world, although her subsequent eighteenth-century books introduced her to a wider public. These are as follows: 'French Architects and Sculptors of the Eighteenth Century,' 'French Decoration and Furniture in the Eighteenth Century,' 'French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the Eighteenth Century,' and 'French Painters of the Eighteenth Century.' She was writing a book on seventeenth-century art when she died.

Another side of her active career was the interest she took in the Women's Trade Union League. She frequently was the principal speaker at its annual meeting in London, and in 1880 advocated at one of these meetings a system of technical education for women in advance of the times, on this occasion being supported by William Morris and Professor Bryce. Her work in this direction was not without general recognition; she was frequently invited to open textile halls in Lancashire constructed by the efforts of the unions, and in 1899 an address from the American Federation of Labor signed by its president, Samuel Gompers, was received by Lady Dilke. He wrote that her example had been commended for emulation to the women of America. Her idea of trades-unionism was not that it would be the "gospel of the future, but salvation at present." She took her work in this cause very seriously, and carried it on to the very end.

The book contains portraits of Lady Dilke and samples of her pen-and-ink drawings, and sketches from her notes of pictures about which she intended to write.

The Outlook to Nature. By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

In this little volume Professor Bailey gives to the reading public four lectures delivered last January in the Colonial Theatre, Boston, under the auspices of the Education Committee of the Twentieth Century Club. The general purpose is to emphasize the importance of nature study, rightly defined, as a basis for the education of the young. The first of these lectures is a call away from the conventional, the sensational and other false scents which we are vainly following, back to the spontaneity and simplicity of "the commonplace." This is well if kept within reasonable limits, but we think that Professor Bailey would hardly induce a general movement toward the study of botany, for instance, by proving his assertion that "every plant is just as interesting as every other plant. If not, the fault is not with the plant." There is nothing quite so tiresome as a dead level of interest, whether that level be high or low. Nature has no half-hearted worshipper in Professor Bailey. In her domain, "whatever is, is right." "Bad weather" is simply an ill-chosen name for our fear of spoiling our fancy clothing, "one of the greatest obstacles to a knowledge of nature." The path of the naturalist cannot be trodden in patent-leather shoes. The weather is the nearest thing at hand in our natural environment, and no man can be content and happy who puts himself out of sympathy with his environment. Give us the rain and the hail, the snow and the mist and the biting wind! Choose the "bad" weather as the very time for your sally into the fields and woods; you will then be fellow with bird and stream and tree.

We fear that our author has been swept from his scientific moorings here by an enthusiasm wrought up over the ink-bottle. The tree and the stream cannot help themselves, nor give intelligible testimony as to possible sensations under the strokes of the storm, but the depressing influence of various phases of weather on most varieties of birds is so evident that he who runs may read. Mrs. Eddy is likely to abolish pain before Mr. Bailey rids even the most scientifically educated of bad weather. He looks to "nature poetry" as a valuable ally in bringing the commonplace to its own, but the poet must free himself from the bondage of literary form, and be "as unconfined as the inaccessible mountains, the great plains, or the open sea." His product must be rugged and continental, and Walt Whitman is held up as an earnest of what we are to look for.

The second lecture presents for inspection the respective advantages and disadvantages of city and country life. The third deals with "the school of the future," which is to be evolved from present conditions through a gradual recognition of present defects and of the essential fitness of the material which nature has put right at hand to remedy those defects. The closing lecture is a rather unnecessary defence of the fundamental postulate of the doctrine of evolution. The acceptance of this fundamental principle may have seemed slow to impatient scientists, but a broad knowledge of human nature would hardly have led to the expectation that so radical a change could have moved more rapidly. And the great progress which this readjustment of our point of view has already made, has come about almost entirely from the constant discovery and recording of facts in harmony with the new hypothesis, and not from the incessant stream of heated argument, however logical, which scientists of polemic inclination have based upon these facts.

Provincial America, 1690-1740. By Evarts Boutell Greene. [The American Nation, Vol. 6.] Harper & Bros. 1905. Pp. xxi, 356.

Professor Greene's book is a welcome addition to the literature of the "neglected period" of American history to whose investigation scholars have at last begun to devote themselves. In the plan of the series to which it belongs, the volume follows the one by Prof. Charles M. Andrews on 'Colonial Self-Government,' but without treating in detail the colonization of New France or the intercolonial wars, both of which topics are reserved for another hand. The four chapters on the French and Indian wars are summary accounts, dealing mainly with the relation of the wars to the English colonies.

The half-century from 1690 to 1740 witnessed in America three parallel lines of development. The first was the growth of the colonies in political experience and efficiency; the second, the development of economic resources and economic activities; the third, the increasing concern of the home Government about the colonies, as shown in the effort to tighten administrative control over colonial affairs. It was not a time of sweeping changes or striking incidents, for the period of colonial beginnings had passed. It was not a time of expansion: only one new colony of importance (Georgia) was founded during the period. It was rather a time of institutional adolescence, of growth and adjustment, bridging the years between political infancy and young manhood. The difficult task of the historian is to discriminate what is significant in such an irregular process, to appraise both efforts and attainments in political directions, and to show the connection between events—a task the more difficult in this case because of the lack of organic unity between the various English colonies, and their unequal development at both the beginning and the end of the period.

The most noticeable aspect of the political development of the time is the growing power of the colonial assemblies and their practical independence of English control. Everywhere, whatever the type of government, the Legislature absorbs more and more of the powers of government, trenches on the Executive, and overshadows the courts. The bone of contention was, more often than not, the grant of supplies; and here, almost without exception, the assemblies successfully insisted upon grants for a year or for short periods, while not hesitating to coerce the governors by withholding the grants altogether. Professor Greene has done well to call attention to the high character of some of the governors of the period, such as Spotswood and Burnet, and to the substantial interest in the colonies shown by many of them. As a whole, however, colonial administrators were of an inferior sort, and even good behavior did not always win concessions or prevent capable officials from falling under the general disfavor.

Not less important, however, though less striking, is the development of the colonies

in economic and social ways. Towards the end of the period the rapid natural increase of population is reinforced by immigration, with consequent extension of the settled area, especially in New England and the middle colonies. Colonial manufactures, though shortly checked by parliamentary interference, have at least a beginning. There is increased exploitation of the fisheries, particularly in New England, and notable growth of foreign trade, especially with the West Indies. The plantation system took definite form in the South, while the African slave trade, directly fostered by England, grew apace. We could wish for more detailed accounts of these matters than Professor Greene gives, though the main facts are clearly presented and the economic life as a whole adequately dwelt upon.

The social aspects of colonial life are, we think, less satisfactorily treated. The American people certainly made substantial progress in the fifty years with which Professor Greene's volume deals. They cleared more land, raised better crops, built better houses, had better furniture and clothing, wrote, printed, and bought more books, and indulged in more social relaxation than was the case with the colonists of a generation before. The intellectual movement was equally pronounced. An increasing number of American youth sought Oxford and Cambridge. An increasing number of American lawyers, especially in the South, received their training at the Inns of Court. American culture was unquestionably provincial, but there was growth in intellectual freedom, as witness the struggle for the control of Harvard College and the waning hold of Puritanism. Professor Greene touches upon all these points, but hardly, we think, with equal sureness, or with the intimate knowledge which the political sections of his book everywhere exhibit.

It was this obvious growth in wealth, interest, and resource which alarmed Englishmen at home and prompted restrictive measures. Instead of being a time of "salutary neglect," the period was one of marked activity; and Professor Greene points out clearly the operation of new plans of administrative control due in part to the desire to keep the colonies politically in check, and in part to the desire of English merchants and manufacturers to appropriate the larger share of the profits of colonial industry. As fruits of the new policy, we have a considerable number of trade laws, of which the Molasses Act of 1733 was the most important; a varied list of parliamentary statutes regulating colonial interests, such as those directed against manufactures and paper money; the frequent disallowance of colonial acts in England, with the accompanying imposition of restrictions on the governors in the matter of the approval of colonial laws; and significant proposals for the alteration of the charters. Fortunately for the colonies, the more radical suggestions were not carried into effect, while the discussion of them, though it kept the colonists stirred up, contributed to bring about a considerable similarity of political thinking and action from New Hampshire to Carolina. On the vexed question of the evasion of the acts of trade, Professor Greene concludes that "though there was much illegal trading, the volume of this illicit trade, with the exception of that carried on with the West Indies in defiance of the Molasses Act, was not relatively large, and that the eighteenth-century colonists drew the great bulk of their European goods from English ports" (pp. 294, 295).

Professor Greene does not appear to have used manuscript material, or to have paid particular attention to the mass of local records and pamphlets in which so much of the history of the time is imbedded; but the other literature of the time, particularly the documents, has been industriously explored. As a condensed account of a peculiarly difficult period, written in the light of modern historical scholarship, the volume is a commendable piece of work, and a worthy addition to the series in which it appears.

Hebrew Humour, and Other Essays. By J. Chotzner, Ph. D., late Hebrew tutor at Harrow. London: Luzac & Co. 1905. 8vo, pp. 180.

Nearly all of these sixteen separate essays have appeared separately in periodicals, all on Judaic topics, coming down from the Old Testament to modern Jewish journalism. The author is evidently a Hebrew scholar, well versed in Bible and Talmud and in the mediæval and modern literature of his people, but rather awkward and very loose as a writer. In his title essay he gives to "Humour" a very unusual meaning; for he illustrates it by the fiercest invectives, sometimes tinged with cruel irony, of Isaiah, Hosea and Amos. The most important of his other essays is a "Sketch of the Talmud," misleading in every way. He tells us that when "the time of dispersion came, the Jews abandoned the sword for the pen." Waiving the minor point, that nearly all the teaching was oral, the writing of religious books being deliberately avoided for a century and a half after the destruction of the Temple, and the pen being used only to copy the Scriptures, the author implies that there was but little learning or study before Jerusalem fell. But he certainly knows that when Johanan ben Zakkai, by Titus's permission, opened his school in the orchard at Jamnia, he taught the same doctrines which Hillel and his grandson Gamaliel had developed in Jerusalem during the reigns of Herod and of Agrippa. Even worse is the assertion that, in Rabbi Akiba's time, the activity of the sages was confined to the exposition of the Scriptures or the "written law." Any reader of the Mishnah finds in it opinions of R. Akiba and of his contemporaries, Meïr, Ishmael, and Jehudah ben Il'aï, on questions in all branches of the traditional law, hardly touching in any way on the written text. The statement of the immense bulk of the Babylonian Talmud (5,154 folio pages) is also misleading, for the octavo edition, with the same paging as the folio, is in good enough print; besides, more than half the space of all editions thus paged is taken up by the commentary of Rashi of Troyes and the "additions" *(Tosafoth)* of his grandsons. The author fails to explain how the Talmud was swelled to even this more moderate size by discussions in which really or apparently conflicting traditions, ascribed to different Sages, sometimes to the same teacher, are sought to be reconciled. He does not even mention the Baraïtha, *i. e.* the traditions "outside" of the official compilation of the Mishnah, but constantly quoted in the Talmud, and which makes up its most important element and the pivot of its discussions.

Among the other essays, one treats of the life and literary work of Leopold Zunz, the creator of *Wissenschaft des Judenthums*, probably the most learned Jew of the nineteenth century. It gives much useful and interesting information, but blunders curiously in speaking of his best known work 'Gottesdienstliche Vorträge.' These are simply *Vorträge* (lectures) on the *Gottesdienst* (services, liturgy); our author turns them into "Homilies of the Jews."

With all its faults and inaccuracies the book is useful in giving an account of the life work of some literary Jews of originality and force, the most noteworthy among whom is Immanuel di Roma, a contemporary and personal friend of Dante, who wrote both Italian and Hebrew poems, but mainly the latter, and who proved that something very much like true poetry can be written in a dead language, though he never reached the earnestness and force of Jehudah Hallevi; nor could he, as his Hebrew poems dealt with earthly topics, not with the sacred aspirations and hopes of the people in whose language they were written.

The fifteenth essay, on "The Influence of Hebrew Literature on Heinrich Heine," will prove the most interesting of all to the lay reader.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addison, Julia de Wolf. The Art of the National Gallery. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Archibald, Anna, and Georgiana Jones. The Fusser's Book. Fox, Duffield & Co. 75 cents.
Aristotle's Politics. Translated by Benjamin Jowett. Henry Frowde.
Atherton, Gertrude. The Travelling Thirds. Harpers. $1.25.
Austin, Martha W. Tristram and Isoult. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Auto Fun. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Bangs, John Kendrick. Mrs. Raffles. Harpers. $1.25.
Beveridge, Albert J. The Young Man and the World. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Blackmar, Frank W. The Elements of Sociology. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Boswell's Life of Johnson. Frowde.
Brewer, David J. The United States a Christian Nation. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.
Bullock, Charles Jesse. The Elements of Economics. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Scribners. $2.50 net.
Caffin, Charles H. How to Study Pictures. Century Co. $2 net.
Capart, Jean. Primitive Art in Egypt. Translated by A. S. Griffith. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $5 net.
Carman, Bliss. Pipes of Pan. No. 5. From the Book of Valentines. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Carter, Thomas. Shakespeare and Holy Scripture. Dutton. $3 net.
Catchwords of Cheer. Compiled by Sara A. Hubbard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Chapin, Henry Dwight. Vital Questions. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Cobb, Benjamin F. Business Philosophy. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.20 net.
Cobb, Benj. F. Jack Henderson Down East.—On Tipping.—On Matrimony.—Down South.—On Experience.—Out West. Hurst & Co.
Coudert, Frederic R. Addresses. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Davis, Noah. The Northerner. Century Co. $1.50.
Davis, Oscar King. At the Emperor's Wish. Appleton. $1.25.
Dawson, Elinor. Merciful unto Me a Sinner. Chicago: Thompson & Thomas.
Dawson, W. J. The Makers of English Fiction. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50 net.
Diary of a Bride, The. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Dick, Stewart. Arts and Crafts of Old Japan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Dickinson, G. Lowes. A Modern Symposium. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1 net.
Dickson, Harris. Duke of Devil-May-Care. Appleton. $1.50.
Donne's Love Poems. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Eliot, Charles W. The Happy Life. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents net.
Graham, Harry. More Misrepresentative Men. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.
Green, Olive. What to Have for Breakfast. Putnams. 90 cents net.

Grimm's Popular Stories. Henry Frowde.
Hall, Charles Cuthbert. The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Harper, William R. The Prophetic Element in the Old Testament. University of Chicago Press. $1.
Hurll, Estelle M. The Bible Beautiful. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.
Hutton, Edward. A Book of English Love Poems. London: Methuen & Co.
Ingersoll, Ernest. An Island in the Air. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Johnson, Burges. Rhymes of Little Boys. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1 net.
Keays, H. A. Mitchell. The Work of Our Hands. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Kennedy, Bart. The Green Sphinx. London: Methuen & Co.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare. Henry Frowde.
London, Jack. Tales of the Fish Patrol. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Long Day, The. Century Co. $1.20 net.
Loomis, Charles Battell. I've Been Thinking. James Pott & Co. $1.
Mann, Hugh. Bound and Free. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 50 cents net.
Marchant, E. C. Greek Reader. Vol. I. Henry Frowde.
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. The Companionship of Books. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Metchnikoff, Elie. Immunity in Infective Diseases. Translated by F. G. Binnie. Macmillan Co. $5.25.
Monroe, Paul. A Text-Book in the History of Education. Macmillan Co.
Muther, Richard. Jean François Millet. Scribners. $1 net.
Phillips, David Graham. The Reign of Gilt. James Pott & Co. $1.
Phillips, John Herbert. Old Tales and Modern Ideals. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Poor, Agnes Blake. Under Guiding Stars. Putnams. $1.25.
Reed, Helen Leah. Amy in Acadia. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Revon, Michel. Le Japon Moderne. Paris: G. Naud.
Revon, Michel. Le Shinntoïsme. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Rhead, G. Woolliscroft. The Principles of Design. Scribners. $2 25 net.
Richards, Laura E. Mrs. Tree's Will. Dana Estes & Co. 75 cents.
Richards, William R. God's Choice of Men. Scribners. $1.50 net.
Routh, Jr., James Edward. The Fall of Tollan. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Sage, Elizabeth, and Anna M. Cooley. Occupation for Little Fingers. Scribners.
Schillings, C. G. With Flash-Light and Rifle. Translated by Henry Zick. Harpers. $2 net.
Schwartz, Julia Augusta. Wilderness Babies. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Seton, Ernest Thompson. Animal Heroes. Scribners. $2.
Shaw, G. Bernard. The Irrational Knot. Brentano's. $1.50.
Shorter, Clement K. Charlotte Brontë and her Sister. Scribners.
Speed, John Gilmer. The Horse in America. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Stendhal's Mémoires d'un Touriste. Edited by H. J. Chaytor. Henry Frowde.
Sterner, Ira I. Picture Gallery of Souls. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Sweet, Frank H. Hobby Camp. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.
Tucker, George F. Mercantile and Manufacturing Corporations. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists, Official Report of the. St. Louis.
Wagner's Lohengrin. Retold by Oliver Huckel. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
Warner, Anne. The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Wasson, George S. The Green Shay. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Waters, Thomas L. Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Ipswich, Mass.
Wells, Carolyn. A Satire Anthology. Scribners. $1.25 net.
Wertheimer, Edward de. The Duke of Reichstadt. John Lane Co.
Wiley, Sara King. Alcestis, and Other Poems. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Willis, H. G. Elementary Modern Geometry. Part I. Henry Frowde.
Wilson, F. R. L., and G. W. Hedley. Elementary Chemistry. Part I. Henry Frowde.
Wilson, J. Cook. Traversing of Geometrical Figures. Henry Frowde.
Woodberry, George Edward. The Torch. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wylie, Edna Edwards. The Ward of the Sewing-Circle. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.
Zollinger, Gulielma. The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Some of Henry Holt and Co.'s New Books

New catalogue with portraits on application to the publishers at 29 West 23d St., New York.

Nature. An interesting book by a very high authority is **LANKESTER'S EXTINCT ANIMALS.** The illustrations are numerous and striking. The author bases this book on his popular lectures, and has been able, without in the least diminishing its scientific value, to make it intelligible even to children. ($1.75 net, by mail $1.90.)

Very remarkable pictures of some of our familiar wild animals and birds in their native environment, from photographs taken in the field by the author, are contained in Lottridge's **ANIMAL SNAPSHOTS.** Together with highly readable papers on the life and habits of the subjects, and how the photographs were made. ($1.75 net, by mail $1.87, November.)

A diary of nature for a twelvemonth is comprised in E. Kay Robinson's **COUNTRY DAY BY DAY.** Though written of England, most of the descriptions fit American scenes as well. The literary quality is high and there is a wealth of detailed observation. ($1.75 net, by mail $1.85.) A new supply (sixth printing) of that charming outdoor anthology, Lucas's **OPEN ROAD** is now ready ($1.50).

A well known New York physician, Dr. Edward Curtis, has incorporated the teachings of modern medical science, good sense, and many years' experience in his book **NATURE AND HEALTH,** a popular treatise on the hygiene of the person and the home (November).

History and Sociology. "Invaluable, nay indispensable," says the *Nation* of the **UP-TO-DATE AND REWRITTEN WALLACE'S RUSSIA** ($5.00 retail). "Mighty interesting reading" about the Romanoffs is contained in **ULAR'S RUSSIA FROM WITHIN.** The *Literary Digest* says: "A vivid picture of the depressing moral influences exercised on the nation" ($1.75 net, by mail $1.84).

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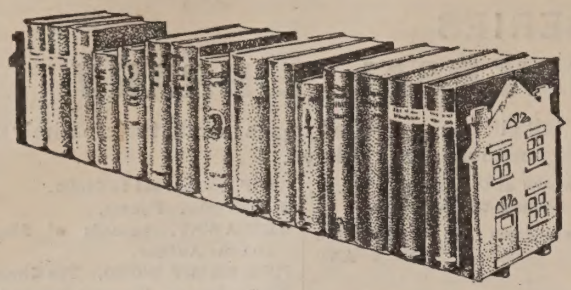

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1905.

The Week.

The Civil Service Commissioners are at it again, sticking their noses into other people's business. It is true, Francis E. Baker, United States Circuit Judge for Indiana, violated one of the Federal laws he was sworn to enforce by making postal clerks pay 5 per cent. of their salary to the Republican campaign fund of 1902; but when he has enforced so many laws, can't he break one now and then just by way of aiding the glorious Republican party? Folks may think that there was something mean and contemptible in making a poor postal clerk borrow money to pay over his $30 or $50, but Judge Baker and George W. Plunkitt see the thing in a different light. They know it is far better that every least clerk should go into debt than that their respective parties should be defeated, and they are naturally not willing to let a little thing like the law stand in their way. As if their action were not mean enough in itself, the Civil Service Commissioners go out of their way to cast a slur on the judge and a very worthy law by saying that the statute of limitations is the "only defence which can be opposed to the charge"! Well, why should it not be? Isn't it on the statute-books? Haven't Congressman Lucius Littauer, the New York canal ring, and a host of other lights, including at least one insurance president, got out of trouble by resorting to it in time of need?

The report of H. H. Schwartz, special agent of the Government Land Office sent to investigate entries on the Shoshone forest reserve in Idaho, should be published and distributed as 'The Land Grafter's Hand-Book.' It covers an even one hundred claims in one township; and its brief paragraphs, ending always with the refrain, "has never lived on the land," show the wide range of infection from the land-grabbing fever that has raged throughout the West. At the head of Mr. Schwartz's list marked "Exhibit A" is this brief statement: "J. P. O'Brien, claiming land in section 19, is the general manager of the O. R. & N. Co., and resides and has his headquarters at Portland, Ore. He has never lived on the land." At the head of the list marked "Exhibit B"—including thirty members of the "Slate Creek Settlers' Association"—is the name of James Boaz, claiming land in section 17, who is a saloonkeeper of Wallace, Idaho. He "has never resided on the claim." A milliner, a dentist, an ex-mayor, a "train butcher," a carpenter, a cigarmaker, a policeman, a dance-hall proprietor, a lawyer, a railway conductor, a millman, a miner, and so on, to the end of the list—apparently no one was free from the danger. How did these one hundred claimants attempt to fulfil the residence and improvements requirements of the law? Mr. Schwartz's report says of the Slate Creek Settlers: "There is a small log-house or cabin on each of the above claims. Most of the cabins were built by William Fisher on a general contract at $25 each. They were never worth $25 in labor and materials. . . . These claimants, with one or two exceptions, all voted in the towns where they lived and not in the precinct where the land is situated, and not in the precinct where they should have voted if they had given their residences as that of the land claimed by them." The report is an eloquent comment on the solicitude of Senator Heyburn for those Idaho pioneers who are "hewing homes out of the wilderness," and who are being robbed by the "forest reserve cranks" at Washington.

Anybody could have foreseen that the demand for an 18,000-ton battleship would speedily be followed by the cry that we must have one of 19,000 tons lest the nation be subjugated by the Philistines. We confess to a little surprise, however, at finding that the demand for the 20,000-ton vessel has already begun. It has been started by Commander Bradley A. Fiske in an article in the *Proceedings of the Naval Institute*, to which he gives the humorous title, "Compromiseless Ships." He is satisfied that in a 20,000-ton war vessel no compromise between armor, guns, and machinery would be necessary. His ideal battleship will have "sufficient speed, sufficient armament, and sufficient power to whip any ship of any probable enemy." So it might, for about one year, or until England and France had launched vessels of a similar type or of 21,000 tons. This game will not stop because Commander Fiske is satisfied with his 20,000-ton vessel. Admiral Dewey is already insisting on an 18,000-ton boat because England and France *would* go our last creations of 16,000 tons one better. If we did not know Commander Fiske's excellent reputation as a scientific officer, we should be tempted to regard his paper as a charming bit of sarcasm, particularly as he plans for a speed of only eighteen knots. Yet one of the reasons why our two new battleships, the *Mississippi* and *Idaho*, are declared obsolete before they are finished, is that their speed is only seventeen knots, and they cannot keep up with their consorts.

Not content with his slap at the big-navy boomers by his praise of our coast defences, Secretary Taft proposes to take sharp issue with his chief in the matter of army promotions—if Washington dispatches are to be trusted. The President, it will be remembered, wishes to have officers advanced not by seniority as at present, but by selecting for advancement the brightest men and the hardest workers in their grades. His public declarations to this effect have done a good deal to unsettle the army, and have brought about a very warm discussion which has revealed the opposition of a great majority of the army officers. They are convinced that no method of selecting can be devised which will not sooner or later be improperly influenced by politics, nepotism, or social entanglements. Secretary Taft appears now to have come to their point of view, and to lean to the plan, long advocated in these columns, of weeding out the drones and the unworthy by severer discipline and by difficult examinations for promotion. Not selection, but elimination, is what the army needs. Time has shown that Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt was all wrong in his efforts to remedy the naval engineering situation; it is to be hoped that he will in this case defer to the judgment of his Secretary of War.

After all, it seems that American fishermen do care whether or not Newfoundland furnishes them bait. It will be recalled that, over a year ago, Senator Lodge, in discussing a possible retaliatory measure against us for our failure to ratify the Hay-Bond treaty, asserted stoutly that American fishermen could get all the bait they wanted at Gloucester and Eastport, and keep it on ice. Now, however, when the Gloucester men are actually at Bonne Bay without bait, and when Newfoundland is emphasizing her determination to seize the vessel of any captain who violates the provisions of the "bait law," we see Son-in-law Gardner, the Senator's special envoy in the House of Representatives from Gloucester, posting off to Washington to see what help he can get. It was all very well for Premier Bond to complain that Newfoundland had for fourteen years been giving the United States greater privileges than England herself enjoyed without any reciprocal advantage. Of course, that was but evidence of our tariff wall's skilful construction. When a benefit could flow in unobstructed, and yet meet an air-tight valve when it tried to flow out, the contrivance was admirable. But when the beneficent inflow is checked there is a great row. The "Convention of 1818" is appealed to, and

Secretary Root is asked to see if something cannot be done. Now is the time for Senator Lodge to start his great bait-refrigerating plant.

Along with the annual bankers' convention, delegates of the country's trust companies and savings banks meet for separate discussions, and the topic which last week at once came up at Washington was the danger involved in the present lax law and supervision governing those institutions. Safeguarding of fiduciary business is expected from New York State as it is not from a score of other States where banking experience and conservatism are less developed. When, therefore, it can be said that trust companies of this State, holding eight hundred million dollars of demand deposits, are allowed by law to invest deposited money in ways by law forbidden to a bank (real estate and stocks, for instance, without restriction), and that no requirement of any cash reserve is made by law, then it is easy to guess what may be the situation in the younger sections of the country. The committee reporting pointed out that in four States—Ohio, Arkansas, Tennessee, and Virginia—there is actually no supervision of trust companies. It is a very grave question how far supervision in many other States is worthy of the name. The president of the trust company convention, while not endorsing the plan of Federal incorporation, declared emphatically: "I do want to go on record as advocating frequent and rigid official examination, whether State or Federal."

The convention had much to say of the Federal charter plan, to which Secretary Shaw drew particular attention in his last annual report. After pointing out the possible dangers from these companies, he proposed to give them "the privilege of incorporating under Federal law, with corresponding supervision"; and he argued that "if such right were extended, the more conservative would probably avail themselves thereof, and this would compel others to cultivate conservatism." The force of this argument did not appeal to us very strongly, since the companies thus incorporating would certainly have to give up very broad powers for privileges much more limited. In the case of the national banks, the exclusive right to circulate notes was an inducement to Federal incorporation, and, as a rule, the powers of the banks remained as they were under the old State charters. But whether the Federal plan is feasible or not, we do not consider it a solution of existing problems. What is needed is strict and careful revision of the State laws governing these institutions, and equally strict enforcement of public supervision. If this is not obtained in all regions where the operations of this type of companies are extensive, we shall have our day of reckoning in good season, and it will be one to remember. The most astonishing thing about the public attitude on this question is that any one with the faintest knowledge of our banking experience in 1837 and 1857 should for an instant imagine the present system to be safe.

At the close of August, when money could still be borrowed at the very low rates which had prevailed for a twelvemonth, the New York bank position was the weakest, and the surplus reserve the lowest, reached at that date in a dozen years. Although the cash in our city banks was $54,000,000 below the preceding year, loans were $45,000,000 greater; easy credit had absorbed, in one or another type of enterprise, an exceptionally large part of the market's ready capital. The approach of harvest-time, with the trade requirements consequent on the huge crops, foreshadowed extremely large interior demands for money. The expectation has proved correct. For the first time in three years, Wall Street has passed through a genuine "money squeeze." The interior's demands have drained away money from the New York bank reserve. The 25 per cent. ratio of that reserve to deposit liabilities has been kept good only by drawing gold from Europe, at a rate of exchange which hardly warranted such imports, and, apparently, by some jugglery with the statements. Day-to-day loans in Wall Street have gone as high as 8 per cent., and now bring 6—the highest rate for the season since the severe strain of 1902.

Rhode Island is promised a lively political campaign this autumn. The Democrats have nominated for Governor Dr. Lucius F. C. Garvin, who held the office for two terms, but who was swept out by the Republican tidal wave of last year. His popularity is proved by his two successes in a State normally Republican, and by the fact that in 1904 he was defeated by only 856 votes, while Roosevelt's plurality was 16,706. He appeals to the electorate of Rhode Island as a man who is virile, honest, an uncompromising opponent of the Aldrich-Perry-Brayton ring, and a champion of Constitutional reform. His campaigns, though dignified, have always been vigorous. In public meetings and in open letters he has fearlessly denounced the corruptionists who have made the politics of his State a cesspool. He has pointed out the malign alliance between the Republican ring and the traction interests that have fastened upon Rhode Island like a leech. Above all, he has, in season and out of season, labored for the one reform which is pregnant with all others, a new Constitution. Under the present antiquated instrument, a score of little rotten boroughs return a majority of the State Senate and block all legislation which is hostile to the ring. The Governor, without the power of veto, is almost helpless. The most that he can do is to rouse public sentiment through his messages and addresses.

Mr. William M. Ivins's nomination by the Republicans of this city, viewed in itself, would have made it at least possible to retrieve a situation grown well-nigh desperate. Here is a candidate for Mayor of undoubted capacity, of large acquaintance with municipal affairs, who, in 1886, was, as an independent Democrat, exposing the inner corruption of Tammany in alliance with certain Republicans, and was ferociously attacked for it by the *Tribune*, in language which that newspaper would not care to reprint to-day, and which we will not pain it by recalling. But what followed on his nomination shows that the Republicans are not going into the campaign with either seriousness or good faith. Their proceedings in the matter of county and borough nominations have all the appearance of a debonair recklessness, affronting the intelligence of their own party deliberately, in the full purpose of inviting defeat. Not content with spurning Jerome, therein flouting the advice and urgings of Mr. Ivins, the Republican machine has given us in his place Flammer! And as if to match the Tammany McGowan, it has dug up a Duffy! This is a farcical business. With it the Odell machine abandons the last pretence of earnestness or decency in this canvass. The reasons given for refusing to endorse Mr. Jerome are of the flimsiest. He had declined to make a specifically "anti-Tammany campaign"! That means simply that he had declined to be silent about Republican bosses and Republican corruption. Mr. Jerome has been consistently an independent candidate for reëlection, going directly to the people without first going on his knees to a boss. As we felt from the start, that was a defiance of machine tyranny which the tyrants could not forgive. They have not dared to attack Jerome openly, but they have set their minions secretly to work to crush him if possible.

Mr. Ivins's open letter to the other candidates for Mayor is vigorous and direct. His promise to continue in office for his full term, and not to be a candidate for any other place whatever, will, we trust, provoke McClellan into a similar declaration. Mr. Ivins clearly realizes that in accepting a nomination from the Odell-Halpin machine, he has laid himself under grave suspicion among all decent men. His announcement that he

will be absolutely free from boss or party control is thus of unusual significance. If he will actually maintain himself in "absolute independence of every organization and individual," will conduct the city's business "without regard to partisan considerations," and will completely ignore "all merely national party" lines, he will give New York what it most needs at present. His challenge to McClellan and Hearst to meet them in public debate is not likely to be accepted. Hearst is not an effective speaker. McClellan will hardly care to defend on the stump such an appointment as that of Oakley, or to explain how it happens that Murphy in Manhattan, McCarren in Brooklyn, Haffen in the Bronx, and the most disreputable elements of Greater New York generally are among his enthusiastic supporters. If the Mayor were anxious for a joint debate with any one, he would lose no time in closing with Mr. Coler's specific charge that he first tried to crush McCarren, as a disreputable politician, and then, finding he could not, fell upon his neck.

There is a trite moral to be drawn from the tragic end of Armitage Mathews, but we shall merely point out that his shocking end, with its implied confession, is another indictment of the Republican organization in this city and county. That a man of his stamp could ever have been favored with an office at its hands, should have been impossible after his first term in the Board of Aldermen. That he should have actually been Secretary of the Republican County Committee, is plain evidence to what depths the organization has fallen. To men like Cornelius Bliss, Elihu Root, Horace Porter, and a host of others who think the salvation of the Republic depends on their party's success, this tragedy should come as an appeal to their political conscience. How much farther can their party sink? How much longer are Odell, Halpin, Gruber, Quigg, and others to stand for the decent Republicans of this city?

President McCurdy's explanation to the legislative committee makes both the end and the means of philanthropy so clear that every one will instantly recognize the disinterestedness of officers of insurance companies. The Mutual Life, said he, is "a great beneficent missionary institution," "participating in a great movement for the benefit of humanity at large." Such a concern would scorn the idea of encouraging a man to pay his premium in the hope that at the end of a year he would receive a dividend. If the policyholder got the dividend, say $7, he would "go home and spend it for cigars and billiards." President McCurdy's real object was "to insure as many men as possible, to pay them at their death, and not during their lifetime one penny." There speaks the true lover of mankind. Rather than demoralize policyholders with wealth, President McCurdy would draw a salary of $1,000,000 a year, instead of a mere $150,000, and would smoke cigars and play billiards all day. Think of the corrupting influence of $7 in the family of a country minister or doctor, and then thank heaven that President McCurdy, or one of his relatives, is willing to pocket the accursed gold. The new philanthropy calls for a new edition of that once popular juvenile 'Ministering Children.' The part of hero belongs to that sweet young innocent Robert H. McCurdy; and the minor parts may go to the various little McCurdys, McCalls, Alexanders, and Hydes, and their cousins and kin by marriage. The little band of angels was, like the fathers, animated by a single desire—to save the world from the deceitfulness and peril of riches.

The annual report of the Metropolitan Street Railway system is an interesting test of the practical effect of the Subway on city passenger traffic. The report of the street railway company for the fiscal year ending with June shows total earnings $596,000 below last year's. There are, however, some oddly perplexing facts about this decrease. The Metropolitan's president points out, to begin with, that the season of heavy snow blockades, which prevailed last winter, crippled earnings seriously. It appears, for instance, that, of this $596,000 shrinkage in earnings, $544,000, or nearly the whole, occurred in the three months of December, January, and February, when the blockade was most troublesome; whereas in June and July passenger earnings actually increased over last year. On the other hand, every one knows that winter is the time when Subway competition would injure the surface lines most seriously, whereas in summer, with the open street cars, the reverse should be expected. Behind all these considerations stands the fact of the amazing increase in total travel over city railways since the Subway was completed. If only the earnings for the quarter ended June 30 are taken, it will be found that while the street railway system lost $62,700 in its gross receipts, as compared with 1904, and the Elevated $547,000, the Subway earned $1,349,000. But as the Subway was not open in those months of 1904, its receipts may all be classed as increase. Deducting the losses on the surface and elevated lines, it is evident that, in that single quarter of the year, some $700,000 more was paid in 5-cent fares for local transportation than was paid a year ago.

A tense, suspicious, and timorous state of mind is displayed by nearly all the participants in the controversy over last May's threatened war between Germany and France, still raging between Germany, France, and England. Prince Bülow's interviews, the revelations and comments inspired by Delcassé, the semi-official utterances of the English press, all reveal a most unhappy international jealousy and distrust. The more Prince Bülow assumes an air of frankness, the more confident are both English and French that he is but masking his duplicity. The stouter Delcassé makes his denials, the less are they believed by the German press. British assurances to the German Foreign Office are perfunctorily reported to have been "satisfactory"; but every member of the German Navy League firmly believes, on the strength of the avowals of the London *Times*, that England was aching for a chance to join hands with France and sweep the German fleet from the sea. Thus the chief stock in trade of the statesmanship of either country seems to be settled suspicion of that of the other. Is the true moral of all this the one which the big-navy boomers of every land are drawing?

It would seem as if there must be a mistake in the report that, according to official returns, only 72,450 Japanese soldiers lost their lives in the war with Russia. Otherwise, some of the lurid war correspondence with which the public has been favored must needs be rewritten. According to this report, but 46,180 Japanese were killed outright, while 10,970 died from wounds, and 15,300 from disease; and these figures, it must be admitted, stand in proper proportion to one another. But if the losses were no greater, what of all the brigades and divisions wiped out at Mukden? or of the army corps which is supposed to have fallen at Port Arthur? Even if we were to allow five wounded for every soldier killed, the total casualties would not be over 276,000, which is not an exceptionally large figure when the desperate assaults on Port Arthur and the fierce character of the fighting at Nanshan, Liaoyang, the Shaho, and Mukden are considered. Certainly no foreigners who followed the armies will credit these figures. So far as the deaths from disease are concerned, they should be compared to the 5,000 lives sacrificed in our summer campaign with only 275,000 men in the field, as against the million or more Japanese who battled for a year and a half under the terrible Mantchurian conditions, to bring out the triumph of the Japanese sanitarians. Should these statistics prove to be correct, the world's impressions of the struggle will have to be sharply revised, and Japan will be open to congratulations that the number of lost lives is comparatively small. Also, we shall have to change our ideas about the deadliness of modern weapons.

SHAW ON SHIPS.

If there has been any doubt that Secretary Shaw is a Presidential candidate, he removed it by his address to the bankers at Washington last week. Passing by all miserable interrogatories about currency and reserves and trust companies and the responsibility of directors, he went in gloriously for the old flag and an appropriation for shipping subsidies. Some may question the appropriateness of his discourse. What has the mercantile marine to do with the technique of banking? Would Mr. Shaw be capable of haranguing a congress of physicians about the Alaska fisheries, or urging upon the New England college presidents the advantages of farming in the Philippines? But such questions ignore the chief duty of a Presidential candidate. Nice points of good taste are not for him. Having got, as he thinks, a taking issue, he must air it on every occasion, whether bankers will hear or forbear.

Secretary Shaw has long made it plain that his chosen issue is ship subsidies. His latest deliverance was a surprise only in being so malapropos. He did, however, develop some of his older positions, thereby making them a little more indefensible. For example, he gave this hint of his method of getting Congress to vote a subsidy: "No difficulty is ever experienced in pressing a river and harbor bill, *if its benefits are sufficiently distributed*." In other words, by skilful log-rolling, by striking hands in the dark to divide the plunder, by promises and bargains and bribes, it may yet be possible to induce Congress to increase the Treasury deficit by millions taken out for subsidies. This is an open advocacy of a policy of lavishness, ill becoming a Secretary of the Treasury at a time when the question of making both ends meet in national finance should occupy a serious mind. But then, Mr. Shaw is now more candidate than Secretary.

His argument fairly wallowed in the self-contradictions of a protectionist. We have "protected" the country into a prosperity which is the envy of the world; now we must "protect" it into a vast trade with foreign nations. Of course, that is the very thing protection was to prevent. Secretary Shaw professes to be the chief of those who stand pat on the Dingley tariff, and he ought to know what opinion the framer of that law held and expressed. It was the crass old protectionist view that the more this nation could be isolated commercially, the richer it would grow. Congressman Dingley avowed the wish that the oceans bounding us were seas of fire, so that no ships could cross them filled with abhorred foreign products. Yet it is in the name of a protection thus inspired that Mr. Shaw would have a marine artificially created to go in search of "new and important markets"!

There is always a comic as well as instructive aspect of the impotent anger of protectionists at finding that they have taxed American shipping out of existence. They remind one of a man who has fed and drunk himself fat and puffy and short-winded, and who falls into a rage when he discovers that he cannot win a free-for-all foot race in competition with trained athletes. The writs of protection do not run upon the high seas. There it is the best ship that wins—and the best ship is the one that is built with the greatest skill and economy, and sailed with the greatest intelligence, care, safety, and profit. Once let a nation admit that it cannot compete on equal terms, and it may as well quit the business. It may squander money in subsidizing inferior or too expensive vessels, and keeping them afloat for a time, but the inevitable crash will come in the end. The sea is free to all. Protection sinks like lead as soon as it leaves the land. Within your own coasts you may screw up the cost of materials and of labor, and handicap inventiveness and enterprise, while diminishing their rewards, by a backward and corrupting system of tariff taxes, but if you do it, you must be content to renounce the blue water. There the wholesome law of competition has free sway, and the survival of the fit is the rule. To listen to Secretary Shaw, one would think that ships were never built except by Government aid; yet, at the very moment he was speaking, the largest and latest example of modern marine architecture, the *Amerika*, was setting sail for our shores, the product of brains, not of bounties, the result of ingenuity and experience applied to seafaring, owned by a company which has built up a great fleet absolutely without subsidies.

We share to the full the desire to see the American mercantile marine restored to something like its prestige before protection and stupid navigation laws drove it from the seas. But we must meet the conditions squarely. No trick of subsidy will be of any lasting benefit. The nation has got to get rid of some of its "protected" flabbiness if it is going really to compete for the commercial mastery of the ocean—not, as Secretary Shaw would have it, try to brace itself up for the contest by another stiff horn of protection. We have not the slightest doubt that American ability and mechanical aptitude and executive capacity are adequate to the task of building and operating a mercantile fleet second to none; but first they must be given an object; the ships must have some promise of return cargoes; the fetters upon American industry forged by the protective system must be stricken off. The exultant stand-patter may be a sublime spectacle, but he will never stand on the bridge of an ocean steamship.

THE SORROWS OF THE OPTIMIST.

One of the significant signs of the time is the dejection of our old friend, the optimist. It is but a few years since his voice was heard in all parts of the land, and his cheerful loquacity had shamed every pessimist into respectful silence. In industry, in finance, in politics, in religious and social affairs, the reign of the optimist was absolute; and at his command the people were ready to laugh every carper out of court.

In industry, it will be remembered, the advent of the Trust promoter had banished competition and introduced the reign of that kindly and sympathetic cooperation which Mr. Perkins has recently declared to be the very life of the insurance business. Panics were to be abolished, and industry was to be scientifically "integrated" in a manner that should defy the forces of industrial depression. In finance, we were told, a new era had been introduced, in which the old rules were not to apply, while the teachings of past experience should count for nothing. Our financiers, their eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, were filled with boundless optimism concerning the value of securities, digested or undigested, and banished the last vestige of the old and pessimistic methods of appraising commercial assets. Sympathetic coöperation, with Christian charity for human frailties, prevailed universally in dealings between the promoter who supplied the watered stocks, the banker who agreed to underwrite them, and the insurance companies that furnished the money by which the deals were carried through. All hands were agreed to be as good trustees as they conveniently could; and it did seem that the coming of the financial millennium could not be long deferred. And this, of course, the optimist hastened to proclaim in season and out of season. President Alexander contributed to the *Atlantic* a roseate description of the new methods of caring for the funds of widows and orphans; Mr. Schwab, in the pages of the *North American*, severely castigated Russell Sage for expressing doubt concerning the new order of industrial society; while Chauncey Depew——!

The same genial spirit pervades all the political world. By assuming "new duties and responsibilities" in the East we all became model citizens at home. When it was rumored that graft still existed in the Executive departments at Washington, optimists Payne and Wilson declared the reports to be mere "hot air"; so that our complacency remained undisturbed. Then Dr. Hale assumed his duties as Senate chaplain, and discovered that his flock was composed of pure-souled children of God, who had

been cruelly maligned by the rumor-mongers. It was clear, therefore, that national political life was on a higher plane than ever before in our history; and we were urged to inaugurate an era of good feeling, in which cruel criticism of public men should disappear, and all should take a hopeful view of the policies of the Republican party. Not to be outdone, sundry members of the clergy gave thanks to God that such an opportunity had come to spread the blessings of our civilization and religion in the benighted East. When, they asked, had God ever given a nation such a noble mission or such enlightened and righteous rulers?

But visions of Paradise so nearly regained were rudely shattered in 1902, when most unexpectedly the bottom fell out of the stock market. Something had gone wrong with the new plan for abolishing hard times, and pessimism as profound as the optimism of 1901 suddenly took possession of Wall Street. Then the lid was taken off from the Post-Office Department, and an unsavory mass of wretched scandals was revealed at Washington. Straightway the popular magazines instituted a systematic investigation of the darker nooks and corners of American life, and published, month after month, unpleasant stories of lawlessness and graft in city, in State, in industry. This made at first but little impression upon our indomitable optimists, who insisted that the evil was confined to a few sporadic cases. They were inclined, in fact, to attribute all the trouble to a few "soreheads" and "croakers," and put forth strenuous efforts to drown out the voices of the pessimists.

Yet, struggle as they would, their best efforts were in vain. The Post-Office revelations were followed by the exposure of the public-land frauds; and hardly had the courts begun work upon a new batch of Senators and Representatives when the scandals in the Agricultural Department came to light. Meanwhile, outside of official circles, some eminently respectable insurance grafters had fallen out with one another and begun to wash their dirty linen in public. In vain did Mr. Depew assure the people that the troubles would soon be "adjusted," and that the Equitable would speedily be "stronger than ever before"; vainly, too, did insurance magnates of other companies protest that not a suspicion of graft could attach to their own methods of doing business. Revelation followed revelation. Saddest of all was the discovery that the chief of the optimists, the genial Depew, was among the meanest of the grafters.

The *Nation* has been sometimes accused of pessimism; and it is true that, prior to 1902, when the optimist reigned triumphant in the land, this paper did express doubts about the immediate coming of the millennium which was expected to follow the new developments in industry, finance, and "world-politics." Indeed, in the exulting of the optimist we saw reason for the most serious misgivings. But in the process of heart-searching and house-cleaning now in progress, the *Nation* perceives only happy auguries for the future. It was the loquacious optimist who led us into the moral quagmire; now that his voice is silenced, even temporarily, there is hope that we may give heed to wiser counsels and retrace our steps to the safe, if narrow, highway of financial and political integrity. Perhaps from our recent experiences we may yet learn where and how to erect some fences that will prevent the future traveller from straying off in the bad company of the chattering optimist.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

To say that the English-speaking stage has lost its greatest surviving representative by the lamented death of Sir Henry Irving is to tell but a small part of the truth. It has lost also the one link that connected it with the days when the stage was yet capable of inspiring the respect of intelligent men and women; lost the influence of illustrious example, and the inspiration of a force whose tendency was, almost invariably, upward.

During the last few years several great actors have on their decease been praised, mourned, and forgotten. Their departure has created a certain void—it is certain that they have thus far no successors; but inasmuch as, in most instances, they stood for nothing but their own fame, their death, however deplorable, did not assume the character of a general calamity. But with Sir Henry Irving the case is different. In him existed the essence of the ideal theatrical spirit—the spirit that was charged with a sense of responsibility, with a conviction of the tremendous scope and limitless possibilities of the drama as an agent of intellectual and moral good in the form of entertainment, and an ambition to restore the stage to a dominant position among the arts; and with him that spirit, the spirit of high endeavor as opposed to the greed of mere commercialism, has, it is to be feared, vanished. It is true, of course, that his life-work was nearly done, that he was meditating an early retirement from the stage which he had adorned for nearly fifty years, and that, latterly, failing health and cruel losses had compelled him sometimes to subordinate the claims of art to the need of a competency for his old age; but even when he descended to popular melodrama as a sort of inevitable concession to a debauched public taste and the inexorable demands of sordid speculative management, he yet contrived to invest these performances with a dignity and a significance peculiar to his own productions, and redeemed them from the charge of being altogether trivial and vulgar. There was a fine illustration of this capacity which he had for elevating the scene, when his noble and pathetic figure of Dante imparted some sort of poetic value to the brazen and hollow ingenuities of the later Sardou.

His great service to the stage, of course, was done during the memorable years of his management at the London Lyceum, which became the Mecca of intelligent playgoers from all parts of the world. There he took up the work which was laid down, almost in despair, by Macready and resumed, with wonderful success, by Phelps at Sadlers' Wells. With the labors of the latter he was well acquainted. At one time, for a brief period, he shared in them, and it was in the Shaksperian precincts of the once despised Islington, doubtless, that he found the inspiration which later on was to lead him to wealth and fame. That this inspiration was deep in him cannot be questioned. It is no mere whim or vanity that could induce an actor who had won prosperity in such parts as *Digby Grant* and *Mathias* to risk both fortune and reputation in such a character as *Hamlet*. From the first his aim was to command success by the general perfection of his representations rather than by his own individual impersonations. No man, probably, knew better than he his own complete inadequacy for such characters as *Romeo* and *Claude Melnotte*, for instance, but he did not hesitate to undertake them, in the hope that the general excellence of the performance would compensate for his own deficiencies. Perhaps he would have been wiser if he had entrusted some of these parts to players better suited to them, but he must, at least, be credited with the courage which enabled him to dare all.

His career, at its best, was one long demonstration of the fallacies of the abominable "star" system, to which he, too, at the last, was compelled to have recourse. Wonderful as were many of his acting triumphs, it is nevertheless true that some of his most notable productions at the Lyceum owed their success quite as much to his associates as to his own efforts. His own renown as an actor still rests mainly upon his extraordinary ability in eccentric and romantic melodrama. It was in such parts as *Louis XI.*, *Mathias*, and *Malvolio*—to mention only a few types—that he was seen at his best. He was supremely great also in parts of high intellectual and spiritual quality, including such priestly studies as *Becket* and *Wolsey*. In his spectacle of "Faust," the mental quality of his *Mephistopheles* gave weight to the whole trivial show. His *Hamlet*, too, was full of intellectual brilliancy—perhaps a little too full—while

sadly deficient in real tragic power. His *Macbeth*, again, was but a variation upon his *Mathias*. His *Richard III.* was a superb embodiment upon the intellectual and cynical side, but weak in its tragic moments; and illustrations of a similar kind might be continued indefinitely. In short, Irving was not a great tragic actor, ranking in this respect below Edwin Booth, Phelps, or Macready; but he was a great actor by virtue of his eminence in many directions and his supereminence in some.

It is, however, as the greatest of all modern actor-managers that he will be known hereafter in the chronicles of his period. He found the stage in hopeless disgrace and collapse, and for a time raised it to a position of admiration and respect. He showed how companies ought to be formed, how they ought to be directed, and how the resources of modern scenic art could be applied to the illustration of literary masterpieces. He raised not only the condition of the stage, but the social position of the performers themselves. He himself assumed a social rank almost unheard of among actors before, and the knighthood which acknowledged his worth lent it no additional emphasis. For almost a generation he has been the exemplar of all that a manager ought to be; and long indeed is it likely to be, judging from present appearances, before we shall look upon his like again.

THE CENTENARY OF TRAFALGAR

One hundred years ago, on the 21st of October, was fought Trafalgar; and as we look back from the vantage-ground of the present, we may dimly discern that no battle of the nineteenth century —not Waterloo, not Sedan, not Solferino, not Königgrätz—was charged with such consequences for the development of the world's civilization. Yet the learned scholar of a thousand years hence who, searching into the history of our age, should chance on a store of French newspapers for the year 1805, might search them through and through and never suspect that so much as an engagement between two frigates had occurred. France, or rather her ruler, Napoleon, chose to pass over in complete silence the great event that had taken place on the Atlantic Ocean; and that silence tells us that the significance of Trafalgar was immediately realized. The more significant the event, the less Napoleon's pride allowed him to acknowledge it.

Notwithstanding his despotic methods, notwithstanding his cruel abuse of war, there is a penetration, a prophetic insight about Napoleon's political perceptions that appeals to every intelligent student of his history. He saw what we, a century later, marvel at as a new thing: all the continents merged into one great political arena. He was prepared, one hundred years ago, to deal with the Indus as the strategic turning-point of the globe; and this is what we deem the most startling novelty in the latest diplomatic achievement of our own day. He was prepared to conquer by placing himself at the head of an army of Asiatics, while we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, are still agog at Great Britain's foresight in making of an Asiatic power her equal ally. He perceived that, in world politics, to use our present phrase, the control of the sea is decisive, and that control he set to work to obtain.

In that attempt he failed, and the record of his failure is inseparably connected with the name of Nelson. That is why the name of that great fighter and sailor is surrounded by a halo of veneration by his countrymen. It was he, and what he stood for, that made the British Empire possible. Nelson belongs less to history than to the Imperial tradition; he represents an ideal more than a subject for historical research. And it is best so. Not that the historians have allowed him to repose in peace. He had scarcely been laid in the marble tomb that so many reverently visit in St. Paul's Cathedral, before Southey wrote his life and told the public that its hero was of the earth earthy. Since then controversy has raged, and during the last fifteen years with great bitterness. Learned professors have lost their reason over Nelson, have slung ink on his behalf, or in his condemnation, with the zeal of pamphleteers. Passion rivalling that of mediæval theology has been displayed over the interpretation of his least fortunate actions. But the great British public remains calmly indifferent to the disputes of the historians, and clings faithfully to its hero.

In truth, Nelson, as he appears to the dispassionate observer, is a somewhat disconcerting figure. This little flaxen-haired, one-eyed, one-armed man hardly belongs to the nineteenth century. If Napoleon was modern, Nelson was Elizabethan. He would have taken the *Victory* straight into the midst of a French fleet with as cool unconcern as Grenville steered the *Revenge* for the *San Felipe* and her consorts. His mouth was ever full of exaggerated sentiment, chiefly of hatred for the enemies of his country, of ardor for his coarse enchantress, Emma Hamilton. In such sentiments he was as whole-souled as a Viking, as blunt as a boatswain, and it is difficult to forget that he enjoyed having the head of a Jacobin pickled, or that he gulped down with childish vanity Lady Hamilton's outrageous doses of flattery. But what does it all matter? The great fact, the fact that remains, is that in those supreme moments in which the destinies of men and of nations are decided, he had the genius that compels victory. It was not force, but genius, for in most of his great battles he was outnumbered; and although Napoleon, as is generally forgotten, still possessed a great fleet of battleships after Trafalgar, he acknowledged after that decisive test the superiority of Great Britain on the sea—her superiority in genius.

What was the nature of this supreme quality in Nelson, of the quality that focussed in him the whole fighting efficiency of the Saxon, of the Dane, and of the Norman? In the first place, he had the ordinary skill of the seaman highly developed. The landsman still wonders at his calm confidence in the early hours of the 21st of October, 1805. On the horizon hung the long line of Villeneuve's sails crossing the *Victory's* bows. The wind was very light; the ships crept but slowly over the water. Nelson's problem was so to direct the course of the British fleet as to strike the French line in the centre and divide it at that point. How delicate and unerring his judgment was, is shown by the fact that, two hours before the *Victory* got within cannon-shot, he closed his telescope, and, turning to Captain Hardy, declared that he had now done all that could be done, and that it remained for his captains and sailors to do their part. He gave practically no more orders from that moment, and it is recorded that the fleets eventually came into contact precisely as he had intended.

In seamanship Nelson had peers; he had none in his fighting instinct. He never accepted the defensive; he always sought out his enemy; he was ever careless of victory or defeat, content to get within range and to pour forth all the damage and destruction of which he was capable. And that, after all, is the whole secret of successful war. High intelligence will help the nation that is driven to this last arbitrament, but the supreme quality must ever be determination to destroy the enemy. It is just in the matter of this mental attitude that the shadow of a doubt crosses the mind as to Lee's conduct of the army of Northern Virginia; it is at all events clear that in this respect Stonewall Jackson, and not his great commander, was the exact counterpart of Nelson.

Fortunately, the opinion of the peaceful citizen is now, in all countries, of more weight than in times gone by; war appears less necessary, more criminal. At the same time we are evidently not yet out of the period when the struggle for national existence must still be the crucial test of every community. Some communities, indeed, are faced by problems that make war probable at a period more or less near, and among such communities, unfortunately, is England. British civilization—and in the largest sense our own country represents its most advanced form—has spread its benefits ostentatiously over

the globe. It has carried with it not only increased happiness for all men, but increased wealth; and that wealth is viewed with envy. During one hundred and fifty years one thing alone has maintained untouched this greatest of all factors in the advance of humanity, and that thing is the British fleet. England has occasionally lost sight of this fact, though never for long. But the ships are not everything, as Napoleon found to his cost; there must be a spirit behind them. It is that spirit which England looks for in the tradition of Horatio Nelson.

And so on the hundredth anniversary of the battle in which Nelson fell in victory, the British Navy League distributes far and wide patriotic pamphlets and shilling souvenirs carved from the old oaken timbers of the ship that carried the British admiral on the brave day of Trafalgar. And those whose business it is to comment on passing events attempt to point the moral. That task will have been accomplished in this place if attention is once more directed to the fact that there are two Nelsons, one the subject for historical investigation, the other a national hero, the embodiment of a national ideal. It is this second Nelson whose festival is now being observed by our cousins over the water.

POSSIBLE EFFECTS ON ENGLAND OF JAPAN'S TRIUMPH.

LONDON, October 4, 1905.

During the war with Russia, Japan has commanded the deserved and all but universal sympathy of England; but Englishmen who have at last, though very slowly, begun to appreciate the marvellous character of Japan's sudden rise to a place among the great Powers of the world, have allowed gratified astonishment to banish sober reflection, and—to judge from the tone of our press, whether gathered from the most sensational of daily newspapers or from the gravest of quarterly reviews—have hardly turned their attention towards the astounding and perhaps lasting effects which may flow from an extraordinary and unforeseen event.

One immediate effect of Japan's triumph is visible to every one. The attitude of England in the East has undergone a change. English statesmanship now relies for the maintenance of our Eastern Empire, not upon England's isolated and unaided strength, but upon the force derived from an intimate partnership between the two strongest of naval Powers. The Japanese navy has rivalled the triumphs of English seamanship, and the navies of England and Japan are now united, by the bonds of a treaty, as one force, prepared to defend Japan on the one hand and the Eastern possessions of England on the other against all assailants. This great naval league is a new thing in the history of the world. The statesmanship which has created it has aroused the almost unanimous applause of England, and is, we are told—I doubt not with truth—as popular in Tokio as it is in London. So completely has English public opinion endorsed the action of the English Government that a ministry which is apparently losing its hold upon the country, is deemed even by its opponents unassailable as regards the Japanese alliance. Yet this admired stroke of statesmanship is itself a satire on the theories and claims of modern Democrats. The alliance which binds together the fortunes of Great Britain and Japan was no result of parliamentary debate. It was the work of statesmen who did not in this matter consult either Parliament or the electors, but exercised (no doubt with the assent and approval of the King) one of the most striking of royal prerogatives. The treaty-making power still lies with us in the hands of the executive. This is a point well worth consideration by constitutionalists who suppose, erroneously enough, that prerogatives of the crown which are rarely used are dead.

Japanese victories have already changed popular ideas as to the East. The notion, sanctioned by many eminent thinkers, had obtained currency that Eastern states were stationary; the belief, justified by the experience of many generations, that in any conflict between an Eastern and a European Power victory must fall to Europe, had assumed the character of an incontrovertible dogma. These ideas have now, in the opinion of most Englishmen, been proved erroneous. One Eastern state has fallen into the line of European progress, and has progressed more rapidly and perhaps advanced further in the arts of civilization than many European countries. Japan has adopted the latest forms of constitutional government, and has seized hold of the political ideas prevalent in the most progressive countries. Japan has assuredly shown a preëminent capacity for turning to account the inventions of every civilized community. Japan, again, has defeated on land and on sea one of the most powerful of European states. No doubt the change of feeling produced by striking events is far from entirely rational; a revolution of belief is always mixed up with a mass of exaggeration. People to whom, even two or three years ago, it seemed absolutely incredible that Japan should be able to resist the attack of Russia, now appear to assume that Russian power is a thing of the past, and that the forces of Japan will turn out in every contest an ever victorious host. But the question with which we are concerned is not the validity, but the existence, of certain opinions; and no candid observer can doubt that, for the moment, Englishmen at any rate are filled with astonishment and admiration at the achievements of their ally, and believe that Japan not only has achieved an immense triumph, but has also reversed the course of history, and forced us to form a quite new estimate of the triumphs, not only in arms, but in all the arts of civilization, that may be achieved by an Eastern state. This new belief may, indeed, turn out a delusion; but a faith firmly embraced may, even though it rest on delusion, produce, for a time at least, as many miracles as a creed which rests on the most certain and the most reasonable grounds.

Nor is it in the world of action—in the sphere, say, of diplomacy or of war—that the success of Japan is likely to produce the most extraordinary, and it may be the most formidable, results. Man is above all things an imitative animal: what he admires he imitates. Admiration itself is all but a form of imitation. Now the admiration felt for Japan by the Englishmen of to-day is one of the most patent phenomena of our time. Of the bravery, the skill, and the patriotism displayed by our allies, it is hardly possible to speak in too strong terms. It is absolutely certain that the classes who at present guide the policy of Japan must possess some rare virtues, and possess such virtues in a very rare degree. There runs throughout English society a curious idea not only that there are good and great men to be found in Japan, which is true enough, but that all Japanese are good and great, which is assuredly false. And with this idea is connected another, which obtains the readiest acceptance, that the Japanese, with virtues greater than those to be found in most European and Christian countries, have not, like the inhabitants of all other States, faults as well as virtues of their own. This sort of unqualified trust in the virtues of our allies is inconsistent with all the lessons of history, and all the inferences to be drawn from the knowledge and observation of human nature.

If there be one theological doctrine of which philosophers may accept the essence while rejecting the form, it is the dogma of original sin. The true life and the inner thought of Japan are at present equally unknown to us. I am willing enough to admit that the peculiar history of the Japanese people has produced special characteristics well worthy of respect or reverence. This one may not only admit, but hold to be almost certain. But the virtues, no less than the defects, of Christendom, are themselves the outcome of a long and complicated history, and of traditions, political, moral, and religious, in which our allies have not shared. It is folly to assume that a people whom we scarcely know, possess, in combination with the noblest characteristics of their own, every virtue which we rightly hold to be the product of the philosophy, the jurisprudence, the ethics, and the religious ideals which make up the realization of Christendom. This unbounded admiration excited by the heroic efforts of the Japanese to protect the independence and extend the power of their country is certain, in the long run, to promote imitation of Japanese habits and institutions.

But the matter does not end here. Englishmen have hitherto tacitly assumed that progress is identified with Christianity, and also with ideals derived from Greece and Rome. But Japan is a country which, while claiming and obtaining a place among the great civilized powers of the world, has been uninfluenced by the history and the literature of Judea, of Greece, or of Rome. There is a sense, indeed, in which Christendom has less in common with the civilization of Japan than with the civilization of Mohammedan Powers. Is it not conceivable that the rise of this non-Christian State will tell in many ways on the thoughts of Christendom? Is it not certain that the ethical and religious influence of Japan will, in all European countries or countries which derive their civilization from Europe, be vastly increased by the existence of that general disintegration of

beliefs which is a marked phenomenon of our time? But this topic is of too vast and complicated a character to be dealt with at the end of a letter, the aim of which will be accomplished if any readers of the *Nation* should be convinced that the triumph of Japan not only is an astonishing occurrence, but is also an event big with unforeseen and unknown consequences.

It may be allowable to add that this letter is written in no spirit of hostility to England's new ally. The present writer, in common with most other Englishmen, has watched the resistance of Japan to Russian aggression with sympathy, and, further, believes that, against the errors committed by the Unionist ministry, must be fairly set the boldness and the wisdom with which Mr. Balfour and his colleagues have fostered and strengthened the alliance between England and Japan.

AN OBSERVER.

THE ECONOMIC HESITATION IN ENGLAND.

DAWLISH, DEVON, September, 1905.

Plutarch, discoursing in his 'Morals' of the affairs of divers ancient peoples, declares that the prosperity of the Romans must be attributed to fortune. Not that the Romans had not great qualities—he gives them due praise; but, on a number of occasions which he specifies, circumstances favored them most wonderfully. The scales were trembling when some trifling event not the result of human volition turned the balance on their side, and they knew how to use their advantage. We moderns are not accustomed to speak of fortune as a cause, at least when we assume to be speaking scientifically, and we certainly would not hold true the refrain of the French song:

"Du bout du monde
Au bout du monde
Le hasard seul fait tout."

Nevertheless, disguise it as we will, we cannot help attributing exceptional prosperity, whether of a man or a people, to favoring conditions; and we are even readier to recognize misfortune as a *vera causa*. When one considers the amazing prosperity of the English people, after allowing full effect to their numerous virtues, there is a great residuum which can be explained only as the result of chance. It is, of course, superfluous to mention such advantages as their temperate climate, their bulwarks of stormy water, which differ from most fortifications in contributing, through the fisheries, to the common support, instead of being a burden—and their mines of coal and ore. Nor need we dwell on the material gain, or, perhaps we should say, the absence of loss, arising from the comparative homogeneity of the population and the mildness of religious controversies and differences. It is easy to see that these conditions, with the absence of dynastic disputes and revolutions, have enabled the common people to escape the military servitude which weighs down that class on the Continent—in itself an immense economic advantage. That trade should flourish under such circumstances is natural, but its prodigious development is, on the whole, to be explained by the removal of legislative restraints. Some measure of prosperity the English people would have enjoyed under any conceivable misgovernment, as Macaulay says; but there would have been no such accumulation of wealth as has taken place under the policy of free trade.

To be sure, this policy is not commonly spoken of as the gift of fortune. It is described as the embodiment of reasoned convictions. But, as a matter of fact, the reasoned convictions were the property of a small fraction of the educated class, and the corn-laws could not have been repealed had not the potatoes rotted for two years in succession in Ireland. The landlords, as a class, were then, as they are now, as they always have been and probably always will be, bigoted protectionists; the manufacturers as a class, wanted the taxes that hindered their business removed that their own gains might be increased, not because they accepted the principle of free trade. The common people knew little about principles, but they knew that bread was taxed and that they were starving because they could not afford to buy it at the price to which it was raised, as they were told, by this taxation. Their distress was grievous; it was not only pitiful, but alarming. Something had to be done to pacify, if not to relieve them; and Peel, with the convictions of a statesman, but by what his party regarded as a betrayal of his trust, took off the odious taxes. The relief was immediate; or, at all events, the suffering decreased, and the *post ergo propter* argument, always conclusive with most men, brought the policy of free trade into such favor that it carried everything before it. Even the landlords found their rents presently rising instead of falling, and, although perplexed at such a mysterious phenomenon, they could not very well grumble at being enriched when they had anticipated ruin.

Now the overthrow of protection (or, as Mill preferred to call it, the policy of restricting trade) was perhaps the greatest reform that was ever effected without revolution. Indeed, it would be hard to specify any reform effected through revolution that can be compared with it. It was a much greater reform than was understood by the mass of the English people. What they wanted was not a different principle of government, but cheaper food; and they got both. What the great leaders in the movement wanted was not cheaper food more than a change in the principle of government. Cobden said it was not the pounds, shillings and pence that he cared most about. He, and those who worked with him, longed for peace and good will on earth, and they knew no better way to promote it than to banish from government the practice of levying taxes either for the purpose of increasing the gains of a few citizens at the expense of the rest, or for the purpose of diminishing the gains of foreigners, no matter at whose expense. For it seems still not to be clearly understood that free trade, during centuries to come, perhaps, does not mean the abolition of customs duties, but taxation for revenue only. If government can obtain its necessary revenue most economically by levying customs duties, the free-trader does not object. His position is simply that rulers shall not tax the many for the gain of the few, nor tax commerce in order to inflict loss on foreigners. In either case government is corrupted, and in the latter case international hatred is stirred up. Would not Plutarch be justified in calling it the gift of fortune that the English people, calling for cheaper bread, received not only that, but also a principle of government more enlightened and beneficent than was ever enjoyed by any considerable people, under which they have had a half century of unparalleled prosperity?

Nor has fortune ceased to smile on this people. Other countries—our own, for example—having adopted an evil principle of government, cannot get rid of it. England, having blundered, or at least stumbled, into a sound system, finds it impossible to change it; for there are many reasons for believing that a majority of the English people, even of the better educated, would reject the principle of free trade, and would abandon the practice, if they could agree on any substitute. The landlords, if they ever had any doubts, are now protectionists *à outrance*. Cheap transportation brought their rents down, and a Liberal Government confiscated a large part of their remaining wealth by its enormous death duties. They would have the corn laws back again to-morrow if they could. The Imperialists—at least those of the Chamberlain type, for there are a few who cling to free trade with the invincible faith ascribed by Gibbon to the theologians who hold to both free-will and predestination—can propitiate the colonies only by taxes intended to injure other countries. Even among the manufacturing classes there is much wavering. Chamberlain is not likely to mistake the sentiment of Birmingham; and the grievous burden of the Boer war taxes has caused profits and wages to shrink everywhere. Workmen are not so comfortable as they were, and they are not all indisposed to listen to the argument, familiar to our ears, that foreign competition is ruining home industry. Talk with the people in Westmorland, where copper-mining is ceasing to be profitable, and they will tell you that American copper is brought in at a price which means ruin to the English producer. Talk with the Welsh people, and they will tell you that the French send over slates and sell them at prices which mean lower wages, or no wages, to the quarrymen in Wales. Go to Scotland, and they will point to Galashiels, where both masters and men have been reduced from affluence to poverty because of the prohibitory taxes imposed by our country on imported woollen goods. It is a political truism that when people are suffering they want conditions changed, and that then is the opportunity of the political charlatan.

What shall we say, then, of the recent action of the Trade-Union Congress, at which a resolution in support of the principle of free trade was adopted by a vote of 1,253,000 against 26,000? This means that Chamberlain's proposal to tax bread has no attraction for a poor man. It is not easy to convince him that he would not have to pay more for his bread, or that he would have more to pay withal. But there are several indications that the Trade Unionists do not hold to the principle of free trade, even if they do not favor a change of the existing tariff. Indeed, the most fundamental principle of the trade union is the same as that of the protectionists—special favors to special classes. Workmen outside

their ranks shall get no work if they can help it; and they insist on having a monopoly of governmental employment. The same congress that declared for free trade declared also that Government should feed school children as well as teach them; and Henry George's plan of "nationalizing" the land, *i. e.*, confiscating rents, is regularly approved by this body. Recently the employees of the telegraph service demanded more pay, threatening members of Parliament just as our postmen threaten our Congressmen. The Postmaster-General investigated the case, and it was proved beyond question that these employees were already in receipt of higher wages than persons in private employment doing equivalent work. He declared that he would not hold office if he were compelled to increase the discrimination in favor of a class even now too much favored; but the Radical press, ignoring the facts, roundly berated him, and the Trade-Union Congress endorsed the claims of the telegraphers. Under such circumstances a resolution commending free trade must be regarded as a rather academic declaration.

For the present, therefore, the law of inertia will prevail. Were the Liberals in office, Chamberlain might turn them out and try his experiment. But the Conservatives are in office without daring to let the experiment be tried, and when the Liberals come in they will certainly not try it. But the crisis will come when the Liberals are turned out—and it seems impossible that they should keep office long. They could hardly make up a cabinet out of the discordant elements of which their majority would be composed. The Irish will help only if paid for it. The Radicals are essentially Socialists; the *Daily News* lays it down that no one who does not favor municipal trading shall call himself a Liberal. A Liberal ministry would have to pander to both factions, and the country would soon be disgusted. That thousand million of dollars lost in South Africa will continue to lessen wages and profits under a Liberal Government, and the enormously increased military expenditure will yet make the weary Titan stagger. It is doubtful if such a government would venture to economize in this particular; the people seem to have eaten of the insane root, and the young men are all playing at soldiers. The panic which seized the country when Napoleon gathered his force at Boulogne has returned; people dream of invasion, and shudder at the thought of possible starvation if their enemies should sweep their commerce from the seas.

MACG.

MONTALEMBERT.

PARIS, September 30, 1905.

The past year in the French Chambers and in the French press has been full of discussions on the future relations of Church and State. The Concordat which was made by the First Consul, Bonaparte, and which is now *de facto* abrogated, lasted exactly a century. The future relations of Church and State will depend not only on the law which has been prepared by the French Chamber, and which will soon be submitted, but also on the interpretation and application of this law, and on the spirit which will animate the future Governments. Cavour's famous "Libera Chiesa in libero Stato" is a fine formula, but may be an empty word if the State is not inspired by tolerant and generous sentiments.

I have before me a book which has attracted my attention as emanating from a man who was for some time in the French Chambers, but who is known chiefly as a philanthrophist and as an active Catholic, M. Léon Lefébure, member of the Institute. He belongs to a class of laics who have the fervor of the Catholic priesthood. His work has for its title 'Portraits of Believers of the Nineteenth Century'—to wit, the well-known Montalembert; Augustin Cochin, a great philanthropist; François Rio; and A. Guthlin. The portrait of Montalembert recalled to me a volume, 'Montalembert,' written in 1897 by the Viscount de Meaux, his son-in-law, who became one of the ministers of the Broglie Cabinet. (M. de Meaux has recently published a remarkable volume on the Constituent Assembly of 1870, of which he was a member, and on the administration of Marshal MacMahon.) M. de Meaux sums up in this way the career of Montalembert:

"He conquered for France a new liberty, the only one which has been vindicated without violence and practised without disorder: the liberty of teaching. He did more; a declared enemy of the Revolutionary spirit, but a passionate friend of all liberties, he wished to employ these and these only in the defence of religion. He aimed to give religion a place at the hearth of modern society—an enterprise which he pursued through many difficulties."

Montalembert was born on the 15th of March, 1810. His father was an *émigré*, his mother was English. He was a type of the union of two races, and always preserved traces of his semi-English origin. He was educated by his Protestant grandfather, James Forbes, and spent his youth in England. His father had taken service in India, in the English army, during the Empire, and, after the fall of Napoleon, was appointed French minister to Stuttgart. Montalembert finished his studies in Paris, his father, meanwhile, having been made a peer. He was in England when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, made a visit to Ireland, which was in as great a ferment as France, and, on his return to France, joined the literary staff of a new paper, *L'Avenir*, in association with the Abbé de Lamennais and the Abbé Lacordaire. This journal never had many subscribers, but it made a great sensation; its programme was the alliance of religion and liberty. Its leaders stood off from the Legitimists, and were in favor of parliamentary government; they claimed perfect liberty for the Catholic Church. On his return from Ireland, Montalembert wrote: "I am no longer the same man. . . . My faith and my fervent attachment to Catholicism are no longer what they were. . . . I have gained here ten years of strength and of life." He was a Catholic Liberal, and, we may add, a combative Catholic. His combativeness, and the difficulty of reconciling his liberalism with ultramontane doctrines, prepared for him an arduous life; and it may be said that he struggled always with his natural friends as with his enemies.

He had the natural and invaluable gift of eloquence. Once, in the House of Peers, he said: "If you ask me on what occasion these convictions were born in my soul, I will tell you that it was on the day when I saw, fourteen years ago, the cross torn from the churches of Paris, dragged in the city streets, and thrown into the Seine, amid the plaudits of a maddened populace. This profaned cross I placed in my heart, and I swore to defend it"—language for which the Peers were very little prepared. When he appeared on the 19th of September, 1831, before the House of Peers for the first time, "I have," said he, "over the name which I bear, a name which is as great as the world, the name of Catholic. . . . There is something which is called faith, and this faith is not dead in all hearts. I have given to it my heart and my life; I am ready to sacrifice everything to the great and holy cause to which I have dedicated myself."

Montalembert did not enlist in any political party; he belonged neither to the monarchy nor to the republic; he belonged to a universal church. But there were divisions in this church. The founders of *L'Avenir* did not long remain united. The doctrines of the paper were examined in Rome and criticised; Lamennais did not feel disposed to accept all the Pope's decisions—"this old man, who knows nothing of the affairs of the world and who has no notion of the state of the Church, surrounded by men to whom religion is as indifferent as it is to all the cabinets of Europe, ambitious, greedy, . . . counting the people for nothing." Lamennais wrote these lines to a friend from Rome, which he called "a great tomb, where not much is found but worms and bones"; he spoke with warmth of "this moral desert, of these ruins, where you look in vain for movement, for faith, for love." Lacordaire was also in Rome, with Montalembert, waiting for the papal judgment. The doctrines of *L'Avenir* were solemnly condemned in the encyclical "Mirari vos." Lamennais submitted, as well as his two friends; but in 1834 he wrote to Montalembert that he abandoned his ecclesiastical functions; that he had signed the formulas sent to him for the sake of peace, but that he could no longer remain in the Church; that Catholicism, as it was understood in Rome, seemed to him a dying or dead form. Montalembert and Lacordaire now remained alone; they had shown their submission to Rome, but they did not abandon their liberal views. Montalembert, especially, believed in the necessity of reconciling the Church with parliamentary government and liberal institutions.

Under the Government of Louis-Philippe, from 1843 to 1848, Montalembert was the soul of the Catholic movement; after 1848, he was one of the leaders of a campaign undertaken for liberty of teaching. Curiously enough, the law of 1850, which gave liberty of teaching to the religious communities, under the supervision of the State, was violently attacked by the Catholic press and by a portion of the clergy; Montalembert was accused of having sacrificed the Church to the French University, and he lost some of his popularity. He committed a great error at the moment of the *Coup d'État* of December 2. All his friends in the French Assembly were victims of it; they were imprisoned and proscribed. The Second Empire, at its origin, had the élite of the nation opposed to it. Montalembert's name was placed on the list of a consultative committee, designed by the author of

he *Coup d'État* and placarded on all the walls of Paris. Montalembert went to the Élysée on the evening of the 5th of December. The Prince was very calm and phlegmatic as usual:

"My mission," he said, "is to reëstablish order in this country. . . . You reproach me with always speaking of order while invoking constantly the Revolution. But I see in the Revolution only the accomplished facts and the new interests which it created. . . . I assure you that there is no change in my disposition with regard to religion and the Pope. I desire their triumph, but stripped of the exagerrations which might hurt them without helping them."

Montalembert left the Élysée still irresolute. The Bishop of Orléans, Dupanloup, Father de Ravignan, as well as Lacordaire, advised him not to rally to the Empire; his lay friends gave him the same counsel. He disregarded their advice, and when the people were consulted in a solemn plébiscite, he urged Catholics not to abstain, but to give their assent. "To vote for Louis Napoleon," he wrote in a public letter dated December 12, 1851, "is not to approve all he has done; it is to choose between him and the total ruin of France. My choice is made." This declaration, which he regretted for the rest of his life, did not give him any real influence with the Prince; and, three weeks after, he ceased to visit the Élysée. He refused a seat in the Senate, he was for a time a member of the Corps Législatif, but soon understood that there was nothing for him to accomplish there, and he wrote, when he left it: "Nobody will know what I have suffered in this cave, without air or light, where I spent six years struggling with reptiles."

After his retirement from active politics, Montalembert gave himself up entirely to literary pursuits, like Guizot, Villemain, Tocqueville. An article which he wrote in a review on England was found objectionable to the Government, and he incurred a condemnation which might have had exile for its consequence. A few days afterwards, on December 2, 1858, the official journal published a note which was thus conceived: "The Emperor, on the occasion of the anniversary of the 2d of December, has relieved the Count de Montalembert of the condemnation pronounced upon him." This was by way of reminder that he had contributed to the establishment of the Government which he attacked. He did not accept this pardon, but took an appeal to a higher court, and was condemned only to an insignificant fine.

I shall not speak of the works which Montalembert published on monastic orders and on great saints, but will confine myself to his public career. He summed up his views, which were at the same time religious and political, in these words: "The future of modern society depends on two problems: to correct democracy by liberty, to reconcile Catholicism with democracy." He spoke for the last time in public in 1863, at the Catholic Congress of Malines. After a very long and painful illness, he died in Paris on the 13th of March, 1870. He was spared the torture which would have been inflicted on him by the war of 1870 and the invasion of France. His figure is so commanding that the other figures traced by M. Lefébure fall somewhat into the shade. His book deserves, however, to be read *in toto*, especially the chapters which concern Cochin, the Christian philanthropist, and Rio, the well-known author of 'Art Chrétien.'

Correspondence.

JESUS THE GALILEAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: G. H. Warner, in his 'Jewish Spectre,' repeats the fancy of former anti-Jewish writers, that Jesus of Nazareth was not a Jew of Judea, but a Galilean; only thus could he possess the idealism foreign to the true Jew.

Among the ten million Jews of our day about nine-twentieths belong to the German and Polish ritual, hardly one-twentieth to the Spanish and Italian ritual. The pronunciation of Hebrew followed by the former points them out unmistakably as descendants of the Galileans, while the latter are the true Judeans, to judge by the same token. Thus, if the high idealism of the Nazarene, shown in his actions and teachings, sheds honor on his special kinsmen, the Galileans and their descendants, it enures to the benefit of the vast majority of present-day Jews.

Yours truly, L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., October 11, 1905.

SWISS RAILWAY TICKETS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent in the *Nation* of October 12 deserves thanks for calling attention to the extremely useful form of railway ticket called "abonnement général," issued by the Swiss railways; but the information that he gives is incorrect in almost every detail. These tickets are issued for first, second or third class, and not only for a month, but for two weeks, three months or a year. The third-class ticket for one month costs forty francs, not seventy-five, which is the price of a second-class ticket for the same period. For a fortnight the rate is slightly higher than one-half of the rate for a month. The holder may, indeed, travel all day and all night, not only on the trains, but also on the lake steamers; but the tickets are not good on all the roads in Switzerland—those from Visp to Zermatt and from Interlaken to Grindelwald, for instance, as well as most of the mountain roads, being excepted. The only red tape to be gone through in procuring the ticket is that the user must furnish a photograph of himself, of an appropriate size, to be pasted on the ticket, for purposes of identification. These tickets can be had at any station in Switzerland, also at the agency of the Swiss railways in Milan; at the stations in large cities they are delivered at once; in small places, notice of twenty-four hours is required. The convenience of this ararngement is very great, to say nothing of the economy. Cook's agents would probably profess dense ignorance of the whole matter; but the traveller who is no linguist will find that a great many of the railway officials in Switzerland speak English and are reasonably courteous.

Similar tickets are issued for Belgium, for Italy (divided for this purpose into zones), and for parts of France. Most travellers will find them more useful than the old-fashioned "circular tour."

Kenneth McKenzie.

New Haven, Conn., October 16, 1905.

Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish directly 'Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter,' by Theodore Roosevelt; 'Essays in Application,' by Henry Van Dyke; 'A History of Egypt,' by James Henry Breasted; 'The House of Mirth,' by Edith Wharton; and 'The Fairy Godmother-in-law,' by Oliver Herford.

The horticultural wizard, Luther Burbank, is the subject of W. S. Harwood's 'New Creations in Plant Life,' just being published by Macmillan Co., together with 'The Character of Renaissance Architecture,' by Professor Charles H. Moore, of Harvard, profusely illustrated.

J. B. Lippincott Co.'s announcements include 'Newport: Our Social Capital,' by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer; 'Facts and Fancies about Java,' by Augusta De Wit; 'Round about Pekin,' by Mrs. Archibald Little; 'Primitive Art in Egypt,' by Jean Capart; 'Natural History in Zoölogical Gardens,' by Frank E. Beddard; 'Figure Composition,' by Richard G. Hatton; and 'Saddle and Song,' an anthology.

Small, Maynard & Co. have nearly ready 'The Fleeing Nymph,' a new volume of verse by Lloyd Mifflin; 'A Handbook of Figure-Skating,' by George H. Brown; and 'John Fiske,' by Thomas Sergeant Perry (in the "Beacon Biographies").

The Oxford University Press will publish immediately an authorized translation of G. Schiaparelli's 'Astronomy in the Old Testament.'

George Borrow's habit of sprinkling his works with his assorted lingoes, especially the gipsy, without translating the word or phrase, prepared a welcome for his 'Romano Lavo-lil: Wordbook of the Romany or English Gipsy Language,' published in 1873. It is now reissued in very open and readable typography by Murray in London (New York: Putnams). The vocabulary proper occupies about fifty pages; the miscellany which succeeds is largely bilingual, displayed on opposing pages, and embraces anecdotes, songs, dissertations on the English gipsies and gipsy names, on fortune-telling and the metropolitan gipsyries, etc. In the last section, "Kirk Yetholm," Borrow himself appears in one of his inimitable conversations, armed with his inseparable umbrella. No Borrow library can dispense with this book.

A selection, with decent omissions, of 'The Love Poems of John Donne,' by Charles Eliot Norton, makes a delectable little volume in the Riverside Press Editions of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Norton supplies also a brief critical introduction and some helpful notes. The limited number of copies can hardly fail to be exceeded by the demand. Brown cloth sides and parchment backing have a fitting archaic simplicity.

The first five out of seven slender little volumes, 'Graded Poetry Readers' (Maynard, Merrill & Co.), commend the enterprise to teachers and parents. The

editors are Miss Katherine D. Blake and Miss Georgia Alexander, of the East and of the West respectively, whose introduction reveals a right conception and is an earnest of judicious execution. There is, for elder critics, a pleasant catholicity that remembers Lydia Maria Child, Eliza Lee Follen, Hannah Gould, William and Mary Howitt, and Mrs. Hemans, along with Christina Rossetti, R. L. Stevenson, Helen Hunt Jackson, Emily Dickinson, Eugene Field, and J. Whitcomb Riley, and the greatest masters of English verse. Beyond the first two or three numbers or grades, the child can roam at large without much attention to the order. The thinness of the volume will encourage him to peruse it to the end.

Richard Hildreth's 'Japan as It Was and Is,' though written in 1861, has no superior as a summary of European relations with Japan up to the Perry era. It has been neatly reprinted in clear type in Tokio (Sanshusha), even to lithographic reproduction of map and title-page, and edited by K. Murakawa, who has supplemented the original footnotes and enlarged and improved the index. Hildreth's appendices are retained. The especial value of this (second) edition is that, after every Japanese word or name, in text and index (except where the editor has been unable to make identification because of uncouth spelling), the Chinese characters or Japanese *kana* are added. This is calculated to give much pleasure, not only to the Japanese, but to all who enjoy the illuminating Chinese picture-characters, which tell a story to the eye that our types cannot. It is good news to hear that Prof. E. W. Clement is about to issue a revised edition of Hildreth's work, of which Americans may be proud, with a continuation, on the same general principles of historical treatment, to the present time.

Archibald Little, the explorer of inland China and author of 'Through the Yang-tse Gorges,' has issued through the Clarendon Press, Oxford (New York: Henry Frowde), 'The Far East,' which is a geographic and physiographic description of what was once the Chinese world, including Japan. Though not a geographer or geologist by profession, Mr. Little has been worthily associated with the distinguished writers of the Geographical Series, of which this book is one. His long and intimate personal acquaintance with very much of the area of the countries described makes full amends for any lack of expert knowledge. Although old residents in the countries which were once Chinese in culture, but are now so only traditionally, may discern here and there inaccuracies, and what in themselves might be glaring errors if set forth in historical monographs, yet these are not of the sort which affect the author's conclusions or the general accuracy of his description, for he has ever an eye to the great underlying bases and to the visible features of the landscape. The numerous maps, sketches, and diagrams show him to be a man thoroughly familiar with China's drainage basins, river routes, watercourses, and coast contours. Consequently, one who reads this book gains quickly and thoroughly a general idea of the country's possibilities for commerce and human advancement. Of the seventeen chapters, nine are very properly devoted to the three great divisions or river-valleys of China proper—that is, the northern and middle basins and the intermediate provinces. The dependencies are then treated, Mantchuria, Mongolia, Turkestan, and Tibet, and those formerly under Chinese rule, Indo-China and Korea; Siam being the buffer kingdom and Japan the Island Empire. With a full index, this is a first-class work of reference. A little revision, by experts in other countries as familiar each with his own province as is Mr. Little with all China, would have made this work almost perfect.

'The Diary of a Girl in France in 1821' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) was written by one Mary Browne, a young north-country girl, who, with her parents and five brothers and sisters, spent rather less than four months of one summer in the neighborhood of Paris about the time of Napoleon's death. Mary Browne was no Marie Bashkirtseff. Her diary is written in the immature style of a girl of fourteen, gifted with no more than the average intelligence. What makes the book amusing is its frank insularity. Little Miss Browne lived long before it came to be good form in England to appreciate, or at least tolerate, foreign clothes and manners. She would have thought it unpatriotic to admire anything essentially French, and she found everything that the family encountered destestable, from the looks of the women to the bread and butter. The Brownes took a house at Versailles, and the daughters went to a school of which the diary gives a lively and most unflattering description. At last their father, who had left Cumberland in search of a warmer climate, decided that even the weather in France was a fraud, and the Brownes turned their backs on French ignorance, dirt, and bad manners. They had suffered such misery on the crossing from Dover that, in returning, they arranged to charter a whole ship, and sailed from Dieppe. The account of both these passages should be read by those who nowadays complain of the discomforts of a Channel crossing. The diary is copiously illustrated with the writer's original drawings, done with great spirit and an absolute lack of technique. The volume is beautifully got up.

We have no word in English to describe a literary type which is not uncommon and is usually wrongly labelled. This is the semi-dramatic dialogue that aims at a sort of photography, at reproducing the scenes and dialogue of every-day life, without any devices of intrigue, development of character, or dénouement. The Greeks called this type the mime, and the best example in Greek literature is the famous Fifteenth Idyl of Theocritus, which reproduces the chatter of two Sicilian women who go to see the festival of Adonis in Alexandria. Just such a mime is Miss Marguerite Merington's 'Cranford' (Fox, Duffield & Co.), misnamed a "play," and arranged in three acts as a "comedy." Sophron, however, the Sicilian writer of mimes, whom Theocritus, and even Plato, imitated, would have recognized in this adaptation of Mrs. Gaskell's novel three mimes really disconnected, wholly undramatic, not in the least suited to the ordinary stage. He would have called the first "act," "Women drinking tea in a small country town"; the second he would have written rather differently, so as to make either the conjuror's illness, or Lady Glenmire's mésalliance, or the loss of Miss Matty's fortune, the central interest, instead of jumbling them all together, as Miss Merington has done; the third "act" he would have called, "The country tea-shop," and omitted the irrelevant brother. 'Cranford,' the novel, is, in fact, a perfect storehouse of "mimes" of provincial women, their manners and affectations and petty social prejudices; but to carve a three-act comedy out of it is a *tour de force* which merely exposes its essentially undramatic qualities. We commend the present attempt to the dramatic societies of women's colleges, and we hope that when they perform it they will label it "'Cranford,' a Mime."

There is some information on a great many subjects in G. Woolliscroft Rhead's 'Principles of Design' (London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners), but most of it is so summary as to be of little use, and not all of it is correct, while only about sixteen pages answer at all strictly to the title. Its only conceivable purpose is that which the author rather disclaims, to afford a crib-book for candidates for English Board of Education examinations.

The two latest volumes of reproductions of drawings, in the series published by Newnes, in London, and imported by the Scribners, are devoted to the drawings of Rossetti and Poynter. In taking up modern work, after Dürer and Holbein, there must necessarily be a lowering of tone, but this is particularly noticeable when the modern work is English. Leighton is almost the only Englishman who really drew. Rossetti's amateurishness is painfully evident in the present collection, but, after all, there is more life and beauty in his often feeble work than in the mediocre professionalism of Poynter. The latter artist's work, while relatively correct, is singularly uninspiring, and among the forty-eight drawings by him here reproduced there is only one that is capable of giving a sensitive eye any real pleasure. It would add very much to the usefulness and intelligibility of these volumes if the publishers would put the drawings in something like chronological order. In the Rossetti volume the mixing up of drawings of all periods and widely differing styles is very confusing. In our copy the confusion is aggravated by the omission of two plates and the duplication of two others. In neither of these volumes is the text of any importance. Its appearance is probably a concession to the notion that a book should contain *some* reading matter.

'A Descriptive Handbook of Architecture,' by Martin A. Buckmaster, A.R.C.A., who is "Art Master" at Tonbridge School and is also an examiner in several public positions in England (London: Routledge; New York: Dutton), contains 180 pages, very largely taken up with cuts of different kinds, and with tables of dates and names. As is natural in such a case, nearly half the book is devoted to the architecture of England. The five English chapters come in the middle of the book, after the very brief treatment of Classic Architecture—Greek and Roman building viewed comparatively. What follows still is limited to a chapter on French Gothic, and a final chapter on the Renaissance, in which, again, England, the country in which the Renaissance is less easily traceable than in any land that it reached

at all, comes to the front, and the illustrations are drawn exclusively from English sources. It is, of course, a grave question how far such a book can be of use to students. Perhaps the title might be changed to something like this: 'English Architecture, with some Allusion to its Affiliations.' Then it might be hoped that the reader would understand that his attention was to be concentrated on chapters v. to x. inclusive, and that he need not look further except for some suggestions. Even in the English chapters, however, there is an unfortunate tendency to insist upon names and dates, to the nearly complete exclusion of guiding principles by which systems of design may be discriminated. This would almost seem, in its innocent inutility, to be a very old volume reshaped with new pictures, including perhaps fifty half-tones of considerable value.

The new volume of the Langham Series of Art Monographs (Scribners) deals with 'Italian Architecture.' It professes to be a "brief account of the principles and progress" of that art, and is illustrated by five half-tones as large as the very small page allows, and a dozen illustrations from rough but expressive drawings. Six chapters treat of the Architecture of Rome, the Basilicas, and the Byzantine, Lombard Romanesque, "Gothic Romanesque," and Renaissance styles. Now when such a problem is set as this, of treating a vast subject in the length of two magazine articles, the need is felt of some special method of treatment; but the thought wanders about through history, social philosophy, principles of construction and theories of design in a way that might lead to clear results with five times the space at the author's disposal, whereas in 20,000 words the thought could be made intelligible only by great compactness and severity of phrasing. The adaptation of a round cupola to a square space which it must roof is called (p. 32) squaring the circle. The Basilican style is assumed to depend upon and to embody the newly introduced springing of the round arches directly from the capitals (p. 21 ff.), although the Christian basilicas which are most highly esteemed have lintels from column to column. The explanation of the Lombard vaulting (p. 55) involves a misconception; and throughout the book there is a searching for poetical analogies where there is really not room enough for the presentation of essential facts. On the whole, we find this book less to the purpose than most of the other volumes of the series.

We have from time to time brought to the notice of our readers the remarkable discoveries of structural refinements in mediæval buildings made by Prof. William H. Goodyear, curator of fine arts in the Brooklyn Museum. The long unsuspected optical refinements of classic buildings have their parallel in the far more obvious, but still longer unobserved or uninterpreted, irregularities of the works of subsequent ages. Thirty-five years ago, Professor Goodyear commenced the study of these puzzling phenomena, and has for the last ten years pursued it with singular vigor and success. That he has won his case in favor of the existence of optical and other refinements in many buildings and in a great variety of forms, no unprejudiced person who has taken the trouble to read his papers and examine their lucid illustrations can be found to deny. The study of ancient buildings which Professor Goodyear has carried on from Constantinople, through Greece, Sicily, and Italy to France, has resulted in the making of surveys and of great numbers of photographs, which, presented in the form of enlargements, constitute a collection of the highest interest. Ordinarily to be seen at the Brooklyn Museum, this collection (or at least the better part of it) has been taken to Edinburgh, where, under the auspices of the Edinburgh Architectural Association, it is now being publicly shown. The exhibition is arousing the lively interest of architects and archæologists, and so distinguished an authority on mediæval architecture as Mr. Edward S. Prior is about to write a complete account of it for the *Architectural Review*. For the exhibition, Professor Goodyear has prepared an admirable *catalogue raisonnée* of over two hundred pages, illustrated with many reproductions of the plans and photographs, and summing up the results of his many years of labor in a most convincing fashion.

Those who remember the great care which the late William Hamilton Gibson was accustomed to bestow upon even the slightest of his publications, will regret that certain of his rough drafts of orchids, which he doubtless intended to elaborate, have been permitted to see the light in the form given to them in 'Our Native Orchids' (Doubleday, Page & Co.). The title-page states that the descriptive text "has been elaborated from the author's notes," but even the hastiest perusal indicates that the work of elaboration has not been upon lines which Mr. Gibson would have approved. Certainly, Mr. Gibson could never have adopted the nomenclature here given. Careful reading of the text and critical examination of the pictures will convince one that this posthumous publication is decidedly a mistake, unworthy of the artist and author whose name it is made to bear.

'Carnations, Picotees, and the Wild and Garden Pinks,' written by several authorities and edited by E. T. Cook (London: Offices of *Country Life*), falls into the comfortably long list of special treatises in horticulture. The volume is a companion to 'Sweet Violets and Pansies.' It is to be hoped that the plain, practical directions for cultivation will lead many amateurs to brighten their homes with these old-fashioned flowers. The silly custom of bestowing on certain varieties of cultivated plants the names of living persons sometimes leads to amusing results, as shown in the following extract from this volume (it is better to abbreviate the proper names): "Mrs. T. W. L. has improved rather than otherwise with those who grow carnations. Ethel C., . . . from newly imported stock, did not come good at first. . . . Royalty appears to be identical with the above." Carnations and picotees differ mainly in the color of the flowers, the latter being variously dotted.

Copious quotations from Dante, in the original and in translation, sketches of Italian travel, accompanied by historical reminiscence and anecdote, if combined by a man of literary taste, may make a book attractive to the many readers who are always glad to be reminded of Italy—all the more attractive if it be liberally furnished with new and artistic photogravures. Such a compound is 'Dante the Wayfarer,' by Christopher Hare (Charles Scribner's Sons), a handsome, portly volume, full of pleasing views of scenery and buildings, and consisting, in large measure, of extracts from the "Wayfarer" himself. The author is evidently not a profound Dante scholar, but he has read his poet assiduously, and shows unusual skill in selecting passages appropriate to the places described. Such chapters as contain a considerable proportion of Mr. Hare's own composition—"Travel in the Middle Ages," for instance—are interestingly written.

In a small and compact volume of about two hundred pages Dr. George B. Hussey has produced a 'Handbook of Latin Homonyms' (Boston: Sanborn & Co.). He has done pioneer's work, for this is the first systematic treatment of the subject for Latin, and indeed it is one which has been little investigated, except for the French language. The lists in this book are made up from an examination of the works of Cæsar, Nepos, Sallust, Virgil, Horace, Terence, Tacitus, and the orations of Cicero, together with what remains of the first twenty-two books of Livy. Much care has obviously been devoted to its preparation, and it will be found to be of considerable service in settling the puzzling questions of identity which often arise in the richly inflected Latin.

Good Americans, to whom the morning meal is (or should be) the pleasantest of the day, will find decidedly helpful to that end Olive Green's 'What to Have for Breakfast' (Putnams). It is the first of this firm's projected "Home-Maker Series," and augurs well for its five successors. Author and publisher profess ignorance of any other work on this momentous theme, and we join ours to theirs. There is some light introductory gossip about the rationale of breakfast as a light or a hearty meal, the digestibility of certain foods, and the like, followed by directions how to set the table; next come the receipts, and finally the year's menus, day by day. The little book is very pretty.

The place which the public library has taken in our educational system is well indicated in the fifty-third annual report of the Boston Public Library. Of its 201 agencies, delivery stations and places of deposit, 103 are public and parochial schools. Instruction in the use of the Library was given during the year to twenty-one classes from eleven schools, and a comprehensive finding-list of books for boys and girls, the preparation of which has extended over several years, has been published. The usefulness of the Library to the general public has been greatly increased by the placing of nearly 200,000 volumes (including selections from the weekly accessions) permanently on open shelves, available for use by any visitor without formality. Its cosmopolitan character is shown by the fact that 23,847 books in thirty-four different foreign languages were taken out for home reading. Out of a total of 597 works of English prose fiction received for examination by the volunteer fiction committee, 129 were accepted. Among the noteworthy additions are twelve works printed by Benjamin Franklin, and the manuscript collection of the late Charles W. Folsom, formerly the literary director of the University Press at Cambridge, Mass., and consequently in correspondence with many distin-

guished writers, such as Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Sumner, and Ticknor, the issue of whose publications was under his charge. A history of the Library, giving a complete account of its origin and development during the fifty years of its existence, is about to be published.

—The first volume of the 'History of the Collections contained in the Natural History Departments of the British Museum' describes the departments of Botany, Geology, and Mineralogy, as well as the Libraries; a second volume will describe the department of Zoölogy. The collections of Sir Hans Sloane, which the Parliament purchased in 1753, consisted of "coins, ancient and modern antiquities, seals, cameos and intaglios, precious stones, agates, jaspers, vessels of agate and jasper, crystals, mathematical instruments, paintings, and other things." Among the "other things" not particularly mentioned were Sir Hans's extensive collections of natural history specimens, which formed the nucleus of what is now the richest and most important natural-history museum in the world. Soon after the erection of the large circular reading-room in 1857 it became evident that Montague House could not long suffice for the constantly increasing collections, and in 1860 a resolution was carried at a meeting of the Trustees to the effect that it was "expedient that the Natural History Collections should be removed from the British Museum." In 1863, the House of Commons sanctioned the purchase of a site, but it was not until 1873 that the work of erecting a building began, and not until 1880 that this was turned over to the Trustees. The removal of the collections was commenced at once, and in 1881 the new Museum in Cromwell Road was opened to the public. The volume before us is essentially a history of the collections, and describes their growth and development. The description of each department opens with a summary sketch, whereupon follows a chronological account enumerating the principal accessions; lastly comes a list of the most important contributors, from all countries. Each name is followed by a statement of the respective contributions.

—While the bulk of Sir Hans Sloane's library went to make up the Library proper of the British Museum, three works accompanied the natural-history collections, namely, his manuscript catalogue of them, a copy of his own 'Voyage to the Islands Madera, Barbados, and Jamaica,' annotated by himself, with the original drawings of plants from which the accompanying plates were made, and a copy of Ray's 'Historia Plantarum.' Later on, some other volumes belonging to the Sloane collection were turned over to the Department library. Other works were added from time to time, especially manuscripts and drawings, but it was not until 1842 that books were purchased systematically for the Natural History Libraries. At present the library contains considerably over 100,000 volumes. The Botanical department was created in 1827, when Sir Joseph Banks's herbarium, which he had bequeathed to his librarian, Robert Brown, was transferred to the British Museum. To this was then added the Sloane herbarium. At the death of Robert Brown, who was the first Keeper of the department, his herbarium came into the possession of his successor in office, J. J. Bennett, and was kept in the Museum during his lifetime. The collection of Australian plants then became the property of the Museum. The department of Geology includes Palæontology as well, and among the most important accessions of fossils we might mention James Sowerby's collection, containing most of the original British fossils described in his 'Mineral Conchology'; it was acquired in 1860. Very few large collections of minerals have been purchased by the Trustees, on account of the great chances of duplication.

—The severest of all touchstones of mathematical skill is universally acknowledged to be the working out of an exact numerical account of the way our satellite performs its intricate motions—the "theory" of the moon, as the mathematicians still call it, after Ptolemy. Well, inquire, say in Berlin, or in Pulkowa, or Paramatta, or Tacubaya, or in any corner of the earth where high mathematics is cultivated, who in our time has shown the most surpassing mastery of the theory of the moon, and the answer of any competent authority will come unhesitatingly, "It is Mr. G. W. Hill of Nyack Falls, N. Y." Had that village been aware of its renown, it might not have changed its name, alluring as the melody of "West Nyack" no doubt is. But Mr. Hill is the reverse of the kind of man to whom the Sunday *Herald* devotes a page, and it is probable that the villagers know him only as the genial but retiring gentleman who so loves the paternal farm on which he was born and where he still lives. The next most rebarbative problem of celestial mechanics, after the moon's, is perhaps the theory of Jupiter and Saturn (which have to be treated together), and in this Mr. Hill has outdone all other astronomers. But this is as nothing to his achievements in the theory of the moon. For here the method he pursued launched him on an unknown sea, requiring an entirely new chapter to be added to the calculus; and here, by means of the staggering conception of an infinite determinant, he succeeded in the hardy enterprise of virtually solving a differential equation of an infinite order. The boldness of the undertaking consisted in this: that Hill introduced into mathematics a kind of reasoning unrecognized by the mathematicians (albeit they had often unconsciously employed it), namely, the experimental reasoning of physics. For, an infinite determinant being a complete novelty, it was as yet unknown whether the particular type of such a complex series required for Hill's method of solution was convergent or not, or, if it were, whether it possessed the particular kind of convergency that would adapt it to the operations of the calculus. Hill accordingly treated its satisfying this requirement as he would have treated a physical hypothesis, and proceeded to put it to the test of experiment, by calculating, on that theory, the rate of revolution of the axis of the moon's elliptical orbit, which, of all the elements of the solar system, is observationally the one by far the most sensitive to any erroneous assumption about the perturbations. He relied upon the knowledge that if his mathematics were wrong, there was every reason to expect that his calculated motion of the perigee would be sensibly—would be enormously—at variance with observation. It turned out, however, to agree with observation as closely as the results of observation were known. Yet it must be confessed that it is not as clear as the noonday sun that Mr. Hill himself, any more than previous mathematicians, perceived that he was applying Baconian reasoning to mathematics. In any case the brilliant demonstration of Poincaré was needed to enable future astronomers to apply Hill's method with entire confidence to all problems of three bodies. Nevertheless, when we consider that it would, after all, only be to physical questions that such complicated differential equations would ever be applied, Hill's procedure is seen to be of a piece with all the other reasoning that would go along with it, and therefore logically to be beyond criticism.

—By such means our countryman abridged the labor of certain numerical calculations from months to hours, while vastly increasing their exactitude. Mr. Hill's work upon the Moon, originally published over twenty years ago, has since been perfected in some parts and improved in others by an Englishman, Brown. Still, excellent as Brown's work is said to be, the chief merit of the new method confessedly belongs to our neighbor across the river, eighteen miles above High Bridge. Therefore, with a stately quarto, Volume I. of 'The Collected Mathematical Works of George William Hill,' published by the Carnegie Institution, there came to us a visitor too infrequent of late years—we mean the oldtime glow of exultant American feeling. The volume is prefaced with a long and most interesting account of Mr. Hill and his work from the pen (on the whole the most competent and suitable that could have been selected) of M. Henri Poincaré. It is in French, of course; and we find M. Poincaré writing *collège* with an acute accent, a practice which is redolent of Nancy as it was before the war, the Nancy of old Dr. Poincaré. The volume falls but little short of being a handsome one; paper and type are good. There is a pretty good portrait of the man; but in the pose of the head, though it is not foreign to Mr. Hill, we see more of the photographer than of his subject.

OUR IRELAND IN THE PACIFIC.

Our Philippine Problem: A Study of American Colonial Policy. By Henry Parker Willis, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

Professor Willis recounts our experience in governing the Philippines, with the design of subordinating his narrative to an elucidation of our pending problem in the islands. His competence for treating the subject is based upon special study of available material in this country, and upon first-hand investigation pursued during several months of travel in the archipelago in 1904. He prefaces his work with a history of our occupancy and conquest, so abridged as to furnish only the necessary clue to an understanding of subsequent happenings. Brief as is this historical introduction, it definitely locates the responsibility for our Philippine problem. Despite Mr. McKinley's ringing avowal that, according to the "American code of morals, forcible annexation is criminal aggression," it was by Mr. McKinley's order to Gen. Otis in December, 1898, before even

the Senate had ratified the treaty of peace with Spain, that the military conquest of the Philippines was begun. Fearful of alienating public opinion, and fearful also of incurring the reproach of inefficiency, "benevolent assimilation" and "pacification" were pronounced *faits accomplis* by the Executive on April 7, 1900; and by an executive order of even date the so-called "civil government," with Judge Taft at its head, was created. The essential character of this Government, its various policies, and the attitude of Congress towards the islands afford the best vantage-ground from which to survey the bulk of Professor Willis's four hundred and fifty pages.

According to him, what is styled the "civil government" is essentially of a politico-military character, and its head, the Governor-General, an autocrat whose decrees the other members of the Philippine Commission register with promptitude and without remonstrance. At the disposal of the Governor-General stand more than ten thousand regular United States troops and five thousand enlisted Filipino scouts now in the pay and service of this country. This is the peace basis of the army establishment in a pacified population about equal to that of New York State. Besides the regular troops, the constabulary or local police number 5,000. The general assembly which is to be convened first in 1906, as a lower legislative chamber to the Commission as an upper house, has been designed as an intentional Rump. Should it negative appropriation measures, the budget of the previous year stands reenacted (p. 45). The judiciary of the islands is described as a pliant and serviceable "political agency," always "bowing the knee to the executive" (p. 102). There is no trial by jury; and, at the instance of the Governor-General (nominally at the instance of the Commission), intractable judges "may be transferred from one judicial district to another" (p. 103). The local government is portrayed as a devitalized and artificial affair. Our form of municipal government—a mayor and council—has been imposed upon the islands despite its novelty and its inappropriateness for districts essentially agricultural with scattered dwellings. The suffrage is so hedged about as to be in the hands of less than 2 per cent. of the population (p. 81). The voters, as might be surmised, are the ultra-conservatives who are naturally most inclined to look with toleration upon American control. Between the municipal or local governments and the central or insular government stand a number of provincial governments. These, as the author shows, are but thinly disguised satrapies, each of which has at its head a board of three. Of this number two are the appointees of the Commission. The civil service of the islands consists of Americans commonly drawing relatively large salaries, and Filipinos, mostly in subordinate positions, drawing relatively low salaries. The glaring disparity in rank and pay is here attested beyond all doubt, but whether it is not the inevitable outcome of a civil service where a knowledge of English, the official language, is indispensable, is hardly given sufficient consideration by Mr. Willis. That his picture of the government's structure is technically correct as to detail is very likely, but the structure of government and the actual workings of government are two different things; and a careful reading of this work suggests the misgiving that the author does not wholly appreciate the extent to which the character and aims of the Governor-General may restrain the potentialities for evil inherent in the abstract political framework. However extreme may have been Gov. Taft's powers, it would strike most people who have followed his career from afar, that he of all men would be least likely to use power tyrannously. The exponent of a mistaken system he may have been, and mistakes he has probably made. But that he had the good of the natives seriously at heart is a cardinal fact clear to common observation. Not to weigh such a fact is to omit a consideration of great moment. On this side, of calculating the personal equation involved, Professor Willis's survey of the situation is defective.

The policies of the civil government have embraced many fields—finance, education, ecclesiastical matters, social customs, sanitation, transportation, and land. To each of these a careful and, apparently, a trustworthy analysis is devoted. From Professor Willis's estimate, it appears that the cost of government in the islands under our rule has vastly increased—he estimates it at fourfold (p. 415). This, however, is only the increased cost to the natives. The annual cost of the islands to this country is not far from $20,000,000. This figure covers the maintenance and transportation of military and naval forces, and the salaries of civil servants "lent" to our colonial administrators. To this annual outlay must be added the liability we incur by our virtual guarantee of Philippine bonds. The increase in taxation imposed upon the natives over the burden borne under Spanish rule is hard to come at. This is partly because the island's financial accounts are not easy to decipher, and partly because the Mexican dollar was the basis of compufation until our advent. It is not necessarily an adverse criticism of this work to say that a more lucid comparison of the relative cost of Spanish and American government than the one here afforded is desirable. It appears clear that the provincial governments in particular have failed to keep expenditure within income. The Commission's imposition of a land tax, although restricted to seven-eighths of 1 per cent. of the capital value of land, is especially condemned by Professor Willis on the ground of its novelty and the depressed condition of agriculture. Perhaps no financial disclosure is more significant than this—that on a four-year average, out of an annual outlay of $10,300,000, only $3,000,000 has been expended on internal improvements and education. The remainder has gone for maintaining the courts, constabulary, and civil bureaus (p. 412).

It is disappointing to learn that the school system is so ineffective. It is, as a whole, "wretchedly equipped, miserably housed, and badly officered" (p. 236). The resignations of American teachers "amount to about one-third of the total force each year" (p. 232); and the result of trying to instruct the mass of the native children in English is alleged to be "a piece of great folly" (p. 239), inasmuch as it prevents them from getting a knowledge of the rudiments in any tongue whatever. Apart from preparing a small number for the civil service, the making of English the basis for instruction is very similar, as the author strikingly puts it, to what we might expect if the negroes in our Southern States were taught the common-school branches exclusively in French.

Professor Willis registers an equally adverse verdict upon the Commission's policy in ecclesiastical and social matters. The purchase of the friars' lands—400,000 acres for $7,200,000—and its tender to the natives at cost, is only affording the population an opportunity to buy what "they in many instances regard as their own, at an inflated price" (p. 199). The cognate topic of the Aglipayan, or independent Catholic Church, is treated in full, but its reputed strength, at nearly one-half the total population, makes one query what the author describes as "conservative estimates, made by American observers" (p. 217). There is much to depress the reader in what is recounted of the practically public recognition and regulation of prostitution (p. 257); and as regards opium, the Commission's action, or rather inaction, is disappointing, from both a social and a financial standpoint.

The modest grain of approval which Professor Willis finds himself able to bestow upon the civil government is mainly in connection with public sanitation and the public-land policy. It is true that he finds the Government fatally at fault in that the roads it has built are totally inadequate to the real needs of the country. But the policy of public land grants, whereby the individual is restricted to 16 hectares (about 40 acres), and corporations to 1,024 hectares, meets with the author's approval as "conspicuously wise" (p. 375). Substantial commendation is accorded also to the Government's policy of sanitation. Mr. Willis's discussion of this topic evokes one of the few far-reaching philosophic observations which he affords the reader.

"On the whole," he remarks, in concluding the chapters on Social Conditions (pp. 269, 270), "it is fair to say that, in dealing with the Philippine conditions, Americans have had greatest success where physical conditions requiring the application of better scientific methods have been involved, and least where general social questions involving greater knowledge of and sympathy with the natives have had to be worked out. In this latter respect we have fallen between two stools, neither applying our own codes of social morality and restraint, nor accommodating ourselves to those of the natives. How far this situation will be remedied in the future will depend entirely on the extent to which we are able to apply sympathetic methods of social control, growing out of a deeper insight into native character, and greater respect for native institutions and prejudices."

The administrative failures of the Commission, however, have never shown the same heartless selfishness as is evinced by our Congress in its economic legislation for the unhappy islands. "Three things," as the author points out (p. 271), "were evidently of primary importance at the outset: sufficient markets for native products, cheap transportation for such products, and a sound and simple currency basis for business operations in the islands." It was only the last that Congress gave them. Even the introduction of the gold standard was attained, in Professor Willis's opinion, at unnecessary expense, and was so manipulated as to advance the price of American silver required for striking the new Philip-

pine coinage. Even if we wholly disallow the author's contentions in this matter—and they do savor of censoriousness—Congressional legislation on the tariff and navigation fully substantiates the finding that "Congress has pursued towards the Philippines a policy of slavish subservience to special American interests" (p. 311). To the crying need for foreign markets Congress responded by enacting the Dingley rates with a 25 per cent. discount on Philippine exports to this country. Congress, moreover, practically struck off the Philippine export duty on hemp sent to the United States. The loss to the Philippine Treasury by this act, up to June 30, 1904, had far exceeded the refunded customs duties collected on our frontier on incoming Philippine goods. To the Philippines' need for cheap transportation the response of Congress was the act of March 8, 1902, which subjects foreign ships coming from the islands to this country to the same tonnage duties as are exacted from foreign vessels coming to our ports from foreign countries. We thus impose on our wards the burden of high freights in order that our carriers, with inadequate transportation facilities by water, may monopolize the carrying trade. Professor Willis does not fail to notice Secretary Taft's denunciation of the avowed intention of Congress to limit all trade between the Philippines and this country after July 1, 1906, to American ships. The net outcome of our legislation has been to do next to nothing for the depressed industrial state of the Filipinos. The recorded increase in imports is traceable to the supplies shipped in for our forces in the islands. The sugar and tobacco industries have declined (p. 292). "The impressions derived from a journey through the Philippine Islands are those which are produced from an inspection of a devastated, demoralized country just emerged from war" (p. 348). Roads and trails "are to-day very much worse than they were in Spanish times" (p. 344). The population is badly housed even "from an Oriental standpoint" (p. 344). Of five thousand business enterprises founded by Americans in the country, not more than one thousand still survive (p. 327).

From such beginnings Professor Willis has seemingly good ground to fear that, in the future, Congress, instead of giving the islands the simple redress that justice would dictate, will attempt to foster exploitation by granting to foreign capital franchises, concessions, guarantees, and subsidies which will further impoverish the patrimony of the natives. The proposed importation of Chinese coolies to afford foreign syndicates a supply of cheap labor is denounced by the author. This is another of the few points where he approves of the judgment of Secretary Taft. Not the least instructive part of this investigation of the Philippine labor question is the proof here given of the capacity of the native Filipino workman (396 sq.). It appears that the average Filipino, while he will not submit to the contumely which the coolie accepts submissively, is amenable to the stimulus of good wages and humane treatment; and that it is by no means impossible to enlist large forces of steady, efficient and intelligent laborers among them.

This comprehensive analysis of the situation gives small promise of a ready solution of our Philippine problem. If it is true, as Professor Willis avers, that all intelligent Filipinos recognize the impossibility of maintaining an independent State "in the face of the sharp conflict for tropical territory now being waged by the principal powers of the world" (p. 188); and if, as here asserted, "our people will hardly countenance the cession or sale of the Philippines to another power" (p. 450), it is hard to see how we could eventually give them independence without continuing thereafter to be incumbered by much the same liability, financial and military, which we now bear. This inability to disburden ourselves may not excuse us from doing justice to the Philippines, but it makes it very much less likely that we shall speedily do them justice. Mr. Randolph's sensible remark that the annexation of the Philippines is not a cross to be borne but a blunder to be retrieved, is likely to prove only half true. As an immediate programme Professor Willis pronounces in favor of a promise of independence to the islands, and "a distinct definition of the time when such independence may be possible" (p. 454). The specific means to that end which he recommends are an enlargement of the scope of local self-government, the abolition of the provincial governments altogether, the reduction of the number and burdensome salaries of American office-holders, and, eventually, vesting the national assembly with the reality of power instead of its semblance.

This work of Professor Willis's will take its place as the authoritative indictment of our Philippine policy to date. It is one which the Imperialist may criticise, or try in part to disannul; but it is one which he cannot afford to ignore or despise.

A GOOD BOOK ON RUSSIA.

Russia under the Great Shadow. By Luigi Villari. With eighty-four illustrations. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: James Pott & Co. 1905.

Mr. Villari's preface is dated May, 1905, and the impressions which the volume itself records are, to an extent which the author does not definitely state, reprints of articles on Russian affairs that appeared in the London *Times*. It was his object, he says, "during many a stay of many months in Russia, . . . to examine the consequences of the war on the internal situation, both economic and political." It is obvious that not "many" stays of "many months" could well be included in the period covered by the recent war. But the impressions recorded are those of an experienced and sympathetic traveller; and for statistics, in the more serious portions, abundant sources were available to him, as to the multitude of recent essayists whom recent events have tempted to evolve deductions of widely varying shades of a general pessimistic hue.

Fairness of mind, an aptness for summing up situations clearly and in graphic terms, are among Mr. Villari's special qualities. Occasionally he errs from an unconsciously preconceived prejudice which his brief study and lack of acquaintance with the language (this he does not attempt to conceal) have been insufficient to remove. For example, in his preface, referring to "the mad policy of indefinite expansion" which "found its logical outcome in the Mantchurian campaign," he says: "Russia—an immense country, rich in natural resources, inhabited by a people who, if primitive and ignorant, have many very fine qualities, strong, capable of the hardest toil, inured to the struggle with nature, brave, intelligent, and religious—has been kept out of the march of progress in a condition of semi-Asiatic barbarism for the sake of impossible schemes of universal dominion." Every word of this is just save the last clause, which implies a deliberate policy of repressing knowledge and general progress. Both just and extremely striking is his concluding comment in this same preface: "It is a profoundly interesting moment in the nation's history in which new forces, new ideas, and new movements are beginning to take shape. But we must not expect to see the results immediately, and to find Russia settling down under a liberal constitution within six months. The English Revolution lasted from 1640 to 1689; that of France from 1789 to 1815—almost to 1871; that of Italy from 1821 to 1870. Russia, too, will probably have to go through a long period of turmoil and unrest before she can find lasting peace."

Even in his sightseeing, Villari contrives to mention the usual things without being hackneyed, and to touch with the proper degree of detail on other less familiar points, like the Narodny Dom, or People's Palace, in St. Petersburg. One of his early remarks is: "St. Petersburg is not purely Russian, and a good deal of the misconception and ignorance of foreigners about Russia is due to their seeing so much of the capital and so little of the rest of the country." This eminently sane remark would have been rounded and complete had he added: "But even in the capital there is far more that is genuinely Russian than the average foreigner is capable of assimilating." He is even discriminating and just towards the much-attacked army; and in describing the schools for small boys, orphans or the children of poor parents, which are attached to certain regiments and teach trades as well as the ordinary branches, he concludes: "These schools are not the only aspect of the educational policy of the Russian Army, for the soldiers themselves are given a certain amount of elementary instruction [the officers have to furnish it], and are taught various handicrafts. . . . The Russian Army has this good point, that race is no bar to advancement (save in the case of Jews, who are not admitted as officers). A Mohammedan from Turkestan has as much chance of attaining the highest rank as any descendant of Rurik."

Our author found that people in St. Petersburg took very little interest in the war, apparently, and that very few outward signs of a great crisis were to be noted. One amusing exception was the drama performed at the popular theatre in the Zoölogical Garden, entitled "The Russo-Japanese War," and constructed on lines to suit both popular taste and prophecy, everything being of the most realistic description. The three specimens of Russian cartoons which illustrate this passage, representing Japan getting money for the war out of John Bull

and Uncle Sam, and the ghost of Napoleon warning the Japanese strategists of the fate of those who invade Russian territory, are excellent. It may be remarked here that the illustrations not only really illustrate, but are as superior to the ordinary run in choice and characteristic touches as they are numerically.

In the chapter on Moscow the author goes astray through trusting to the stock statements and prevailing assumptions of ill-informed predecessors. As he gets further off the beaten track he becomes more interesting and profitable in his remarks. "Provincial Russia" contains much information which will be new to most readers—for example, as to the activities of the zemstvo (as illustrated by that of Kharkoff), and again the amazing list of subjects which the provincial press in one large town is still forbidden to print, though censorship has been relaxed in the capitals: "Descriptions of love scenes, criticisms on reactionary journals, the mention of trade unions, criticisms of acts of police officials, the mention of the name of Gorky, accounts of the religion of the Japanese, praises of Tolstoy, the word 'bureaucracy,' the names of certain diseases, the enumeration of elementary schools, facts concerning the bad organization of the local hospital and the barracks, criticisms of the articles by Krushevan (the instigator of the Kishineff massacres)." The first-hand information regarding industrial enterprises and conditions which Villari gathered is particularly valuable because of the well-reasoned and digested form in which he presents it to the reader, and the impartiality of his statements. He does not appear to be biassed to favor or denounce. For example, he cites the opinion of one foreigner in charge of an important factory, to the effect that this manager is a great believer in the industrial future of Russia, and convinced that the destiny of the country is to be one of the chief industrial nations in the world; but he takes care to mention that few foreigners whom he met in Russia were as sanguine and optimistic, and immediately afterwards records the remark of this manager to the effect that "the military aspect of modern Russia was . . . the worst, and the one soonest destined to disappear, while the many good qualities, intelligence, and capacity of the people would lead the Empire up to the highest degree of civilization." Again, while admitting that the Russians have done a great deal for civilization in various parts of their Empire, he says: "An ill fate seems to pursue them and prevent them from enjoying to the full the heritage which should be theirs; there is always a certain lack of completeness in what they do, something wanting to crown the edifice, which, to a great extent, stultifies the rest of their achievements"; and he attributes this to the fact that the alien civilization forcibly grafted on the nation by Peter the Great is really foreign to the nature of the masses, and is not yet assimilated. He thinks that the strength and the weakness of Russia lie in the fact that "the form of government tends to confuse colony and mother-country, . . . and were a Constitution to be granted to-morrow, the question of the relative rights of natives of St. Petersburg and natives of Erivan might assume a serious aspect. One can quite well imagine a Russian House of Commons where the representatives of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Odessa, Smolensk, etc., should meet together; but the question of admitting 'honorable members' for Daghestan or Kaketia might well lead to difficulties." It is well to emphasize this point, the justice of which is rarely appreciated by foreigners who seek to regulate the policy of a land unknown to them on general principles of universal suffrage.

On the Jewish problem our author is equally judicious in his remarks. "The causes of the unpopularity of the Jews are various, and economic questions are doubtless largely responsible for it," he says. He illustrates this by an account of the methods of the Jewish grain dealers of Odessa with the peasants, adding: "There can be no doubt that, in spite of their many undesirable qualities, the Russian Jews are absolutely indispensable to the welfare of the country. . . . I have also been told by Christian merchants that the peasant has got so much accustomed to selling to Jews that he will not sell to a Christian, whom he mistrusts"; and he frankly declares that the Christian community has only itself to thank for not having developed greater business aptitude. On the subject of Poland he is just and uncommonly acute and judicious. "The real enemy of the Pole is the German rather than the Russian," he says; "and under normal circumstances Russia could have derived the greatest benefit from her Polish subjects." And he sets forth what is required to conciliate them. But he also says, with equal truth: "We have all been brought up from childhood to sigh over the loss of Polish freedom, but, much as we may reprobate the conduct of the three Powers who participated in an act of unparalleled infamy, we cannot but admit that the misfortunes of Poland are largely due to the Poles themselves. This explains even if it does not in any way excuse the partition of the country." The practical conclusion at which he arrives after full consideration of the situation is: "The union with Russia is indeed an economic necessity for Poland, for by that means alone can its industries find a sufficient outlet. Poland, as I have shown elsewhere, is far too small, and the buying capacity of the peasants is too limited, to absorb the output of the country's industries. Were Poland to be separated from the Empire, customs barriers would at once arise to exclude Polish goods, and the industries of the country would be ruined." As to the political controversy, he concludes: "The weakness of all the Polish revolutionary movements is that great discord between the various groups, who hate each other almost as much as they do the Russians. 'Two Poles, three opinions,' is a popular proverb." And he ventures the suggestion that recent events may, perhaps, tend towards greater unity.

The final chapter, on "The Effect of the War on Russian Public Opinion," is characterized by uncommon modesty, acute observation, and good sense. In summing up the actions and resolutions of the Zemstvoists, for example, he says:

"These proposals, it will be seen, are far more moderate and practical than those of the revolutionary conference, and, in fact, the backward state of Russia suggests the advisability of proceeding cautiously in the matter of reforms, and of not giving the people the strong wine of universal suffrage at once. . . . Recent events tend to show that there is a dangerous agitation going on even among the peasants, although on lines different to those of the towns. To prophesy how the change will be brought about, or what form of government will eventually be adopted, would be rash indeed, for the situation is altering from day to day. But one thing appears fairly clear, that, for the present, no general rising has any chance of success. So long as the troops obey orders (and, in spite of sensational reports to the contrary, there is as yet no evidence that the army is tainted with disloyalty), an open revolt can easily be put down. . . . What type of political organization will result from this chaos of warring elements no one can yet foresee; what form of government is best suited to the Russian nation it were presumptuous for a foreigner to suggest."

Altogether, the book is excellent and highly to be recommended. Unfortunately, it is marred, here and there, by hasty writing and defective proofreading.

The Romance of Savoy: Victor Amadeus II. and his Stuart Bride. By the Marchesa Vitelleschi. E. P. Dutton & Co. 2 vols., 8vo. 1905.

The Marchesa Vitelleschi has hit upon an interesting subject, and, in spite of obvious shortcomings, she has written an interesting book. The annals of the House of Savoy—that house in comparison with whose ancient lineage the Hohenzollerns are parvenus and the Hanoverians upstarts—has been almost wholly neglected by serious historians in English. At no point is its earlier history more striking than in the reign of Victor Amadeus II., when, through his astuteness, the duchy became a kingdom and the foundations were laid of that Piedmontese ascendency which, after five generations, was to free Italy and unite it under Victor Emanuel II.

Victor Amadeus II., the son of Charles Emanuel and Jeanne de Nemours, was born at Turin, May 14, 1666. His father died in 1675, leaving him under the regency of his mother, a selfish woman, with little ability as a ruler. The youth, however, soon showed force of character, in so far, at least, as stubbornness and rather precocious craftiness indicate character. At the age of eighteen, he took the government into his own hands, and held it firmly for over forty years, and at the same age he married Anna Maria of Orleans, daughter of Henrietta, and granddaughter of Charles I. of England. This union strengthened the ties between Savoy and the Stuarts, and it gave Louis XIV., who was Anna's uncle, family reasons for meddling in the affairs of the duchy.

The Grand Monarque, then at the height of his prestige, did not, however, need other reasons than those of self-interest for planning to absorb Savoy. His troops garrisoned Victor's citadels, and it seemed incredible that the Duke, master of a comparatively small army, should preserve his independence. At first he acquiesced in tutelage, and, when Louis gave an order for the persecution of the Waldenses, Victor joined in carrying it out. He submitted to the King's domination even in personal matters, to such an extent that he abandoned a pleasure trip to Venice when he found that Louis objected. Just as soon as he deemed it safe, he joined the league which Emperor Leopold organized against French aggression, but, being worsted in two campaigns, he made peace, and for a while stood docilely by Louis. But when the

League got the upper hand, through the genius of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, the Duke shifted sides again without compunction, and in 1706 he repelled a French attack on Turin and defeated the French army on the heights of La Superga. Thenceforward, although the general War of the Spanish Succession dragged on till 1713, he ran no further peril. At the Peace of Utrecht, the allies rewarded him for his services by raising his duchy to a kingdom and by apportioning Sicily as his share of the Spanish spoils. Victor took possession of the island, but in less than a year he returned to the more congenial Turin, and in 1720, by another turn of diplomacy, he received Sardinia in exchange for Sicily, which fell to Austria. From that year till 1860 the official title of the Savoy rulers was King of Sardinia. Thus, when Victor Amadeus II. died, in 1732, he left, instead of a precarious duchy, a kingdom of recognized stability among the minor Powers of Europe, strong in its loyalty to the sovereign, and with its foothold in Italy firmly assured. The Fox of Savoy had in the end outwitted the French Lion. Let us add that Victor by economy more than doubled the revenues of his kingdom.

This outline will give an idea of the political importance of Victor's reign in the development of modern Italy; but this is only a small part of the material provided in Marchesa Vitelleschi's book. She enables us to realize how astonishingly personal was government in Europe two centuries ago. We see feudalism entering on its last stage, so far as the relation of small princes to great potentates was concerned. We see the extravagant part played by marriage—a purely arbitrary tie—in consolidating countries. Victor's oldest daughter, Mary Adelaide, at the age of eleven, was married to the Duke of Burgundy; his second daughter was only fifteen when she was given to Philip V. of Spain. Victor himself was a residuary heir to the Spanish crown, and his wife did not allow her claim to the English throne to be forgotten. Indeed, William III. seems to have regarded this solution of the problem of succession as not impossible, for he went so far as to suggest that one of the Savoy princes be sent to England to be brought up at the English court.

Having the general reader, rather than the historical student, in view, the Marchesa Vitelleschi devotes perhaps half of her work to social, domestic, and ceremonial matters. She describes court life in detail, overlooking no function, be it wedding or funeral, the reception of ambassadors or a ducal progress. The letters of great personages which she quotes, simply prove that great personages were as dull then as they sometimes are now. But such a letter as that in which Louis XIV. describes the little Mary Adelaide—"Everything is as it should be, save the curtsey"—compensates for many platitudes. Details of court life appeal to readers who think that in such superficial matters lies the real romance of history; the chief objection to devoting so much space to them here is that they tend to throw events out of their proper perspective. The author's effort to bring in all that she can about England—in order to interest the English public—is tactful, but it adds another obstacle to a symmetrical narrative. The chapter on Henrietta of Orleans, for instance, although entertaining in itself, has very little excuse for existing.

In short, you must not be captious, but must take what the Marchesa Vitelleschi has to give, if you would enjoy her book. She has no great talent for historical construction, no unfailing instinct in selection, nor even an attractive style; and yet, in spite of these shortcomings, she has been able, thanks to the intrinsic interest of her material, to produce a book worth reading. She leaves a distinct impression of Victor Amadeus II., who was rather a complex character; of the long-suffering Queen Anna, and of the Countess di Verrua, the court beauty and royal mistress: and she sufficiently reconstructs the little world in which they lived. She has been conscientious in collecting her material, not only from printed books, but from private archives, to which she has had access.

In her final chapter, the Marchioness rises to her highest level in telling the tragic story of the King's life. Readers of Browning will remember "King Victor and King Charles" as one of his best dramas; but Browning could hardly enhance the impressiveness of the bare facts. After reigning forty-six years, Victor Amadeus suddenly abdicated in favor of his son, Charles Emanuel, who, with hump on back and goitre at throat, had led a neglected and bitter youth. Victor retired to Chambéry, with his second wife, the Marchesa di Spigno, whom he married just before his abdication. King Charles, well-meaning but weak, was easily managed by his queen, Polyxena, and his minister, Ormea. For a while, the relations between Turin and Chambéry were cordial. Then Victor got the idea that he was being ignored and the kingdom misgoverned. Probably, the Marchesa, who had married him expecting to be Queen, and not to live in pompless oblivion, fanned his wrath. He appeared without warning in Turin, planning to revoke his abdication. King Charles, who still trembled from the dread his father had inspired in him in childhood, knew not what to do, but Ormea, who feared the loss of his own occupation, if not of his head, advised that the only way to avert civil war was to arrest King Victor. Queen Polyxena and the other ministers agreed in this opinion, and, accordingly, without delay, King Victor's apartment was broken into in the middle of the night, and he and the Marchesa were violently separated and hurried to different places of confinement. For months he was guarded almost like a felon; his angry spirit broke, his health failed, and only when he seemed too feeble to be dangerous was the severity of his treatment a little relaxed and his wife permitted to return to him. Six months later he died, Ormea and the Queen having steadily kept King Charles from seeing him. This tragic story the Marchioness Vitelleschi tells in a straightforward fashion, so that the last impression she leaves on the reader is the best.

The Church's Task under the Roman Empire: Four Lectures. By Charles Bigg, D.D. Henry Frowde. 1905.

These lectures, which were delivered at Oxford during the Michaelmas term of last year, bear little resemblance to Dr. Bigg's Bampton Lectures on the Christian Platonists of Alexandria. Less erudite in form and dealing with a much less technical subject, they appeal to all serious people, the untheological as well as ecclesiastics. Their aim is "to sketch in broad outlines the nature of the task which lay before the Church when she set out in obedience to the divine call to evangelize the Græco-Roman world, and the degree in which she was enabled to fulfil that task within the compass of the first five centuries."

It is obvious that a theme of this kind might be treated in a conventional and unprofitable way by a doctor of divinity who was anxious only to score points for the Church. Dr. Bigg, however, is free from the reproach of having been led by professional zeal to turn his subject into a theme for edification. One is not always being told how corrupt was the world and how divinely inspired the Church; but each chapter in the volume is a scholarly examination of some one social or intellectual phase. Under the mature civilization of the Roman Empire, life had become so complicated that it is hard for the historian, writing within brief compass, to give a faithful portraiture of the main conditions. Yet certain things are essential, and Dr. Bigg, by fixing his attention upon education, religion, and morality, is able to establish standards of comparison which will strike no one as having been capriciously chosen.

Speaking broadly, the descriptions here given of ancient life constitute a record of deficiency. It being one aim of the Church to improve the condition of mankind, the apologist, even where he is a fair-minded scholar like Dr. Bigg, can only be content when he has shown how grievous were the failings of classical civilization as they appear in the light of the Christian ideal. At the same time, the Church, with all its successes, did not effect a work of wholesale regeneration, and even failed to escape the contamination of ancient influences. As a single example of the tone adopted by Dr. Bigg towards the contact of pagan and Christian, we may refer to his remarks on rhetoric, the staple subject in Roman education. Following Quintilian, rhetoric has three functions—the laudatory, the deliberative, and the judicial. The fathers of the Church found the art of panegyric debauched by the abject flattery of scholars who had lost all self-respect. Under the Christian régime this laudatory rhetoric is preserved, but finds its natural outlet in the language of worship, although some of the Christian panegyrists, in praising the Christian Emperors, sink quite as low in the scale of fulsome expression as ever their pagan predecessors had done. For the chief type of deliberative eloquence in Christian hands we go to the sermon, and for the best example of the judicial style to the church court, as described in the 'Didascalia,' where speech would be unadorned, since the object was not victory, but justice. Having worked out this parallel with sufficient fulness of detail, Dr. Bigg concludes: "The mind dwells with pleasure on this contrast between the false eloquence and the true. But, after all, it must be confessed that the old heathen taint was never thoroughly purged till the deluge of the Barbarian invasion washed away all but the bare foundations of Roman art."

Here Dr. Bigg's main proposition would

seem to be that, under the touch of Christianity, much in Roman education which was base or effete became exalted, though he is by no means blind to signs of bad taste or faulty style among the Christians themselves. A still more conspicuous instance of his willingness to bring out what was good in the pre-Christian order is afforded by his attitude towards the worship of Isis and Mithra. In the cult of Isis, he says, "we have a divine humanity, a God who suffers a cruel death out of love for man, and a divinely human wife and mother, Isis the compassionate and merciful, who loves her husband with a love that is stronger than death, yet sets his murderer free, bidding him go and sin no more. In Mithraism, following the exhaustive researches of Cumont, he sees something higher still—or at least more salutary for the individual, since Isis worship made no attempt to provide the scheme of moral discipline which was prescribed for the devotees of Mithra. In this Persian faith there was "an atonement for the sinner, spiritual comfort, and temporal help for the afflicted, a virtuous and strenuous example for the lovers of righteousness."

St. Augustine set an extremely unfortunate example to his successors in the Church when he made his defence of Christianity against paganism embrace a forensic citation of selected passages which were designed to show how depraved the world had been during the days of Roman greatness. From this old and outlawed style of demonstration Dr. Bigg has completely emancipated himself, with the effect that his chapters on ancient thought, life, and religion carry conviction, not merely from the wide and varied knowledge they display, but quite as much from the disinterestedness of their tone. Without letting the Christian disappear wholly in the historian, he takes high ground for his definition of the Church's task, and is careful neither to misrepresent the extent of pagan iniquity nor the degree of Christian accomplishment His principal conclusion is that Christianity, working in the later Roman Empire, did much more for the individual than for the State. "If we turn our eyes," he says, "to the field of public virtue, then it must be acknowledged that the Church produced very little result indeed. The evils which were destroying the body politic went on unchecked, and the process of deterioration was more rapid than ever under the Christian Emperors." In the field of private morality something, indeed much, was wrought, but neither orthodoxy nor private virtue could help a State so decadent as the Roman Empire.

"Only in quite modern times," writes Dr. Biggs as he concludes his admirable series of lectures, "have we begun to understand that there is a still higher conception of Christian duty; that the private virtues cannot flourish without the public, that religion and policy ought to go hand in hand, and that for the old ideal of Church and State we ought to substitute that new ideal of the Church-State which hovered before the minds of Piers Plowman and John Wyclif, but has not yet been realized."

The Wonders of Life: A Popular Study of Biological Philosophy. By Ernst Haeckel Translated by Joseph McCabe. Harper & Bros. 1905. Pp. xii, 485.

The greatest philosophical questions of all time resolve themselves ultimately into the problems of the relation of mind and matter—the "Riddle of the Universe," to use Haeckel's happy phrase. Some five years ago Professor Haeckel, in his ripe old age, formulated anew and in popular form his solution of this riddle, framing his statement in terms of his own radical evolution theory. The enormous popularity of the 'Riddle of the Universe' among general readers with no scientific training, the adverse criticism which it aroused, and, especially, the questions on matters of elementary biology which poured in upon him from the unscientific public, have led the author to prepare this supplementary volume on the miracles (wonders) of life. It falls into four parts: (1.) A Methodological Section, Knowledge of Life, (2.) a Morphological Section, Nature of Life, (3.) a Physiological Section, Functions of Life, and (4) a Genealogical Section, History of Life; the last concluding with philosophical summaries of dualism and monism.

As a treatise on elementary biology, the work is distinctly inferior to many others in the field; but the public does not buy treatises on elementary biology, no matter how well written, by the hundred thousand copies, as it has done in the case of the 'Riddle,' and may very possibly do now. It is therefore as a contribution to popular philosophy that Professor Haeckel's book must be examined. In spite of the many volumes of exposition he has written, we find it difficult to arrive at an exact idea of his philosophy. It is almost universally referred to by his critics as "materialism," and with some appearance of reason, for we are constantly meeting with expressions like the following: "Modern science . . . has not taught us a single fact that points to the existence of an immaterial world. On the contrary, it has shown more and more clearly that the supposed world beyond is a pure fiction." But materialism in the ordinary sense it certainly is not. Haeckel's own term is *hylozoism*, defined as expressing "the fact that all substance has two fundamental attributes; as matter (*hyle*) it occupies space, and as force or energy it is endowed with sensation." He adds in a later chapter: "I am convinced that sensation is, like movement, found in all matter, and this trinity of substance provides the safest basis for modern monism." And again:

"Of the three great monistic systems, materialism lays too narrow a stress on the attribute of matter, and would trace all the phenomena of the universe to the mechanics of the atoms, or to the movements of their ultimate particles. Spiritualism, with equal narrowness, builds on the attribute of energy; it would either explain all phenomena by motor forces or forms of energy (energism), or reduce them to psychic functions, or sensation, or psychic action (panpsychism). Our system of hylonism (or hylozoism) avoids the faults of both extremes, and affirms the identity of the psyche and the physis in the sense of Spinoza and Goethe. It meets the difficulties of the older theory of identity by dividing the attribute of thought (or energy) into two coördinate attributes, sensation (psychoma) and movement (mechanics)."

Haeckel's philosophic scheme is avowedly built on the doctrine of evolution, and his practical recommendations grow directly out of it. What, then, is this theory of evolution? Briefly, it is a universal cosmic process by which all that is has grown out of nebulous beginnings by continuous change, from the simplest inorganic reaction, through more complex mechanisms, lowly forms of life, the power and intelligence of brutes, up finally to man and his noblest mental and moral qualities. With the broad outlines of the scheme naturalists are in pretty general agreement, though as we approach the terminal members of the series views diverge rapidly—or more commonly sink into agnosticism. Few have the positive assurance of our author on the details of the origin of human faculty. His exposition is in the main well supported by scientific evidence. Comparative psychology is bridging the gap between the mind of man and the brutes. As far as the intellect is concerned, we may say the gap is practically closed. The emotional life of man, too, is undoubtedly similar in some of its phases to that of brutes. We have the same love of offspring and mates, and in social animals we see the beginnings of self-sacrifice for the community at large, or true altruism. As human art may have its roots in the pleasure of a bird in the song and plumage of her mate, so human morals may spring from the impulsive devotion of social animals to the communal welfare. The altruistic impulse in primitive man was stronger, but equally blind, and gave rise to fetishism and finally to religion. Intellect began more and more to dominate these primitive impulses and passions until the dawn of the age of reason in our own time, whence we expect to go on triumphantly to the consummation of this golden age. "While occupying ourselves with the ideal world in art and poetry, and cultivating the play of emotion, we persist, nevertheless, in thinking that the real world, the object of science, can be truly known only by experience and pure reason. Truth and poetry are then united in the perfect harmony of monism."

What will be the upshot in practical life of this peaceful settlement of the problem of the relation of intellect and sentiment? First, "our clear modern insight into the regularity and causal character of natural processes, and especially our knowledge of the universal reign of the law of substance [a bit of pure metaphysics] are inconsistent with belief in a personal God, the immortality of the soul, and the freedom of the will." Again, "hence the destruction of abnormal new-born infants—as the Spartans practised it, for instance, in selecting the bravest—cannot rationally be classed as 'murder,' as is done in even modern legal works." "What good does it do to humanity to maintain artificially and rear the thousands of cripples, deaf mutes, idiots, etc., who are born every year?" "Faithful dogs and noble horses, with which we have lived for years and which we love, are rightly put to death and relieved from pain when they fall hopelessly ill in old age. In the same way we have the right, if not the duty, to put an end to the sufferings of our fellow-men." A careful reading of the entire book (and it requires a careful reading on account of the incoherency of the style) seems to show that these repulsive conclusions necessarily follow from the premises as given in our author's theory of evolution, which culminates in pure reason to the exclusion of sentiment and other factors of the higher life.

How to Collect Books. By John Herbert Slater. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 1905.

Books and the House. By A. W. Pollard. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1904.

Mr. Slater's volume contains much sundry and miscellaneous information which undoubtedly will prove interesting and useful to those for whom it is intended, namely, the large number of people who desire to collect books, but who are without special knowledge of or scholarly interest in them as human documents. That the author has the general run of collectors in mind is very evident from the way he speaks of William Blades's 'Biography and Typography of William Caxton' and his introduction to the reprint of the 'Boke of St. Albans,' as being, "from a thoroughly practical point of view, . . . of little use."

It would certainly be unfair to scrutinize a book of this kind too closely on the score of accuracy, but some of the most glaring inadvertencies cannot be ignored. On page 4, for instance, Mr. Slater speaks of Aldus Manutius's catalogue of fourteen Greek books, distributed in five classes, as the prototype of classified bibliographies such as Conrad Gesner's 'Bibliotheca Universalis' (1548) and Savigny's 'Tableaux Accomplis de tous les Arts Libéraux' (1587). On page 84 he mentions Van der Linde's 'Haarlem Legend,' naming not the author, but the translator only, and likewise referring to it in the index under Hessel's name alone. To speak of Hain's 'Repertorium Bibliographicum' and Copinger's Supplement to it as a guide to printing-presses (see p. 122) is not quite correct, though the last volume of Copinger contains such a guide, prepared by Konrad Burger. On page 68 the author speaks of Bagford's collection of title-pages as if Mr. W. Y. Fletcher's paper about Bagford before the Bibliographical Society had never been printed. His opinion that the invention of printing "was no gradual development, but a sudden illumination," is contrary to both documents and logic.

Mr. Slater published some years ago a volume entitled 'Book Collecting: A Guide to Amateurs.' While his present venture is not exactly a new edition of the earlier one, the two have much in common, occasionally word for word. The later is uniform with some similar handbooks on old china, furniture, etc.; it has a large number of photogravure illustrations. The index might have been better.

A more authoritative guide is offered in Mr. Pollard's 'Books in the House,' which has been published in an edition of 500 copies, "designed by and printed under the supervision of Ralph Fletcher Seymour at the press of R. R. Donnelly & Sons Co. in Chicago." It is very tastily made up, with bookish headpieces and ornamented initials for each chapter, and printed in the large black type now so common in "privately printed" books. Here we find the matured opinions of a trained and scholarly lover of books on such subjects as "The Buying of Books," "Inherited Books and their Values," "The Keeping of Books," "The Functions of the Collector," " How to Collect," "The Child's Book-Shelf." In the compass of 83 pages one cannot expect great fulness of detail, but what is here offered is worth much more than the repetition of a great number of facts which have been told many times over in easily accessible volumes; we mean, a few sound principles which collectors would do well to follow if they wish to collect to some purpose. Mr. Pollard does not give much space to manuscripts, incunabula and other things which most people never see, but speaks pointedly about the craze for "collected editions" and other allurements of modern publishers. While by no means disparaging the collecting of books as specimens of printing or illustration, or because one may wish to possess all the editions of all the works of his favorite author, he enters a strong plea for subject-collecting as being, "for collectors who will not allow themselves to pay too heavily in the struggle towards the completeness which can never be attained" (and they are in the majority), "the easiest, the cheapest, and the most obviously rational form the pleasure can take." After all, books should be bought to be read, and collected partly from the pleasure of the hunt. To buy books by the yard is not book collecting, as Mr. Pollard truly remarks. Perhaps his most interesting chapter is the one on "Inherited Books and their Values," with its discussion of the market value of books, especially of dull books having nothing else in their favor but age and rarity.

Mr. Pollard does not seem to have had opportunity to read the proofs himself, or such errors as Frossart for Froissart or Perclas (!) for Purchas would not have been allowed to remain.

France in America, 1497-1763. By Reuben Gold Thwaites. (American Nation Series, vol. vii.) Harpers. 1905. Pp. xxi., 320.

To those familiar with the writings of Parkman, any attempt to tell in condensed form the story of the rise and fall of French power in North America is likely to seem disappointing. The period, at once the most picturesque and the most dramatic in American colonial history, demands, for its adequate understanding, treatment on an extended scale. No one, for example, who has read Parkman's account of the taking of Quebec—admittedly one of the best modern pieces of historical description—can ever feel quite content with anything on the same subject less elaborate or less carefully wrought. The actual accomplishment of France in the New World is to be understood only by a consideration of the ideals which animated the French explorers, traders, and administrators, the romance and adventure of frontier and forest life, and the attrition of a decadent feudalism by contact with savagery on the one hand and English common sense on the other; and these are matters not easily brought out in a small space.

We make this preliminary observation, not to disparage Mr. Thwaites's book, but rather to indicate the peculiar difficulty of his task. Within the limitations imposed upon him, he has certainly done better than any writer who has preceded him, while in easy command and skilful use of material, his volume leaves little to be desired. In the distribution of space, five chapters are given to the planting of New France, the settlement of Acadia and the St. Lawrence valley, the discovery of the Mississippi, and the acquisition of Louisiana and the Illinois country; two chapters to Anglo-French relations to the end of King George's war, in 1748; and one to the life of the people of New France. These eight chapters comprise about half of the volume. The other half, with the exception of a final chapter on Louisiana under Spanish rule, is occupied with an account of the Seven Years' War and the expulsion of the French.

Since it is not possible, in a work of this compass, to make much of an original contribution to the subject, the task of a reviewer is limited mainly to the consideration of questions of balance and proportion and the selection of topics and data. On all matters of Western geography, Mr. Thwaites has long been a recognized authority, and his account of the French explorations is commendably well digested. Particularly praiseworthy are the maps showing the area of exploration and the wide dispersion of military posts. Regarding the economic progress of the French settlements in the Mississippi Valley, the author has also interesting things to say. It will surprise many readers to learn, for example (p. 85), that throughout the first half of the eighteenth century the agricultural products of the Illinois country were shipped in large quantities to Detroit, to Ohio River ports, to New Orleans and Mobile, and from the latter places to the West Indies and Europe; that about 1746, provisions being scarce in New Orleans, the Illinois French sent thither, in one winter, "upward of eight hundred thousand-weight of flour," and that sugar, rice, indigo, cotton, manufactured tobacco, and similar articles flowed into the Western country from Europe and the French colonies, in exchange for the local products.

On the other hand, the chapter on the people of New France is disappointing in its brevity, while the account of French administration is only elementary. Throughout the work, too, the treatment of the religious side of French colonization, particularly the work of the missionary priests, is slight. Mr. Thwaites has, indeed, a word of strong commendation for the Jesuits and the Roman Church (pp. 137, 138), but both the Church and its priests tend to drop to the rear in his narrative. As the text of the volume is about thirty pages shorter than, for example, Greene's 'Provincial America,' it would seem that space might have been found for a fuller account of some of these matters. The latter half of the book, on the Seven Years' War, is naturally fuller than the first half, though here, again, the dramatic episodes in the military operations are unequally developed. There is, for instance, an excellent description of the taking of Louisburg, while that of the final movements before Quebec is cut off with startling brevity. Among the personal judgments we note with satisfaction the commendation of Amherst (p. 265). The unlucky Admiral Byng, however, was certainly not a coward (p. 199), nor can we think that Webb was so excusable for his failure to assist Monro at Fort William Henry as Mr. Thwaites's account would make him appear (p. 210).

Mr. Thwaites's style is, in general, so readable that one can but regret the occasional lapses from good taste, and the extraordinary grammar of the paragraph

headed "biographies," page 305. "Unavoidable," page 184, line 6, is a curious misprint.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Haupt, Paul. The Book of Ecclesiastes. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press. 50 cents.
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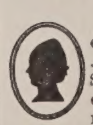

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1905.

The Week.

"The Republican party has gone to the devil," an Ohio office-holder in Washington is represented to have exclaimed, on hearing of Secretary Taft's speech in Akron, Ohio, on Saturday night. The Secretary has, indeed, given cause for dismay among machine Republicans everywhere by coming out openly against Boss Cox, the Murphy of Cincinnati, and declaring that, if he were able to, he would vote against Cox's municipal ticket. This is pure and unadulterated treason and rank disloyalty, and will, in the eyes of the party henchmen, very nearly insure the defeat of Gov. Herrick, if only because it will induce Cox to sell out the State ticket to elect the city slate. "I wish to come as near telling what I believe to be the truth as I can on this subject," said Secretary Taft in his straightforward and honest way before proceeding to defend Gov. Herrick against the charge that he has been subservient to the boss. Mr. Taft did not hesitate to affirm that the power secured by Cox and his assistants "has undoubtedly inured to their pecuniary benefit, and it is seen in the large fortunes which they now have." A more direct charge of "honest" or of dishonest graft could hardly have been made, and it leaves Cox flat on his back "outside the breastworks" to-day. With the national Administration squarely against him, he has on his hands the fight of his political lifetime. Secretary Taft was, of course, careful to say that neither Gov. Herrick nor President Roosevelt was to be condemned because he received the support of the Cox machine. But Secretary Hay last fall condemned Judge Parker because he had the support of Tammany Hall. Waiving this little inconsistency and Secretary Taft's weak appeal for Gov. Herrick's reëlection on the ground that his defeat would strengthen the hands of Bryan and "Tom" Johnson in national politics, the salient fact is that the Roosevelt Administration appears to be on the war-path against party bosses in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland.

Mr. Roosevelt spoke a manly word on the Chinese question on Friday, when he declared that he was doing all he could do to mitigate the harshness of the Chinese exclusion law, and insisted that every Chinese business or professional man, traveller or student, should have the same right to enter and be treated decently as the similar representatives of any other nation. Against the coolies the President took his stand—but he admitted that China would have the right to bar out American laborers any time she desired to do so. Best of all, he stated that this new policy of treating Chinese as human beings was due them as a matter of right and justice, and not because of the boycott. Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt thought it necessary to couple with this a threat that China "must beware of persisting in a course of conduct to which we cannot honorably submit." Would not China have to submit if we were to boycott her goods as well as her men?

On his Southern tour the President found a new phrase for his Dominican policy in his speech at Richmond October 18. It seems that we are simply carrying out our duty of "policing the ends of the Panama Canal." Now, as San Domingo is about a thousand miles from Panama, it appears to be a queer sort of "end." And a radius swept round the circle of which San Domingo is on the circumference, would take in Hayti, Cuba, Jamaica, and a part of the Bahama Islands, as well as Venezuela, Colombia, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Mexico —quite a collection of "ends." But the whole argument is really at loose ends. As well might Commissioner McAdoo announce that he was going to police the ends of the Brooklyn Bridge by operating the traction companies in Chicago, running the subway in Boston, and taking possession of the custom house in Baltimore. Moreover, as the canal is not dug, and will not be within eight years, it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt were unduly anticipating his assignment to that beat. But let not the dwellers in or upon the Caribbean Sea think they will have a respite until the canal is completed. The President has his eye upon them; and whenever he perceives that they do not "secure fair dealing," or are not as "stable" as they ought to be, he will interfere in order to set all right. For he takes pains to relieve any fears they may have, to assuage their sense of injured national pride, to dissipate any lurking notion they may have that they know better than he does what is good for them, by kindly assuring them that his meddling in their affairs will always be beneficial to them. We observe that the European press is giving more attention to these amiable remarks of our touring President than are the newspapers of his own land. The latter, perhaps, are a little hardened to Mr. Roosevelt's public declarations of intention, and a little skeptical about their execution. They remember how violently he was reforming the tariff in his trip of 1902, and how conveniently he has forgotten all about it ever since. They recall his announcement in 1903, which so alarmed Europe, that the Pacific Ocean was to become an American lake; but the countless laughter of the waves is all that has followed.

President Roosevelt's order giving heads of departments power to dismiss summarily employees whom they personally know to be inefficient or guilty of misconduct, might easily be abused. The head of a department who was unprincipled, or who was a devotee of the old spoils system, might employ this short-cut to clear away men whose places he or his party bosses desired. Thus much is obvious at first glance. On the other hand, we know that the departments at Washington are stuffed with incompetents and malingerers, men who, having once got snug berths behind the wall of the civil-service rules, do just enough work to escape written charges, a formal hearing, and a discharge. They neglect their duties so skilfully that a superior officer finds it hard to put down their delinquencies in black and white. The new order will, we hope, serve notice on the loafers that they must either earn their salaries or get out. This power of summary dismissal is lodged in the hands of very few men, who in all other matters have large discretion; and even these men cannot fill the vacancies except by drawing, as usual, from the civil-service list. But the chief safeguard against abuse of this authority must, after all, lie in the press. The correspondents at Washington must watch sharply the practical operation of the rule, and warn the country if it is prostituted to partisan ends.

Senator Isidor Rayner of Maryland has rendered a valuable service to his State by joining Gov. Warfield, Attorney-General Bryan, and other Democrats in attacking Senator Gorman, the party machine, and the iniquitous disfranchising amendment it has fathered. He declares himself "utterly opposed" to the amendment, points out that its adoption "would bind the chains of political slavery around this State, would sound the death-knell of our political hopes and aspirations in Maryland, and would be as great a calamity as could possibly be inflicted upon our people." His declaration of independence fills nearly a page in the newspapers, and has hit the Gorman ring so hard that it has found it necessary to retort at length. No summary of one feature of their abominable proposition has surpassed this one of Mr. Rayner:

"It absolutely places within the despotic power of one body of men, namely, the

registration officials of this State, the right to disfranchise at their unlimited discretion any white man—make no mistake, now; not negro, but any white man—who comes within the interdicted class, as a punishment for the crime of not being born upon American soil. And then, worse than all, with a spirit of insatiate revenge, it visits the sins of the forefathers upon their future generations to the remotest degree."

Senator Rayner points out that if his own father, an immigrant from Bavaria, had arrived here after 1869, he could be disfranchised under this amendment, and the Senator himself would be disfranchised unless he passed "a satisfactory constitutional examination conducted, perhaps, by some unconvicted felon in a register's box." This utterance stamps Senator Rayner as a man of ability, courage, and independence.

The collapse of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, Pa., is a very logical supplement, on the one hand, to the political scandals which have stirred Philadelphia to its depths, on the other to the life-insurance disclosures in New York city. No secret is made, since its cashier's suicide, of the fact that State of Pennsylvania money was deposited with the bank at the peremptory demand of Senator Penrose, and that the money thus deposited was distributed, to the extent of probably $780,000, in loans on worthless notes of politicians of the Penrose ring. "This will wreck the Republican Machine. This bank has been robbed by a lot of politicians," the president of the collapsed institution is reported to have declared; and, indeed, in any other State than Pennsylvania such an affair would shatter a political machine; but the people of Pennsylvania have been steeped so long in corruption that they seem actually to prefer misgovernment. Neither the State authorities, nor Pittsburgh banking circles, nor the Pennsylvania people have been without warning in this matter. The use Penrose and his gang were making of this State depository has been exposed in public meetings. Nothing was ever there alleged, however, quite so bad as the facts discovered when the bank had to close its doors. The banking view of the case will simply be that the greed of these political vultures was so insatiable that they threw to the winds all care for solvency. They simply wrecked the bank while plundering it. If the voters of Pennsylvania have any self-respect remaining, their lesson will begin with the downfall of the Penrose cabal.

Mr. Jerome's début at Carnegie Hall evoked an enthusiasm as spontaneous as it was vast. His speech was more measured than many of his public utterances. This was befitting the occasion, since he was deliberately marking out the broad lines of the political battle which he proposes to wage. His speech was his platform; and no one can read it without being persuaded that it presents an issue which is moral in its essence, and which is pressed home by a man of the clearest courage and of a will neither to be bent nor broken. His heart has long brooded over the iniquities of the boss system, as Lincoln's did over those of slavery, and he appears to have resolved, as Lincoln did: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I will hit it hard." As District Attorney, the diffused misery born of political dictatorship has been thrust in his face every day. No part of his speech fell more solemnly from his lips than that in which he spoke of the "pleadings and intercessions of mothers, of unfortunates, of the wives, of children," which had filled his ears month after month. Next to that stood his crushing retort upon those who had dragged out the corpse of Armitage Mathews to make a point against him. Mr. Jerome showed who were the real undoers and murderers of that unhappy man. They were the Grubers and men of that kidney, who took the pleasant but weak young fellow and "put him into that dirty political game" of theirs, which gradually destroyed his morals and finally drove him to suicide in order not to "expose the criminal infamy of that particular gang." If these things do not lay hold on elementary morals, nothing does. If Murphy's "foul hand," as Mr. Jerome called it, upon the judiciary does not show that fundamental justice is imperilled among us, nothing could.

Mr. Ivins thinks that Jerome is a courageous and able man, but "unnecessarily belligerent." But Odell must think the same of Mr. Ivins. The latter lends a distinctly comic air to his depreciation of Mr. Jerome's pugnacity by himself hitting heads right and left with such a delightful abandon that one almost suspects with the old lady in the play, "Irish extraction." Mr. Odell's fine sensibilities are now daily trampled upon by his candidate. "Odell? Odell? Who is he? I doubt if I should know him if I saw him. He has not asked to see me, and certainly I have no desire to meet him." This sort of thing sounds to us as if Mr. Ivins were himself applying for a recognition of his rights as a belligerent. And he rapped his own campaign manager, Senator Elsberg, over the knuckles with a fine and impartial freedom. So it is really a droll stroke on his part to purse up his lips over Jerome's imprudences. But Mr. Ivins is clearly on the right track in his disrespectful handling of bosses and their machines. If he will stick to that, and promise us a millennium of simple independence and honesty, instead of one where all our expenses are to be paid by the city, he will flutter the Tammany dovecotes mightily.

Mayor McClellan made a dignified speech in defending his Administration and appealing for reëlection. He made no pledge, however, that he would serve out his term, if reëlected. In fact, the explicit intimation of the chairman of the meeting was that the Mayor is to be a candidate for Governor next year, turning the city over to the tender mercies of Murphy and McGowan for three years. Mr. McClellan must know that this consideration is seriously troubling the minds of many; and hence, if he maintains silence, he will lend color to the view that he is asking the people to make him Mayor without really intending to serve them as Mayor. A word from him would set this straight; and the stress of the canvass may yet compel him to utter it. On the subject of municipal ownership, his speech contained more sound sense than we have had from any other candidate. His general principle, that the Government should keep its hands off any business which can be well done privately, is simply the principle which has run through all our history. It is precisely the same as that enunciated by President Roosevelt in his speech at Raleigh the same day. We are too much governed, rather than too little. The work already put upon our governments is proving a serious strain upon both their efficiency and their character. When it is proposed that any new public utility should be municipalized, a very clear case has got to be made out. It is not a matter to be decided in a hurrah, but only after looking before and after, like reasonable men, and especially counting the cost thereof. On this latter point, Mayor McClellan was absolutely conclusive. We have not the money, and cannot get it, to enter upon all these vast new municipal enterprises. Those who are clamoring for public ownership and operation of the new subways are really saying that they do not want the subways, since it is at present a financial impossibility for the city to build and run them.

Gen. Francis V. Greene's frank testimony last week gave what should be the deathblow to the movement to induce President Roosevelt to interfere in Venezuela in behalf of the Bermudez Asphalt Company. He admitted that the company had aided and abetted a revolution against President Castro. Within his knowledge, $100,000 had been spent to finance Matos in his fight to oust Castro. So flagrant a violation of law and decency did General Greene consider this, when he was told of the plan of his subordinates to foment an insurrection in order to "protect their interests in Venezuela," that he immediately said it would be "impossible for [him] to make further claims in behalf of the company at the State De-

partment." In fact, he "never went to the Department again." How could he? The company was alleging injustice on the part of Castro; meanwhile, it was making itself guilty of treason, and its officers, if they had been caught, liable to be shot or hanged. We are quite aware that the Bermudez Company has some show of right to redress for the seizure of its property in Venezuela. To invoke, however, the intervention of this Government requires it absolutely to come with clean hands. How can Secretary Root, or the President, think after this of shaking the Big Stick at Castro? The proposal is that this should be done on account of money damages to a company which confesses itself to have been a party to a treasonable conspiracy against the very life of the Venezuelan Government! The amazing testimony of Gen. Avery D. Andrews, vice-president of the General Asphalt Company, on Thursday, confirmed General Greene's. The Asphalt Trust was uneasy about the conduct of affairs under Castro, and was "threatened with the certain destruction of its rights." Regarding Castro exactly as Messrs. McCall and McCurdy regarded Bryan, the officers of the Trust decided that their simplest and cheapest way out of the difficulty was to pay $130,000 to Matos, who, in the rôle of saviour of his country and the Asphalt Trust, promised to combine the virtues of Hanna and McKinley. The whole story, with variations in minor detail, is closely parallel to that told by Joseph Conrad in 'Nostromo.' Below all the revolutions and counter-revolutions, the magniloquent appeals to patriotism, the pomp, and the cruel waste of life, ran a network of sordid intrigue for money.

"Picketing" is declared unlawful in a recent decision of the Appellate Court of Illinois. Several Chicago printers, whose employees were striking, appealed for legal protection against agents of the union who were interfering with the business. The decision of the court, delivered by Mr. Presiding Justice Smith, is published in the last issue of the Chicago *Legal News*. The gist of the matter is that "the union and its members had the legal right to demand higher wages of complainants, either with or without good reason. The members of the union also had the legal right to quit work as individuals or collectively, as a means of enforcing their demand." On the other hand, "the union or its members had no legal right to interfere with the business of complainants or to disturb them in their lawful business." As to interference, the ruling of the court is perfectly explicit: "The picket system once established, the intimidation, assaults, slugging, and bloodshed followed as naturally and inevitably as night follows day. There can be no such thing as peaceful, 'polite, and gentlemanly' picketing, any more than there can be chaste, 'polite, and gentlemanly' vulgarity, or peaceful mobbing, or lawful lynching." This is strong language, but every one who has observed the course of any strike must admit the truth of it. The logical conclusion of Justice Smith is therefore: "It is idle to talk of picketing for lawful persuasive purposes. Men do not form picket lines for the purpose of conversation and lawful persuasion. Such picketing as is established by the evidence in the case at bar is intended to annoy and intimidate, whether physical violence is resorted to or not, and is unlawful in either case." So far as Illinois is concerned, this disposes of that abstract conception and metaphysical sophistry, peaceful picketing.

Both houses of the Federal Parliament of Australia on Thursday adopted resolutions in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. The incident will pass almost unperceived in this country, and probably with very little comment in England. Yet suppose the resolutions had been in favor of Chamberlain's fiscal policy, the welkin would have rung. "Listen to the majestic voice of our great colony! Here is a statesmanlike suggestion looking to the federating of the Empire. Englishmen, will you be foolish enough to spurn these wise counsels?" One can imagine the eloquent cries if it had been a matter affecting English trade. But as it only concerns a problem of century-old misgovernment and racial antagonism, there is nothing to be said about it except that William Redmond's Australian campaign must have been very cleverly conducted.

It is unofficially announced at Paris that Russia is undertaking to borrow $360,000,000 from outside markets. As to the necessity for such a loan, it is to be observed that all Russia's borrowings during the recent war were in the form of short-term loans; the last one, indeed—some $50,000,000, placed at Berlin—being merely a nine-months' note, maturing some time this winter. Within the next few years, then, all of this war debt, footing up nearly $300,000,000, must in any case be refunded; the proposed new loan would no doubt provide for that process in advance and for the closing expenses of the war. But the more interesting question is, Who will lend Russia the money? It appears to be assumed that the French investor, under the guidance of the great Paris banking houses which manage his affairs for him, will again be ready with his savings. The intimation, however, that Germany, England, Holland, and the United States will participate, provokes some doubts. English financial writers have been suggesting that London may take a block of the Russian bonds for political reasons—to show, in short, that no hard feeling need be left over from recent controversies. A similar argument is proposed for German participation. But underwriting bankers are not altruists; they have been known to take a loan because their Government urged it, but they did not do so until they could see where the bonds could be resold to investors. It is scarcely conceivable that the British investor will show any great appetite for Russian Government securities, and while matters might be somewhat different with the German public, the fact that Germany is just now in the throes of a collapsing stock speculation does not entirely favor an operation of this nature. The inference would seem to be that if Berlin and London bankers take up at first hand a portion of the Russian loan, they will have an eye to the possibility of "unloading" at will on Paris, the home market of Russian securities.

The Japanese achievement in raising the sunken Russian warships at Chemulpo and Port Arthur has not received due recognition. The *Scientific American* points out that this salving of vessels universally believed to have been hopelessly ruined "is one of the most astonishing feats of the many astonishing things . . . done during the late war." The ships were not only injured in the attacks on Port Arthur and the sortie of August, but they were finally sunk by the firing of Nogi's guns. More than that, the night before the surrender, the Russian officers sought to make complete wrecks of them by exploding submarine mines under them. To float them, lying as they were in forty or fifty feet of water, seemed impossible, and there was grave question whether they were really worth raising. But the Japanese persisted, and have added to the Mikado's fleet the battleships *Poltava*, *Peresviet*, *Pobieda*, and *Retvizan*, and the fine cruisers *Variag*, *Boyan*, *Novik*, and *Pallada*—a handsome haul, if the four ships captured in the Sea of Japan be added to round out the dozen. Of course, large sums must be spent before these ships can be repaired and in some cases rearmed, but the result will be a net gain in battleships at a far less cost than new ships would come to. Leaving out the two coast-defence monitors captured, the *Seniavin* and *Apraxin*, the Japanese have increased the total of their battleships from six at the beginning of the conflict to ten, despite the two lost during the war. When the two new battleships now building in England are completed, the Japanese will have a dozen battleships, two fine coast-defence vessels, and nine fine armored cruisers, which in their hands are practically as valuable as battleships.

NON-PARTISAN LEGISLATIVE "INFLUENCE."

"I think the whole course of this investigation," said President McCurdy last week, in his astounding lecture to the Insurance Committee, "is entirely outside of what was in contemplation by the Legislature when the Committee was constituted." There can be no doubt whatever that the Committee's course is just what the insurance magnates who have so long purchased the legislatures of this country did not expect. If there had been any question whether Mr. Hughes's inquisition is really getting behind the scenes, Mr. McCurdy's attitude and words must have answered it for all time. No one has cut quite such a discreditable figure as did the head of the Mutual Life. Of the honest, straightforward man, conscious of rectitude, and ready to lay all before properly accredited inquirers, there was no more trace than of the dignified, able, and courteous man of affairs one expects to find at the head of a great trust. Mr. McCurdy has deprived himself of every remaining bit of sympathy any one may have had for him. His best friends must have blushed for him as they read his involved, evasive answers, his sullen defiances, or his impertinent reference of the simplest general questions to his actuary. Such an exhibtion would seem incredible were it not attested in black and white. Some of the insurance questions which President McCurdy was apparently unable to answer, were of such a nature that ignorance about them would have shamed a $25-a-week clerk.

Yet, despite the witness's dodgings and twistings and refusals to answer, Mr. Hughes has obtained no better results in a single session than he did on this occasion. The whole system of legislative corruption is now bared to all who care to read it. Newspapers have hinted at it, reformers have denounced it, and the general public has long felt that the responsibility for the deterioration of our political life lay at the doors of the great corporations. But proof was lacking until Mr. Hughes found the slimy trail of Andrew Hamilton. On October 17 his inquiries into the activities of Andrew C. Fields enabled him to expose the Mutual's method down to its finest ramifications. With complete oblivion of his own party allegiance, Mr. Hughes exposed Mr. Fields's Democratic and Republican alliances without discrimination, and thereby brought out once and for all the non-partisan character of the legislative corruption in which the insurance companies have been engaged. After this revelation not even Mr. McCall can have the face to portray insurance presidents as saviours of the finances of the nation. They care not a whit what party succeeds, what principles control, whether democratic institutions are sapped, so long as they are "protected."

But the truth does not stop here. It was made apparent that both parties share equally in the spoils so freely distributed without an accounting of any kind. Mr. Andrew C. Fields, who is too ill to leave California to defend his reputation, and whose whereabouts is unknown to Mr. McCurdy, has been for some years head of the Mutual's supply department. Curiously enough, the duties of that office seem to terminate with the legislative session, for then Mr. Fields betakes himself to Ocean Grove or to his other summer residence at the Thousand Islands. When in Albany, where he spends a large portion of the months from January to March, Mr. Fields occupies a house with four or five others—his share paid by the Mutual. Naturally, Mr. Fields, being kind-hearted and philanthropic, finds ready employment for the politicians of his party—the Democratic—in Westchester County. Mr. Charles P. McClelland, for instance, Mr. Fields's near neighbor, and known also as an able lawyer, received from December 17, 1900, to March 31, 1902, for legal services, $8,947.32, in return (Mr. McCurdy asserts) for foreclosing mortgages. On his reëlection to the State Senate in 1902, Mr. McClelland was wisely enough put upon the Insurance Committee. So, too, was one of Senator McClelland's predecessors and townsmen, Senator Graney—representatives from Dobbs Ferry are always insurance experts. But Mr. Fields's kindness did not stop there. There was Louis F. Murray, also a Democratic politician of Dobbs Ferry. For him there was $300 for "legal services." And for John J. Cunningham of Dobbs Ferry, who formerly drove for Mr. Fields, there was a position as examiner with the State Insurance Department.

But the Mutual's benevolence extended to Republicans as well as Democrats, and so we find Mr. William Barnes, sr., a lawyer of standing, one of the best-known octogenarians of Albany, and, incidentally, father of William Barnes, jr., Republican boss of Albany, receiving an honorarium from "Andy" Hamilton. We regret to note, however, in this connection, Mr. Barnes's published statement that his connection with the Mutual Life was only "slight." This further appears from the fact that one of the Mutual's checks due Mr. Barnes, sr., was so long overlooked that Barnes, jr., had to write and ask for it. The Mutual's affection for retired Republican insurance superintendents is really touching when one considers how stony-hearted corporations are supposed to be. Besides Mr. Barnes, the Mutual long paid to James F. Pierce $2,500 a year after leaving Albany, not, of course, for any services rendered by Mr. Pierce at Albany, but merely out of regard for a highly conscientious official left to starve by an ungrateful republic.

From all this it will be seen that the non-partisan idea in politics has had no warmer supporters in fact than our insurance companies. Those of us who have hitherto doffed our hats to the Citizens' Union and other reformers as the leaders in this cause, must now admit our error. In national politics, of course, Mr. McCall and Mr. McCurdy have taken care of the ship of state and steered it clear of Democratic rocks. But in the State a broader policy has been followed. After all, should not a State, like a city, be run solely in a business way to benefit business men? The Mutual and its allies evidently thought so, and, as the first step in making the government at Albany a government by business men, for business men, inevitably enlisted the leaders of thought from Dobbs Ferry and elsewhere under their banners. What could be simpler? What more practical?

"FRIENDS OF THE INDIAN."

At last year's "Lake Mohonk Conference of Friends of the Indian and Other Dependent Peoples," Mr. Bonaparte quoted a naval officer as once declaring that "the service would never be worth a ——— until all the well-meaning people in it had been hanged." He hinted that something of the same tenor might have been said with equal justice of the activity of champions of the Indian who are merely well-meaning. Knowledge and discretion in those who have undertaken unofficially to influence the conduct of Indian affairs would have tempered their zeal usefully in the years when service was most needed; and, though little fault can now be found with the methods and personnel of the Indian Rights Association and similar bodies, there is still a too noticeable tendency to let good intentions evaporate in earnest, purposeless talk. That "court of final appeal, public opinion," has been appealed to so often that the last advocate must needs be silver-tongued indeed to rouse more than a momentary interest. The Indian service, bad as it has been at times, has accomplished more for the disappearing natives than it has been credited with in the popular mind. It would have done still more if its critics had been inspired by accurate information and good judgment.

Suppose some well-informed, persistent friend of the Pimas in Arizona had taken up the matter of white encroachment on the tribe's water rights along the Gila River eighteen years ago. Is it conceivable that he would have advised the poor Indians to take the matter to the Department of Justice? If he had done that, he would have gone contrary to the teachings of history. He might have foreseen exactly what happened last year when the

district attorney in charge of the case recommended that the suit begun in 1886 be dropped on the ground of the excessive costs of pushing it to a favorable conclusion, and the impossibility of enforcing a decree "because of the varied interests involved." The moral of Indian litigation against the invading settler could have been read as plainly in 1886 as in 1876 or in 1905: The Indian, "not taxed, not voting," has no real standing in the courts organized by and for the American people. The "varied interests involved" was a phrase in common use long ago to explain away apparent miscarriages of justice. Those 960 white settlers using the water from the Gila River which for generations had irrigated the Pimas' wheat fields, were as confident of holding their ditches when they built them as it is in human experience to be. Why, then, did the Indians go to court and patiently watch their fields revert to desert land while the proceedings dragged along for half a generation? Simply because some well-meaning, unhanged friends advised them that they had a good case.

It is not the despairing cynic who advises the Indian, "For God's sake, get the ballot in your hands as soon as possible." Thirty years ago, a Commissioner of Indian Affairs, commenting on the twenty-five years' struggle of the California Mission Indians to preserve themselves, said: "This class of Indians seems forcibly to illustrate the truth that no man has a place or a fair chance to exist under the Government of the United States who has no part in it." It is such elementary considerations as this that have been overlooked by the friends of the Indian. In Congress, the final court where the cause of a dependent people is decided, the white invader has representation, and the Indian has none. Bishop Whipple, in 1863, said: "I submit to every man the question whether the time has not come for a nation to hear the cry of wrong, if not for the sake of the heathen [Indian], for the sake of the memory of our friends whose bones are bleaching on our prairies." In 1877, the white settlers of the Northwest prevailed upon their representatives in Congress to remove the small Ponca tribe of Indians from their old home in southeastern Dakota, where they had built comfortable houses and opened farms, to the Indian Territory, where in a year a third of their number died. The Ponca reservation was wanted for those troublesome Sioux who were keeping the gold-hunters out of the Black Hills. The nation "heard" the cry of wrong, as uttered by Bishop Whipple; but Congress drove the Poncas from the Niobrara in obedience to the demands of a handful of constituents in Iowa, Minnesota, and Nebraska.

On the whole, the Audubon movement has succeeded better than that to protect the Indians. Bishop Whipple and those who meet annually at Lake Mohonk have insisted, and do insist, that the Government deal with the Indians as with human beings whose rights are co-extensive with those of the whites. Theoretically, their attitude is correct. Public opinion has approved them and applauded their sentiments. Practically, they have plodded along without accomplishing as much as could an obscure Western member of the House of Representatives with a vote on a harbor-improvement bill to trade for a vote to dam Salt River and irrigate Grass Valley. The Indian, until he is absorbed and enfranchised, is not a "person." That was settled in California in the course of the degradation of the Mission tribes. Treaties and agreements with Indians may be abrogated at the pleasure of Congress. That was finally and formally decided by the Supreme Court in the Lone Wolf case, two years ago. The attitude of the settler, at whose request every Indian removal has been made and every tribal reservation extinguished, has been plain and consistent from the beginning. It has been equally plain that the settler, with a sympathetic and industrious representative in Congress, would decide the attitude of the Indian Department.

The need for friends with discretion and detailed knowledge of the economic and political history of the tribes is, of course, obvious at this day. It should be just as obvious in the case of the other "dependent peoples" whose welfare under the guidance of our Government is becoming more and more the subject of friendly discussion at Lake Mohonk. The promoter of an inter-island steamship line for the Philippines has his champion in Congress, while Secretary Taft has no vote to trade, and can only offer a trip to Manila for a vote to reduce the duties on imports from the islands.

THE QUESTION OF ARMY MORALS.

The annual reports of the various generals commanding army departments are, as usual, full of appeals for the restoration of the post canteen. The unanimity with which they give a large part of their space to this subject does not betray an indifference to the well-known wishes of the War Department. At the same time we would not for a moment deny that most of them sincerely believe that to put back the canteen would make a vast difference in the discipline and conduct of the army. All who study this question should give due weight to their opinions. Yet it is proper to point out that the believers in the canteen, both in the press and in the army, are going to ridiculous lengths in advocacy of its restoration. To read their statements one might believe that the supplying of beer and light wines to single men in barracks would at once make them not merely "plaster" but genuine saints, and that, prior to the abolition of the canteen, there never was a trace of drunkenness and immorality. That daily or hourly beer at home is better than occasional bad whiskey abroad, may be the correct view. But this should not lead to the claim that the only opponents of the canteen are the liquor-sellers and the W. C. T. U.

Let us look at some of the facts. It is undeniable that conditions in the army are not as satisfactory as they ought to be. No less than 2,529 soldiers, or the equivalent of three full regiments of infantry, were sentenced to dishonorable discharge in the last fiscal year, the total force aggregating during this period 60,139 men, according to the returns of the Military Secretary. During the same time the number of desertions has increased enormously, there being no less than 10 per cent. of the entire force, *or 6,000 men*, who took French leave—5,000 more than in 1904. Of those dishonorably discharged, 1,470 were convicted of desertion. It must be remembered, however, that the annual report of the Judge-Advocate-General, so far as published last week, from which we take these figures, does not concern itself with the summary courts-martial. It is only serious offences requiring a court-martial with which these figures deal. Minor infractions of discipline and intoxication are punished by a single officer sitting as a "summary court," and it is beyond doubt that the number of these police-court trials has also increased, as well as the general courts-martial.

Even more illustrative of the low tone of the army is the statement of the Surgeon-General that no less than 715 men, or nearly a whole regiment, were incapacitated for service every day in the year by diseases resulting from immorality—a large increase over previous years. No less than 9,157 men were treated for this cause, or almost one in every six—a terrible fact, which might well have given Secretary Taft pause when he reluctantly replied to the criticisms of a German newspaper. Six thousand deserters and 9,157 syphilitic patients are not to be disposed of by Mr. Taft's or Gen. Chaffee's denial that there is something radically wrong with our army. And even when men serve out their enlistment honorably, few of them desire to remain in the army after the expiration of their service. This is particularly true of the Artillery Corps, where the discontent is so serious that Major-Gen. Wade devoted a good part of his report to recommendations for changes in pay and conditions to counteract the dissatisfaction among the men. To cite only one example, the One Hundred and Twenty-second Company of Coast Artil-

lery, comprising 105 men, has now only ten men who were with it in October, 1902. As one of the sergeants of this company recently wrote: "With the continual movement in and out of a company, it is impossible to keep up that *esprit de corps* which is the very essence of discipline"; and he added significantly, "Every few months new men are grafted upon the parent stem," and "the first problem a recruit struggles with is how much time must elapse before he can get his discharge; sometimes he discounts it." In the Third Cavalry recently thirty short-time men were discharged and given a month's leave upon promise to reënlist and accompany their regiment to the Philippines for a full three years' enlistment. Not one of these men kept his word.

Obviously, if the mere application of beer and wine in homœopathic or allopathic doses will heal these undeniably unsatisfactory conditions and reduce desertions and immorality to a minimum, the advocates of the canteen have a strong case. But let us see what actually happened under the canteen. In 1894 the strength of the army was not over 25,000. Yet 2,054 men were convicted by general court-martial, 518 for desertion, and 211 for drunkenness. In 1895 the latter figure rose to 252, or one in every one hundred soldiers; in 1896 it was slightly larger. The total trials were smaller in both these years, being 1,712 in 1895, at which time, however, the Judge-Advocate-General pointed out that the large decrease in trials for desertion was due to the increased number of successful deserters.

To return to the present, it must be plain that other considerations than the failure to supply beer to the soldiers are responsible for the present unhappy army conditions. Gen. Wade attributes the artillery dissatisfaction to the isolated stations along the coast. Secretary Taft points out that the greater rewards in civil life are a temptation to desertion. Col. Duggan, commanding the Department of the Lakes, attributes the desertions, not to lack of beer, but to a lax public sentiment "which favors the deserter." Gen. Sumner thinks the causes which led no less than *1½ per cent.* of his men to desert "were generally as indeterminable as in past years." The increased immorality is partly due to conditions in the Philippines—one of the curses of our colonial adventure. It is by no means wholly attributable, as Gen. Grant argues, to the absence of the canteen, the lack of which in his opinion drives the soldiers into vile resorts. Still other important facts are that the character of the enlisted men is very considerably lower than that of the picked 25,000 who were in service in April, 1898. The same is unfortunately true of many officers who have been foisted on the service owing to political influences which controlled the reorganization of 1901. One does not need to accept the revelations of the Taggart trial as typical of the army to feel that the old sergeant who presented a prisoner by saying: "This man is the most troublesome man in the army. He goes out when he likes, comes in when he likes, and gets drunk when he likes—in fact, he might be a *horficer*," would have some justification for his comparison were he to make it to-day. In the face of all these facts we submit that the proclaiming of the canteen as the panacea is ridiculous. Whether it should be restored remains a matter for argument.

"IMMEDIATE" OWNERSHIP IN CHICAGO.

New York's Municipal Ownership League will not, it is safe to say, hold up Mayor Dunne of Chicago as an exemplar of the way the thing can be done. No tale could be more discouraging to the enthusiastic voter in search of a panacea than the failure of the Dunne "immediate municipal ownership" programme. Those who "winked the other eye" when Judge Dunne was making his passionate appeal to the voters of Chicago to give him the opportunity to throttle the arrogant traction monopoly, may be forgiven for laughing at the present comic significance of the adjective "immediate." They are not wasting their opportunities, be it said. Another class of citizens, however, are not so well provided with material for mirth. These are the patrons of Chicago's street railways, who, while not expecting a revolution from the success of Judge Dunne, were confident that the passing of Carter Harrison meant a vast improvement in the car service. But the truth is that nothing has been done, and the possibility of any material change is growing more and more remote.

As a pioneer of the municipal-ownership idea, Judge Dunne went into the city campaign with characteristic Western enthusiasm. "Immediate" was the word that won for him over Mr. Harlan. Once in office, Mayor Dunne published his plans. The city must obtain control of the lines directly, either by purchase or by condemnation; or, failing that, the city must parallel the corporation tracks, and, by its more efficient operation and honest administration, drive the monopolists out of business. In order to make sure of his ground and strengthen public approval, the Mayor asked Manager Dalrymple of Glasgow to come over and give advice. A Chicago newspaper hurried a trained correspondent abroad to cable descriptions of the operation of city-owned street railways in Europe. The scoffers were silent, and the ordinary fare-paying citizen was hopeful. Mr. Dalrymple's astonishing failure to appreciate the Mayor's splendid plan, and his bluntness in suggesting that Chicago would find it impossible to divorce business and politics, marked the beginning of the scoffers' innings. It seems probable that they will not give way to the triumphant municipal-ownership advocates until long after Mayor Dunne is a mere memory.

Effective as a campaign appeal, the word "immediate" was never spoken seriously after the election. When two or three vague radical propositions had been discussed, and the Scotch expert had returned to Glasgow, Mayor Dunne proposed a municipal-ownership plan that was a practical duplication of the proposal which John M. Harlan, Dunne's opponent at the election of April 4, had made to solve the traction problem. This plan, known as the "contract plan," was to grant to a new company the right to lay tracks and operate cars upon the two hundred miles of streets where franchises have already expired, under an agreement that, whenever the voters so elected, the property should be transferred to the city. A fair constructors' profit and interest on the investment were to be allowed on taking over the roads. But the City Council would have none of the scheme. The "contract plan" was buried in committee, and the street-railway people began the game of submitting counter propositions. Week before last the Mayor ordered his own plan out of committee, and had the satisfaction of seeing it sidetracked to oblivion by a vote of 45 to 18. There yet remains the Mayor's alternative "city plan," by which the municipality might build its own lines, disregarding the presence of the privately-owned tracks and equipment. But it is not conceivable that any possible Council can be got together to approve it, and even Mr. Dunne is not convinced of its wisdom.

Meanwhile, the railway company has submitted a twenty-year contract plan, giving the city the right to purchase after the expiration of three years. But this is not taken seriously, either. Chicago critics point for proof to the final section of the proposed agreement providing for a referendum, "requiring a majority of all voting at next spring's election to *vote against* the ordinance in order to invalidate it." Already the Mayor has published a list of thirteen serious objections to the proposal, and it is certain that the majority necessary to pass the ordinance over his veto cannot be secured. The Council's transportation committee has prepared a modification of the City Railway's plan, but the change is concerned merely with the referendum clause, making it necessary for a majority of the voters to *approve* an ordinance before it becomes operative. There is little hope that anything will come of it; certainly, it does not meet the objections urg-

ed by the Mayor, and could not be passed over his veto.

In a speech at the Chicago Commercial Association's dinner to Mayor Dunne a few days ago, Franklin MacVeagh placed the blame for that city's inefficient street-car service where it properly belongs. "The efficiency of the existing city service," he said, "has long been to all intents and purposes broken down by the weight of city politics, and no new or added city service of any sort, and certainly not one of the magnitude of a transportation service, could be established under present conditions with hope of possible success." If Chicago must change its leopard's spots in order to make municipal ownership and operation of street cars possible, is it not fair to suppose that New York will have to drop a tiger's stripe or two before the taxpayer will welcome the city as his purveyor of light and transportation?

THE BURDEN OF THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

The duties and qualifications of the president of a modern university were discussed by the educators who gathered last week at the inauguration of Dr. Edmund J. James as president of the University of Illinois. The ideal president must evidently be a scholar, teacher, disciplinarian, organizer, administrator, financier, diplomatist, and accomplished writer and speaker. Such, at least, is the inference from an interesting address on the subject by Dr. Andrew Sloan Draper, President James's predecessor, and now Commissioner of Education in this State. All college presidents fall short of the ideal in one point or another, but the successful ones must possess both solid attainments and superficial accomplishments. The day has long since passed when a broken-down preacher can be retired to the innocuous ease of a college presidency.

The average man does not realize how much we demand of our college presidents. The college—to say nothing of our few real universities—is no longer a boarding-school for two or three hundred boys of from sixteen to twenty-one. A large faculty of specialists must be steadily recruited and kept in harmonious and economical activity. Buildings and grounds worth several millions of dollars, elaborate libraries and laboratories, must be maintained in a high state of efficiency. The college administration must have close relations with alumni throughout the country, and it must be fittingly represented on many public occasions. However duties may be divided among deans and committees of trustees and faculty, the final responsibility for the smooth running of the machine is laid upon the shoulders of the president. To adjust expenditure to income, to make the college a centre of the best intellectual and moral influences, to be socially acceptable to men and women of widely varying interests—all these things, we can readily see, are rigorously exacted of the head of a college.

He has other burdens which are less apparent even to trustees, faculty, alumni, or undergraduates. Trustees, many of whom are prosperous bankers and manufacturers, sometimes regard a college as a business enterprise. If the annual deficit is not too large, if the teachers are busy and not disagreeably notorious, if the students are not smashing the property, the venture may be reckoned as fairly profitable in its kind. Each member of the faculty is inclined to look at college from the point of view of his own courses. If his department is steadily expanding, if he can secure appropriations for necessary instruction, books and apparatus, and if he is thus able to attract the best students, the president is everything that heart can wish. No undergraduate and relatively few trustees, professors, or alumni fully grasp the notion that the radical difficulty of the much-tried president's position is this: he is conducting an extensive experiment in idealism in a community which asks chiefly for immediate material results. What is more, his failure may mean distress and possible disaster, not for himself alone, but for the faculty and students who are embarked with him. The individual professor becomes unproductive, unable to keep abreast of his science, and as a result a single department suffers from temporary weakness, while the strengthening of the rest of the college may more than outweigh the damage; but when the president is unproductive, every department is weakened.

The church, too, is an organization devoted to an ideal, but no clergyman, unless he be a bishop, can be compared in importance with a college president. Every year in this city of New York some minister virtually confesses bankruptcy. He gives up his pulpit to a successor, or his little church may actually cease existence. One congregation more or less among so many is not an irreparable loss. But if President Butler of Columbia, Chancellor MacCracken of New York University, or President Finley of the College of the City of New York were so to conduct his office as to impair—or even fail to advance—the standing and influence of his institution, the miscarriage would be conspicuous and wide-reaching in its results. A preacher can say: "Here is my doctrine; thus and so I expound it. If you prefer another creed or a more complaisant prophet, go in peace. I will talk to empty pews." But the college president cannot take the attitude of *Athanasius contra mundum*. He need never surrender his principles, but he is doomed to many sacrifices of personal taste and preference. He will be fortunate if he have such clearness of vision and force of character that he can always discriminate between preference and principle. When he sticks for mere preference, he alienates supporters on whose aid he may legitimately rely. When he first persuades himself that a principle is nothing but a preference, he begins to degenerate into a sycophant and time-server.

How powerful the temptations, none but he can ever know. The recent insurance investigations have shown us how hard it is for men supposed to be fortified by intelligence and character to resist the allurement of money for themselves. They contrive some sophistry to excuse theft and quiet conscience. College presidents also are but human. They do not, however, want the money for themselves, but for a noble cause. They are not scheming to filch it by excessive salaries, cooked accounts, or preposterous travelling expenses. Their only fault is to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. The welfare of the institution is a huge thing—and 'tis a great price for a small vice. When, therefore, we recall the revelations of venality among men high in public confidence, when we remember how ignorant and unreasoning the patrons of education often are, the wonder is that more colleges do not, as Senator Dolliver put it, "smell of Oil."

FIGHTING GRAFT IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., October 20, 1905.

In the *Nation* of June 23, 1904, a correspondent ("T. D. B.") gave an account of the then recent removal of Professor Ettore Pais from the directorship of the Naples Museum, and reflected severely on both the competence and character of Professor Pais. It was clear that this correspondent wrote in perfect good faith; it was also clear that he had heard only a part of the transaction, or that he looked at it from only one side. But until Professor Pais himself chose to speak out, those who knew and respected him were naturally forced to keep silence. He has now printed his apology in a fifty-page pamphlet, giving a complete account of his difficulties, and confirming his statements by citing official documents. It is only just that this vindication of one of the chief scholars in Europe should have full publicity; and the story, which is essentially tragic, can hardly fail to be interesting.

Professor Pais is a Piedmontese who, after distinguished service elsewhere, was called to the University of Naples. As an historical scholar and archæologist of Ancient Italy he had no superior among his countrymen, and his 'History of Rome' had brought him an international reputation. He was a pupil of Mommsen, thoroughly trained in German scientific methods, and his original investigations had upset many long-cherished views. More than once he had been mentioned as the proper person to

take charge of the Naples Museum and the excavations at Pompeii—the two works being under one head—a distinction which is one of the few great prizes in the world for archæologists. When he asked Mommsen's advice whether to accept the position or not, the wise German, who knew the Neapolitan conditions, replied that it would be a very difficult affair.

"The Neapolitan Camorra," Mommsen wrote, "will without doubt have a hand in it, although I do not know how or when. There will be needed much force of character, which I hope you will have, and much calm patience, which up to the present you do not possess, and which will not be easy to acquire in Naples."

Nevertheless, Signor Pais decided to accept the post. He had a laudable ambition to make the Museum in arrangement and efficiency worthy of its priceless collections. Having carefully studied the ground, he proposed to carry out a complete reorganization, in which there should be four distinct departments—a gallery of sculpture, an antiquarium, a gallery of ancient paintings, and a gallery of mediæval and modern paintings. His plan was approved by Nasi, the Minister of Public Instruction, who ordered him to go ahead. But it was at once seen that changes would have to be made in the Museum building, the capacity of which was outgrown, and which, in any event, needed many repairs.

So Professor Pais went ahead, and in two years the building was restored, with several thousand square feet of floor space added; the collections were rearranged and placed in separate sections, and many valuable objects, which had been stored and forgotten in cellars and garrets, were brought to light. But, from the start, the vigorous innovator had reason to remember Mommsen's warning, "The Neapolitan Camorra will without doubt have a hand in it." The Camorra, it is hardly necessary to say, is the great organization of graft which, like Tammany and the Platt machine in New York city, or like the Quay-Republican gang in Philadelphia, has held Naples in its coils for generations. In the old Bourbon days, King Bomba himself headed the Camorra, as he found it easier to get money in that way than by taxation. The Camorra had fastened its claws on the Naples Museum; guards, doorkeepers, scrubwomen depended upon it for their "pull"; and so did the contractors and even the honorable members of commissions appointed to inspect the Neapolitan art treasures. The Camorra controlled the political affairs of Naples, and sent its regular delegation to the Chamber of Deputies.

Signor Pais inevitably ran against this powerful antagonist from the moment that he set out to have honest work done. He engaged workmen who were not in the ring; he closed bids with low-priced contractors, instead of continuing to employ the highest bidders; he sought for more trustworthy assistants and underlings. He even tried, in connection with the Pompeian digging, to recover for the State rights which under his predecessors had been quietly allowed to slip into the control of private individuals—of Camorrists. He could not help unearthing, as he pushed his investigations, many instances of dishonesty in the previous administration of the Museum; indeed, his own appointment was due in the first instance to the fact that the corruption there had become so notorious that a change had to be made.

One sees readily that every grafter whom he thwarted or exposed became his sworn enemy, and that the "System" neither could nor would tolerate a reformer at the head of the Museum. If honesty were allowed a foothold there, who could tell how far it might spread? Accordingly, all sorts of accusations, calumnies and abuses were heaped on Signor Pais. He was charged with incompetence, with dishonesty, with wilful carelessness, with an almost insane passion for turning the collections topsy-turvy. He found, for instance, that the coin collection contained many counterfeits, and, in order to get the best possible opinion, he asked the leading coin dealer in Naples, a man of great experience and probity, to assist the professional numismatists in separating the spurious coins from the genuine and in appraising them all. At once the Camorrist journals cried out that Pais was in collusion with Signor Canessi, the expert, to rob the Museum. Again, in moving the many collections, comprising, all told, several hundred thousand objects, one box, which contained five antique vases in pieces, fell to the floor. Thereupon, the cry went up that Pais was ruthlessly smashing the most precious masterpieces of the Museum; and persons in other countries may have imagined that the Capuan Venus and the Antinous, the Athene and Homer and all the rest, were being destroyed. Yet five unimportant vases, already broken, seem a not exorbitant loss for a removal of such magnitude.

Unfortunately, he had not only the Camorra against him; he was assailed by local archæologists, by supporters of the old system of classification, by guides and the makers of guide-books, who had to revise their accounts of the collections, and by an influential school of historians, who had obstinately rejected his conclusions in ancient history. In America we hardly know the intensity of the passion with which European scholars are still swayed. Signor Pais had always been a storm-centre, and now he found himself attacked by a formidable cohort of intellectual enemies. The Camorra, of course, chuckled to have honest men as its allies, and it could protest with all the more sanctimony that its objection to Pais was purely scientific.

In spite of everything, however, Professor Pais held his ground, and carried the reformation of the Museum almost to completion. Then he was summarily removed, as it was evident that he would not resign. The reason alleged for his removal was that he had gone to work before the necessary appropriation had been made. This was technically true. He had been ordered by his superior, Nasi, the Minister of Public Instruction, to proceed at once, as he, Nasi, would ask for the required sum when the next budget was drawn up. To meet current expenses, Professor Pais had to borrow money; and then his enemies prevented the appropriation from being made. In his Apology he remarks that it is by no means uncommon to push forward excavations or restorations in advance of the appropriations; he cites the work on the Church of St. Francis of Assisi, and the notorious diggings at the Roman Forum, for which nobody was reprimanded, much less cashiered; but then, he adds, "not all of us have relatives and friends in the Ministries." He counted on permanently increasing the revenue of the Museum by charging a separate admission fee to each collection. He also proposed that the Museum should undertake to make authentic replicas of its statues, from the sale of which it would reap a good profit. This proposal brought down on him the wrath of all the Neapolitan dealers, who had exploited the Museum's treasures without making it any return, and who now bombarded the Deputies and Ministers with telegrams. Pais must be stopped instanter; and stopped he was.

To cap the climax of his misfortunes, before the end of the work Minister Nasi absconded, under the suspicion of having misused money belonging to his department. Professor Pais's enemies tried in vain to implicate him in this affair, but the sums spent by Nasi had nothing to do with the Naples Museum.

Nasi's successor as Minister of Public Instruction, Signor Orlando, cast no shadow of suspicion on Signor Pais's honesty: nor could several parliamentary boards of inquiry, composed of men hostile to him, find one soldo misspent. No one denied that he had simply obeyed official instructions, or that the means he took to finance the alterations had been regularly approved. Nevertheless, he was remorsely sacrificed to the Camorra and his enemies. As if to indulge in paradox, Minister Orlando appointed Professor Pais to represent Italy at the International Congress of Scientists at St. Louis last year, and assigned him a salary, at the very time when he dismissed him from the directorship of the Museum.

But the most malicious assaults of his enemies cannot undo his great work. His reclassification of the collections has met with the approval of Mommsen, of Salomon Reinach, of Ernest Kornemann of Tübingen, of Ettore Ferrari, the most eminent of living Italian sculptors, of Thédenat, of Pollak, of Frederick Hauser, of Steinmann, and of other experts, whose opinions have a very different weight from those of the Camorrists and bureaucrats to whom Professor Pais fell a victim.

I should add that he is a Puritan of the Piedmontese type, brusque, uncompromising; single in his devotion to science and truth; a fighter, if need be, but by preference a scholar, eager to extend the bounds of knowledge. It may truly be said that he wanted tact; but tact, in his predicament, would have meant acquiescence in graft. Mommsen was right as to his lack of patience. But, in spite of it all, he actually accomplished the task he set himself, and accomplished it in two years' time, where ten years had been reckoned insufficient. The service he rendered to students of art, history, and archæology is great; how shall we estimate his service in proving that even in Naples one honest man can terrorize a host of grafters?

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

FROM TRIPOLI TO TUNIS.

TUNIS, September 11, 1905.

While the average traveller may know well his Tangiers and Algiers, even Tunis, with its thoroughly French atmosphere and bargain-loving yet fascinating native bazaars,

other North African towns are little beyond names. Djerba, Gabes, Mehdia, Sfax—their very sound is unfamiliar, yet few regions more richly repay prolonged sojourn. An intensely picturesque, modern Arab life, grafted upon (or, more accurately, overlying) a splendid Roman civilization long departed, offers singular charm.

In Tripoli province, digging for archæological remains is practically prohibited. Some time the Turkish Government may aid rather than restrict such research, but at present an occasional amphora, unearthed by chance, a few noble columns and capitals, promptly incorporated into corners and doorsteps of sordid Arab dwellings; now and then a majestic statue, generally headless, alone attest the former proximity of that long-forgotten life which the Hegira almost completely blotted out.

In the French possessions, a different spirit prevails, and as money becomes available, research will be increasingly carried on; museums are being founded in towns along the coast which must ultimately offer unparalleled possibilities to the student. At Gabes, in particular, evidences abound of a far past quite different from the nomadic life of to-day, now serenely moving to and fro upon its buried treasures. The present prosperity and growth of Gabes are somewhat owing to an increase of the esparto industry; for, ever since this useful grass was discovered growing wild on hills along the edge of the desert, camel-loads are continually brought not only into Gabes and Tripoli, where its sorting and baling offer unaccustomed labor to black and brown humanity, but to many another coast town, whence it is exported in large quantities for paper-making. Pressing and strapping the bales is conducted by hand in the *funduk* at Gabes.

Interesting as this industry may be, however, especially in its relation to material prosperity, far more so are the great plains, where camels and donkeys move in long, unhurried lines across the dry and yellow expanse, and the domed tomb of a marabout, or a group of date palms, rising against a burning blue sky, give accent to the Oriental landscape. Pictures uncharacteristic of North Africa the river makes, flowing abundantly along the town outskirts, where may be seen the somewhat incongruous sight of Arab and Bedouin women crouched on stones and energetically washing clothes at the margin of the stream. Just beyond, showing a great variety of foliage, is the pleasant garden of the blind governor, General Allegro. Apparently, however, the river does not soften and enverdure the stern landscape. No meadows follow its progress. Instead, it flows through gray mudbanks, hard and uncompromising, although, farther on, roads are shaded by eucalyptus trees; and within low, bordering walls are many irrigated gardens, green and luxuriant.

"La Petite Djara" (Djara Dekhlania), a compactly built little Arab village near by, consists of exceedingly narrow and almost entirely dark streets, in many cases rooms being built directly over and across them; the whole village largely constructed of old Roman columns and marbles found on the spot. At one or two schools with wide-open doorways, handsome Mohammedan boys study in a loud sing-song through the hot afternoons. However tumbledown the structures, or near to complete crumbling old adobe walls may be, or impossibly dark and narrow any alley of a street, fine French signs of blue and white porcelain, no less dainty than in Paris itself adorn every corner; "Rue de Lyons," "Place de la Bourse," gleaming forth in almost startling contrast to what they are supposed to name and represent.

Farther on, beyond Shenini, at Maita, is an ancient Roman barrage, the *rehaa*, still in use for present-day water, the superb workmanship of a centuries-old dam still standing against time and decay. A fine modern one has also been constructed at another point, and a commercially prosperous future for Gabes seems assured.

At Sfax several eclipse missions were stationed, Italian, French, and English, the sites of their headquarters still showing evidences of scientific occupancy in a familiar chaos of departing boxes, tubes, and astronomical paraphernalia, although all of the observers except M. Bigourdan of Paris had gone. Clouds greatly obscured eclipse day here, but happily, at the crucial moments of totality, the corona shone forth through a kindly rift, preventing disaster to the expeditions. The modern French town has its usual wide, hot streets, rows of small palms which offer potential shade for the future, a park, a monument or two, rather solid buildings, and a reign far less picturesque but infinitely cleaner and more sanitary than that of the Turk. Fine Roman mosaics, some of them large and important, have been unearthed at Sfax, and for a time a number of these pavements were kept in a shed on the quay, but are now removed to the Town Hall, and in time will form the nucleus for a good museum. As until this year no attempt was made to preserve these valuable remains, many have been undoubtedly scattered and destroyed. Fine Roman marbles, some of them brought from Gabes, are, as usual, incorporated in doorways and mosques. Arab gardens are here, also, with acres of palms, pomegranates, figs, and grapes, all well fenced, guarded by the usual fierce white dogs—also occasionally by a hobbled camel or an old turbaned Arab. By far the most interesting part of Sfax is the ancient Saracen wall, one of whose gateways is still intact and admits to the native town, where one may see tortuous *suks* or bazaars, finely dressed and wealthy Moors, at the doors of their offices or drinking black coffee in narrow street-ways crowded, thronged, yet entirely different in tone and atmosphere from the well-beloved alleyways of Tripoli. As in that city, also, the sponge industry plays a large part in town prosperity, and fine specimens are collected by divers.

From Sfax it is now possible to go by regular automobile to Sousse—a decided innovation in methods of North African travel. Roads are fairly good, and much of the country may be seen to advantage. Caravans of camels, however, are not yet entirely accustomed to the novel sight, nor even gentle and usually not-to-be-surprised donkeys. One of the latter humble animals, however, was so nonplussed by the sudden appearance of the swift monster that he could express his sensations only by immediately throwing over his head his very respectable and well-dressed Jewish rider, who fortunately landed in soft and sandy soil—it is authentically believed with no bones broken, but considerable injury to his immaculate barracan. Camels attempt to exhibit their usual lofty hauteur, but one long train was discreetly turned aside by an ancient Bedouin dame who belabored them in ample time for safety. Her husband, refusing to take any such precaution in his own behalf, kept serenely on, in the centre of the road, until by dint of resounding blows, pushes, and objurgations she at length persuaded him out of the way; whereupon she turned her attention to the oncoming whirlwind, and, with shrill tones and shaking of shrivelled fists and fingers, besought every variety of Allah's curse and all evil eyes upon the entire machine, driver, the power that drove, the passengers, and all their ancestors. Automobile travel is well worth adopting, if only that by its aid one may see the remarkable ruins of El-Djem, where an amphitheatre of huge proportions still lifts magnificent walls above its desert base, centre now only for a group of dark and dirty Arab dwellings. Was it once, instead, centre of some great Roman city where a life of pleasure and cultivation clustered about its noble beauty? Or was it, rather, placed in this remote district by keen Roman minds who expected to attract a population hither? Both theories are advanced by specialists, and the great building still stands a monument to that superb workmanship which defied the ages.

Among African towns rarely seen by travellers is Mehdia, directly on the coast. Phœnician coins, tear-vials, beads, and other relics of pre-Christian days are found here in considerable numbers, as well as multitudes of coins from a later Roman epoch, glass, lamps, even an occasional theatre ticket of metal, and very perfect pavements. Only recently was one of these beautiful mosaics uncovered, the finder sending it to adorn the already rich museum of Bardo. Neptune again formed the subject, surrounded by sporting Nereids, with four figures at the corners typical of seasons. This magnificent specimen was no less than fifteen feet square; and others are frequently unearthed, evidently once the floors of dining apartments, favorite subjects being fish, game, or fruit. Mehdia, too, has a history all its own, later than Punic or Roman days; in the fifteenth century its long peninsula was fortified completely around its outer edge, and counted the strongest and most thoroughly fortified place in the world. A deep harbor within the walls, having a strong seagate, and room for three or four galleys to repair simultaneously, was made by hand from solid rock. Slave labor was cheap in those centuries. The harbor may still be seen, though now partly filled by sand. Here, too, was the stronghold, the real headquarters, of Dragut the Corsair—that famous pirate who was actually able to threaten not only Francis I., but the redoubtable Charles V. himself—truly the terror of the Mediterranean. In his honor a mosque was built in Tripoli about 1560. A belief is still held there that Dragut Pasha built its walls and two forts; but Leo Africanus mentions such walls about his time, or slightly before.

The ancient castle still crowns the summit of Mehdia's hill, from which a superb view appears of the nearly encircling sea,

and, across the bay, of a faint blue promontory, site of a Phœnician cemetery, where countless lamps, tear-vials, coins, and beads are still found—and Roman relics as well, for it is also reputed the scene of a great battle between the forces of Pompey and Julius Cæsar. Old and rusty cannon and piles of stone ammunition lie about the castle walls, here and there ornamented by beautifully carved Roman columns; and within is carried on both a prison for Arabs and one for offending French soldiers. In the modern Arab town itself fine marbles are, as usual, largely displayed in its sordid architecture, one Roman inscription appearing in a doorstep, while nearly every corner is resplendent with carved columns and capitals. Mehdia's mosque, Djama el-Kebir, is an exceedingly good one. Its large courtyard is surrounded by a noble open cloister, supported by impressive marble pillars, of which no two capitals are alike. A sundial is old Arabic, of much later date than the columns, more of which adorn the interior, itself lofty and as large as the courtyard, where a "watercatch" still conducts modern rain into cisterns fashioned in splendid Roman days. French influence is restoring the mosque, paving the cloisters with marble blocks, and removing desecrating whitewash from pillars, to reveal lovely marble surfaces beneath. So rich is Mehdia in pregnant relics that with more than genuine regret I saw its white gleam fade into distance.

Some of the most striking pavements exhibited at Bardo were unearthed at Sousse, but that city at first sight presents little of interest. Stone quays, wide streets, parks, clubhouses, hotels—all are excessively modern, wide, airy, clean, and commonplace. The native town, within walls, mounts a gentle hill, from whose *kasbah* superb views may be had; but the *suks* are poor and the catacombs perhaps all that the casual traveller would care to visit. There is, however, an excellent little museum near the quay, next the Officers' Club, in which fine collections are gradually augmenting. It was established in 1899, when many of the best "finds" had already gone to Bardo, but enough have been discovered since to make a superb showing, especially in large and complete pavements. In getting out these mosaics, much care must be used to keep the designs intact, and ingenious methods are employed. But the joy of uncovering one of these splendid relics, watching it emerge from the dust of centuries as one works, seeing the design gradually unfold, must be part of the very artist's ecstasy. As usual, subjects of feasting, fishing, and the chase abound, but there is a fine Medusa, two representations of the abduction of Ganymede, a wild "Triumph of Bacchante," three or four Neptunes with tridents, dolphins and nymphs, while masks at geometrical intervals, conventional figures, the swastica and horns of plenty, all in the softest imaginable colors and almost perfect preservation—making this little museum a veritable treasurehouse, adorned by the patient fingers of nearly two thousand years ago. Pavements are not alone rescued from oblivion, for covered funeral urns, lamps, and vials by hundreds, money of several epochs, fragments of inscriptions cut in marble, bits of gravestones, parts of statues, capitals, and masks, iridescent glass, and a few earlier Phœnician utensils are added with great rapidity, each year.

Out through the fine stone breakwater into a summer sea, the course leads on to Tunis, at the head of its shallow lake, through five miles of dredged canal. The city has grown surprisingly in the five years since our last visit, and is almost more French than France itself. While the native town and bazaars are unchanged in outward appearance, the tourist army seems to have had a demoralizing effect upon stately Arab shopkeepers, who now, abandoning their national characteristics, positively pull the passer-by into their places, demanding in a French-English dialect that he shall purchase. Prices have advanced in proportion, but, if one have days at command, may be gradually reduced to their proper level by argument and repeated visits. Coming as a sort of anti-climax to Tripoli, Tunis seems less attractive from picturesque considerations than memory had pictured, despite its beautiful Belvedere Park, now a luxuriant mass of semi-tropical vegetation, and the clubhouse and theatre crowning its summit, where all the amusements of Nice or Monte Carlo may be had for the asking. But there is always Carthage, peaceful on its sun-crowned point, forever at rest. Even the two or three restaurants with their circling pigeons, assiduous Arab boys who offer impossible "relics," demanding to show sites, and modern masses proceeding in the Cathedral, cannot change the brooding pathos of that quiet hill. In the museums at Carthage, collections have been greatly increased in five years; the White Fathers carrying on more or less excavation all the time, as funds are forthcoming. Skeletons lying in state in richly ornamental coffins, their bones all neatly in order, with heavy gold rings still hanging on fleshless fingers, and surrounded by amulets and precious stones, have recently been added, while jewelry in vast amount has been found.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

Correspondence.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Has the *Nation* descended to the artifice of making false quotations to sustain its contentions? I trust not; yet an editorial in the current issue would seem to give reason for the belief. In this editorial, in order to uphold your claim that the Anglo-Japanese treaty is neither "for the good of Japan nor of mankind," you assert that Article II. of that agreement "provides that if either Japan or Great Britain becomes involved in war 'in defence of its territorial rights or special interests,' the other 'will at once come to the assistance of its ally.'" And from this premise you essay to prove, and claim to have proved, that the treaty is not fair to Japan, inasmuch as she is likely to be "drawn into hostilities" against a European Power upon a question purely European.

This would be a just conclusion were your quotation correctly given; but it is not correctly given, and offers an entirely false interpretation of the meaning of the article it assumes to explain. Article II., in part, is as follows:

"If, by reason of an unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contractor be involved in war, in defence of its territorial rights or special interests *mentioned in the preamble*, the other contracting party shall at once come to the assistance of its ally, etc."

By reference to the preamble, it will be seen that the "territorial rights" and "special interests" referred to in this article are situated "in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India."

From this it is apparent that, under the provisions of the treaty, Japan cannot be "drawn into hostilities" against any nation upon a question that does not vitally affect her interests, with the sole exception of the question of British control of India; and the danger of any forced opposition to that—as the *Nation* seems to admit—is very remote indeed. On the other hand, the treaty ensures the integrity of all territory with which the interests of Japan are in any way concerned. Where, then, is the unfairness to Japan?

Yours most respectfully,

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

SANTA ANA, CAL., October 12, 1905.

[Our comment was too hastily made upon an imperfect summary by telegraph of the terms of the treaty. Still, the case is not so clear as our correspondent supposes. The alliance covers joint action in resisting an unprovoked attack (the judge of its unprovoked nature being, of course, the ally calling for assistance) "wherever arising." If Germany were to go to war with England over the Moroccan question, for example, is it certain that Japan would not be drawn into a European war?—ED. NATION.]

OUR CHINESE EXCLUSION LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The matter of the relation of our Government to that of China, anent the exclusion of the subjects of the Chinese Empire from our lands, has been the subject of much controversy in the press of the United States. One, at least, of your readers has felt disappointment that your journal has not seen fit to analyze this question and to voice a decided opinion in the matter. It must be conceded that the question has important moral and economical bearings, and should not be disposed of without full and free discussion; and your many intelligent readers would welcome a ringing note in your journal, which has always sounded no uncertain word on moral questions.

The general press and the politicians seem to concede that the admission of the Chinese people, other than of the privileged classes, would be an evil, and it is assumed that the people of the Pacific Coast are a unit in desiring to exclude all Chinese laborers. I believe that a very respectable minority, at least, of the Pacific Coast people favor a repeal of our present exclusion laws, and that this feeling is based on sound economical and moral grounds. It would be improper to make this communi-

cation a brief, and to cite statistics favoring a repeal of the present exclusion laws; the facts are open to you. It may be said, however, that the principles favoring free trade and individualism which the *Nation* has always consistently espoused, favor also the free admission of the Chinese to our shores.

I speak for myself only, but I feel sure that many of your readers—and a lot of "Goats"—would welcome a vigorous handling of this subject by the *Nation*.

Very truly yours,

R. C. CALLAHAN.

SEATTLE, WASH., October 13, 1905.

[The right of any country to regulate immigration is hardly contestable, especially now that more rapid and commodious transportation permits the introduction of great masses of foreigners, more or less immediately assimilable, and liable to produce a troublesome if not dangerous congestion at certain points. Had this been the real ground of Mr. Blaine's demagogic crusade against the Chinese, it would have spared us one of the most shameful pages in our history. The matter is now, as it should be, one of mutual agreement between China and the United States, demanding full recognition, on our part, of the respectability of the Chinese, even the lowest of them, as human beings, and an honest intention to interpret any treaty humanely, without reference to caste prejudice and without assumption of white superiority. It is the bane of such restrictive legislation that it tends toward brutality in practice, especially in a country like ours, subdued to the spirit of caste in the case of its black population and of its newly acquired subject populations. The remedy for this has already dawned in the Chinese boycott, and will become more efficient as China grows more self-conscious and internationally powerful. We welcome any screws she may put upon us to force our acknowledgment that a Chinaman's a man for a' that.—ED. NATION.]

THE NEW MOON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to say to "A Lover of Superstitions," who writes of those connected with the new moon, in the *Nation* of October 12, that when I rode in Lee's army to Gettysburg, I saw the new moon over my left shoulder. At Gettysburg we met with ill-fortune. When we made our way south again, and recrossed the Potomac, the new moon was seen over the right shoulder as we marched to Orange C. H., where the army had a long and much needed summer's rest.

Then I was reminded that when the Goths and Vandals broke loose from the barren north and marched south, marauding over warmer and richer lands, month after month, in their conquering career, as they lit their camp fires they saw the new moon (a good omen) over the right shoulder. Later, when their advance was checked, and they were driven back, broken in spirit and fortune, for month after month of weary marches, as they crouched by their camp-fires, they saw the ill-fated new moon over the left shoulder. The repetition of these experiences during successive generations of ignorant masses of people looking for a sign, with no compass or guide other than the instinctive mass movement, naturally impressed them with the invariable sequence of good or evil fortune as they saw the moon over the right or left shoulder—an impression so strong as to be passed as an inheritance to later generations.

HARRY HAMMOND.

BEECH ISLAND, S. C.

TRANSLATION, BETRAYAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some years ago the *Fliegende Blätter* published an imaginary dialogue in which a college professor asks a student, "In what cases did the Spartans expose new-born infants?" and is answered, "When they were of an unwarlike character." I always supposed this new light on history to be jocularly intended; but I judge from a citation of Haeckel's new book in your review (page 326, No. 2103), that it is the sober word of the foremost science. "Hence the destruction of abnormal new-born infants—as the Spartans practised it, for instance, in selecting the bravest," etc. Or is this remarkable perspicacity of the Spartans in detecting latent heroism in a just-matured fœtus to be credited to the translator? If so, perhaps some of the "incoherences of style" objected to may be due to the latter. Thus would Mr. Peterkin, for instance, translate *brav*, if that is what Haeckel said.

Truly yours, F. M.

[We quoted literally from the translation.—ED. NATION.]

AERONAUTICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Any of your readers interested in the history of speculation respecting aeronautics may, by applying to the undersigned, obtain a considerable mass of papers on that subject which were found among the literary remains of John Rae, a gifted all-round man of science of the last generation. The papers were written at least previously to 1872, the year Rae died.

A reprint of Rae's work on Political Economy (Boston, 1834) has just now been brought out by the Macmillan Co. The volume is called 'The Sociological Theory of Capital'; and a full account of Rae's life is to be found in it. Rae's studies in geology are also, I am informed, probably shortly to be published. Rae experimented somewhat with devices for aerial navigation. An account of his operations with a so-called "Sun-Flyer" may be found in a letter to the editor, dated April 17, 1837, printed in volume xxxiii. (pp. 196-198) of the *American Journal of Science and Arts*. This communication to what was then popularly known as *Silliman's Journal*, is erroneously attributed in the Dictionary of National Biography (volume xlvii.) to John Rae, M.D., sometime surgeon to the Hudson Bay Company, and a distinguished Arctic explorer. CHARLES W. MIXTER.

BURLINGTON, VT., October 23, 1905.

Notes.

The flourishing Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants has firmly made the "South Shore" its province for genealogical exploitation. Now, "the Bay" is to have its special band of workers, "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England" having just been incorporated for "historical and genealogical research and the publication of the results thereof, especially with relation to the history of the Massachusetts Bay Company" chartered by Charles I. Membership is confined to "male descendants of freemen of the said original corporation," and this descent must be proved, as in the case of the *Mayflower* membership.

Mr. Henry Frowde, as publisher to the British Academy, is about to issue the first volume of the Proceedings of the Academy, containing the papers read during the years 1903-4, etc., with introductory matter and obituary notices. The proceedings will be on sale in the ordinary course in a bound volume, and the various papers will be procurable separately.

The excellent annotated Oxford Modern French Series edited by Leon Delbos (New York: H. Frowde) proceeds with Stendhal's 'Mémoires d'un Touriste' and Mignet's gem of a 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.' It was at Aix in 1837 that Stendhal had a vision of a King of Sardinia becoming King of all Italy. "In the more or less near future," he wrote, "that country will belong to the prince who has the best army and shall advertise the most liberal ideas." From the same publishers we have their Boswell's Johnson, following the third edition, compressed from two volumes into one of good print unaffected by the thinning of the paper, and altogether handy.

The John Lane Co. takes for the fifteenth volume of its "New Pocket Library" Edward FitzGerald's "Euphranor: A Dialogue on Youth," very fitly presented after the text of the first edition of 1851. Mr. Frederic Chapman, who supplies a preface, dwells upon the value of the little work (FitzGerald's first-fruits if afterwards elaborated) not only as a classic specimen of English prose, but as reflective of Cambridge and its contemporary life, and the author as a part of them.

From FitzGerald's University's Press (New York: Macmillan) issue the Cambridge English Classics which we have from time to time described, edited by A. R. Waller. This editor's care is solely for his text, and his notes are of corresponding purport. He now gives us Cowley's Poems after the first collected edition of his works, dated 1668. The English prose contained in the same folio will make another volume. These are as near facsimile reprints as possible, and something better for the critical scrutiny observed.

In excellent taste is the little 'Book of English Love Poems Chosen out of Poets from Wyatt to Arnold,' by Edward Hutton, bearing the London imprint of Methuen. Mr. Hutton thinks he has gathered here "all or almost all that is worth preserving in English Lyric Poetry which has Love for its subject." His "almost" will not reconcile an admirer of Shelley to the omission of his "Good Night," and on the whole it is well to take what is

offered without too close regard to what is beyond the pale (*e. g.*, all American verse). Five of Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese" stand for the whole number. It is noticeable that, after Herrick, Landor contributes more pieces than any other poet save Tennyson, who likewise has ten. Byron is outnumbered by Wordsworth.

F. Marion Crawford's 'Southern Italy and Sicily and the Rulers of the South' forms one rather heavy volume out of two in its reissue by Macmillan. The always interesting illustrations made a glazed paper inevitable, but the sheen is not excessive.

Harry Graham's 'More Misrepresentative Men' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) shows no exhaustion of his satiric vein, and Malcolm Strauss's portraits are clever caricatures, while retaining the likeness. Past and present celebrities, from Euclid to Henry VIII. and Alton B. Parker, are dealt with. Here is a stanza from the Burns:

"'Men were deceivers ever!' True,
As Shakspere says (Hey Nonny! nonny!),
But one should always keep in view
That 'tout comprendr' c'est tout pardonny';
In judging poets it suffices
To scan their verses, not their vices."

'Girls' Christian Names,' by Helena Swan (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a reprint of a work that appeared several years ago. There has been, however, no attempt to bring its information up to date, so that the Princess of Wales is still referred to under "Alexandra" and the Queen under "Victoria." Miss Swan continues to offer the reader a mass of useless information, as on page 470, where, under "Sarah," she tells us that "in the seventeenth century there lived an unfortunate girl, named Sara Williams," who was accused of being possessed of the devil; under "Angela" we are told that this is the Christian name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts; under "Rachel" we have five pages describing the career of Rachel, Lady Russell. It is a book that should be in the hands of every parent about to christen a daughter. We hear much in these days about the responsibility of parents, and never before were children so safeguarded by public opinion. But parents still have a free hand to blast a child's career, or at least seriously affect its comfort and self-respect for life, by inflicting on it a name with ridiculous associations or so colorless that no vitality can live it down. Belmontina Methuena Jones exists, and no doubt does well enough now that she has dropped Modderina, her first name of all. But she has no more redress than an animal who has been registered in the stud-book. Miss Swan's index will perhaps prove by its length that no parent need coin a name for his daughter with the help of the daily paper. We hope that mothers with an instinct for correctness will not insist on christening a child "Creirdyddlydd," who, but for Miss Swan and the Celtic revival, might have been content with the milder (Sassenach) version, "Cordelia."

'Red Fox,' by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts (L. C. Page & Co.), is the history of a hero fox of singular beauty and strength, united with rare intelligence, adaptability, and foresight. Such a fox, Mr. Roberts tells us, might come into existence once in a while, and every incident of his career, however surprising, has been recorded of some fox, somewhere, at some time; so we accept Red Fox as the flower of his race, even though he may belong to the order *Compositae*. His range was the forests, rocky slopes, and backwoods farms of the Ringwaak country in Eastern Canada. Here he ran the full gamut of fox-experience, both with his fellows of the wild and with the men and dogs of the settlement, leading a joyous and adventurous life till the brightness of his renown made him a shining mark for capture. Then, taken by a trick formidable from its simplicity, he was sent to the States to make a Roman holiday for a fashionable hunt club, but escaped by almost supervulpine sagacity and found safety in the mountains. Even the seasoned reader of animal stories is moved to hearty admiration of Red Fox and pleasure at his escape. Mr. Roberts appears to tell his story chiefly for its own sake, but he impresses us quite as deeply as if he had tried to enforce it by didacticism. We feel, for instance, with the rabbit and the mink, the barbarity of trapping, and take the fox's point of view when we see the field of scarlet riders and hear the loud-mouthed pack on the trail.

Mr. William J. Long, in his latest book, 'Northern Trails' (Ginn & Co.), leads us into Newfoundland and Labrador to study the life-history of unfamiliar animals in the light of explanations that he suggests for some of their ways: "why, for instance, the big Arctic wolf spares the bull caribou that attacks him wantonly; why the wild goose has no fear at home; why the baby seals are white at birth; how the salmon climb the falls which they cannot jump, and why they hasten back to the sea when they are hurt; how the whale speaks without a voice; and what makes the fisher confuse his trail, or leave beside it a tempting bait for you when you are following him." Mr. Long assures us of the accuracy of his data, and maintains the reasonableness of his inferences. In these stories, as in his earlier books, he argues that the intelligence of animals is akin to man's, and is developed, as in man, by early training and later experience, and that the actions of animals, therefore, should be studied in the light of what man knows of his own motives and feelings. However this may be, even the makers of what Mr. Long calls "mechanical natural history" will find interest in these sketches, particularly in the half-dozen studies of Wayee-sees, the white wolf. Here is the life of a wolf family drawn with sympathy and spirit—the play of the cubs under the mother's eye; their comical early hunting; their long training; and their full maturity, when, fitted for the needs and perils of life, they range the woods and caribou barrens, and visit the Indian villages for scattered food when famine bites. The book shows something of the life of Northern Indians; but the Indians are less vivid than the fisher, the salmon, and the wolf.

'A Little Garden Calendar,' by Albert Bigelow Paine (Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co.), gives to little folks a chatty and truthful account of many of the most interesting phases of plant-life. The subjects of dispersal and its advantages, of movements, and of pollination and the like, are briefly and well-treated. The account of the servants which work for the flower is admirably presented, although at times the author goes perilously near the edge of the unknown. A captious critic might well object to the page in which the flower is made to appear almost to reason, but the statement is pretty well guarded by this saving clause: "Perhaps it doesn't really reason, but it does something exactly like it, and there are people in the world who would be happier if they could do the same thing." This is almost as far as any one would dare to go in ascribing thinking powers to plants. It would be safer to recall to mind the often-quoted expression of the vegetating fisherman loafing at the shore, "Wall, there, sometimes I set and think, and sometimes I jest set." It is highly probable that plants just "set."

The German 'Daheim-Kalender' for 1906 (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), a bound volume, presents the customary album literary miscellany and useful information. Many of its abundant illustrations are in color, as in connection with the article on the decorative art movement. Attractive themes are pictorially displayed also in Buss's "Characteristic Features of the First Empire" and Bremen's "Jena." A great array of portraits attends the Necrology and the roster of European sovereigns.

The third volume of Dr. Shields's 'Philosophia Ultima' has appeared posthumously (Charles Scribner's Sons). The whole work is a discourse about science from a mind whose incapacity for scientific thought was almost phenomenal. But he was a man of learning, in a certain obsolescent way, and the work may be used to advantage by others than psychologists, for whom it should be a document. The present volume contains a portrait and a biographical notice by Professor Sloane. One portion of Dr. Shields's share in this volume, dealing with "scientific problems of religion," has a serious value; for those problems need a new treatment which they have not received. There is a very judicious review and defence of Butler's 'Analogy.' The greater part of Dr. Shields's new pages seems to have been written to meet President White's 'Conflict of Science and Theology.' He endeavors to show what an aid the traditional view of the Bible has been to science. As a specimen of the author's candor, we remark that, far from representing that *all* anthropologists without exception have been decidedly in favor of resting their science largely on Biblical testimony, he expressly admits that "Leidy, Cope, and Marsh may have left no directly religious testimony." Observe the fine caution of the subjunctive.

Prof. Henry Burchard Fine's 'College Algebra' (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is the most practical and at the same time the most truly mathematical of all the elementary books on the subject that ever came under our notice. It is quite worthy of the author's illustrious ancestor, who, early in the sixteenth century, came to Paris from the terrific Briançon precipices, so suggestive of all that is difficult and grand, and gave its first impetus to French mathematics. Oronce Fine was his name. Though the new text-book is as elementary and as easy as can be—easier than one would believe possible—it carries the student further than other college algebras do, and it is preceded by an elegantly worked-out exposition of the modern mathematico-logi-

cal doctrine of numbers. Professor Fine was a personal pupil of Georg Cantor, to whom (especially through his conception of the "well-ordered" series) our present understanding of this curious subject is almost entirely due. If it has not much to do with algebra, it is at any rate as excellent a lesson in the logic of necessary reasoning as could possibly be found, if it be not better than any other, as Sylvester deemed it.

The fifth fascicle of Postgate's 'Corpus Poetarum Latinorum' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) brings the second volume to an end. It contains Martial, edited by Duff, Juvenal by Housman, and Nemesian by Schenkl and Postgate himself, who for this poet's 'Cynegetica' has freshly collated the principal Paris manuscript. Mr. Duff acknowledges his indebtedness to Professor Lindsay, whose labors upon the manuscripts of Martial have recently given us an accurate knowledge of them for the first time. For Juvenal, Mr. Housman, holding that respect for the codex of Montpellier has too greatly overshadowed the other manuscripts, has chiefly devoted himself to the consideration of what is to be found of value in these inferior manuscripts. In his *apparatus criticus* they are therefore frequently cited, and he has himself inspected seven in the British Museum which have not heretofore been used. The resultant text will be a surprise to many, to whom this editor has stood as the antipodes of a conservative. Thus, in the first satire, his text differs from Bücheler's of 1893 and Owen's of 1902 in only three passages: *it*, 145; *gutture*, 156; *irae*, 168; and all of these readings used to stand in the vulgate from times before Aldus down to Jahn.

Especially noteworthy, in view of the previous English neglect of philological journals, is the announcement of the *Modern Language Review*, a quarterly journal devoted to the study of mediæval and modern literature and philology, edited by John G. Robertson and published by the Cambridge University Press. The first number, dated October, contains articles ranging from Shakspere to Shelley, and forthcoming articles both in English and in German will deal with the principal literatures from different periods. One of the most interesting of these is a hitherto unpublished seventeenth-century comedy by George Wilde, edited by F. S. Boas. Book reviews and notices are to form a leading feature of the new publication, and all longer reviews will be signed. The subscription is 8s. 6d., post free.

The Panama Canal is the main topic of the *National Geographic Magazine* for October. Rear-Admiral C. M. Chester gives a brief sketch of the part taken by the navy in the exploration of the isthmus, and narrates some incidents of the work of the De Lesseps company, of which he was an eyewitness twenty years ago. He then describes at length the plan recommended by the Canal Commission and the engineering constructional plans. Incidentally, he refers to the fact that the property transferred by the French company is much more than the partially dug canal and the railroad: it includes scores of machine shops, 2,500 wood, stone and metal houses, capable of accommodating 15,000 to 20,000 people, and hospitals extensive in number and size. The editor, in an account of the progress of the canal, shows that the question of sanitation has been thoroughly solved by the fact that the death rate, which in 1881 was 66.8 per thousand, was, among the 10,000 employees in May, June, and July of this year, but 2.6 per thousand. Of 12,000 men at work during August, 301 were constantly sick, or only 25 per thousand. There are some interesting full-page illustrations, and a large map of the isthmus in five colors, showing the location of the canal recommended by the Commission of 1899-1902.

The geographical bibliography for 1904, in the September number of the *Annales de Géographie*, contains over a thousand main entries, being more than in any previous year. The works relating to France and its colonial possessions occupy naturally the largest place with some two hundred titles, while there are but forty-nine for the United States and eight for Japan, scientific works only. A possible prophetic forecast may be found in the heading "République d'Australie," "république" being apparently the only French equivalent for commonwealth. The list, with its numerous and instructive characterizations of the works contained in it, would be more helpful for reference if there were an index of subjects as well as one of authors and travellers.

It is announced from Stockholm that hereafter the awarding of the Nobel prizes will be divided between Sweden and Norway. The prize for literature and science will be in charge of the former country, and the peace prize of the latter.

Among the prominent deaths recently reported from Germany is that of the Berlin bookdealer, Albert Cohn, at the age of seventy-eight. He was one of the leading Shakspere specialists in the Fatherland, and some years ago published in Englist an excellent volume entitled 'Shakespeare in Germany.' At the time of his death he was engaged on a systematic 'Shakespeare-Bibliographie,' which is nearly completed, and which, according to the Berlin *Neue Presse*, is to be published.

"C. L. F." writes to us:

"The *Nation* gave lately, as authority for the fact that from 70 to 84 per cent. of Oyama's army was affected by that most disabling disease, *kakké*, or beri-beri, the name of Miss McGee. By this was meant, no doubt, Mrs. Anita Newcombe McGee, whose work in the Japanese hospitals during the late war, with the assistance of a body of trained American nurses, is well known."

—It is not too late to quote from Massey's 'History of England' (1855, vol. i., pp. 76, 77) the following passage as bearing upon Japan's claim for indemnity after not only having made war by striking the first blow, but without a declaration:

"If the comity of nations requires that hostilities should be preceded by formal notice, it is plain that the belligerent who has violated this rule cannot justify the retention of any acquisition so obtained on entering into a treaty of peace. In fact, no prize-court in Europe would condemn a capture taken under such circumstances. Civilized warfare would cease to exist, and nations would descend to the practice of pirates if no distinction was to be made between conquests seized before, and those which have been made after, a regular proclamation of war. The unconditional restitution of these captures would seem, therefore, to have been an affair which concerned the honor of England rather than that of France. Had the question been determined on its own merits, it is hardly to be conceived that the high-minded probity of Pitt could for a moment have hesitated as to the course which it became him to take."

—"Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico," by Mr. C. William Beebe, curator of ornithology in Bronx Park (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), relates the experience of the writer and Mrs. Beebe during a winter in camp near the volcano of Colima. Mr. Beebe is an enthusiastic traveller as well as a trained biologist, and writes with a wide-angled scope, which includes not only birds, but mammals, lizards, insects, flowers, scenery, incidents of the trail and camp, and glances at the natives along the way. He has aimed at an interesting running narrative and commentary, rather than an exhaustive study; but, considering the shortness of the time spent—from Christmas to Easter—he may justly be proud of the information gathered on the habits of birds. He has added considerably to our somewhat scanty knowledge of the food-habits of Mexican species, a subject to which he gave particular attention. We may mention that he found a diminutive kingfisher catching insects, a flycatcher diving after fish, and hummingbirds feeding on grasshoppers after the manner of turkey-gobblers. The deep, shaded drainage ditches between cultivated fields were, like Northern hedgerows and thickets, a place of vantage for studying the food of both seed-eating and insectivorous birds. Here is a suggestive anecdote from the Chapala marshes: "We of the North have neglected the egrets until well-nigh the last survivor has been murdered; but here, in this wild place, where, outside of the towns, a man's best law and safeguard is in his holster, these birds have already found champions. Short tolerance had the first plume-hunter—an American—who began his nefarious work in the Chapala marshes. The rough but beauty-loving *caballeros* who owned the haciendas surrounding the lake talked it over, formed—to all intents and purposes—an Audubon Society, ran the millinery agent off, and forbade the shooting of these birds."

—Of the many books upon Italian villas that have lately made their appearance, it is safe to say that none is so profusely illustrated as Charles Latham's 'Gardens of Italy' (Scribners). As a photographer of architecture, and especially of gardens, Latham stands among the ablest. His work has for years furnished to that interesting English weekly, *Country Life*, its most important feature. He avoids with studious care the eccentricities of focusing and printing that characterize so much of the work of the more advanced school of photography. He belongs, in respect of the distinctness and sharpness of his negatives, to an older time. He secures by the directness of his methods a result which, if it leaves little to the imagination, satisfies every demand for a clear report. In the selection of points of view, he is a past-master. The exact spot from which to secure the most effective grouping of mass or contrast of light and shade rarely escapes him. Mr. Latham has done his work *con amore*. Whether his subject be the sumptuous gardens of the Villa Albani, with their antique fountain-basins and their long ranges of ancient statues and columns set against solemn backgrounds of cypress, or the more intimately charming and not less-beautiful gardens of the Villa Lante, his art is equally assured and convincing. Some descriptive text by E. March Phillipps accompanies the pictures. It is

of a gossiping, semi-historical sort, by no means hard to read, but not notably informing. It concerns itself little with the art of garden design, a subject which the photographs would have served to illustrate most admirably. The value of such a splendid collection of photographs as Mr. Latham's is so evident, and the expense of securing them so great, that it is much to be regretted that they should not be accompanied by plans, such, for instance, as those in H. Inigo Trigg's 'Formal Gardens in England and Scotland'; but, lacking these, it would be better to give the reader mere thumbnail sketches than no plans at all. The present volumes of 150 pages each are similar to 'Gardens Old and New,' heretofore reviewed in these columns, but they have wider margins and better binding.

—Since the Catalogue of the British Museum reveals no biography of John of Gaunt in English, French, German, Spanish, or Portuguese, Mr. Sydney Armitage-Smith has come forward to fill the gap. His 'John of Gaunt' (Scribners) is an ample and scholarly work, which, besides bristling with footnotes, contains a number of appendixes, and is altogether a creditable product of the Oxford History School. Upon such *causes célèbres* as the Duke's defence of Wycliffe and his battle with the leading spirits of the Good Parliament, Mr. Armitage-Smith throws little new light, but, for the Continental ambitions of his hero, he is invaluable. We employ the word "hero" in a conventional sense, for no attempt has been made in these pages to advance the Duke of Lancaster beyond the limits of mediocrity. So far as vindication is concerned, our author contents himself with showing that, moved by sentiments of chivalry, John was a faithful uncle to Richard II. "He remained true to the ethical standard of society as he knew it; he had been loyal to Edward III., to his brother the Black Prince, and, at what cost of personal pride has been seen, to his nephew Richard." Another important subject with which Mr. Armitage-Smith deals is that of the Duke's attitude towards the religious dissensions of his day. The trend of Wycliffe's theology he clearly did not appreciate, for, had he done so, he would have been numbered among the active opponents of Lollardry. Nor did he do anything practical to further Wycliffe's projects of ecclesiastical reform. The vast amount of patronage which he possessed gave him every opportunity to insist upon residence and the proper discharge of pastoral duty, but, as is clear from the instances here cited, he neglected to support the Lollard position at this critical point. And as to the main issue, his alliance with the friars was far more permanent than any connection which he formed with Wycliffe. "The friars," says Mr. Armitage-Smith, "had no illusions about the Duke's heterodoxy and revolutionary ideas. They were willing at first to defend his agent in an attack on ecclesiastical wealth theoretically condemned by their own rules, and later, when the reformer of administration became the heretic, while attacking Wycliffe to defend his patron. The Duke shared both their friendships and their hatreds. He was inclined to regard the Pope as an ally; the friars were the Pope's devoted servants. He hated political bishops; the friars were the enemies of the whole secular clergy." As we have said, Mr. Armitage-Smith is not the first to grasp the nature of John's relations with Wycliffe, but he illustrates more clearly than any of his predecessors the closeness of the tie which bound the Duke to the regulars. We are unable, through lack of space, to touch upon John's part in the complicated affairs of Castile and Leon, but much fuller information regarding it is given by Mr. Armitage-Smith than will be found elsewhere. This valuable biography appeals, of course, to students of Chaucer and 'Piers Plowman' as well as to those of Wycliffe and the Hundred Years' War.

—By the death of Adolf Hedin, which occurred on the 19th of September, Swedish liberalism lost one of its staunchest supporters, one of its most vigorous and courageous advocates. As a member of the Riksdag, with two short interruptions, since 1870, and as a writer for the daily press, he has stood for over thirty-five years as the champion of progress in politics, in social welfare, in education. His very first contribution to political literature, the letters which he wrote for *Aftonbladet* in 1868 on "What the People Expects of the New Representation," may be regarded as the programme of the progressive party which was then in making. The arrogance of the bureaucracy always found in him a consistent enemy, the spirit of the Constitution a watchful guardian. Social questions attracted his attention comparatively late. It was not until 1884 that he made a really important contribution to their discussion in his proposal for old-age and accident insurance for workingmen. The introduction of the new protective system in 1886 opened up a discussion of social problems which is still going on. "For Hedin," it has truly been said, "the tariff question was a social question." Hedin's 'Speeches and Writings' which have recently been published (Stockholm: Bonnier) constitute an interesting survey of Swedish public life during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and should be studied by all who take interest in Scandinavian politics. Besides the already mentioned newspaper articles from 1868, and the proposition to investigate the question of workingmen's insurance of 1884, the most important of its contents are the articles on "The Meaning of the Suffrage Question" (1902), "Municipalization" (1903), and "The Question of the [Scandinavian] Union" (1895).

LORD DUFFERIN.

The Life of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. By Sir Alfred Lyall, P.C. With portraits and illustrations. In two volumes. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

In comparing Lord Dufferin with other men made eminent by their public services, one peculiarity of his career forces itself strongly upon our attention. By common consent he ranks first among the British diplomatists of his generation, but he was not trained for diplomatic life according to the usual process, nor did he receive an appointment of any great importance until he was forty-six years old. Endowed with a very fair share of ambition, he looked forward at the outset to winning distinction in the field of politics. A little later he had some thought of writing a large historical work. We do not mean to imply that he had not shown signs of talent or even disclosed the possession of great gifts before he became Governor-General of Canada in 1872. The duties which fell to him as a member of the Syrian Commission in 1860-61 had been discharged with both tact and firmness; he had been offered the government of Bombay; and, when Gladstone took office at the close of 1868, he had joined the Ministry as Chancellor of the Duchy. But, though a member of the Ministry, he did not have a seat in the Cabinet, and it may well be doubted whether English politics would ever have rewarded him with anything better than a minor portfolio.

During the years when Dufferin, whether from temperament or circumstances, was fairly to force his way into the van of practical politicians, his more characteristic gifts were making themselves felt within the narrow circle of courtiers and premiers. Besides the actual offer of Bombay, he had been talked of for Ireland and India before he came out to Canada. In other words, onlookers saw the true bent of his genius before he himself had come to recognize that abroad rather than at home lay his destiny as a public man. The reason why he could be transferred so well to the field of proconsular and diplomatic appointments was that he had never taken deep root among the followers of Palmerston and Gladstone. On one subject of domestic interest he held beliefs which might under different conditions have led him to fight hard for a purely political cause. An Irishman and a landlord, he could not view unmoved the discords and aspirations of his native land. Though only twenty years of age when the great famine broke out, he gave largely of his own means to relieve distress, and raised a considerable fund from among his friends. But during the period of his early manhood Home Rule did not become a primary issue in the politics of Great Britain; and after the rise of Parnell, he had passed beyond the point where a return to the strife of parties would have been easy. There can be no doubt, however, that the Unionist cause lost a convinced and stalwart champion when he entered the service of the Colonial Office.

Lord Dufferin certainly deserved to have the keen and scholarly biographer he has found. Indeed, it is a matter of critical importance to a man in his profession that his deeds should be recorded by the proper person. Lord Salisbury has said:

"A diplomatist's glory is the most ephemeral of all the forms of transient reward. There is nothing in his achievements which appeals to the imagination; nothing which art can illustrate, or tradition retain, or history portray. A military commander is more fortunate in his vocation. . . . But there is nothing dramatic in the successes of a diplomat. His victories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages; of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civility there; of a wise concession at one moment, and a far-sighted persistence at another; of sleepless tact, immovable calmness, and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunders can shake. But there is nothing exciting in the exercise of such excellences."

These words may have a touch of exaggeration, but the substance of them is obviously true. Dufferin's life in the hands of a second-rate biographer would make

but a dull tale. It is the merit of Sir Alfred Lyall that he has singled out the large issues, revealed the interesting friendships, and depicted in living colors the qualities which united to form a diplomatist of the highest type. His book is frank yet discreet, and marked in all its parts by delicacy of perception.

Dufferin's lineage gave him the traits of two strongly contrasted families. John Blackwood of Bangor, who migrated from Scotland to Ireland at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was, we may presume, a hard-working and canny colonist. At least his descendants in County Down were sagacious, money-getting people, who seem never to have been gifted with imagination, but whose solid qualities enabled them to build up an estate while keeping the respect of their neighbors. When a family of this kind intermarries with the Sheridans, Mr. Galton and those of his school have good cause to watch the results. Lord Dufferin's father, Price Blackwood, was, like Sir Henry Blackwood and several more of his line, a sailor—with the kindest heart in the world, but wholly innocent of literary culture. On the other hand, his mother, Helen Sheridan, possessed much of the wit which her grandfather distilled into "The Rivals," and a large share of the beauty with which her grandmother distracted the youth of Bath. Once, when Disraeli was talking with her, she said, referring to her famous sisters: "You see, Georgy's the beauty, and Carry's the wit, and I ought to be the good one, but then I'm not." As a matter of fact, she had a full portion of the Sheridan good looks, while her goodness, thus disclaimed with a jest, shone forth in both her poems and her life. The lines which she wrote to her son on his twenty-first birthday convey what every mother would wish for her son, in a strain that rises above the literary powers of all save the rarest.

Sir Alfred Lyall considers that in the character of Lord Dufferin the Sheridan qualities predominated, and it is pretty plain where the free-handedness, the lightness of spirit and the graceful blarney came from. Yet if we are to lay stress upon atavism, Dufferin possessed a steadiness and firmness which seldom appear in the men of the Sheridan family, but are stamped plainly upon the Blackwoods. The public rarely gave him credit for the stiffer virtues he derived from his father's side of the house because, in ordinary intercourse with the world, his speeches and conversation were so honeyed. None the less he had an ample reserve of determination, and used it whenever occasion required. In Canada, for example, he endeared himself to official society by lavish entertainments and to the public by his open, friendly ways. But when, in the days of the Pacific Scandal, it proved necessary for him to take a decided stand, he did not shrink from doing so, even though for the moment it cost him a good deal of his popularity.

"I have been much bored and worried," he writes in a private letter to Lord Kimberley, "and it is vexatious being dragged into such a dirty quarrel; and I regret coming into collision with any section of my Canadians. But I don't think their ill-humor will last long, and I am not sorry to have an opportunity of showing them that, however anxious I may be to be gracious and civil, I don't care a damn for any one when a matter of duty is involved."

In later years he had a good chance to display his firmness when dealing with the Porte, and his demeanor under the attack of certain lying French newspapers was nowhere appreciated with more candor than in Paris itself. When at last he turned on the canaille, he did so in such a spirit of self-respect and at the same time with so much good feeling towards the better element of the French press, that *Figaro* said next day: "Ceux de mes compatriotes qui veulent savoir ce que signifie l'épithète *gentlemanlike* que les Anglais emploient si volontiers, le savent maintenant!"

The boyhood and youth of Lord Dufferin afford comparatively little material for the biographer. By far the most interesting fact of this period is the closeness of the tie which bound him to his brilliant and affectionate mother. Of his father he saw comparatively little, owing to Price Blackwood's duties as a sailor and to his early death in 1841. At the time when Dufferin, an only child, succeeded to his Irish barony, he was a schoolboy at Eton, with no tastes as yet developed which gave sign of specialized talent. At Oxford the general cleverness which marked him from the first had an opportunity of making itself felt within the walls of Christ Church, and was recognized to a limited extent beyond that college. Although not ambitious of winning a high place in the schools, he already gave promise of becoming more than a graceful dilettante. It was here that his interest in people and his capacity for getting on well with all and sundry began to be a prominent trait. "I came here," he wrote to his mother, "with the determination to keep myself as much as possible from pretensions to superior morality, but to avoid any conduct which might be called methodistical." This observation is called forth by the avowal of his intention to steer clear of all hunting men, whose profane conversation seemed to him an offence against both good morals and good manners. Turning from the company of the *jeunesse dorée*, which was readily offered him, he rallied a band of more serious spirits and formed them into the Pythic Club. The name (derived through a doubtful etymology from πυθέσθαι, to inquire into truth) gives some inkling of the founder's purpose. Dufferin furnished the name, was chosen first president, and opened the proceedings by reading an inaugural essay. There were lively debates on Charles I., William of Orange, Frederick the Great, and also upon economic subjects. Among the original members were Boyle, afterwards Earl of Glasgow, Pakington, afterwards Lord Hampton, and Sir William Fraser. The society flourished from the outset, and did not disappear when Dufferin left the University. On July 1, 1898, he presided in London at a dinner of one hundred and fifty old Pythians, he and Sir W. Fraser being at that date the only survivors of the original band.

This brief notice of the Pythic Club will serve to illustrate the presence in Dufferin's nature of a strong intellectual instinct. Throughout his whole life he cherished that fondness for letters and conversation which not only was the best heritage of his mother's line, but which in his own case became a source of unfailing relief amid public labors and anxieties. At Oxford, also, he developed a genius for friendship. Nothing in these two volumes is more delightful than his affection for relatively obscure men from whom he had been separated by many years, great distances, and a complete difference of occupation. He was a tireless letter writer, and whether in Syria, Canada, India, Constantinople, Rome, or Paris, he never denied old friends those intimate accounts of his experience which were rendered all the more gracious to the recipient by a feeling that the writer remembered him amid the press of a thousand occupations. When speaking thus, we refer chiefly to Dufferin's unfailing kindliness towards the companions of school and college days. But wherever he went he was constantly making friends, who were not forgotten when the Atlantic or even the Red Sea had raised barriers to intercourse. From personal knowledge we could supplement the references made by Sir Alfred Lyall to his correspondence with the friends he had made in Canada.

Leaving Oxford at the close of 1846, Dufferin found strong supporters in his guardian, Sir James Graham, and in Lord John Russell. In 1849 he became a Lord of the Bedchamber, and in 1850 received an English peerage as Baron Clandeboye. Over his share in English politics during the next twenty years we must pass hurriedly. For a time his post as Lord of the Bedchamber gave him occupation at court, and enabled him to win the confidence of the Queen. How permanent her regard for him remained may be inferred from their relations in the closing years of the reign, as may be seen, for example, in her statement (1895) "that he was almost the only one left of her old friends whom she might consult, as long ago she consulted the third Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duke of Wellington." So far as his political career was concerned, he took a decisive step in asking for an English peerage instead of entering the House of Commons. It was Sir James Graham who advised this course, and we imagine that Dufferin had little cause to regret his acceptance of a seat in the Upper Chamber. By temperament he was unfitted for the rough-and-tumble work of the Commons. Though he could be firm, he did not possess the peculiar qualities of a party leader, and the decade 1850-1860 was a period when hard hitting continued to be still common.

In 'Letters from High Latitudes,' a product of these years, may be seen one form which Dufferin's activity assumed at a time when he had money in his pocket, and was free from cares of official life. During the same decade he was giving serious thought to the Irish question, and doing what he could, in a quiet way, for Whig interests. It was, however, the Syrian mission of 1860 which first gave him a chance to show his mettle. Placed between the Porte and a European concert, he was enabled to display his talents for negotiation at their best, and the credit which he gained on this occasion placed him in the direct line of pro-consular and diplomatic promotion. The intricate details of the issue it is impossible for us to discuss, but Dufferin, acting under difficult conditions, won a reputation for clear-headedness and fair dealing which he never forfeited. Soon after his return he visited Napoleon III.

at Compiègne, but, on resuming life in England, found himself without congenial occupation. This period of his career was a time of considerable solicitude. He could not, willingly, be idle, and there seemed little likelihood that he would be put over an important department. After Syria, he thought himself "a legitimate graft on the diplomatic service," but Constantinople did not come his way, and he even had some idea of becoming an author, though, he writes: "It will be with great dissatisfaction that I shall subside into that lower form of existence."

The impression which Dufferin had already made upon the leaders of his party was so great that he need have had no fear regarding his eventual employment by the State. Shortly after he had spoken thus disrespectfully of letters in comparison with the life active, he became (1864) Under-Secretary of State for India, and during the next eight years he was in close enough touch with public affairs as Chancellor of the Duchy, chairman of a royal commission on the state of military education, and chairman of an admiralty commission in 1871, to keep him from feeling a useless member of society. His interest in Irish questions continued to be very keen during this period, and, as a result of evidence given before a committee in 1865, he became engaged in a controversy with Mr. Isaac Butt. We pass lightly over these matters, because it is not through his connection with the domestic politics of Great Britain that he will be remembered. Before 1872, all he had attempted had been done efficiently; but, as a candidate for parliamentary honors of the highest rank, he had not been successful. As events were soon to prove, he had been working on a wrong line. His characteristic talents were given full scope for the first time when he was named Governor-General of Canada.

Shortly before Dufferin crossed the Atlantic, Robert Lowe came up to him in a London club, and said: "Now you ought to make it your business to get rid of the Dominion"; and this was a view which some years earlier had been expressed by Sir Henry Taylor to the Duke of Newcastle. As a matter of fact, Dufferin went to Canada with very different ideas, and, though circumstances did not require him to bear a part in any critical events, he did something to cement the tie between Great Britain and the newly-formed Dominion. From this date forward, he began to impair his estate by lavish hospitality, but, at whatever cost to himself, he saw that he represented the Imperial authority as he thought it ought to be represented. No other Governor-General has been such a delightful host, or thrown so much energy into social intercourse on a large scale. The sole unpleasantness of these years was a purely transient one between Dufferin and the leaders of the Liberal party, at the time of the Pacific Scandal; but, in the end, Mr. Mackenzie saw the justice of the Governor's position, and was numbered among his loyal friends.

It is natural to lay some stress upon Dufferin's success in pleasing all classes of the Canadian population because it was so extraordinary. He attended functions as though he liked to be there, and made countless speeches which were felicitous for the reason that he put both wit and mind into them. At the same time his correspondence shows how carefully he watched the development of political conditions, and how keen he was to seize upon the organic defects of colonial public life. A long passage from his first dispatch to Lord Carnarvon (vol. i., pp. 229-31) might be cited in illustration of the thought he gave to such subjects as the future of Canada and the results which might be expected to follow from the growth of a more independent spirit than had existed before Confederation. The growing disposition of the young men to look upon independence as the ultimate destiny of the country, he viewed without suspicion and even with favor. "Nor do I think," he says, "that this novel mode of thought will be devoid of benefit, provided it remains for the next twenty or thirty years a vague aspiration, and is not prematurely converted into a practical object. Hitherto there has been a lack of self-assertion and self-confidence among Canadians, in forcible contrast with the sentiments which animate our friends to the south of us." It is clear that he did not think the connection with Great Britain was seriously threatened by the spirit of Canadian nationality, and anything would be better for the Dominion than the political apathy of the masses which admitted of such wholesale corruption as was revealed by the Pacific Scandal.

Dufferin's life after he returned from Canada was filled up with a series of brilliant and responsible appointments in which he acquitted himself with unfailing distinction, until, at seventy, he was forced by rule to retire from the diplomatic service. From Ottawa he proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he displayed in a very different sphere the same qualities which had made him so popular in Canada. Two years later he was sent to Constantinople, and there he remained during the difficult period when the awards made by the Berlin Congress were being executed, and when Egyptian affairs were brought to the forefront of European interests by the revolt of Arabi. Just before Tel el-Kebir the situation became very trying, and there can be little doubt that Dufferin displayed his highest qualities at this juncture. "I congratulate you," wrote Lord Kimberley, in 1882, "on your brilliant campaign, in which you have covered yourself with glory"; and, best of all, his triumph in negotiation had been won without trickery. The special mission to Egypt upon which he was soon sent and the Indian viceroyalty in 1884 were outward marks of the approbation which he had won in all quarters at home.

The closing years of Lord Dufferin's career we must pass over with a single word. His rule in India was marked by the annexation of Burmah, but as a whole is lacking in those stirring incidents which belong to his residence at Constantinople. On his return from the East he received Rome and then Paris, the cream of diplomatic appointments being within his reach. Regarding his unfortunate connection with the London and Globe Corporation, Sir Alfred Lyall speaks tactfully, but without undue reticence. The fact seems to have been that when Dufferin trusted a man at all he gave him his complete confidence. Unhappily, in this case, he was deceived by a scoundrel, and his dealings with Whitaker Wright clouded his old age, though without touching his personal honor or causing him to forfeit the esteem of the country.

Dufferin's quickwittedness and graciousness of disposition endeared him to a host of people in many lands, and besides these qualities he had enough firmness and breadth of judgment to render him a great diplomatist. The world has always been ready to credit him with the possession of urbanity and other Sheridanic gifts. It has been left for Sir Alfred Lyall to show in this admirable biography how affectionate, robust, and straightforward he was.

LITTMANN'S SEMITIC INSCRIPTIONS.

Semitic Inscriptions. By Enno Littmann. The Century Co. Pp. 230.

This volume constitutes Part IV. of the publications of the American Archæological Expedition to Syria in the years 1899-1900, under the patronage of four public-spirited citizens, V. Everit Macy, Clarence M. Hyde, B. Talbot B. Hyde, and I. N. Phelps Stokes. Part II., "Architecture and Other Arts," by Howard Crosby Butler, A.M., the Director of the Expedition, has already been published. Part I., which contains the itinerary of the journey and deals with the topography and geography of northern Syria, is assigned to Robert Garrett, B. S., while Professor Prentice of Princeton has charge of the publication of the Greek inscriptions. In the present volume Dr. Littmann has brought together 233 inscriptions in six different Semitic tongues or dialects, covering a period from about the beginning of the Christian era well on into the Middle Ages, some 1,500 years in all. The inscriptions are beautifully published, with facsimile reproduction and a transliteration into more modern or usual characters. There is a considerable number of photographs to show the position of inscriptions, the character of the ruins in which they were contained, etc., and, in the case of the Safaïtic inscriptions, reproductions of some of the curious figures which accompany the rude script. The region covered by the explorations of this expedition was Northern Central Syria, Palmyra, and the Hauran, including also a small neighboring section of the desert.

The first four chapters deal with the inscriptions in north Semitic languages—Syriac, Palmyrene, Nabatæan, and Hebrew. The Syriac inscriptions, twenty-four in number, are valuable principally because of the scarcity of epigraphical material in that language. They came from the region west of the Euphrates, where the Antiochian or Hellenistic influence was most strongly felt. This is not the region to which we owe the principal literary productions in Syriac. Those originated in Mesopotamia. The cause of this is evident the instant one studies the inscriptions of Northern Central Syria. Clearly Greek influence was predominant throughout this region. The inscriptions published in this volume belong in general to the sixth century A. D. Dr. Littmann asks why it was precisely during this sixth century that "the inhabitants of Northern Central Syria began to make more use of their native language in their inscriptions" (p. 4), and the answer which he gives is that this use of the Syriac language was connected with a growth of the national spirit expressed in and strengthened by the Monophysite heresy. One of these inscriptions (No. 6) gives some curious details relating to the

construction of the church at Khirbit Hasan in 507 A. D., 556 of the era of Antioch. It cost 65 darics, "and of beans, wheat, and lentils 430 bushels, besides the chief expenses." Dr. Littmann compares this with a memorandum of Liutprand, king of the Lombards (713-744), which prescribes the amount to be paid in his kingdom to workmen engaged on buildings, specifying in detail the provisions which are to form "part of their wages." It would seem from the comparison that the wages in Lombardy were somewhat higher than those in Syria, and that the Lombards received meat and wine as a part of their wages or rations, while the Syrians received only corn and vegetables—a rather curious commentary on the different conditions of the two countries.

The Palmyrene inscriptions, fourteen in number, of which nine are new discoveries of this expedition, belong, of course, to a much earlier period, 10—200 A. D. or thereabouts. The first and second of these inscriptions give some evidence with regard to the history of the great temple. The first accompanied a portrait of a certain 'Ogailū set up in the years 70-71. From this it appears that the temple was in existence as the great sanctuary of Palmyra certainly at the very beginning of the first century. Incidentally we learn that, as in the case of the principal Babylonian temples and of the temple at Jerusalem (at least during the greater part of the period before the Exile), worship was not confined to one god. Besides the great god Bel, other gods had their altars and shrines within the precincts of the temple.

There are only three Nabatæan inscriptions, but one of these dates from the year 5 B. C., which gives it a special importance epigraphically. Two new fragments from the epistyle of the portico in the court of the Temple of Ba'al Samin at Si', together with the five fragments already known, enable Dr. Littmann to reconstruct this inscription, and, on the basis of that reconstruction, to restore in general outline the temple itself, which consisted of an inner temple, an outer temple or precinct, a *theatre*, "which seems to have been the technical name for the inner portico in front of the inner temple," and a gate with towers or pillars, which last remind one somewhat of the descriptions of the eastern entrance of the temple at Jerusalem. (Recent reports from the Princeton Expedition to Syria announce new and important discoveries at this place, and a complete restoration of the plan of the temple, which proves to be unique.)

The last two chapters deal with south Semitic inscriptions, Safaïtic and Arabic. The Safaïtic script is connected with the Thamudene script of Northern Arabia. Both of them were developments from the South Arabian alphabet. Southern Arabia borrowed the alphabet from Phœnicia and then developed it in its own peculiar way. The Thamudene and Safaïtic scripts were developments from the Phœnician alphabet in this secondary stage. In its original form the Phœnician alphabet spread among the Aramæans, and the earliest inscriptions found in Northern Arabia are Aramæan, and in the Phœnician-Aramæan script. The Thamudene and Safaïtic inscriptions of Northern Arabia and the Syrian desert are epigraphical evidence of the way in which new waves of emigrants moved slowly northward from inner Arabia, generally with the slowness and always with the resistlessness of a glacier. The Aramæans, who had themselves superseded a previous wave of emigration, were gradually pushed still further north by peoples whose source of culture was Southern Arabia. For the most part, these Safaïtic inscriptions, 136 in all, are mere *graffiti*, found on the borders of the Hauran, desertward between that region and the oasis of Ruhbeh. They occur scattered everywhere, but especially at the sites of old encampments. A few were discovered in connection with ruins, but in general "the fewer the traces of real civilization are, the more numerous are the Safaïtic inscriptions." They were written by Arabic Bedawin whose home was the desert and whose life did not differ essentially from that of modern Arabs. From the inscriptions "we learn that they camped at water-places, made robbing excursions against other tribes, fought and killed other Bedawin, hunted the wild animals, and tended their own herds and flocks. While roaming about they wrote or set up marks for their friends and relatives, if they should happen to pass by the same places, just as the Bedawin do now by means of their tribal marks; and in a number of cases we read that the friend or relative really found this mark" (p. 107).

Dr. Littmann's previous study of Thamudene and Safaïtic inscriptions, and his valuable work in the decipherment of these inscriptions and the determination of the vocabulary and grammar of their language, rendered it certain that his treatment of this part of the inscriptional material collected by the expedition would prove particularly interesting. Although, as he says in his preface, "the number of Safaïtic inscriptions gathered here is quite small in comparison with the larger collections of MM. de Vogüé, Dussaud, and Macler" (p. xi.), yet his thorough mastery of the material makes this chapter an important contribution to the more complete understanding of these curious documents of pre-Islamic, North Arabian civilization. (It should be added that on the second expedition, last winter, the results of which have not yet been published, Dr. Littmann collected further inscriptions in the Safa territory, and doubtless ere this has many more inscriptions than all of his predecessors put together discovered.) Preceding the treatment of the individual inscriptions, there are brief but most illuminating discussions on the alphabet, the dates of the inscriptions, the religious beliefs and practices evinced by them, the names contained in them, and much more of the same sort. The inscriptions are, for the most part, short—sometimes no more than the name of a man and his father; but even these contribute valuable information, when rightly collated, with regard to the religion of the people, the gods worshipped by them, and the like. It is noticeable that, while Allat (the feminine form of Allah) is the special god of the country, in composition we have, as the divine element, the form El, precisely as, in Israel, where Elohim was the god worshipped, we yet have El as the divine element in composition in proper names. From references in some of these inscriptions to outside events, especially the "war of the Nabatæans" and the Persian war, and by ingenious combinations, archæological and architectural, Dr. Littmann is led to conclude that the South Arabian alphabet found its way to this region at the latest toward the end of the pre-Christian period, and that it continued in use until the arrival of the Mohammedans in Syria.

While this work is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Northern Syria, it also suggests the much greater value of the material which lies beneath the surface of the ground throughout this same region, and which this expedition did not aim to explore. The region covered is in general the same as that explored by De Vogüé, but this expedition supplemented his work by the collection of a considerable gleaning of inscriptions not found by him. Both explorations have shown that much valuable material for the post-Christian period of Northern Syria may still be found above the surface of the ground, and have also proved, if that were necessary, how important and prosperous this country was during the first six Christian centuries. We know, from Assyrian and other inscriptions, that it was equally important at a very much earlier period, the remains of which lie beneath the ground, as do, for that matter, a large part, probably the larger part, of the remains of the post-Christian epoch. Ultimately, such work of surface exploration should be supplemented by the excavation of some of the more important sites of this little-known region.

A second expedition, the Princeton expedition to Syria, headed by Mr. Butler, and of which Dr. Littmann was also a member, revisited this region last winter, in the hope of discovering further epigraphical and architectural material. This expedition, which terminated last June, devoted itself at the outset to the region beyond the Jordan, northward into the Hauran, and eastward into the desert. It reports much valuable Nabatæan material from Si', Bosra and Ammân, a complete restoration of the temple, or rather temples, at Si', and of the Græco-Persian temple at Arak el-Emir, a unique monument of the second or third century before Christ, hitherto commonly supposed to be the palace of the Jewish king, John Hyrcanus, described by Josephus (Ant. xii., 4, 11). At the two last-named places small excavations were conducted to determine the ground plans of the buildings. (It is to be wished that some expedition might conduct complete and thorough excavations at one or more of the really important sites, like Ammân, Bosra, Arak el-Emir, etc.) Passing northward from the Hauran through the practically unknown desert region east of Homs the explorers found not a few ruins of large size, besides Roman camps, castles, and numerous small towns, with a harvest of Greek and Syriac inscriptions. The campaign ended in the wild and exceedingly rough country of the Jebel Sim'ân, near Aleppo, where some twenty to thirty sites, containing wonderfully preserved buildings and many important inscriptions in Greek and Syriac, were examined. Readers of the present volume will look forward with interest to the publication of the apparently still richer material discovered in this second, supplementary expedition.

The Science of War: A Collection of Essays and Lectures. By G. F. R. Henderson. 1892-1903. Edited by Capt. Neill Malcolm. With a Memoir of the Author by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

It is rare for the reviewer to open the pages of a book in which there is so little to criticise, so much to admire. England has produced great generals, but no theorist until now who could be classed with Jomini and Von Clausewitz. The late Col. Henderson resembles the latter more than the former in his keen sense of the psychological foundation on which strategy must ever repose; he stands by himself in his powerful common sense and statesmanlike breadth of view. The weakest point of his book is due to the premature death of the author at an age when much might yet be expected of him. He would doubtless, in due time, have produced a book of classic rank on his favorite subject; as it is, we have here only disconnected papers of uneven quality and full of repetitions. It must be added, however, that the editor was undoubtedly right in not attempting compression, for the risk of losing some portion of the sense would have been too great.

The finest chapter is the first, entitled "War." It is finished in form, it is full of the deepest political wisdom, and it touches in masterly fashion the intensely difficult problem of the civilian control of military operations. In his strategical theories Henderson always lays stress, as he did in his brilliant study of Stonewall Jackson, on the question of morale: "The issue of battle," he writes, "lies in the hearts of men." In his tactical theories it would be presumptuous for a civilian to follow him into close detail. It may be said, however, that, although he wrote before the Japanese war, his teaching in infantry tactics was entirely justified in Manchuria. The crowning point at which he aimed was the combination of trained skirmishing and the initiative of subordinates with the cohesion of tactical units. In other words, he looked, in this respect, more to the lessons of our civil war than to the Prussian tactics of 1870, in which cohesion was sacrificed. In the particular in which the Japanese showed least regard for military principle, the employment of cavalry in masses, again Henderson points the clear course, and again he grounds himself on the lessons of the civil war. The proportion of only one horseman to sixty-eight infantry in Oyama's army was a serious source of weakness, and it can hardly be doubted that a division of 10,000 cavalry operating on Nogi's left at Mukden, and trained as were the men who followed Sheridan and Stuart, would have played a decisive part. It is curious, on this question of tactics, to find no reference made to Lord Cromer's brilliant but little known Staff College Essays.

The civil war figures prominently in this book, and discussion might be carried to great length; only a few points, however, must be noted. In the Wilderness campaign, it is matter for regret that Lee's position on the North Anna is discussed only from the point of view of grand tactics; the strategy that placed Lee at that point instead of across the road leading to Hanover Court House still awaits comment. Col. Henderson accepts Lord Wolseley's dictum that the presence of a single army corps of regular soldiers would have turned the scale on either side. Is this so clear? To substantiate the point, a close study of the operations of the brigade of regulars attached to the Army of the Potomac would be necessary.

The chapter on the South African war is the least satisfactory; it would have been of far more value to have Col. Henderson's views on the German General Staff's criticism of Lord Roberts's movement across the Modder River than his reply to journalistic and amateur attacks that might well have been treated with indifference. Again, the defence of Buller is far from convincing.

In conclusion, it may be noted that Col. Henderson was an avowed friend and admirer of the American army and people; we may well reciprocate his sentiments. In an eloquent passage, in which he vindicates the fame of British arms, he writes:

"Neither the disasters of the war of the American Revolution, nor the defeats which marked the war of 1812, have a place in our catalogue of failure. Inflicted by an enemy who was flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, they can no more be cited as a proof of our inferior aptitude for war than Bannockburn or Prestonpans. *Pares aquilas et pila minantia pilis:* our own were the hands that smote us."

The book contains an interesting memoir of the author by Lord Roberts.

The Valerian Persecution: A Study of the Relations between Church and State in the Third Century, A. D. By the Reverend Patrick J. Healy, D.D., of the Catholic University of America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The *Nihil obstat* of a deputy censor and the *Imprimatur* of Archbishop Williams may be taken as relieving the critic from any necessity of searching this volume for anything unbecoming to the author as a faithful son of the Church. It is only fair to say, however, that the feeling of suspicion apt to be aroused in an American reader by the mere fact of censorship, however nominal, has no apparent justification in the present case. Dr. Healy has gone about his task with a genuine desire to get at the facts, and betrays no disposition to use for partisan purposes such facts as he finds. A persecuting Emperor is not necessarily a monster of personal wickedness in his eyes, and he is quite ready to relegate to the realm of myth the touching details of so good a story as that of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, on the evidence of scholarly investigation that these details were of far later origin than the events which they assume to describe. If his book, then, is not entirely satisfying, its measure of failure is to be attributed not so much to any defect of temper or method in the author as to the hard dealing of time with the original evidence which might have settled some of the vexing problems of the subject.

Under any of the earlier Emperors was there any direct and explicit prohibition of Christianity as such? Mommsen and others have answered in the negative, holding that such action as was taken against the Christians came under the general police power of administrative officials, and was not a matter of judicial interpretation or enforcement of written law at all. This view is accepted by Professor Ramsay, in his volume on the 'Church in the Roman Empire before A. D. 170,' and by E. G. Hardy in his short treatise on 'Christianity and the Roman Government.' Dr. Healy dissents, and of course is not without respectable company in his attitude, but his dissent is sustained by no conclusive arguments. It cannot be seriously questioned that the police power recognized and exercised under the Imperial constitution was broad enough to make trouble for a faith so radically at variance with Roman traditions as was early Christianity. Restraint, even to the death penalty, being easily secured without such assistance, the burden of proof lies on him who holds that special legislation was employed, and the evidence so far offered is very far from conclusive. Dr. Healy assumes, for example, that the words used by a number of the early Christian writers, *non licet esse Christianos*, are satisfactorily explained only on the theory that they are the exact words of the law. And yet he tells us only a half-dozen pages later that "the aim of the apologists, from Quadratus and Aristides to Tertullian, was not to obtain any change in the legislation. They demanded that such modifications be introduced into the procedure followed by the magistrates as would ensure for the Christians a fair trial on specific charges, and constantly complained that Christians were condemned for the mere name without any proof that they were guilty of crime or wrongdoing. Now if *non licet esse Christianos* was positive law, it is strange indeed that the whole strength of the apologists was not thrown into an attempt to change the law, on the ground of its essential injustice. If, however, the prejudice naturally aroused by the irreconcilability of Christianity with prevalent modes of thought and feeling had led magistrates to the too easy assumption that Christians were as a matter of course disloyal citizens, presumably guilty of any offences popularly alleged against them, then we can readily see that the available point of attack for the apologists was just that which they chose, the mode of procedure.

After interpreting the phrase in question as positive law, Dr. Healy surprises the reader by adding: "The vague and general character of such a law, neither fully defining the crime nor indicating any regular procedure, will certainly explain the difficulty which Pliny experienced in executing it." It is hard to conceive how *vagueness* could be more completely eliminated than in the form of words quoted. Pliny knew that he had the right to enforce the death penalty, and had been acting on that right before asking the Emperor for further instructions. If he had had such a positive law as Dr. Healy assumes, his task would have been simplicity itself. But if he was merely using his discretionary police power to maintain tranquillity in his province, and found himself under popular pressure to take stern measures against a sect in which he could not find anything ordinarily to be branded as crime, but which was indisputably causing various disorders from the Roman point of view, then a

man of his kindly disposition might well have been perplexed.

It will be borne in mind, of course, that Dr. Healy's attribution of legal standing to the phrase is put forward merely as a matter of opinion, and not as an ascertained fact. He refers to Trajan's reply to Pliny as the first "special legislation on the subject of Christianity" to which we can point with absolute certainty. We must agree here with Mr. Hardy, who says that "to speak of Trajan's letter as an edict either of proscription or of toleration, is a complete misconception of the facts." Ramsay, too, has strongly expressed his surprise that so many critics have made the mistake of exalting into Imperial legislation against Christianity this simple letter of advice to a provincial governor, who was anxious to use his discretion in a purely administrative matter in such a way as to win approval at Rome. Dr. Healy's work is not everywhere self-consistent, and this defect once at least touches an important point. On page 109, Macrianus is distinctly indicated as the man whose evil influence made a persecutor of Valerian, after the promise of better things, while on page 165 the same bad preëminence is just as clearly assigned to Aurelian.

There is a place for a good history, in the English language, of the Roman persecutions of Christianity. Dr. Healy's work is of course narrower in its scope, but, however interesting it may be in some respects, it leaves even the Valerian period still a fair claim to inclusion in that history when it shall be written.

Jean François Millet. By Richard Muther. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The number of "series" and "libraries" of little books on art and artists is almost incalculable and increasing, while the quality of many of them is surprisingly good. If the general public does not learn something about art, it will not be the fault of the publishers or the writers. Mr. Muther's monograph on Millet in the Langham Series, though it is very brief, is especially notable for the justice of its point of view. The author is not one of those sentimental critics who gush about the "Angelus," or imagine that Millet's work may be understood without regard to technical considerations, and is great solely because of his feeling for the hard lot of the peasant. Of the "Angelus" he remarks that, "quite apart from the fact that this particular painting must be reckoned, on purely technical grounds, one of Millet's weakest productions, its theme is characterized by a sentimentality which is foreign to his work"; while he cautions us against laying too much stress on the fact that Millet was born a peasant. The important thing is that he was born an artist. Mr. Muther perceives very clearly that, in art, the subject is more or less accidental, that the style is the man, and that no artist ever attained real eminence without great qualities of a purely artistic order—qualities which would give value to his productions no matter on what subject he chose to exercise them.

More than this, he perceives clearly and explains lucidly what was the chiefest of Millet's artistic qualities: "the 'eye for greatness' which Goethe extolled in Michelangelo," a "sense of Nature's elementary language of form." This is the true note, and the comparison with Michelangelo is exactly the right one. Since the great Florentine laid down his pencil, there has been no such mastery of line, no such expression of bulk and weight and movement, no such grand style in the treatment of the human figure, as is to be found in the works of Millet. The best pages of the book are those devoted to the exposition of Millet's manner of drawing; of his constant rehandling of a theme until he had entirely mastered it, purging his rendering of all that is merely descriptive so that there remain "only essential lines, massiveness of contour, rhythm of motion." And next to his grandeur of draughtsmanship, Millet's most wonderful gift was his ability to express space—"to endow his perspective with an enormous power of illusion," to give the sense of "infinite distances." His rustic scenes were admirable media for the expression of these qualities, and therefore he painted peasants—not because he was a peasant himself. Many painters have been peasants, and many have painted peasants, but there has been no other Millet, while it cannot be doubted that Millet himself would have produced analogous results no matter what he undertook to represent.

So far, then, and as regards the major part of his thesis, we are in entire accord with Mr. Muther; but it seems to us that in his desire to signalize the qualities of Millet the draughtsman, he is too emphatic in his denial that Millet was a painter. A facile or charming technician he certainly was not, and no one is called upon to admire his handling as such, but Mr. Muther's strictures on his color are excessive. Even here our author sees the merit of appropriateness, and considers that the earthiness—he even says dirtiness—of Millet's tones is expressive of the union of rustic man with the soil. What he would not admit is, that Millet's coloring is often as powerful as it is sober, is harmonious always and, on occasion, subtle. Millet was preëminently and supremely a draughtsman, but, within his purposely limited range, he was also a great colorist.

In common with most critics who have written of Millet, Mr. Muther is, we think, unjust to the early work of that artist, done before his settlement in Barbizon. He does not, indeed, give the impression, too frequently given, that this work is lascivious and immoral, but he does intimate that it is of poor quality. In reality some of it is exceedingly able, cleverer by far than the earliest of the peasant pictures, and interesting for its demonstration of the sound technical education which underlay the later and greater achievements of the painter. Finally, while it is true that too much has been made of Millet's peasant origin, we think hardly enough has been made of his race. It was not for nothing that he was a Norman, and the austere nobility and seriousness of his art remind one frequently of the art of two other great Normans, Nicolas Poussin and Pierre Corneille.

The little book is agreeable in size and shape and very well illustrated. One regrets, however, the yielding to the present fashion of introducing as book illustrations plates loosely mounted on blue-gray cardboard. The use of the "Angelus" as a frontispiece is a concession to the public which the author would hardly have made.

Modern Housing in Town and Country. By James Cornes. Scribners. 1905.

That the English take an intense interest in the homes of the working classes is very clearly shown by the book named above. The problem in England is even more pressing than it is here, and the number and variety of the attempted solutions are correspondingly greater. While, with us, the private owner who builds with an eye single to a profitable venture, or the philanthropic citizen or body of citizens that attempts to house the people well and with some slight return upon the investment, are almost the only forces attacking the problem, in England quite others—taking advantage of an act passed fifteen years ago—are at work. By this act, the public-works loan commissioners are empowered to advance money to corporations or individuals for the purpose of constructing dwellings for the working classes, and local authorities may themselves provide such dwellings. Some of these authorities have undertaken works upon an enormous scale; the London County Council alone having made provision for over one hundred thousand people, involving an expenditure of five millions sterling, the whole of which will be remunerative, no charge whatever being made on the county rate.

These housing schemes fall into four chief classes: First, the "block dwellings," a large building of several stories, in which tenements are grouped around a few main staircases. Second, the "Rowton Houses," hotels for the poorer classes, in which separate bedrooms or cubicles are provided for each man, and comfortable common rooms for eating, reading, recreation, etc. Third, "cottage tenements," two or three stories high, containing but one flat on each floor. Fourth, the self-contained cottage. Mr. Cornes presents an admirable collection of many examples of each of the four classes, with plans in detail, description of materials and arrangements, cost, rentals, and financial schemes. He treats also of such interesting attempts at assembling well-designed cottages for the working classes in the midst of attractive surroundings as those at Port Sunlight, Bournville, and Garden City, Letchworth.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Elkan Nathan. About Hebrew Manuscripts. Henry Frowde.
Balzac's Les Chouans. Edited by C. L. Freeman. Henry Frowde.
Beldam, G. W., and J. H. Taylor. Golf Faults Illustrated. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Belding, Albert G. Commercial Correspondence. American Book Co.
Benndorf, Cornelie. Die Englische Pädagogik im 16. Jahrhundert. Leipzig: W. Braumüller.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Frontier Knight. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1905.

The Week.

A great railway and telegraphic strike, combined with an industrial, that for the moment all but isolated Russia from the rest of Europe, created a situation of which Count Witte remained the master—the master so far as final determination of the Tsar's mind was concerned. On Monday a constitutional régime was proclaimed in autocratic terms, with mighty concessions from which there can be no steps backward. Practically universal suffrage, a Parliament freely elected and of supreme law-making powers, freedom of the press, and even the writ of habeas corpus, forever ending "administrative exile" and the other resorts of arbitrary power—these are the chief points in the new charter of Russian liberty. It is a great day for democracy. The echoes of this stupendous event will be heard in other lands—in Austria, in Germany, yes, and in the Philippines. Meanwhile, amid wild rejoicing, the racked Empire appears to be settling down into order, with its face to the future.

One curious question, brought to the front by the Czar's surrender to the people, concerns the effect of his action on Russia's public credit. As it happens, means are at hand for measuring this effect. Russia is supposed to have applied for a loan of $360,000,000, to be floated in outside markets. The bankers compromised by agreeing to $260,000,000, of which Paris was to take one-half. Last week the contract was all but signed, and an issue early in November was expected, when the Russian popular uprising occurred. The bankers naturally withdrew, the whole operation was indefinitely postponed. Now comes this new turn in events; what is to happen next? The probability is that Russia's public credit will be greatly enhanced—first, because a revolutionary outbreak, with results impossible to forecast, has been averted; second, because Witte, who enjoys in high degree the personal confidence of the European markets, is at the helm. Light is thrown on the episode by an occurrence during last January's revolutionary demonstration, when a manifesto of the popular leaders, after pledging continued observance of the Imperial Government's prior obligations, added:

> "Every foreign loan contracted after Sunday, January 22, this year, will be unhesitatingly repudiated, because no nation can now lend to the Russian Government in ignorance of the fact that people and bureaucracy are struggling to discover which of them really represents the nation."

Whether foreign lenders did or did not take this threat seriously, it is a fact that from that day forward Paris bankers refused to take a Russian loan. Berlin took some $50,000,000 very reluctantly; for the rest, Russia had to wait.

The "Convention" at Chicago on Thursday to endorse the President's proposed railroad legislation was, strictly speaking, no convention at all. No one was admitted who would not agree beforehand to approve the cut-and-dried resolutions prepared in advance. Mr. E. P. Bacon, who got up the affair, explicitly telegraphed to various bodies whom he had invited to send delegates that none would be "eligible" who did not agree with him. As a matter of fact, many such were refused entrance to the hall, and naturally went off to hold a convention of their own. This result inevitably robs the proceedings of any weight. It was a "ratification meeting," not a convention. As Mr. Bacon frankly stated in anticipation to a reporter of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, even a delegate "regularly seated" would not be allowed to propose any resolution "not in sympathy" with those who got up the meeting. Of course, gentlemen of a feather are privileged to flock together and resolve that they are unanimously in favor of what they were known unanimously to favor; but it is a trifle absurd to call that sort of thing "a convention to impress upon Congress the extent and persistence of the demand of the people."

In the announcement that Attorney-General Moody has decided to take a hand in the investigation of the wrecked Enterprise National Bank at Allegheny, Senator Boies Penrose and his "gang" will doubtless see fresh evidence of the hostility of the Roosevelt Adminsitration. Indeed, the Attorney-General's orders to the United States District Attorney at Pittsburgh to investigate the failure, with a view to bringing criminal proceedings against the guilty, looks very much like a reprehensible desire to get some of the Republican leaders into jail. In similar cases the machine has known how to "fix" bank examiners, so as to enable them to cover their tracks; but if their own party leaders in Washington are going to join the enemy, what is a poor State politician to do? Of course, there is Mexico—and China, too, has some attractions; but if Quay could reach the Senate after pilfering from the Treasury, why should not his successors brazen it out? Unfortunately, Uncle Sam, once started in an investigation of this kind, is not apt to stay his hand; and in Mr. Moody he has a servant who is quite likely to see the case through to the bitter end, precisely as he has been jailing a Republican Senator and Congressman in Oregon.

The Panama Canal will certainly be dug, for he himself has said it, but that job is easy compared with the labor of keeping the Panama Commission harmonious. Again we have tales of internal "friction"; Secretary Taft and Chairman Shonts do not get on together; each has a feeling of "deep responsibility," etc., and Mr. Shonts's is so deep that rumors of his resignation are flying about. It may be that one cause of difficulty is revealed in the official report on Isthmian Canal expenditures, made public on Saturday. This covers the record up to June 30. At that date there was a balance on hand of a little more than $6,000,000. That is to say, since the appropriation of $10,000,000 by Congress on June 28, 1902, some $4,000,000 had been spent. Now, the startling fact is that, under Chairman Shonts, more has been laid out in four months than had previously been in three years. There is to-day less than $1,000,000 left, barely enough to get along with until Congress meets and votes more money. A new appropriation is the main thing, and the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent innocently states that "it was hoped all knowledge of friction" might be kept from Congress until it had put the Commission in funds again. One can imagine that disagreeable questions from Secretary Taft about the lavish expenditures may have had something to do with the friction, and it is certain that Congress will not do its duty unless it makes a rigid inquiry, and insists upon having all sinecures cut off, before it appropriates another dollar.

The Central Leather Company—sometimes called the Leather Trust—will, according to the statement of A. Augustus Healy, the vice-president, coöperate with the National Shoe Manufacturers' Association in the movement for free hides. The manufacturers are ungrateful wretches; not content with the generosity of the protectionists, who offer free goat skins, they shamelessly demand hides also. They want what they want, even if they take the bread out of the mouth of the hungry Armour Packing Company. They offer the feeble pretext that the tariff on raw material seriously cripples their business. So much the worse for their business. The Dingley tariff is a sacred institution. To pull out one stone may bring down the whole edifice. A manufacturer who asks for free raw material is therefore no patri-

ot. The Central Leather Company is as shockingly selfish as the manufacturers. "It is to our interest," says Mr. Healy in an interview, "that prices for raw material shall remain low, for then consumption is at its best." This is flying in the face of Providence and Secretary Shaw. Mr. Healy ought to have learned by this time that high prices are in themselves an inestimable blessing to the country. Mr. Healy wants prices low enough to stimulate the market; but this is rank commercialism. If prices are all high enough, Americans will dwell in such a state of spiritual exaltation that no one will care whether he is selling anything or not.

"Twelve thousand workers" petition against the importation of goods made by cheap foreign labor; they demand the imposition of a 40 per cent. duty, with the object of maintaining "the high standard of living" which they now enjoy. That sounds familiar, and the reader will wonder how he came to overlook the item in the American news of the day. But, dear reader, it is New Zealand news of the day; and the degrading foreign labor against which the twelve thousand workingmen are petitioning the Australian Parliament for protection, is American labor. This stands our own argument for protective duties and subsidies on its head, of course; but its legs can still wave wildly, and that seems to be enough to convince a certain order of intelligence that Dingleyism is all that saves us.

Mr. Jerome has already won an unexampled triumph. Even if he fails of election, he has at least fought a boss into submission. His final endorsement by the Republican organization, after it had first rejected him with every expression of hatred and contempt, is the most extraordinary tribute ever paid to a candidate. It is also the completest recognition possible of the issue for which Mr. Jerome stands, and an admission that it is cutting a swath through party lines in a way to upset party calculations and discomfit bosses. Thus the very wrath of cunning politicians is made to praise sterling character, with its irresistible appeal to the people. And that Mr. Jerome means to cling to his one issue tenaciously, he made clear in his speech on Thursday night. Republican endorsement did not stay his hand against Republican corruption. He spoke again of Senatorships auctioned off as if they were worn-out fire-horses, and said he would not insult his hearers by imagining that they thought the two Senators from New York fairly represented this State. It is machine tyranny and venality which has foisted such men upon us; and it is the fight against those intolerable evils which Jerome is leading. Let the bosses take him or leave him, his voice rings out the same.

Mr. Cleveland's endorsement of Mayor McClellan is largely, we suppose, a matter of personal friendship. It was one word for McClellan to ten against Hearst. One could wish that virtue would go out of Mr. Cleveland to do the Mayor good. The latter certainly betrays the need of a little of the ex-President's gift of blunt and independent speech. Possibly Mayor McClellan may be spurred on by Mr. Cleveland's approval to exhibit a certain amount of Clevelandesque quality. It was Gov. Cleveland who wrote tersely to the then leader of Tammany Hall, to tell him that Grady was a disreputable person and a pernicious Senator, who ought not to be sent back to Albany. It was President Cleveland who boldly said that Murphy of Troy was not a fit man to be Senator of the United States. How refreshing it would be if Mr. McClellan would indulge in a little plain speaking of this kind!

If the Philadelphia machine had really any hopes of carrying the coming election, they must be blasted by the report of the actual stealings of the Durham ring during the construction of various public works. Even those who believed that the frauds would mount to a high figure must be astounded at the grand total of the graft thus far revealed—about $6,330,000. Major Gillette of the army and John Donald MacLennon, the experts who have been probing the filtration frauds, are convinced that $18,767,541 has been paid or pledged for work which should have cost only $12,430,000. Allowing a profit of 20 per cent., the money stolen from the people of Philadelphia is still over six millions. In addition, the experts find that at least 1,200 lives of typhoid victims would have been saved if the filtration plant had been finished on time. One reservoir, it has been ascertained, is of no value whatever, and never was expected to be of value; the contract for it was let merely in order that the favored contractors might make a large profit on it. There was the most shameless juggling with bids, advertisements, specifications, and contracts; work was done in any fashion which pleased the contractors. In some cases the bidding was restricted to two bidders only. Some contractors were allowed to use the city's property quite at will. In other words, there was a carnival of grafting in which the McNichol firm, with Israel Durham, the Republican boss, as a member, got the lion's share.

The appointment by the Mutual Life Insurance trustees of a special committee to investigate the affairs of the company, is a step the importance of which will depend wholly on the spirit of the committee in undertaking its work. The three committeemen selected are trustees of the Mutual; but this is the usual procedure in an inquiry of this sort, and it by no means follows that, because they are connected with the management, their work will be biassed or superficial. The Frick committee on the Equitable scandal is a case in point; all of its members were trustees, and some were supposed at the time to be fully in sympathy with one faction or the other in the Hyde-Alexander quarrel. Yet the report, when it appeared, was thorough, impartial, and unsparing; it dealt with the management's abuses frankly and quite without respect of persons, and it made reform in the Equitable's practices inevitable. The gentlemen selected for the Mutual's investigating committee all have a standing before the public which they will surely be anxious to preserve, and they are necessarily aware that an evasive or whitewashing report, in a matter with which the public is daily familiarized through the Armstrong committee's work, would gravely impair the reputation of men who signed their names to it. We sincerely trust that, like the Frick committee, they will extend its inquiries and recommendations beyond the field of extravagance, political corruption, and syndicate participation, and will overhaul thoroughly the present methods and practices of life insurance. The question which needs to be dealt with speedily and intelligently is how this stupendous accumulation of surplus capital is to be modified or prevented. This is a problem which should appeal particularly to a committee of insurance trustees, for the reason that it cannot be directly dealt with by a legislative committee.

There is at least one life-insurance company, the Northwestern of Milwaukee, which declined in 1896 to rescue the country from the free silverites. When Messrs. McCall, McCurdy, and others like them were giving Mr. Hanna sums of $50,000 and more to save our institutions from perishing, the Northwestern was also approached. Its agent in Dubuque was asked by the chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee to obtain a contribution of $100 to help defeat Mr. Bryan. The agent referred his request to the head office, and received the following reply from the vice-president of the company, the late Willard Merrill, which is so correct in its point of view that we reprint it in part:

"This company has never made a contribution of that sort. We are aware that some companies have made contributions in some of these cases, but, under our charter and as we understand our duty, we have felt compelled to decline when requests have been made. There are both Dmocrats and Republicans on the official

staff of this company, but we are without exception this fall in favor of sound money and shall vote accordingly. We have no sympathy with the free coinage of silver, but we do not feel at liberty to take part as a company in any political campaign. Undoubtedly, a large number of our policyholders believe in the free coinage of silver, and they certainly would have a grievance if the officers of the company should contribute toward expenses in opposition to their views."

We fancy that either Mr. McCall or Mr. McCurdy would now give a large sum to be able to draw a similar statement from their own letter files. As it is, the Springfield *Republican*, remembering the admirable career of the late Col. Jacob Greene of the Connecticut Mutual, who also died poor, is justified in wondering whether all the life-insurance leaders of the austere school of Mr. Merrill and Col. Greene are in the other world.

The figures of the State census, just made public, illustrate anew the tendency to move to the cities. Greater New York, with practically half of the State's 8,066,672 people, of course has been the greatest gainer in the period from 1900 to 1905, the percentage of increase being 16.8, in comparison with 11 per cent. increase throughout the State. Buffalo, Rochester, and Schenectady also shared liberally in the growth, while cities like Albany and Syracuse advanced more slowly. Smaller cities and the villages, except where factories were introduced in the five-year period, showed a normal increase. It was in the twenty characteristically rural counties, like Seneca, Steuben, and Schoharie, that a decrease of population was noted. In Seneca the population dropped from over 28,000 to a little more than 25,000, the percentage of loss being equivalent to the State's percentage of gain. These returns fall in with the figures of the mid-decade census of Massachusetts, published recently, which indicated a rapid city growth, and stagnation in the country districts. But the old Eastern States are not alone in reporting losses of rural population. Iowa has been for some months attempting to explain a decrease in the State's population, though the fact is that Iowa has no great cities to draw outsiders, and it is true there as elsewhere that fewer men are needed to cultivate the soil than ever before. The "drift to the cities" is still serious enough to call for extra activity on the part of the "back-to-nature" preachers.

That our biggest colleges are still largely local centres of learning is shown in an interesting table of attendance at nine Eastern and Middle Western universities published in *Science*. The figures are those of attendance in 1904-1905 at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Cornell, Princeton, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana. They include a total registration of 26,954, varying between Princeton's 1,345 and Columbia's 4,121. From the North Atlantic States — Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—more than half, or 15,066, of the total attendance was drawn. The North Central States contributed over a third, 9,848, while the South Atlantic sent only 787, the South Central only 557, and the Western only 631. The tendency to stick to the home college is, of course, stronger in the East than anywhere else. Out of the total of 3,300 students in the University of Illinois, 3,164 are from the North Central States, and the University of Indiana got 1,453 of her total of 1,531 from the home State. Michigan depended on the North Central States for 3,155 of her 3,794 students, drawing 2,199 from the State.

The Eastern colleges, naturally, "pulled" stronger outside their special territory than the three Middle Western, though the figures indicate that the old rule as to the decrease of interest according to the square of the distance held fairly true. Thus, Columbia got 2,554 of her total of 4,121 men from the enumerated States in the North Atlantic group; Harvard, 3,235 out of 4,098; Cornell, 2,405 out of 3,130; Yale, 2,121 out of 2,899; Pennsylvania, 2,372 out of 2,727, and Princeton, 943 out of 1,354. New York State furnished over two-thirds of Columbia's enrolment, and considerably over a half of Cornell's, while Massachusetts supplied slightly more than half of the men registered at Harvard. Pennsylvania sent 1,939 men to the State University out of a total of 2,727, quite as large a percentage as New York gave to Columbia. Connecticut, however, sent only 1,009 of Yale's 2,899 men to New Haven, and Princeton got only 296 of her students in New Jersey. Harvard and Yale had about an equal attraction throughout the country. In the South Atlantic division the figures were 114 and 99, both being beaten by Columbia and Cornell with 118 and 175 respectively. In the South Central States, Harvard gathered 88 men to Yale's 80; in the North Central, 526 to 506, and in the Western, 126 to 78. Only 67 students came from Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Porto Rico to these nine colleges, and 603 from all foreign countries.

Another by-election went heavily against the Balfour Government last week. At Hampstead, a seat was not actually lost, but the majority was cut down from 1,800 to 400. A net loss of 1,400 votes to a constituency is now, apparently, about what the Conservatives have to expect. It was registered ten days previously in the Barkston Ash by-election, where a seat which the Tories won by 1,906 in 1885, and 1,241 in 1892, was captured for the Liberals by 228. This came on top of reverse after reverse of the same kind. Since 1900 there have been 65 contested elections in Great Britain. Their result is to turn a Conservative majority of 29 into a Liberal majority of 11. This ratio, applied to a general election, would leave the Conservatives worse beaten than they were in 1880. Of course, Mr. Balfour may constitutionally hold on and defy the known sentiment of the country as long as his majority is not entirely whittled away in the House of Commons, and the septennial act does not come into force. But his dwindling prestige makes it increasingly difficult to carry on the Government; and even his thick-and-thin supporters like the London *Telegraph* and the *Times* are now forecasting an enforced dissolution of Parliament early in the spring.

M. Raymond Recouly, who was with the Russian armu in Mantchuria, has recorded in the *Revue Bleue* his impressions of the war and of the peace of Portsmouth. By the treaty, Japan, he thinks, has gained all that she set out to gain excepting money. Russia was not seriously humiliated by her reverses, although she lost possessions which were not indispensable to the national welfare. It has sometimes been said that Russia must feel the loss of Mantchuria as France felt the loss Alsace-Lorraine. On the contrary, M. Recouly thinks that in the future there will be a cordial understanding between Japan and Russia. Among the Russian soldiers, he noticed an absence of racial and national prejudice and bitterness. The troops felt that Russia was already sufficiently rich in territory without fighting for new Asiatic possessions. Even when they met with defeat, they consoled themselves by saying: "This brings us nearer home." According to M. Recouly, the war should have opened the eyes of England to the folly of fearing a Russian invasion. It was dread of Russia which made the first Anglo-Japanese treaty. Actually, the British Empire is threatened by Russia at but two points—Persia and Constantinople. At present, while Russian influence is paramount in Teheran, and while Russia seeks an outlet by way of the Persian Gulf, the country lying between the frontier and Asiatic waters is "cursed by desolation and death." As for Constantinople, it seems that Germany and Austria are there more powerful than England. M. de Witte praised the German Emperor for his correct attitude during the war in the East. It was easy, says M. Recouly, for him to view the struggle with undisturbed equanimity; for the armies of his Eastern rival were being defeated without the mobilization of a German regiment.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH.

The President's Southern tour—"swinging round the circle," in elder parlance—is at an end. It has been marked, with scarcely an exception, by great popular demonstrations mixed of curiosity and of hero-worship, and by official civilities which were less to be expected, for reasons well understood. The South was, in fact, in a very real sense the enemy's country. President Roosevelt had, if we may believe the papers of that section, committed the unpardonable sin. To begin with, he is one of the blackest of black Republicans. The Southern Bourbons felt that he had aggravated his original sin by going out of his way to insult them. For example, he had closed a Mississippi post-office because some whites had made trouble for the colored postmistress. He had appointed a negro collector of the port of Charleston, and had held the man in place and forced the Senate to confirm him, in spite of furious protests from the dominant white faction of the city. Above all, he had invited a distinguished negro to dinner and had thus, so the accusation ran, openly proclaimed a belief in "social equality." Ever since that dinner invitation the press of the South has lost no chance to attack Roosevelt. As a writer in the Raleigh *News and Observer* remarks, "But yesterday we were up in arms against one Teddy Roosevelt because he had, we said, deliberately and of malice aforethought, used his high position to lessen the social chasm which sunders the races in this country." To-day the South can hardly find words to express its admiration. Take one example from the Birmingham *Age-Herald:*

> "The man whom the people came from all parts of Alabama to honor yesterday is emphatically an American who stands for all, regardless of social lines or the size of pocketbooks. A man of heartier American spirit and impulses has never occupied the Presidential office. He is an American from the ground up, a true type of the best aspirations of the republic, the first citizen of this glorious land of liberty."

In such glowing tributes the South has joined the West and the North in recognition of the man Roosevelt.

The political theories propounded by the President in the Southern cities, from Richmond to New Orleans, are those which he has set forth again and again. He favors Government regulation of railway rates; he wants the Panama Canal built with all possible speed; he hopes the republics of Central and South America will behave themselves. Moreover, he has urged his hearers to be good men and good citizens; to keep the rascals out of office. If a candidate be corrupt, he cries, "then refuse, under any plea of party expediency, under any consideration, to refrain from smiting him with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon." In this exhortation, too, there is no novelty, nor did utterances of this character call for any sectional display of tact. Mr. Roosevelt was unstinted in praise of the Southern character *bellum* and *post-bellum*, and adroitly steered clear of the fundamental question, we will not say of negro suffrage, or of civil equality, but of the negro's equal right to demonstrate his perfectibility as a human being—his "square deal." At Tuskegee his task was easy. Here he was careful to recognize the assistance which broad-minded white people had given and are giving to the great cause of negro education. His tribute to the white people of Tuskegee must have been especially grateful to Mr. Washington, for they have stood by the school in its crises and have a full realization of the noble work which it is doing. More noticeable and more honorable still was his frank utterance about lynch law. Within thirty miles of Tuskegee is one of the worst lynching regions in the United States. Tuskegee itself has known lynching alarms, and it was only a couple of weeks ago that Texans were petitioning their Governor for a dispensation which would permit them to lynch without let or hindrance. Recognizing as he does the nature of the conditions which give rise to these crude and hideous attempts to suppress crime in both colors, Mr. Roosevelt spoke out vigorously against mob law, laying stress upon a fact which the majority of Southerners are apt to overlook, namely, that "every time a law is broken, every individual in the community has the moral tone of his life lowered." The President fitly added to this his praise of the white Southerners who have stood out against this evil. We wish it had been possible for him to mention some names, like those of Gov Lanham of Texas and Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy of Montgomery, prominent in opposition.

The President did not, of course, fail to lay stress upon the duty of the negro race to fit itself for a worthy place in our American republic, and he was able to cite the accumulation of $300,000,000 worth of property in forty years as a proof that the colored man is acquiring wealth with astonishing rapidity. The blotting out of one-half the illiteracy of Reconstruction days is another achievement of whites and blacks alike of which he took proper notice. His declaration that "ignorance is the costliest crop that can be raised in any part of this Union," ought to check a dangerous feeling in some quarters that the education of the negro has gone far enough. Mr. Roosevelt put the question of education primarily on a business basis, but he went on to add that "every white man in America, no matter where he lives, should try to help the negro to help himself"—this "in the interest of humanity, justice, and of self-protection"; and, finally, that it is the interest and duty of the white man to see that the negro is "protected in property and life, and in all his legal rights."

In Arkansas the President would have been more than human had he listened to Gov. Davis's defence of lynching without responding to it. His sharp reply was admirable in both form and substance. The lyncher does, as Mr. Roosevelt affirmed, sink to the bestial level of the negro criminal he helps to kill. The President's statement that three-quarters of the lynchings are not for the unmentionable crime, should go far towards ending false and misleading statements by men of the Tillman, Dixon, and Davis types. Every one who has seen a Southern lynching, or a Northern one for that matter, knows that it springs from and arouses the lowest passions of man. In most cases the first preparation for this bestowal of summary "justice" is a day of hard drinking in low groggeries by "poor whites" and callow youths who love the excitement. When they have dispatched one victim they are often ready to torture or kill another, as in the Mississippi case, where an innocent *woman* was racked by tortures too indecently inhuman to be reported in print. Mr. Roosevelt could not appear by silence to consent to Gov. Davis's utterances. Had he done so, he would have been untrue to the best there is in him.

HISTORY OF SHIPPING SUBSIDIES.

Especially opportune, in view of the activity of the subsidy agitators, is the latest publication of the American Economic Association, upon the "History of Shipping Subsidies." The author, Royal Meeker, Ph.D., is not an "expert" in the employ of our paternal government, but a student of economics who has patiently gathered and sifted facts with the purpose of ascertaining their meaning. Hitherto the field has been left to ex-commissioners of navigation, secretaries of subsidy committees, and similar official or semi-official "experts," who have been naturally unanimous and enthusiastic in their support of the bounty-grabbers. It is fortunate, therefore, that Dr. Meeker has at last given us an uncolored—shall we say unsubsidized?—account of the history of ship subsidies.

Turning first to the experience of Great Britain, Dr. Meeker reminds us that the largest merchant marine in the world has been built up without the payment of subsidies to merchant shipping. The postal subventions which Great Britain pays to certain steamship lines have often contained concealed subsidies, Dr. Meeker believes; but the results are proved to be frequently the reverse of what they are generally supposed to be. He shows, for instance, that the large grants made to the Cunard Company prior to 1867 had the effect of restricting the growth and improvement of the trans-Atlantic service.

It was unsubsidized companies that substituted screw steamers for the old side-wheelers, introduced iron vessels, reduced the time of passage, and provided decent accommodation for cabin passengers. Like all monopolies, the Cunard Company, while subsidized, became unprogressive, and relied upon the privileges which it enjoyed rather than on its own energy and enterprise. The company had to change its ways after the British Government began to deal fairly with other lines, but for a long time it suffered from the unsound traditions inherited from the period when it enjoyed a monopoly.

A striking contrast to the record of British progress with a minimum of state aid is the history of shipping interests in France, Italy, Austria, and other countries, which, besides postal subventions, have paid direct and indirect bounties for the construction and navigation of sea-going ships. The French laws of 1881 and 1892, providing for construction and navigation bounties, confessedly proved unsatisfactory in their working, and only demoralized the shipping interest by pauperizing those engaged in it, besides creating an oppressive ship-building monopoly. The new law of 1902 is, in the light of all experience, more likely to increase the outgo from the Treasury than arrest the persistent decline of French shipping in the foreign trade. It is interesting to note that the policy of France has, like the British fishing bounties described by Adam Smith, led to the building and navigation of ships for the sole purpose of catching the bounty. The postal subventions granted by the French Government may have been effectual in keeping a certain class of vessels upon the ocean, but they have not prevented a decline in the comparative importance of French navigation. Italy and Austria do not exhibit different results, although it should be said that in both countries the bounty system has not been applied on so wide a scale as in France. In all cases, the economic superiority of other countries in respect of constructing or navigating ships has vastly outweighed the ineffectual stimulus offered by subsidies.

Germany, upon the other hand, has paid no bounties on construction or navigation, and has merely offered postal subventions, much smaller, all things considered, than those paid by France, or even England. German shipping, however, has increased by leaps and bounds, on account of the remarkable progress of German industry, particularly in all that concerns the production of coal and iron. Norway, also, and Sweden, which offer nothing but insignificant postal payments, maintain their flourishing merchant marines. Here again natural advantages, the skill of Scandinavian sailors, and the energy of unsubsidized enterprise prevail against the clumsy devices of politicians of the protectionist school. As Dr. Meeker remarks: "The countries that can build the cheapest will eventually do the greater part of the world's shipbuilding, even though bounties given by other countries disturb the normal adjustment."

One other fact stands out in bold type in Dr. Meeker's history: bounties seem everywhere to tend to the establishment and maintenance of monopoly in the carrying trade. This was notoriously the effect of the early subsidies to the Cunard, even though the prize offered by the trans-Atlantic trade finally tempted rival lines which broke up the monopoly. And in the United States, it will be recalled, the hope of securing a subsidy was one of the assets of the unfortunate International Mercantile Marine Company. Most of the subsidy bills introduced into Congress have contained "little jokers," by which the details were so arranged that only the shipping combination could take full advantage of them. Monopoly and subsidies, in fact, are veritable Siamese twins; sever the bond that unites them, and neither will long survive.

Ever since the subsidy movement started, our Government has assiduously gathered and disseminated a vast deal of misinformation designed to aid the agitators. Our commissioners of navigation have turned their annual reports into campaign documents; the present Commissioner, for instance, who in 1894 opposed subsidies on the ground that steel ships could then be built as cheaply in the United States as in England, is now devoting much of his time to proving that the American cost is so much higher than the foreign that our builders cannot compete without a subsidy. Over in the Department of Labor and Commerce, the Bureau of Statistics, with true journalistic enterprise, has been conducting a spirited campaign in behalf of the good cause. The editor of the "Consular Reports" has contributed what he could to the success of the campaign, even though he allowed the unfavorable report of Special Agent Hutchinson to find its way into print. And the Secretary of the Treasury is now devoting less thought to the deficit in the national finances than to methods of increasing it by opening the doors of the Treasury to the subsidy grabbers. It is fortunate, therefore, that we now have something that approaches an authoritative and unpartisan account of the actual working of ship subsidies.

THE FORGOTTEN AMENDMENTS.

So interested are the voters of New York in the trial of the case of the people against the bosses, that they have had no time to remember the seven amendments to the State Constitution to be voted upon at the coming election. Some of them are of very great importance to both city and State, and should not be allowed to go by default or be carried by a small and scattering vote. One amendment in particular, the fourth, ought to be defeated. This is the proposition to get around the decisions of New York's highest court by bestowing upon the Legislature the power to

> "regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare, and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, town, village, or other civil division of the State, by any contractor or sub-contractor, performing work, labor, or services for the State or for any county, city, town, village, or other civil division thereof."

This is by far the most important question to come before the voters of the State this year. It is a radical departure from our political theory and practice, made at the behest of the labor organizations, and it is, in effect, an attack upon the freedom of contract. Every law of the character permitted under this amendment which has come before our courts has invariably been declared unconstitutional, and dangerous if it were constitutional.

This amendment is the result of three such decisions by the Court of Appeals —the Prevailing Rate of Wages law, the Cut Stone law, and the Eight Hour law being the ones passed upon and wiped off the statute-books by the judges. At once the labor leaders declared that they would go beyond that tribunal. They counted full well upon the indifference with which voters regard the Constitutional amendments they are asked to pass upon. This year the labor agitators are fortunate in that public attention is concentrated on other issues. They are favored, too, by the following form in which this gravely important matter appears upon the ballot: "Shall the proposed amendment to Section I. of Article XII. of the Constitution, relating to the organization of cities, be approved?" It would be impossible to conceal more deftly the real question at issue.

If this measure had originated in Kansas, we should all know how to characterize it. Populistic, demagogic, and paternalistic would be some of the adjectives applied. It is class legislation pure and simple, however carefully disguised. It means that the Legislature of New York can prescribe the terms upon which our cities shall conduct their business, for it will inevitably insure the repassage of the Eight Hour law and that concerning the prevailing rate of wages. The proposed change will, moreover, place heavy burdens upon the taxpayers, since it will mean that no city, town, or village can have its work done upon as favorable terms as private persons, for, as has been well said, "municipal workmen are intended to be paid the most and work the least." What the taxpayer is permitted to do individually

he will be forbidden to do when, in combination with other taxpayers, he employs men to do their joint work. "The State will make the contract, and the city will pay the bill."

If this principle becomes embodied in our Constitution, neither cities nor their contractors will be permitted to have any judgment or discretion in the construction of public works. The cost, therefore, may be beyond reasonable expense, in which case, as *American Industries* points out, the property of taxpayers will be taken without due process of law. What the Court of Appeals said in one case is particularly apropos to-day:

> "Such legislation may invade one class of rights to-day and another to-morrow, and if it can be sanctioned under the Constitution, while far removed in time we shall not be far away in practical statesmanship from those ages when governmental prefects supervised the building of houses, the rearing of cattle, and sowing of seed, and the reaping of grain, and governmental ordinances regulated the movement and labor of artisans, the rate of wages, the price of food, the diet and clothing of the people, and a large range of other affairs long since in all civilized lands regarded as outside of governmental functions."

We may finally point out that a Congressional committee and one of the departments of the Federal Government passed upon the question of incorporating such laws as are proposed into the general statutes of the United States. Both decided against the proposition.

Of the other amendments, number one excludes from the computation of the debt of this city, in determining its borrowing capacity, the water-supply bonds issued since January 1, 1904. This amendment should be adopted, for it is, by general consent, proper that the city's borrowing capacity should be increased to this extent. The second amendment provides for the payment of interest and sinking-fund instalments on all State debts out of any funds in the treasury. Its purpose thus is to abolish the direct tax which now meets these charges. The third amendment increases the number of justices in every district except the First and Second, to one for every 60,000 inhabitants. New York and Brooklyn, Democratic districts, would have only one judge for every 80,000. This certainly would not relieve the congestion in the courts of this city. The fifth amendment would authorize the Legislature to expend fifty million dollars for the improvement of highways. It does not call for the submission of this proposition to the voters after it has been enacted into law, as is now required, under the Constitution, with similar propositions. Desirable as may be the improvement of the highways, this measure would give boundless opportunity for graft, and is another of the measures intended to benefit the country communities at the expense of the cities. The sixth amendment proposes the extension of the term of the State's certificates of indebtedness from twenty years, now fixed by the Constitution, to fifty years. This is not a desirable kind of State financing. The last amendment is an unimportant one, permitting justices of the Appellate Division to act as justices of the Supreme Court in any department except the one of the Appellate Division to which they belong.

A CONVERTED PRESS.

The news that our big insurance companies are carrying on missionary work among editors as well as legislators will surprise nobody. The interesting thing is the method of operation, as laid bare by Charles E. Hughes at the investigation on October 25. Recently we learned a great deal about a house which Richard A. McCurdy, the philanthropic president of the Mutual Life, has been maintaining at Albany—a house dedicated to the noble cause of reclaiming Senators and Assemblymen from the error of their ways. Missionary McCurdy has also cast a loving eye upon a press sunk in iniquity, and has called upon it to repent and be saved. The apostle to the legislators was the saintly A. C. Fields, who is now modestly avoiding a subpœna. The apostle to the editors is none other than that shining exemplar of all the virtues, Allan Forman, editor of the *Journalist*, and manager of "The Telegraphic News Bureau." "If I am ever to redeem the wicked press from sin," said Mr. McCurdy to himself, "I must beware of journalistic parasites and prostitutes. The man for my money is honest Allan Forman."

Forman immediately started to hold revival services. The devil who walketh about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, is, according to his notion, none other than the Associated Press. This malignant organization actually sent out news not wholly laudatory of that benevolent enterprise, the Mutual Life. But Forman promptly circumvented the evil one by dispatches through his "Telegraphic News Bureau," announcing that "the profits derived by the policyholders of the Mutual Life and obtained through transactions arranged by the subsidiary trust companies amounted, up to date, to $16,000,000"; that President McCurdy complained that the inquiry was an inquisition, and Mr. Hughes "admitted it was an inquisition"; and that President McCurdy's testimony "made a distinctly favorable impression." So anxious was the Mutual to supply the sincere milk of the word to benighted editors, that it paid Forman a dollar a line for every newspaper that printed the matter. How much of the money Forman passed on does not appear. The complaisant papers which were named at the hearing were the Wilmington (Del.) *News*, Boston *Herald*, St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Toledo *Blade*, Buffalo *Courier*, Florida *Times-Union*, and Atlanta *Constitution*. If these converted journals, innocently and without hope of reward, published Forman's dispatches from pure love of truth, then all we have to say is that every gold-brick operator in America and every dealer in green goods knows where to look for victims.

This wretched business, however, has a serious as well as a comical side. The president of the Mutual—and in this venture the Mutual is not alone—has been trying to avoid the consequences of his mismanagement of affairs by practising a deliberate deception upon the American public. Paid advertisements—at least Forman is paid—are sent out in the guise of "pure reading-matter." The obvious intention is to convey the idea that this dollar-a-line stuff is the view of an independent observer. Since the investigation began, the Mutual has spent more than $12,000 of policyholders' money in this mean and dirty trick. The facts speak for themselves. Presidents McCall and McCurdy have no ground of complaint against the "yellow" press or any one else if plain men, of no pretension to knowledge of high finance, now commonly regard insurance officers as both thieves and liars.

But the men who have plundered our life-insurance companies are not the only ones who have outraged decency and honesty. Their accomplices after the fact are some of our high-toned newspapers—for every one of the dailies just mentioned prides itself on its respectability. Call it venal, and it would burst with indignation. And yet the editor has either been the guileless dupe of Forman, or else for a dollar or less a line he has practised a deliberate imposition on his readers. The feeble little paid puffs of soap or sarsaparilla, disguised as news, are bad enough, though they are so obviously advertisements as to deceive nobody. But the coloring of reports from a public hearing of immense importance to all policyholders is a more subtle and therefore dangerous form of fraud.

There is yet another grave aspect of the case. The insurance companies are heavy advertisers, and they have never hesitated to shake their big stick at the newspapers. "Hold your pen or lose the full-page advertisement of our annual statement" is a convincing argument in every part of the country. But newspaper readers are not such fools as to suspect no subterranean connection between lawless corporations and the press. And this well-founded suspicion explains in part the popularity of "yellow" journalism. Certain sensational newspapers make hostility to corporations their stock-in-trade. They exaggerate grossly, but at any rate they are not afraid of the money power. "Here," says the small wage-earn-

er "is a paper that dares to speak out about the iniquities of men in high places. Reckless and disreputable this newspaper may be, but none the less it is trying to redress my wrongs." Thus every newspaper that goes into whitewashing at a dollar a line, and every insurance company that pays the dollar, helps strengthen the hold of the yellow demagogue.

THE COMING MUSICAL SEASON.

One might fancy that the Penal Code provided dire punishments for musicians giving concerts in September and October, so strictly do they avoid any public appearance before the first week in November. When once the army of musical invaders has appeared, however, nothing can check its ruthless advance. We are not yet quite in the predicament of Berlin, where a single concert agency reports over 600 "bookings" for the season, and where so prominent an artist as M. Girardy was unable to play last year because he had neglected to hire a hall in time; but we are fast getting there. An English journalist wrote, some weeks ago: "So many musical artists are going to America this autumn that the drain on London will be very heavy, and the London musical season will suffer in consequence." Another critic retorted that the supply of eminent artists in London was so greatly in excess of the demand that enough respectable performers would be left in spite of "America's voracity."

Rotation of crops has been found as useful in the musical world as in agriculture. Most of the eminent foreign players and singers who visited us last year—among them Paderewski, D'Albert, Pachmann, Kreisler, Ysaye—are tilling the soil at home this season. In their place we are to hear within the next six months a host of others; the list includes the pianists Pugno, Reisenauer, Bauer, Bloomfield-Zeisler, Joseffy, Arthur Rubinstein; the violinists Maud Powell, Kubelik, Marteau, Sauret, Otie Chew, Marie Hall, Marie Nichols, Hugo Heermann; the concert singers Calvé, Gadski, Nielsen, Campanari, Witherspoon, Bushnell, Bispham, Ben Davies, Kirkby Lunn, and many others—not to speak of Conried's famous song-birds, several of whom will also be heard in the concert hall. A somewhat disquieting phenomenon is the centrifugal movement (taking the Metropolitan Opera House as the centre of the musical universe) of the stars. Four of the singers just mentioned—Calvé, Gadski, Campanari, and Bispham—used to be among the principal ornaments of our opera company, and would be so now had they not chosen, for one reason or another, to take to solitaire. Two others, Fritzi Scheff and Schumann-Heink, left Conried's happy family to start opera companies of their own. Yet there is no cause for alarm; there will be as many first-class singers at the Metropolitan as ever.

If the race of tenors is really dying out, as some say, we are to hear some remarkable survivors, including Caruso, Knote, Burgstaller, and Reiss, each without an equal in his specialty, besides the protean Dippel, the *Doppelgänger* of any one of his colleagues. Nor could any foreign opera-house begin to equal Conried's list of sopranos, altos, baritones, and basses, among them Abarbanell, Alten, Eames, Morena, Nordica, Sembrich, Weed, Fremstad, Homer, Walker, Dufriche, Goritz, Scotti, Van Rooy, Plançon. On these singers and the costly operatic machinery needed to run them, the New York public spent a million dollars last season, and is doubtless prepared to do the same again. The opera owes its popularity to the fact that it is the neutral ground on which all classes—the musical, the semi-musical, and the unmusical—meet in amity. Time was when it was a savage battlefield, on which the partisans of Italian, Franch, and German opera broke each others' heads. But one day Maurice Grau had the good sense to drop the appellation "Italian Opera," and to give all operas in the language they were written in, and by the best vocal specialists in each style. This policy gradually healed all animosities, and to-day the former bitterness of feeling is a mere vague memory; the Italians are glad to hear that the "Flying Dutchman" is to be revived and the high "Parsifal" prices split in two; while the Wagnerites are pleased with the prospect of hearing Sembrich and Caruso in such Italian revivals as "Favorita," "Sonnambula," and "Il Trovatore."

One of the conspicuous features of the opera season is to be the appearance of Engelbert Humperdinck to conduct his "Hänsel und Gretel." This, the greatest operatic success in Germany since the production of "Parsifal," in 1882, has been heard here before, but under conditions which did not reveal all of its charming features. It is also expected that another opera in the list, "Manon Lescaut," will be conducted by its composer. But even if Puccini does not come, there will be an unprecedented number of emiment foreign composers and conductors on view. The first of them to make his début is André Messager, the French opera and operetta composer, whose "Véronique" was heard here on Monday. His eminent countryman, Vincent d'Indy, will be heard next month at the local concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. England's musical lion of the hour, Edward Elgar, has also promised to cross the Atlantic, but he will appear only at the Cincinnati Festival. Russia sends the well-known composer Rachmaninoff, besides the irresistible Cossack, Safonoff, for whom the Philharmonic Society will no doubt be obliged to arrange an extra concert or two. The same society has also engaged the Dutch Richard-Strauss specialist, Mengelberg, and his eminent German colleagues, Steinbach, Fiedler, and Kunwald, while Weingartner will preside over some of the concerts of the New York Symphony Society.

A glance at the circulars of the diverse organizations gives the impression that more pabulum is being offered than the public will be able to digest; but some alleviation may be found in the division of labor, which is one of the striking aspects of the orchestral situation here. Sam Franko, for instance, in his concerts of old music, confines himself almost entirely to seventeenth and eighteenth-century compositions, Frank Damrosch, besides cultivating old and new choral music with the aid of the Musical Art Society, has a series of concerts for young people. Franz Arens gives the wage-earners a chance to hear, in three halls, the best classic and modern works at nominal prices; while the Russian Symphony Society, under Altschuler, makes us acquainted with much Muscovite music never heard here before. This organization, indeed, produces more novelties than all its rivals combined. It suggests the possible advent of a time when new musical works will receive as much attention as new books do now.

THE BELGIAN EXPOSITION.

LIÈGE, October, 1905.

Another International Exposition, that of Liège, will close on November 5. It is international only in name, for, though all countries contributed something, of foreigners France alone displayed a large variety of her wares; her trade with Belgium being voluminous, and the balance conclusively in favor of France. Germany, which comes next in her commercial relations with this little neutralized country, in the mechanical and mining department makes a large and very interesting exhibit; but England, which ranks third in commercial intercourse with Belgium, sent almost nothing, and the United States even less. Of the exhibits in separate buildings, the most conspicuous is that of Canada, which spread out amply and eloquently her products, and published her liberal offers to immigrants, in order to tempt some of the overflowing population of Belgium to join the stream which is setting in from our own Northwest to Manitoba and the newly created provinces of the Dominion. As might be expected, the misnamed Congo *Free* State makes an interesting separate exhibit, and France gives prominence to her colonial products in Africa and Asia. But the artistically laid-out grounds at the junction of the Meuse and the Orthe and on the adjacent island in the Meuse, which are occupied by the Exhibition, are not disfigured by a great multitude of ugly, empty, so-called national structures or offensive side-shows. The several departments of the Exposition proper are covered by one roof in a build-

ing, it is true, of the most eccentric ground plan, designed well for the purpose, but without the remotest attempt at architectural adornment, once the portal is passed. The cost was so little that there will be a fair financial return on the investment, and the visitor enjoys the comfort of being able to reach what he wants to see without making a long journey in rain or sunshine.

The practical good sense of the Liégeois is also apparent in resisting the temptation to build new hotels for their ephemeral guests. The hotels are full, and have been full all summer, but the prices charged are not more than 25 per cent. above the normal. One reason for the moderation of mine host was the remedy which the public has against local extortion, not only in liberal railroad rates, but in the system of annual or limited-time railroad tickets on the Government railroad lines. These enable the visitor to reach a neighboring town rather than submit to hotel imposition. Though Belgium bulks big industrially and in density of population, its area is small. It can be crossed from east to west or from north to south in about six hours. A visitor from Brussels, or even from Luxembourg, can escape home from Liège in less than two hours; and he can buy a ticket enabling him to travel over one and all of the Government railroads for five days for $6.00 first class, $4.00 second class, and $2.25 third class. If, therefore, he were living in Brussels and visited the Exposition on five consecutive days, each round-trip second-class ticket would cost him only 80 cents, and the second-class cars are exceptionally comfortable and well equipped. A fifteen-day unlimited ticket costs only twice as much as a five-day ticket, and unlimited annual tickets (second-class) cost only 130 francs, while annual tickets for limited distances cost proportionately less. All the railroads of Belgium, with the exception of a very few short lines, belong to the State, and contribute a large revenue to the national treasury, but, no fixed charges being accounted for, the financial showing is somewhat delusive. As in Mexico, the railroad concessions to private companies were granted for only ninety-nine years, and after that date the permanent structure lapses to the State, which must pay for the rolling-stock only, on a valuation. Most of the railroads not yet acquired have but some thirty years longer concessional life, and, therefore, if the Government should purchase them in the interval, it would be on a very low valuation. The same system of unlimited tickets has been introduced by the Swiss State railroads, to the great convenience of those tourists who are aware of their privileges, for, as their tickets cover unlimited journeys by rail or steamer, the traveller is unhampered in his wanderings by any consideration of expense for transportation after the initial outlay has been made.

The most popular section of the Liège Exposition is that of the French millinery. Crowds of men and women jostled one another so rudely to get within sight of the illuminated cases of beautiful Parisian gowns that they had to be kept in line by the police; but the most important and instructive departments were those of mining and machinery. This fact bears upon the financial phase of these industrial agglomerations. Millions will pay to see silks and satins, but hundreds only will contribute gate money to inspect the newest types of steam and gas engines, the maps of coal mines, and the models of coal washers and coke ovens. Yet it was in these classes that Liège excelled all previous expositions. It lies in a coal basin, and its coal has attracted the great John Cockerill iron works, the Vieille Montaigne zinc works, and a host of other metallurgical and industrial enterprises, some of world-wide fame. But when one looks at the maps of the deep-seated coal mines, with their fractured and faulted veins, from which, the statistics imply, it requires about two and a half days' labor to extract a ton of coal, and that of a quality we should pronounce decidedly inferior, one wonders less at our own prosperity, to which coal at seventy-five cents a ton on the cars so largely contributes, than at the skill and excellent organization which has enabled the Belgian ironmaster and manufacturer, working with such inferior material, to raise the Belgian Netherlands to the prominence and position in the industrial world which it occupies.

Low wages are, of course, an essential factor in explaining Belgium's progress, despite the disadvantages under which she labors; but unless the skill of her operatives excelled their scanty remuneration, even this advantage would not enable their handiwork to find a market. That she has become a notable member of the family of world workers since her national integrity was guaranteed, the statistics of her growth in population and manufacturing convincingly affirm. The average of population during the first decennial period of her present political existence—namely, from 1831-1840—was 4,168,856; during the last, 1891-1900, 6,458,710. During the first period her average annual imports were 180,396,714 francs, or 43.27 francs per head of population; and her exports were 128,189,040 francs, or 30.75 francs per head of population. In 1904 her population had increased to 7,074,910, and her imports for home consumption were 2,782,219,972 francs, or 393.25 francs per head of population; and her exports in that year were 2,183,261,722 francs, or 308.59 francs per head of population. England's imports in 1904 were £551,038,628, or only £12 17s. 6d. per head of population, and her exports £922,053,949, or £21 10s. 11d. per head of population. Our own exports for the year 1903, when our population was 80,000,000, were $1,460,808,185, or $18.18 per head of population, while our imports were only $991,090,978, or $12.38 per head of population.

The influence of internal navigation on the commerce of Belgium has been very potent, and the development, not only of her seaport harbors, but of her canal system, with a view to creating inland ports, is well worthy of study. Her imports and exports in 1904, by sea, by land, and by canal, were as follows:

IMPORTS.

	Kilos.	Francs.
By sea	8,501,187,246	2,100,710,682
By land	8,526,277,069	1,935,797,622
By canal	4,435,059,049	389,936,727
To'l commerce general, including goods in transit	21,462,523,364	4,426,445,031
To'l commerce special, for home consumption	18,181,931,088	2,782,219,972

EXPORTS.

	Kilos.	Francs.
By sea	5,691,105,635	1,731,115,435
By land	8,273,121,880	1,623,040,033
By canal	5,033,172,916	488,951,413
To'l general exports	18,997,400,431	3,849,106,881
To'l special exports	15,711,926,798	2,183,260,722

Canals as highways of transportation are almost as essential in the Belgian as in the Dutch Netherlands, but Belgium is more active than Holland in developing foreign commerce by improving her seaports and in giving access to inland points by sea-level canals. One of the most interesting exhibits at Liège is the models of the harbors of Antwerp and Ostend, and the canal system by which Bruges is restored to the commercial position she held before she was isolated from the sea by the gradual invasion of the sand dunes, and by which beautiful Ghent herself is to become a seaport. An ingenious method of scouring out the channel leading to the harbor of Ostend has been adopted. Large basins, contiguous to and connected with the harbor, have been excavated from the sand. During the rising tide they are filled with water, the gates are closed, and at low tide reopened, when the rush of confined water does at least partially the work of dredges. The importance of artificial waterways for the development of inland commerce has come to be recognized in Germany also. From Consul-General Schwabach's report to the British Government one gathers that a great development in inland navigation is about to be inaugurated. The Manchester ship canal, in England, is at last beginning to justify its existence. Everywhere a reaction towards the revival of the discarded canal is apparent; and, looking abroad, we are impressed with the conviction that, if a tithe of the money and engineering skill which has been expended here at home on our railroads had been deflected to the improvement and extension of our canal system, it would be to-day a more active competitor than it is with the railroad, and might assist us in solving that embarrassing rate question.

TALLEYRAND'S MARRIAGE.

PARIS, October 15, 1905.

The Memoirs of Talleyrand are a very insufficient historical document: they were several times copied and were altered systematically; the most delicate parts of his life were either passed over or construed according to circumstances. They underwent so many changes that they have lost all the merit attaching to an original work written under the pressure of direct emotion. Talleyrand's life was such an extraordinary and in one sense romantic part of the period of the French Revolution and of the Empire, that everything which relates to it cannot but assume much interest. M. Bernard de Lacombe has applied himself lately to the study of a most curious episode in this life, Talleyrand's marriage. It was in the early months of 1802 that it was first whispered in Paris that Talleyrand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, former Bishop of Autun, was on the point of being married to Madame Grand, who helped Talleyrand to do the honors of his soirées at the Hôtel Galliffet, which he inhabited at the time. Little was known of Ma-

dame Grand. She was born Catherine Noël Worlée, November 21, 1762, in the East Indies, at Tranquebar, a small possession of Denmark. She was not Danish, but French, her father, a chevalier of Saint Louis, being attached to the post of Pondicherry. In 1777 he was captain of the port at Chandernagore. Catherine was fifteen years old when she was married to a young Englishman, George Francis Grand, in the Catholic Church as well as in a Protestant chapel.

Madame Grand was very handsome. Her husband, descended from French Protestants who left France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had a post in the English administration of India. She attracted the attention of Sir Philip Francis (the presumed author of the famous Letters of Junius), and did not long resist his entreaties. The unfortunate husband himself gave an account of his misfortune in a memoir which has for its title: 'Narrative of the Life of a Gentleman long Resident in India' (Cape of Good Hope, printed for the author, 1814). There is a copy of this pamphlet in the British Museum; it was probably the first book printed in English at the Cape of Good Hope. On the 6th of March, 1779, the Supreme Court of Calcutta condemned Sir Philip to pay damages to Grand, who declared himself fully satisfied.

Madame Grand left India in November, 1780, on a Dutch ship. Her life in Europe is enveloped in a cloud; she found rich protectors, and in 1783 the fashionable portrait painter, Madame Vigée-Lebrun made a fine portrait of her. At the beginning of the Revolution she became alarmed and left France for England; she gave herself out in London as a royalist *émigrée*, and returned to Paris only in 1798. From that time her name becomes associated with Talleyrand's. She was introduced to him by his friend Montrond, and he was struck by her extraordinary beauty. Colmache, who was private secretary to Talleyrand, gives some amusing details regarding this introduction in his 'Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand' (London, 1850). Talleyrand very soon gave a place to Madame Grand in his own house, and though manners had become very loose at the time of the Directory, his conduct was subjected to severe criticism on the part of some of the Directors. Madame Grand, who claimed a Danish nationality, obtained a decree of divorce, and from that day her liaison with Talleyrand was admitted and, so to speak, recognized. Diplomats, journalists, foreigners, paid court to the beautiful *Indienne*, who was supposed to have much influence with a man who was becoming more and more important, who reconciled France with Russia, who framed the treaties of Lunéville and of Amiens, who was the negotiator of the Concordat, the diplomatic adviser of Bonaparte, the oracle of politics. She became the queen of the Hôtel Galliffet, the rival of Madame de Staël and of Madame Récamier.

On the 3d of May, 1802, Madame de Staël wrote to Madame Récamier: "Nothing new in Paris in the way of social events. Duroc marries Madamoiselle d'Hervas; Madame Grand, they say, marries M. de Talleyrand. Bonaparte will have everybody married, bishops, cardinals, etc." The First Consul had taken for his task the reëstablishment of order in France; a little incident had much struck him. Several ladies of the diplomatic body expressed their repugnance at being presented to the lady who kept house for the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Bonaparte, wishing to be on good terms with all the courts of Europe, asked Talleyrand to dismiss Madame Grand from his house. Madame Grand went at once to the Malmaison and asked for the good offices of Josephine, with whom she had always been in excellent relations. Josephine succeeded in bringing Bonaparte and Mme. Grand together; the latter was very eloquent and wept abundantly. The First Consul put an end to the scene by saying: "Well, let Talleyrand marry you, and all will be arranged. You must bear his name or leave his house." He said the same thing to Talleyrand, and gave him twenty-four hours to make his choice. Talleyrand chose the solution of marriage. Did Madame Grand know many secrets? General Thiebault, in his memoirs, will have it that she threatened him with revelations. Did Talleyrand simply wish to have a more quiet home? This is Chancellor Pasquier's version.

It was easy enough to accept the marriage, not so easy to celebrate it; Talleyrand had been a priest, the Bishop of Autun. During the difficult negotiations which ended in the Concordat, he had had to treat all the questions concerning the status of the priests; he had in vain tried to obtain the same conditions for the secular and for the regular priests. Pius VII., in a letter to Bonaparte, written on the 12th of May, 1801, explained himself thus: "As for the absolution of the married priests (with the exception of the regulars bound by solemn vows, and the bishops, concerning whom there has never been in the Church, since it existed, an example of such an indulgence admitted), and for the absolution of those who have left the Church by other means, we shall see to it by giving the necessary powers in order that they may be absolved according to the rules and to ecclesiastical discipline." The parenthesis in this statement applied directly and visibly to Talleyrand's case; he felt great irritation at this letter, created new difficulties in the negotiation of the Concordat, and became more exacting. In presenting objections to the First Consul, he insisted particularly on the situation of priests who had abandoned the ecclesiastical state; he framed an article which was to be added to the convention, stating that "His Holiness would forego the law of celibacy in favor of priests who, since their consecration, have entered into the bonds of matrimony, agreeing to renounce the exercise of their functions, and would admit to the rank of secular Catholics those who, by other acts, have notoriously abandoned their state." Bonaparte did not like delays. The Concordat was signed on the 15th of July, 1801, without the clause just mentioned. The Pope's clemency was extended to the priests of the secular clergy, but not to the former regular priests, nor to the former bishops. Talleyrand resorted to other means; he addressed himself directly to the Pope, asking to be freed and absolved. He made of his personal secularization an affair of state, and a special messenger was sent to Rome, with a request beginning in these terms:

"It is an object suitable to the dignity of the Government of France, and useful to the discipline of the Church, to grant a brief of secularization to Citizen Talleyrand. This minister has rendered great services to the Church and to the State. He has publicly and irrevocably renounced the functions and dignities of clericalism. He desires that this renunciation should be consecrated by a formal avowal of the supreme chief of religion; he merits this special favor."

Then followed a list of examples furnished by history, of bishops who had lived and died as laics: Cæsar Borgia, Bishop of Valence, afterwards Duke of Valentinois; Ferdinand di Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua; two cardinals of Bourbon; two Casimirs, Kings of Poland; Henry of Portugal, François de Lorraine.

The Court of Rome examined this request. The examples chosen by Talleyrand were specious, but were not considered convincing; the Pope sent in answer a brief in which there was no question of the marriage. He added a personal letter to the First Consul, saying:

"We should have been disposed to gratify your minister in his desire to take a wife if the laws of the Church were not opposed to it. There does not exist, for eighteen centuries, a single example of a dispensation granted to a consecrated bishop allowing him to be married. You will see by the answers in the margin of the note which you sent us, and which we return, that there is an error of fact in all the precedents enunciated. Your wisdom will show you that we could do no more than what we have done. The tenor of the brief which we address to you will show M. Talleyrand how much have weighed with us the interest you manifest for him, and the services which he has rendered for the reëstablishment of religion in France."

The affair was not ended. In a sitting of the Council of State, Portalis read the first article of the organic law stating that "no bull, brief, rescript, decree, mandate, provision, signature serving as provision, nor any dispatch of the Court of Rome, even if it concern a private person, can be received, published, printed, executed, without the authorization of the Government." He then read the pontifical brief, and Cambacérès, who presided, added that the First Consul wished it to be *enregistré*. The Consul immediately promulgated a decree, stating that "the brief of Pius VII., in virtue of which Citizen Charles Maurice Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Relations, is restored to secular and lay life, will have full and complete effect." The interpretation thus given to the brief was not what the Pope intended, as his brief did not apply to the case of Talleyrand. The civil marriage took place on the 10th of September, 1802. Did Talleyrand content himself with that, or did he have besides a religious marriage? Madame de Rémusat and Pasquier affirm the latter; if we may believe them, the religious marriage was celebrated almost secretly at Épinay, in the valley of Montmorency. The registry of the church has disappeared, and there is no material proof that the religious marriage took place.

When Madame de Talleyrand appeared at the Tuileries, Bonaparte said to her: "I hope that the good conduct of Madame de Talleyrand will make us forget the levity of Madame Grand." To this Madame de Talleyrand is said to have answered with an air of innocence: "I could do no better

than to follow the example of Madame Bonaparte."

Correspondence.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND GLOUCESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: America is the spoilt child of diplomacy. De Witte at Portsmouth was a mere child compared to the American commissioners, Gallatin and Rush, who negotiated the convention of 1814 at Ghent. Although England and America had been engaged in a war in which the latter had been signally unsuccessful, they contended that their countrymen had still an absolute right to the coast fisheries of British North America. Although a foreign country absolutely separated from Great Britain, they still retained their former fishing privileges as colonists.

The argument, absurd as it may appear, is still maintained by several American writers in modern times. Gallatin and Rush were so bold, so persistent, that they finally overcame the poor English commissioner. Great Britain earnestly desired peace; the Americans had hosts of warm friends in the old country; this fishery question alone stood in the way. So it was settled in the usual manner by a compromise. They were given the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the coast of Newfoundland from Ramea to Quirpon; also liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbors, and creeks of the said coasts whilst unsettled. Americans were permitted to enter harbors for shelter, repairing damages and obtaining wood and water, and for no other purpose whatever. It will be seen from these provisions that, except for the latter purpose, Americans have no territorial rights whatever in Newfoundland. At the Halifax commission, the representatives of the United States admitted that they had no right to purchase bait, or ice, to ship crews, transship cargo, etc.

All through this convention a distinction is made between the right of fishing, which is confined to the *coast*, and the privilege of drying and curing, which is given in the *bays, harbors*, and *creeks*. Coast, it is contended, means only the outer coast, and does not extend to inland waters with narrow entrances, estuaries of rivers, harbors, or creeks and coves. The distinction made in the convention lends itself to this view. As a matter of fact, American fishing privileges under this convention are practically valueless. A ship fishery carried out on the Banks requires a near, accessible base for its supplies of water, fresh food, bait, ice, etc.; repairs, shipping men, and sale of small fish. The east coast of Newfoundland (not included in the convention) is naturally the nearest and best base. It provides, also, the most regular and cheapest supply of the necessary bait. The Bank fishery begins in March, and there is no bait procurable on the West Coast until about the middle of May.

Every American fisherman understands the value of the rights he and his fellows have so long enjoyed in Newfoundland under the *modus vivendi*. A true test of its importance and the effects of its withdrawal cannot be judged from the operations of the past season. It was put in force very late, and the supply of bait was extremely irregular, quite abnormal. No one believes for a moment that the United States fishermen can successfully carry on their Bank fishery without their regular, certain, cheap, and accessible supply. The commercial results of the season's fishing can now be ascertained. The American, French, and Canadian Bank fishery shows poor returns, and cod is now scarce and very dear. Dry codfish is now higher in Newfoundland than it has been for a half-century, and, as the Islanders have had a good though partial fishery, they are reaping the benefits of enhanced values. The want of bait has even this year materially affected the catch of the Americans and French, who are both prohibited from buying bait in Newfoundland.

The dispute about the winter herring fishery on the West Coast is a very simple affair. The colonial Government has not the smallest intention of interfering with the American fishermen in catching herring for themselves. But it is well known that they do not come to Newfoundland to catch, but to buy herring from the native fishermen. The Newfoundland Government, as the sovereign power, has absolute control over its own subjects, on its own territory, and within its territorial waters. Notwithstanding all the bluff and outcry from Gloucester, it means to carry out its regulations, and to prevent the hiring our native fishermen to catch herring for the Americans to pass off in the States as "the *product of American industry.*" It is a very pretty quarrel, a sort of triangular duel—the Americans against the Newfoundland Government; the Opposition members and some of the more turbulent spirits amongst the Newfoundland fishermen threatening to violate the law.

Every one in America this winter will eat dearer and dearer fish. They will see that Gloucester's contentions and the greedy monopolists of the fish ring hold an untenable position. Newfoundland is fully justified in her policy of retaliation. Until the Senate confirms the Hay-Bond treaty, her laws prohibiting the Americans from buying bait or herring or hiring Newfoundlanders will be rigidly carried out. At present, Providence is on the side of the colony. Herrings are scarce at Bay of Islands, and are making their appearance in Fortune Bay and Placentia, where the Americans have no rights whatever.

D. W. PROWSE.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, October 20, 1905.

LONGINUS ON THE VICES OF THE AGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is easy, and characteristic of human nature, to find fault with the age in which one lives. Much has been written of late concerning the love of money and the quest of pleasure that are supposed to be sapping the life of this generation in America and in other lands, lands said to be feeling the allurement of a commercial "success" and a spendthrift luxury like ours. Much might be written on the subject of an apparently concomitant failure on the part of this and other successful countries at the present time to produce any national literature worthy the name. Is there any test for the value of such criticism? Perhaps a test, that of comparison, may be found in the following, since the arraignment herein is directed not against our generation, but, probably, against the world of the Roman Empire during the first century of the Christian era. Coming to us from an unexpected source, this indictment of what, I am sure, many readers of the *Nation* consider our paramount national defects, may, if it fits, appeal to our national conscience with surprising vigor; with a vigor at once archaic and modern. The passage is more or less familiar to the scholarly poor; it will hardly prove too familiar to the average American. I make no apology, therefore, for a somewhat extended excerpt from Professor Roberts's version of "Longinus on the Sublime," hoping that the climax may stir in the hearts of others some of the sentiments that it seems always to stir in me:

LANE COOPER.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, October 26, 1905.

"It remains, however, . . . to clear up, my dear Terentianus, a question which a certain philosopher has recently mooted. 'I wonder,' he says, 'as no doubt do many others, how it happens that in our time there are men who have the gift of persuasion to the utmost extent, and are well fitted for public life, and are keen and ready, and particularly rich in all the charms of language, yet there no longer arise really lofty and transcendent natures unless quite exceptionally. So great and world-wide a dearth of high utterance attends our age.' 'Can it be,' he continued, 'that we are to accept the trite explanation that democracy is the kind nursing-mother of genius, and that literary power may be said to share its rise and fall with democracy, and democracy alone? For freedom, it is said, has power to feed the imaginations of the lofty-minded and inspire hope, and where it prevails there spreads abroad the eagerness of mutual rivalry and the emulous pursuit of the foremost place. . . .' 'To-day,' he went on, 'we seem in our boyhood to learn the lessons of a righteous servitude, being all but enswathed in its customs and observances, when our thoughts are yet young and tender, and never tasting the fairest and most productive source of eloquence ("by which," he added, "I mean freedom") so that we emerge in no other guise than that of sublime flatterers. . . .'

"I answered him thus: 'It is easy, my good sir, and characteristic of human nature, to find fault with the age in which one lives. But consider whether it may not be true that it is not the world's peace that ruins great natures, but far rather this war illimitable which holds our desires in its grasp, aye, and further still those passions which occupy as with troops our present age and utterly harry and plunder it. For the love of money (a disease from which we all now suffer sorely) and the love of pleasure make us their thralls, or rather, as one may say, drown us body and soul in the depths, the love of riches being a malady which makes men petty, and the love of pleasure one which makes them most ignoble. On reflection, I cannot discover how it is possible for us, if we value boundless wealth so highly, or (to speak more truly) deify it, to avoid allowing the entrance into our souls of the evils which are inseparable from it. For vast and unchecked wealth is accompanied, in close conjunction and step for step, as they say, by extravagance, and as soon as the former opens the gates of cities and houses, the latter immediately enters and abides. And when time has passed, the pair build nests in the lives of men, as the wise say, and quickly give themselves to the rearing of offspring, and breed ostentation, and vanity, and luxury, no spurious progeny of theirs, but only too legitimate. If these children of wealth are permitted to come to maturity, straight-

way they beget in the soul inexorable masters—insolence, and lawlessness, and shamelessness. This must necessarily happen, and men will no longer lift up their eyes or have any further regard for fame, but the ruin of such lives will gradually reach its complete consummation, and sublimities of soul fade and wither away and become contemptible when men are lost in admiration of their own mortal parts and omit to exalt that which is immortal. For a man who has once accepted a bribe for a judicial decision cannot be an unbiassed and upright judge of what is just and honorable (since to the man who is venal his own interests must seem honorable and just), and the same is true where the entire life of each of us is ordered by bribes, and huntings after the death of others, and the laying of ambushes for legacies, while gain from any and every source we purchase—each one of us—at the price of life itself, being the slaves of pleasure. In an age which is ravaged by plagues so sore, is it possible for us to imagine that there is still left an unbiassed and incorruptible judge of works that are great and likely to reach posterity, or is it not rather the case that all are influenced in their decisions by the passion for gain? Nay, it is perhaps better for men like ourselves to be ruled than to be free, since our appetites, if let loose without restraint upon our neighbors, like beasts from a cage, would set the world on fire with deeds of evil.'

"Summing up, I maintained that among the banes of the natures which our age produces must be reckoned that half-heartedness in which the life of all of us with few exceptions is passed, for we do not labor or exert ourselves except for the sake of praise and pleasure, never for those solid benefits which are a worthy object of our own efforts and the respect of others."

PAGINATION OF SEPARATE REPRINTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Let me protest with as much vehemence as I may against the reprehensible custom of giving a new pagination to separate reprints. If the article is cited by the original pagination and I have only the reprint, I am defeated in my effort to find the passage cited. If it is cited by the page of the reprint and I have only the original, in this case also again I am balked. To give both numbers separated by the word "or" (as I have done in Whitney's Atharva-Veda) is very unusual, and adds to the cumbersomeness of the whole system of references, which at best are always cumbersome enough. The new rules for reprints from the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Berlin Academy allow or require a double pagination, that of the original and that of the reprint. This is a partial mitigation of a purely gratuitous and self-imposed difficulty. It is hard to see what purpose is served by new or by double pagination other than the purpose of gratifying the vanity of an author, and that at the expense of defeating *pro tanto* the ostensible object of his publication.

In the interest of economy and for the convenience of all concerned, let the publishing committees of learned corporations (academies, societies, and so on) and the editors of scientific periodicals make an inflexible rule that separate reprints shall always bear the pagination of the original and never a new pagination or even a double pagination, and so abolish this much worse than useless custom. It may be added that the reprint should always indicate the title and the volume-number of the original periodical.

Charles R. Lanman.

Harvard University.

Postscript.—The above protest was lying in readiness to send to you when, by a singular coincidence, there came from my eminent colleague, Professor Brugmann of Leipzig, the following communication upon precisely the same subject, with the request that I would ask you to lay it before the readers of the *Nation*.

C. R. L.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to direct the attention of your readers to a typographical folly which prevails in scientific literature, both in Germany and abroad. As every one will admit, the paging of books is primarily intended for the purpose of reference and citation. Why, then, does the reprint of a paper often show a separate paging different from that of the journal in which the paper originally appeared? It is presumable that those who first introduced the practice of repaging intended to give thereby an aspect of greater independence and completeness to the reprints (which are mainly intended as gifts), much in the same way as one might prefer to present as a gift the whole of Uhland's works rather than volumes vii.-ix. of Goethe's. There may really be bibliophiles who derive actual enjoyment from this typographical change; but, most assuredly, their joy is not shared by men of science who make actual use of the reprints. Since the reprints are commonly very limited in number and in the hands of only a very few persons, it is obvious that references in general ought not to be made to their independent paging; but, if made to the original paging, it then becomes necessary for the user of the reprint to discover, if he can, what page of the original journal corresponds to page 1 of the reprint, and, having thus determined his minus-constant of correction, to apply the same laboriously to every citation. In the absence of a set of the journal in which the paper originally appeared, this determination is often extremely troublesome; and the case is worse yet if, as often happens, both author and publisher have been so lacking in common sense as to neglect to give on the cover or first page of the reprint the title of the journal from which it is extracted. What was intended as a polite favor—the gift of a reprint—thus turns out to be an unmitigated nuisance. Whether, in times gone by, the separate paging of reprints served any good end, I do not know; but there can be no doubt that it is now a very serious inconvenience, a pure vexation, to everybody concerned; and that energy and time and money would be saved by discontinuing the practice.

Karl Brugmann.

University of Leipzig, Saxony.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., who have had in preparation for some time a new edition of George Eliot's 'Romola,' edited and illustrated from the historical standpoint by the distinguished Italian scholar, Dr. Guido Biagi, have just received the following note from him: "The work is more important than I imagined. I have found the original cards of all the books studied by George Eliot here in the National Library for 'Romola.' These books, with their ancient views of Florence, gave to her the first idea of the scenery of the novel. I have reproduced the cards, signed by Lewes, studying with her." The work is to be issued uniform with Mrs. McMahan's 'Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings' and 'With Shelley in Italy,' in two volumes.

The American Unitarian Association announces 'James Martineau, Theologian and Teacher,' by J. Estlin Carpenter; 'Daughters of the Puritans,' sketches of Catharine Maria Sedgwick, Mary Lovell Ware, Lydia Maria Child, etc., by Seth Curtis Beach; and a composite work on negro education in the South, with descriptions of leading institutions.

'Around the World in Ninety Days,' by Frederick Chamberlin, with hundreds of snap-shot illustrations by the author, is about to be issued by the C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston.

E. L. Jackson's illustrated 'St. Helena, the Historic Island,' which appeared in London a year ago, is soon to be put upon the American market by Thomas Whittaker.

In like manner, G. Lowes Dickinson's 'The Greek View of Life' will take on the American imprint of McClure, Phillips & Co.

John W. Luce & Co., Boston, will shortly issue 'George Bernard Shaw: His Plays.'

The charming "Thumb-Nail Series" of the Century Company is continued in three volumes, one of Dickens's 'Chimes,' one of Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' eked out by pieces by her husband; and 'Washington,' consisting of his Farewell Address and other papers.

We are glad to learn that Messrs. Macmillan have not, as appeared, ceased issuing in their eighty-cent editions the well-known translation of the Iliad by Lang, Leaf, and Myers, and that of the Odyssey by Butcher and Lang. Nevertheless, "abridged" and cheaper editions (at twenty-five cents) will help supply the semi-popular demand for those translations in the schools. This abridgment of Homer, accomplished by Prof. G. R. Carpenter, however convenient for the general and hasty reader, will hardly content every teacher who wishes to put either the Iliad or the Odyssey into the hands of a class in English. Some teachers, confessing a peculiar respect for the translations in question, must still desire to see them obtainable entire at a price that is not prohibitive for large classes. Further, useful and careful as Professor Carpenter's excision of Homer may be, one may doubt whether so delicate an operation should not have been entrusted to a professed Grecian. The untutored may likewise raise this query: Is not striking out "some of the repetitions so plentifully used in Homer" comparable to striking out some of the recurring lines in Tennyson or the essentially poetical, reduplicating phrases in a Scottish ballad? The good old days when youngsters had to listen to long sermons and to *repeat* the "Shorter" Catechism from memory, and incidentally—who knows how?—caught the trick of writing real English, are past recalling. Shortly, in order to facilitate our education, we shall be singing "Coronation" without the refrain.

The 'American Jewish Year-Book' continues its useful course, now become permanent. The adage on the happiness of the people that has no history, is well

illustrated in its successive volumes; the unhappinesses of the Jewish race are, in truth, the main interest here for the non-Hebrew reader. In the present issue the "story of the year" is long, and of history there has evidently been much, almost all of the unhappy kind. Life in the quieter waters of this country is mirrored in the useful biographical sketches here continued and in the report of the Publication Society, with its ponderous list of members.

Novelty and freshness are hard to attain in giving either story or description of the much be-written Edinburgh, yet Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, in his contribution to the Dent-Macmillan "Mediæval Towns" series, has put together a charming volume, full of matter, but with little in it either of the guide-book or the town history. That little might have been cut out with advantage, and the space given to more characteristic detail. There are many allusions here which are exasperating in their brevity. The illustrations are, if anything, still more charming and suggestive.

There is much refreshment in coming upon a collection of folk-tales which are really new and not an imperfect retelling from other tongues of the same old motifs—*alter et idem*. Even though their absolute authority may be dubious and their artistic elaboration certain, Madame Hélène Vacaresco's 'Songs of the Valiant Voivode' (Scribners), a sequel to her 'Bard of the Dimbovitza,' takes us into a *Märchen*-world as far from that of central and western Europe as any collection of Turkish or Russian tales. Just as distinct and individual in atmosphere and tone are these Rumanian stories, and yet it is plain that the centuries of Balkan conflict have fused into them, in strange mixture, both the Slavic melancholy —that strange modern melancholy, different from the Celtic and still more from the Teutonic—which meets us only there, and also the Turkish gorgeousness, its nomadic instinct and sense of space and air. Entirely different are the gypsy stories, half picaresque, half supernatural, altogether humorous. To what degree the form is the collector's and translator's, only a native of the Balkans could tell, and the Balkan peoples are too deadly at odds among themselves to be willing to tell truly. Yet an outsider may conjecture, and feel tolerably confident, that the base here is solid and genuine, although this is certainly not a contribution which folk-lorists may use and catalogue with an easy mind. The English is most vivid, with a glister as of stones and gold, flowers and sparkling water; but often, too, it is decidedly queer, and colloquialisms come in confusingly. The lack of Miss Alma Strettel's help in this volume, and the extent of it in the previous one, are very plain.

'The Lands of the Eastern Caliphate: Mesopotamia, Persia and Central Asia from the Moslem Conquest to the Time of Timur,' by Mr. G. Le Strange, is a worthy complement and sequel to the same author's 'Palestine under the Moslems' (1890) and 'Bagdad under the Abbasid Caliphate' (1900). It forms part of the Cambridge Geographical Series (New York: The Macmillan Co.), and, as the title suggests, deals with these countries from the point of view of Moslem historical geography. Of geography, as the simple description of the surface of the earth, it has little. Rather, Mr. Le Strange takes the books of the Arabic geographers and travellers, works out, province by province, the material which they give—routes, boundaries, town-sites, etc.—and, with the assistance of the reports of recent travellers, lays it down on the maps which we have. With this he combines an immense mass of information, historical, descriptive, economic, manufacturing, agricultural, drawn from the same sources. At the foot of each page is a wealth of references; at the end, an index of forty-six pages; throughout the volume, ten excellent schematized maps. Of course, these last have almost no geographical features; the reader must take the best map accessible to him and lay out upon it that of Mr. Le Strange. The title fairly gives the ground covered, with the large exception that Syria, Arabia, and Egypt are excluded. To digest the material on Arabia would take a volume in itself; Syria is treated in 'Palestine under the Moslems,' and Egypt has been already most broadly mapped and described, though not after this fashion. Of course such a book cannot be very readable, but its value for the student of mediæval Hither Asia cannot be exaggerated, and even for the student of civilization in the broad it will be full of suggestion. It introduces him for the first time to the immense wealth of information in the Arabic geographers, and furnishes clues which it will be comparatively easy to trace out to the end. It is greatly to be desired that this survey of the Moslem world may be completed and even carried into Spain. The task lies at the door of the author of this book.

There is no subject, however grim, which the human mind may not view humorously, and those predisposed to 'Auto-Fun: Pictures and Comments from Life' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) will find it highly amusing. There are plenty of crashes and smashes, but no corpses, and much ingenious satire for juggernaut and victim. Love scenes, or it could not be *Life*, are interspersed effectively, and the level of these caricatures is uncommonly high in respect of invention and artistic technique.

'Future Forest Trees,' by A. Harold Unwin (London: T. Fisher Unwin), is a good translation of an Austrian account of experiments in the introduction of American trees. The recorded experiments deal with broad-leaved and with coniferous trees belonging to East and West North America, planted not alone in Austria as might be supposed, but in Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain as well. The little treatise was originally prepared for a "Forestry Magazine," and hence might better have been recast before going into book form. But, in spite of its lack of proportion and its marked gaps, it is likely to be of use in any forest library.

Volume iii., 'Flowers and Inflorescences,' in Prof. H. Marshall Ward's "Trees: A Handbook of Forest-Botany for the Woodlands and the Laboratory" (Cambridge, Eng., University Press; New York: Macmillan), is, like the earlier volumes in the series, thoroughly interesting and accurate. Even the amateur, who may justly regard most botanical treatises with suspicion as likely to be desperately dry, will find this work charming and very intelligible. No hard places are slurred over; the paths are simply made plain and straight. It is a pity that we do not have in this country such an attractive handbook for our beginners in woodcraft.

A more suitable title for Prof. Frank Goodwin's 'Treatise on the Law of Real Property' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) would have been "Lectures on Real Property Subjects." The text has taken shape from the purpose of a teacher to explain to his students a difficult branch of the law. This means occasional repetition. A few subjects get scanty treatment, while others are omitted, thus insuring an adequate discussion of topics of larger importance. The result is a text-book of a high order. The ardor and buoyancy of Professor Goodwin's style remind one of Mr. Justice Story, though there is none of the latter's diffusiveness or display of learning. The practising lawyer may be surprised to find in this single volume so much new material, the product of real-property decisions during the last twenty-five years.

The *Geographical Journal* for October contains an account of the exploration and survey work done in connection with the Tibet Frontier Commission, by Major C. H. D. Ryder. This includes the survey of the Tsangpo River from near Lhasa to its source, a region which had been previously explored only by natives sent in disguise, but their work has turned out to be fairly accurate. An interesting incident was an interview with the head of the great Tashi Lhunpo monastery, who is now, by the deposition of the Dalai Lama, the most important ecclesiastic in Tibet. He was a young man of about twenty-three, of attractive appearance and manners, and seemed to be generally beloved and revered. The tombs of his five predecessors are each separate buildings with golden roof and highly ornamented interior, filled with a wealth of turquoises, gold bowls, and rare old jade and cloisonné. Major Ryder bears testimony to the cordial treatment he everywhere received, a proof to him that the treaty signed at Lhasa was not merely a paper one, "but that it inaugurated an era of truly friendly relations between ourselves and the Tibetans." The paper on the Nile flood and its variations, by Capt. H. G. Lyons, consists largely of data obtained from various gauge-readings, the oldest records being those of the Roda Nilometer at Cairo.

Prof. Simon Newcomb's observations and theories on the periodicity of the solar spots and climatic changes, as well as those of Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer and R. Wolf, are made the subject of the leading article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 8. The author, Dr. C. Easton of Rotterdam, expresses the conviction that, through the joint labors of astronomers, meteorologists, and geographers, we may have accurate weather forecasts for extensive regions. Other subjects treated are the meteorological observations made during the past ten years in Bulgaria, with charts and a diagram, and the Italian archæological and ethnographical mission to Montenegro, which is described by Professor Baldacci, its leader. An interesting account is given of Haifa, which, through its connection with the railway now being constructed between Damascus and Mecca, promises to become the most important port on the Syrian coast. It is proposed to spend between one and two million dollars on harbor improvements.

Education was the subject of the first of Lord Curzon's valedictory addresses in In-

dia, in which he maintained that, as the first and most powerful instrument of moral elevation in India, it must ever remain a primary care of the State. In elementary education there had been a considerable advance during his term of office. There was now a permanent annual grant of thirty-five lakhs of rupees ($1,155,000) for this purpose; thousands of new primary schools were opening their doors, training schools for teachers were springing up in every direction, and the pay of primary teachers had been raised. Similar progress was noted in secondary and commercial education, while in the higher university education the Government policy had assumed a wider scope, and had, he hoped, effected a more drastic change in the emancipation of the youth of India from the gyves and manacles of the past. A gratifying feature of the awakening of interest in these reforms was the stimulus it had given to the liberality of wealthy Indians. The hearty appreciation of his work in these directions was shown by the fact that many of the farewell messages and tributes he had received from native sources placed in the forefront the services he was generously credited with having rendered to the cause of Indian education.

The establishment of a "free university" in Moscow has, according to the report of the Berlin *Rundschau*, been made a certainty by a special gift of 500,000 rubles from a friend of free thought in the Empire. It is expressly announced that it is not to be a rival or competitor of the Imperial University: it will probably take the place of the institution that for years has been maintained in Paris by Russian refugees, which now is to be closed. For the present, courses are to be given only in philosophy, political economy, and kindred branches. It has been decided to invite German savants to give semester courses of lectures. In connection with this project a Russian university congress was assembled in Moscow recently; fourteen cities, among them Tomsk and Paris, being represented in a total of 110 university teachers. The convention gave its time and attention to political as well as educational matters, and among other things decided to favor the admission of educated women as students and as teachers in the universities.

A valuable literary find has again been secured from the Egyptian papyri fragments in the shape of a commentary on the 'Theætetus' of Plato. The book dates from the period of the Roman Empire, and is of importance both in furnishing us the ancient interpretation of this difficult dialogue, and in giving new data concerning the later philosophers. The papyrus is now preserved in Berlin, and is being published by Dr. Schubert and Professor Diels.

An important archæological discovery has been made in Sicily, near Collesano, about fifty miles from Palermo. In preparing some land for planting American grape-vines, workmen uncovered, one after the other, forty large skeletons. Further excavations were authorized, and several ancient tombs were discovered, and the fronts of houses with very unusual ornamentation. Signore Salinas, the director of the National Museum of Palermo, has inspected the excavations, and is of the opinion that they form a part of the ancient Paropa, mentioned by Pliny.

The recent installation of President James at the University of Illinois, besides marking the formal reception of a new university head, is of interest as emphasizing in its whole programme, extending over almost an entire week, the ideal relation of the American State University to the community. The topics discussed at the general meetings and the special sessions touched upon Church and State, upon commerce and culture, upon the mechanic and agricultural arts, and upon the science of war. Members of every branch of the Government, national, State, and local, were invited to attend, and representatives of the most diverse forms of Christian belief met to discuss the religious needs of university students. Perhaps the most original contribution to educational thought furnished by this notable gathering was the meeting of university and college trustees for the discussion of the one wholly chaotic branch of our educational system, if there be such a system, the business management of institutions of higher learning. The effect of bringing together a large number of college overseers cannot fail to be beneficial, even though nothing definite could be accomplished at this first meeting. The way has been cleared, and results will follow in due time.

—William Barclay Parsons, of the Board of Consulting Engineers, contributes to the November *Century* a paper on the Panama Canal conspicuous for its plain statement of the problems to be met in making the Culebra cut and in handling the floods of the Chagres River. To complete the Culebra cut to sea level, we are told, means the removal of 5,000 large carloads of material each day for ten years. A dam 150 feet in height will form a lake capable of holding an entire year's flow of the Chagres River, and by under sluices its average flow can be delivered continuously into the canal. With a depth of 100 feet in this lake sufficient pressure would be developed to generate electric power enough to do all the work of the canal and the Panama Railroad, light the canal itself, the cities at its ends, and all the villages of the canal zone, and still leave a surplus for commercial disposal. Ralph D. Paine's second paper on the "Spirit of School and College Sport" deals with English and American football. The chief source of all the present troubles, he is convinced, lies in the evident fact that the game has been carried by false methods to a point where no considerable number of bona-fide college students can hope to play it successfully. Hence the continual search for men who are not bona-fide students, with all the attendant dishonesty, so disgraceful to American colleges. Students of Whitman will be interested in a few pages of extracts from Mr. Horace Traubel's records of the poet's conversation during the last few years of his life. In one passage Whitman traces the genesis of the 'Leaves of Grass' to Walter Scott: "If you could reduce the 'Leaves' to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably active at the roots." Beside this some will be inclined to place a remark made but a few days later: "Any one of you fellows knows more about my book than I do myself." The approval of Dowden gave Whitman great pleasure: "Dowden is a confirmed scholar. The people who call my friends ignoramuses, unscholarly, off the streets, cannot quarrel with the equipment of Dowden. Dowden has all the points they insist upon—yet he can tolerate Walt Whitman."

—The Bancroft letters, in *Scribner's*, drop suddenly a quarter of a century to the period of Mr. Bancroft's mission at the Court of St. James. The letters of the present instalment, however, deal exclusively with the historian's frequent visits to Paris in search of material for his great work, which had now reached the period of the Revolution. An incident of these visits was the opportunity to hear Rachel in Racine's "Andromaque," and it scarcely need be said that the result was complete captivation; "Her utterance was inspiration, love, hate, tenderness, revenge, all the passions that can agitate the breast of a fond woman; the torture of love unrecognized, the gentle relenting at the slightest transitory hope, the frenzy of seeing another preferred by the man whose faith had been plighted to her, the infinite remorse at the consummation of her vengeance, all flowed from her lips and impressed themselves on her face and mind, in her eyes and person." In the "Point of View" we find an earnest, and certainly a timely, protest against the tendency to make the novel of manners a novel of social usages: "We should be freed from constant attempts on the part of popular novelists to instruct us in matters of etiquette." Let us resort to some "Guide to Good Manners" if deficient in early training, and have an end of "covert hints on behavior coated with the syrup of fiction." Though no names are mentioned, one does not feel sure that these strictures are not partly aimed at 'The House of Mirth,' which reaches its inevitably unmirthful conclusion in this number.

—Dr. Charcot's second paper on his Antarctic explorations, in the November *Harper's*, brings him safely home again laden with 3,000 photographs, medical observations on the effect of the climate on his men, bacteriological analyses of air, water, ice and snow, researches in the intestinal fauna of seals, birds, and fish, voluminous notes on hydrography, geology, meteorology, glaciology, botany, etc. Modern science has at least enabled the polar explorer to get back with something more than his mere life, even if it has not opened to him the route to the coveted pole. Mr. Nevinson's slave-trade revelations continue the monotonous story of heartless greed and oppression, though we are assured in the advertising pages that "it is probable that, owing to Mr. Nevinson's work, the British Government will intervene to put a stop to prevailing conditions on the Portuguese West African coast." Hamilton W. Mabie's paper on East Side kindergarten work, of which we spoke last month, is followed by a description of an East Side music-school settlement, by Philip Verrill Mighels. The work was begun by Miss Emilie Wagner, a young college graduate of philanthropic bent, in 1894. Her single-handed efforts were so evidently justified by their fruits that others engaged in college and university settlement work came to her aid, and the movement has now been taken under the patronage of an incorporated "Society of the Music-School Settlement." It is distinctively a Yiddish institution, for the present situate in the crowded Yiddish district of East Third Street.

—That this year's loan collection of portraits at Oxford was less brilliant than the

collection of last year is to be made out from the illustrated catalogue which has recently been published (Frowde). The period covered is the whole of the Stuart era, with the exception of the reign of James I. Here the names of Van Dyck, Lely and Kneller at once suggest themselves, but Van Dyck, the greatest of the three, was occupied almost exclusively during the six years and a half of his residence in England with painting personages of the Court, while neither Lely nor Kneller found his chief subjects in the dons and bishops of Oxford. Of the forty-two painters represented, little more than twenty were born in Great Britain, and of three we have no better representation in the present catalogue than Dobson, Greenhill, and Mrs. Beale. "In looking on the portraits of this period," says Mr. Lionel Cust, "let us remember the words of Thomas Carlyle, 'In short, any representations made by a faithful human creature of that face and figure which *he* saw with *his* eyes and which I can never see with *mine*, is now valuable to me and much better than none at all.'" No quotation could have been better selected for the purpose of bringing out the characteristic features of such an assemblage as is represented here. Men like Harvey, Falkland, Clarendon, Cowley, Cromwell, Hobbes, Bishop Ken, H. Lawes, Locke, Milton, John Wallis, and Sir Henry Wotton, have a claim upon the interest of each succeeding age; and any portrait which rises above pure crudeness must in such cases possess a measure of historical value. Unfortunately, the Oxford collection did not contain the best extant portraits of Falkland, Clarendon, or Cromwell, to take typical examples; but, judged by an antiquarian standard, these pictures were well worth bringing together. The catalogue, as in the case of its predecessor, is beautifully printed and well illustrated.

—It is convenient for literary students to have, in one neat, well-printed volume, the 'Essays on Mediæval Literature,' by W. P. Ker (Macmillan Co.), that were formerly scattered in various quarters. Although the book is quite devoid of learned apparatus and seems to appeal to the general reading public rather than to the professional scholar, it shows not a trace of the carelessness or the superficiality that we generally associate with the term "popular." On the contrary, the author has, in addition to an unusually thorough acquaintance with the themes discussed, a knack of viewing old subjects from a new angle and looking through petty details at the great principles behind them, which, coupled with a graceful style, makes the 'Essays' not only attractive and valuable to the layman, but instructive even to the specialist. The longest essay deals with Froissart. Originally written as an introduction to Lord Berners's 'Cronykle of Syr John Froissart' in the Tudor Translations, it treats first, and very fully, of Berners's merits and defects as a translator; after which we have an account of Froissart and a penetrating criticism of his style. Shorter studies are devoted to Boccaccio, Chaucer, Gower, and "The Earlier History of English Prose." The book closes with a sympathetic and judicial estimate of Gaston Paris, first printed in the *Quarterly Review*. With the exception of this tribute, the shortest of the papers is a discussion of the "Similes of Dante," which, to most readers, is likely to prove the most interesting of all. The author illustrates the difference between epic simile, as Homer used it, and lyric metaphor, as we find it in the troubadours, dwells on the striking absence of simile in modern epic poetry before Dante, and its natural infrequency in the lyric poets, and establishes the importance of Dante as the transmitter of this chief adornment of narrative verse from the ancient world to ours. Among the examples cited is the figure of the flower chilled and drooping at night and reviving with the sun; Chaucer, who employs it in the 'Troilus,' got it from Boccaccio, who, using it twice—in the 'Teseide' and the 'Filostrato'—derived it in turn from Dante. This particular simile might have been traced back one step further, to William of Poitiers.

—'Espagnols et Portugais chez eux' (Paris: Colin) is not a suggestively auspicious title in the eyes of those who grasp the difficulty of penetrating into the domestic and inner life of the Peninsula, even with the favor of exceptional introductions. M. Quillardet, the writer of this work, has scoured the two Iberian kingdoms, observed with the alert *coup d'œil* of the French traveller, and doubtless taken copious notes, yet without conveying the sense of such intimacy as one gets from the still unmatched, if antiquated, Ford. Valencia and the whole Eastern swath, except Catalonia, are scantily discussed, though here may be seen many signs, quite vital, of the genuinely Spanish Spain of tradition, which convince the traveller that Gautier (who likewise slurred this region) is much less out-of-date than the average Spaniard of to-day can be brought to admit. The week-long Corpus Christi processions of Valencia, or the "Hogueras de San Juan" on the 23d of June, are *fiestas* entirely typical and unspoiled. Some of the statements in this book are open to question. Twelve hundred students would seem a large number in Salamanca the Deserted. The odd custom, now comparatively rare, of keeping one's hat on at *table d'hôte* has been explained to the writer of this note as the survival of any hidalgo's right to cover (*cubrirse*) in any company, and not in contempt of his neighbor; to remove one's hat is, in the cafés of small towns, to make one's self conspicuous. M. Quillardet's most interesting disquisition deals with the marked differences in Spanish and Portuguese character respectively; private preference in this case being shown for the Lusitanian because of his greater cheeriness and warmth of manner. Useful statistics and statements concerning trade and agriculture, borne out by recent melancholy reports, reveal the economic straits of country and people. From several remarks concerning the condition of women, the unwary might be tempted to declare that the writer's initial M does not represent Monsieur.

BRUNOT'S HISTORY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

Histoire de la Langue Française, des Origines à 1900. Tome I: De l'époque latine à la Renaissance. Par Ferdinand Brunot, professeur d'histoire de la langue française à l'Université de Paris. Paris: Armand Colin. 1905. 8vo, pp. xxxviii., 547.

Advanced students of the French language will not need to be informed that the present history is an outgrowth of the linguistic portion of the great collaborative 'Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française, des Origines à 1900,' published in eight octavo volumes under the direction of the late Professor Petit de Julleville, of the University of Paris; nor will they have to be reminded that, while the history of the literature, in this monumental work, was apportioned among many noted specialists, the history of the language, throughout the entire period of its development, was entrusted to a single hand, that of Ferdinand Brunot. By those already familiar with the linguistic chapters of the collective work, the sentiment first experienced on taking up this portly and handsome volume will doubtless be one of gratification at finding the treatment of the language, in its present separate form, so generously amplified; while the sense of pleasure will only be deepened into gratitude by the more intimate disclosure that, with exceedingly few reserves, a painstaking process of revision has kept even pace with the forward movement of expansion. So far as mere enlargement is concerned, it will be found that the period extending from the Latin epoch to the Renaissance, to which a space of only 166 pages, all told, was accorded in the earlier work, has claimed in the present volume no less than 585. Nor is the promise for the future less reassuring, since not one, but two volumes are assigned for the remainder of the work. Volume ii. will cover the period from the Renaissance to Vaugelas, and is announced to appear in the year 1906; volume iii. will deal with the period from Vaugelas to our own times, and may its consummation be proportionately near.

For a survey of the excellences and possible shortcomings of this important work, a convenient starting-point is afforded by the publisher's circular, in which, on its appearance, the new volume was recently brought to the attention of scholars. An engaging feature of this circular consists of a citation from the elaborate review with which the original chapters were honored by Gaston Paris, in a series of articles aggregating nearly fifty pages, and appearing in the *Journal des Savants* for 1897. With that perfect judicial-mindedness which invariably characterized the reviews of the great master of Romance philology, the one in question apportions praise and blame in a manner somewhat more instructive than could fairly be expected to be reproduced in a publisher's announcement. The foible, which he criticises, of an "exposition dans une généralité qui peut paraître excessive" and of "certains développements superflus" —more manifest, he admits, in the early chapters—is also diminishingly visible in the present separate work, since it is precisely the later portions which have most profited by augmented zeal for exactness and detail of treatment. The reader, therefore, may well be put upon his guard against being unduly prejudiced at the outset by a certain number of trifling infelicities that do not recur later in the work, when the author has definitely settled down to unfolding, simply and clearly, the richly accumulated treasures of his linguistic lore.

To give an example of what may fairly be accounted "infelicity," while making all proper allowance for the popular (yet not, after all, so very popular) intention and

appeal of this distinctly learned book, attention may be pointed to the introductory remarks on the phonetics of the Latin folk-speech (p. 61, *ss.*):

"In the first place the stress which we lay, as in French, on the last non-mute syllable of the word—*patér, rosá, dominús, reginá*—completely mars words which in Latin never had the tonic stress on the last syllable. Notoriously, indeed, dissyllables had it on the penult [etc., etc.]. . . . So that, in this Virgilian line, the syllables whose stress involved a raising and at the same time an increase of intensity of the voice, were those which I mark with a sign. . . . It is already quite a different thing from the ordinary reading:

Infandúm, reginá, jubés renovaré dolorém.

. . . How many errors in the single verse quoted above!"

Whatever may be, in practice, the traditional Latin pronunciation of the French *lycéen* and his elders, it surely tends to bring their theoretical knowledge of Latin into undeserved disrepute to display, in large type and at the head of a chapter, a disquisition of this sort. Most of this, and much more than has been quoted, might well have been relegated to an inconspicuous foot-note.

On page 62 we are told that "le *g* se prononçait dur devant *i* : on disait *reguina* et non *rejina*"; on page 63, "*c* . . . et *g* gardaient toujours leur valeur d'explosives: . . . *reg(u)ina* non *rejina*." On page 62 we read: "Le *i* de *jubes* (exactement *iubes*) se prononçait comme *y* dans *yeux* et non comme *j* dans *jeu*"; on page 63, "*j* se prononçait comme *y* dans *yeux* . . ." The double use, in proximity so close, of statements so rudimentary, must disconcert the scientific *flair* of the neophyte no less than of the pundit. Nor is it a mere quibble of perfection to suggest for note 3, page 65, which reads, "On se souviendra que nous notons les voyelles ouvertes par une cédille, les fermées par un point," the substitution (if necessary): "Pour les signes employés, voir à la page xxxiii." By the majority of scholars having occasion to use or to consult a work of scholarship counting nearly 600 pages, it must be regretted that there has been no division of the matter into numbered sections, while yet of cross-references there are almost literally none, although the reader's desire for them is often whetted by such phrases as "we have already seen," "it is elsewhere explained," etc.

In treating of the disappearance of final *m* in the folk speech (pp. 69, 70), it is surprising that Brunot (with other scholars) fails to cite and to emphasize the phenomenon of ecthlipsis in classical poetry, which shows the invasion of precisely the same tendency in literary speech. Similarly, for the disappearance of *v* between vowels, it is not half so interesting to ferret out a few sporadic occurrences of *vius* for *vivus, juenis* for *juvenis*, as it would be to add: "compare **-ivi* > *-ii*," which is simply folk-speech usage cropping out vigorously among the schoolmasters and the scribes. Again, apropos of the disappearance of *n* before *s*, how can one tell us that "Quintilien (I, 7, 29) affirme que de son temps on disait, comme on écrivait, le plus souvent: *cosul*," without stopping to point the same moral?

On page 89, it is manifestly by inadvertence that the text runs: "*Volere* [read *velle*] entrainé par son parfait *volui*, passe à la seconde: **volére*." On page 105, in a list of Latin words which survived in Old but not in Modern French, we find "*pectus* (v. fr. *pis*)." Whence, then, is Mod. Fr. *pis*? Page 129, note 2: "Ajoutez qu'une foule de noms propres sont d'origine germanique." Is not the author aware that, with the exception, for form's sake, of some Bible names, practically *all* the names of persons of the Old French period are Germanic? At page 213, the adverb of affirmation *oïl* is satisfactorily explained, and its use mentioned in *langue d'oïl* (cf. *langue d'oc, langue de si*); but, strangely enough, the modernized form, *langue d'oui*, which can only mean "Modern French," is later (p. 304, *ss.*) unfortunately used constantly to signify Old French. The misapprehension underlying this simple conception seems to be widely prevalent, and ought certainly to be corrected. The explanation of *langue d'oïl* unfailingly given in English is that it means "language of yes," whereas obviously the English language itself is the language of "yes," just as German is the language of "ja" and Dante's speech is the "bella lingua di sì." It makes as painful an impression to hear Old French called "la langue d'oui" as it would to hear Modern French called "la langue d'oïl." It may be added that the correct explanation of *oïl* given on page 213, which emanates originally from Tobler, and has by no means yet percolated into the current manuals of French, precludes the suspicion that the "*oïl* (Latin *hoc ille*)" of page 304 is intended to convey, as it seems to be, the old tautological explanation over which correspondents of the *Nation* tilted valiantly many years ago.

On the same page (213) the essential point in the history of the negative particle, *non*, is completely overlooked, with curious results. We translate:

"In Old French for a certain period the negative remained the same as in Latin. It is found at first in its full form, *non*. . . . But very shortly also we meet with the weakened forms *nen* and *ne*. . . . All these forms will be found coexisting for a long time. . . . *Non* is met with especially in principal propositions: *non ferez* [!]; after *o* and *ne* (*ni*); after *se*; or finally, quite by itself [!!]."

In all this, strong as the protestation may sound, every single statement is absolutely misleading or meaningless. Nothing undemonstrable can be more certain in philology than that unstressed *nen* (however it might have been spelt if there had been any one to write it down) was already differentiated from stressed *non* long before the Oaths of Strassburg. That there are a trifling number of examples in the earliest documents of the unstressed negation miswritten *non*, under the influence of the Classical Latin, proves nothing. The whole story of French *ne* and *non* from the earliest times is fairly luminous: In unstressed position *nen*, weakening to *ne*; in stressed position, ever and always, *non*. "On trouve surtout *non* dans des propositions principales." As well say, "On trouve surtout *non* dans des phrases." And shall we then affirm that, in the Modern French "oui ou non," *non* is to be classified as following *ou*, and in "ni oui ni non," *non* is classified as following *ni*? This is fortunately not a fair sample of the author's acumen. He is here simply caught soundly napping.

But these are not the columns of a technical journal, and it is necessary to break off somewhere the discussion of the multifarious data of this great thesaurus, even at the cost of leaving whole domains of the subject entirely untouched. It should at least be made clear that the parts of the book left undiscussed are its strongest and best. There are, in particular, long and admirable chapters on syntax and vocabulary, and it is noteworthy and most praiseworthy that wherever the author breaks new ground and works at first hand, as he often does in the latter part of the book, there he is invariably rich in useful material and in suggestive ideas. Such, for example, are his chapters on "La Valeur Linguistique de l'Ancien Français," on "Le Français à l'Étranger" (40 pp.), and on "Le Latinisme" (20 pp.). Commendation, too, should be given to the proofreading. The second volume will cover a period peculiarly Mr. Brunot's own, and will be awaited with a confidence of good things to come that is certain not to be disappointed.

RUSSIA AGAIN.

Russia from Within. By Alexander Ular. Henry Holt & Co. 1905.

People who like to read strong statements couched in language which is plain to the verge of violence at times, and never courteous, will thoroughly enjoy Mr. Ular's arraignment of everybody and everything in Russia—save, possibly, the revolutionists. On the principle that it is as well to know the worst that can be said, people who are not particularly fond of gossip—back-stairs and front-stairs and all the intermediate varieties—may also profitably peruse at least some portions of this volume. The author is, evidently, quite sincere, and perfectly convinced as to the authenticity of his statements, whether they deal with matters Governmental and fiscal, or personal and moral.

An excellent specimen of his methods is presented by the introductory chapter, "The Assassination of Plehve and the Antecedents of the Revolution." It begins with a rapid general survey of the causes leading up to the present situation, which he discerns primarily in the "fatally victorious war with Turkey" (1877-8), pernicious because it restored self-confidence to the nation after the stupendous revelations of rottenness brought out by the Crimean War disasters, and the fact that the Tsar's victories rendered him the arbiter of peace and war in Europe at a crisis when a possible counterpoise to the disquieting ambitions of the rising German Empire had been sought in all directions. The era of "the great reforms of the sixties," engendered by the Crimean War, and the freedom conferred on the serfs, was productive of unrest, he says, and these very reforms contained the germs of fresh dissensions between the people and the autocracy, while the victory over Turkey inaugurated "that internal moral decadence in Russia which ensued on the passing impetus given by the Crimean defeat."

Mr. Ular names as the critical date on which the nation first felt definite hope that the ever-growing oppression might be shaken off, July 28, 1904, when Minister Plehve was assassinated. He asserts that the Terrorist Group was supplied with funds for that deed by manufacturers,

princes, even society ladies, "who contributed to the expenses of the plot; less, perhaps, for the sake of their country than from a desire to experience the emotion of creating a 'sensation.'" He seems to be initiated into the innermost confidence of the Terrorists, for he says that he had assisted, while visiting Russia about the time when the recent war in the Far East broke out, in unmasking an intrigue of the military party, which had for its object to involve in the war both England and France. Immediately after his return to France, a Russian revolutionary came to discuss the general situation connected with Plehve, and it was Mr. Ular's views and advice, given at that conference, which determined Plehve's fate. The conversation is reported in full, and the reader can judge for himself as to its justice:

"From the day of Plehve's death," he proceeds, "Russia was a changed country. . . . The nationalities subjected to Tzardom—Slavs and Turanians—have all a psychology differing considerably from that of the Latin nations. With them great struggles are silent. . . . The mental transformation which came to light on the historic day of the Liberators' exploit, is what at the present moment determines the 'Russian Crisis,' as its well-wishers call it—the 'Russian Revolution,' as it is termed by the Independents. This transformation of the Russian national conscience under the wing of despotism, which has been, and still is, the most astounding anachronism of our time, is, undoubtedly, the most important phenomenon, and the most pregnant with results, that we of these days could possibly contemplate."

This may be regarded as the text for all that follows. "No psychologist," he adds, "has ever been able to analyze or describe the development of simple individual consciousness, let alone that of a nation." He therefore presents portraits of the national representatives, in the persons of the Tsar, the grand dukes, "the ministers, and innumerable army of officials—unconscionable bloodsuckers, but none the less the real masters of the nation," whom he classes as "the Reigning Dynasty of Degenerates and Fools, along with their servile flunkeys." He starts in by calling the Tsar "an anachronism," and declaring that the adoption of the title was "merely a false pretence—a vain attempt to prove that a petty Asiatic despot reigning at Moscow was the direct inheritor of the Byzantine Empire. The introduction of the famous double-headed eagle was but a larceny perpetrated on the Byzantine dynasty, after it had succumbed to the Ottoman invasion." As a matter of fact, the right of certain other persons who bear the title of "Cæsar" under another form than "Tsar" rests on no better—if as good—foundations; and Ivan III., who wedded the Princess Sophia Palæologus (1472), the only child and heiress of the last Emperor of Byzantium's brother, brought the eagle into the Russian coat-of-arms (in a manner not unknown to heraldry in other lands), as well as a certain moral claim to the Imperial title, even if through the female line, as the same title has been handed down in Austria.

Our author pronounces Alexander II. the only Tsar worthy of sympathy; and to Alexander II. he is so opposed that he even cites as a reproach, well-nigh a crime, the fact that he "and his eldest son more often occupied themselves in felling trees in the park [at Gatchina] than in governing the country." Yet he complains elsewhere of over-government and pernicious activity; while tree-felling has been regarded as a merit, not a vice, in English and American statesmen. Naturally, the author devotes his best efforts and most lavish space, in this department, to the reigning Tsar, whom, after the usual fashion, he accuses both of being absolutely self-willed and scornful of advice, and absolutely subservient to the intrigues and dictates of his relatives and Ministers, while it is admitted that he is utterly deprived of initiative because of the established rights of Commission, Senate, Council of the Empire, and Ministers. But Mr. Ular justly remarks: "Nicholas—the man—is deserving of pity. It is his political rôle alone that is iniquitous." Much attention is next paid to the Grand Dukes; and although many of the accusations which Mr. Ular brings against them might be duplicated in regard to the members of any royal or aristocratic families, it may well be that they really are, like Satan, "by merit raised to that bad eminence" to which he so confidently assigns them. At any rate, the legends which he narrates have attained wide circulation in Russia, and almost equally wide credence. It is to be regretted that he dismisses the worthy members of that exalted circle—like the Grand Duke Constantine, for example—with words so few and so colorless that the reader hardly notices them. A more developed artistic sense would have prompted a greater degree of emphasis by way of rendering the contrast more striking, at least.

In his chapter, "The Advent of the Bureaucracy," our attention is directed to the noteworthy fact, that the anti-aristocratic movement is led by the nobility. More noteworthy still is the well-explained circumstance that the tyrannous Bureaucracy, now so universally detested, was formed by Alexander II.'s democratic reforms, with their throwing open official employment to young men of all social castes, instead of confining it, as hitherto, to the nobility alone. But Mr. Ular carries his denunciations of these "parvenus" too far; he makes no exceptions. He classes among them Mr. (now Count) Witte, a man of noble birth, pays no heed whatever to the latter's services which won his promotion, and accuses these upstarts with maliciously "keeping out in the cold the man of high family and exalted rank." The bare circumstance that the set of Cadet School classmates, "The Moscow Group," have risen to posts of prominence and power, does not prove on their part a concerted plan of intrigue and unscrupulous mutual aid, deliberately plotted forty years ago. Fairness dictates the recognition of similar rise to prominence in other lands by groups of classmates or contemporaries whose talents, tastes or temperaments have proved lasting bonds, and have prompted friendly office when opportunities presented themselves in after life. A more serious accusation, and one which it would be difficult to refute, were it worth while, is, that this "Moscow Group" of young officers was joined, later on, by various more exalted personages, including Grand Dukes, the wife of Alexander III., Mr. Plehve, and Mr. Pobiedonostzeff, and deliberately effected the assassination of Alexander II. in order to prevent the establishment of a Constitution; Plehve, as head of the political police, taking the necessary passive measures to ensure the success of the (nominally) Nihilist plot.

"At the very moment," we are told, "when omnipotence seemed well within the grasp of this occult combination, . . . the peace of the conspirators was rudely broken by the sudden appearance of a formidable 'outsider,' an unsuspected 'dark horse,' whose rough, uncompromising energy upset their plans for ten long years. . . . This skeleton at the feast was Serguei Yulievitch Witte." With Mr. Witte's régime our author deals at great length, truly observing: "Witte's activity is the life of Russia from the accession of Nicholas to the eve of the Russo-Japanese war. . . . Witte's governmental activity constitutes, as much from the standpoint of Tsarian as from that of popular interests, the most important element in the course of events preliminary to the Revolution"—the "Revolution," he explains, being really nothing but an aggregate of reforms, dangerous only by reason of their counter-effects. Statistics, in abundance, follow, to demonstrate Mr. Witte's daring and his errors. Mr. Witte is credited with plans for peace, financial sagacity, peasant colonization, relinquishment to others of industrial enterprise, and administrative influence in Asia, peasant reform, and the purification of the powers that be, natural development, the spontaneous cure of the economic fever of the country. But the Tsar's brother-in-law represented to the sovereign that the policy of Alexeieff and Bezobrazoff (of the "Moscow Group")—a policy of provocation of Japan—was the logical consequence of Witte's policy. War came; and the author reports a conversation with Mr. Witte on February 17, 1904, previous to any defeat, in which the latter is represented as saying that he would never again take office "so long as these fools are reigning in Russia. My ideal of government is radically different from what is actually being carried out, internally as well as externally."

As to Finland, Mr. Ular declares that it is less the despotism of the Russian bureaucracy than a vague notion of external policy that has caused its misfortunes—meaning that Finland, culturally, forms a part of the Scandinavian group which blocks Russia's free outlet to the Atlantic. "It has invariably been this obsession of the free ocean that has drawn the Tsar into the fatal course of his policy," he comments. When he attempts to set forth the Ruthenian situation he is very much at fault, to begin with, in asserting that the Ruthenians "have a perfectly independent language that owes nothing to the Russian tongue. . . . Their literature is extremely fine, and if some of their greatest artists, to cite only Gogol, Glinka [Glinka was a musician!], and Korolenko, have preferred to express themselves in Russian, it is after the fashion of the Czechs or the Hungarians, who speak German that they may be listened to in the name of their better-known masters." When he proceeds to treat Galicia (under Austrian rule) as sufficiently under Russia's sway to permit of its inhabitants being deported to Siberia for importing Ruthenian publications, he is decidedly muddling the question.

The author's discussion of the Zemstvo is, in the main, good, but he is mistaken

in thinking that the land of the peasant communities is distributed every three years. He is probably confounding this distribution with the triennial or three-field system of tillage. The *izbas*, or cottages, also, have often more than one room, which he states as the unfailing rule. He is of opinion that the peasants are not by any means yet ready, from the intellectual point of view, to exercise national autonomy; but some of his figures concerning illiteracy are certainly based on a misconception or ignorance of the country. "The most lettered caste," he says, "as in Ancient India, is the clergy; out of 105 priests only twenty-eight can neither read nor write." Many of the priests in the poorer villages are not highly educated, it is true; but a priest who can neither read nor write is a downright impossibility.

The Torch: Eight Lectures on Race Power in Literature. By George Edward Woodberry. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

Mr. Woodberry has chosen as his scripture for the eight discourses that make up the "Torch" that Lucretian text beloved of the humanist, "Augescunt aliae gentes . . . et quasi cursores vitai lampada tradunt." The fundamental thesis of the book is oddly like the familiar one of Taine—with a difference. It is, in brief, as developed in the initial lecture on "Man and the Race," that the race is the real maker of literature, and that the ideal destiny of any single race is sacrifice. Mr. Woodberry has dwelt upon this notion with Oriental absorption, and has carried it valiantly to its logical end in such startling sentences as this: "Nay, if the aristocracy of the whole white race is to melt in a world of the colored races of the earth, I for one should only rejoice in such a divine triumph of the sacrificial idea in history; for it would mean the humanization of mankind."

The work of the race-mind in literature, as it seems to Mr. Woodberry's optimistic idealism, is not so much mere self-expression as self-conquest, liberation, racial euthanasia:

"The race-mind," he writes in one of the finest of his paragraphs, "building itself from immemorial time out of this mystery of thought and passion, as generation after generation kneels and fights and fades, takes unerringly the best that anywhere comes to be in the world, holds to it with the cling of fate, and lets all else fall to oblivion; out of this best it has made, and still fashions, that enduring world of idea and emotion into which we are born as truly as into the natural world. It has a marvellous economy.

> " 'One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world has never lost.'

Egypt, India, Greece and Rome, Italy, the English, France, America, the Turk, the Persian, the Russian, the Japanese, the Chinese, the negro, feed its pure tradition of what excellence is possible to the race-mind and has grown habitual in its being: and, as in the old myth, it destroys its parent, abolishing all these differences of climate, epoch, and skull. The race-mind unifies the race which it preserves; that is its irresistible line of advance. It wipes out the barriers of time, language, and country. It undoes the mischief of Babel, and restores to mankind one tongue in which all things can be understood by all men. It fuses the Bible of all nations in one wisdom and one practice. It knocks off the tribal fetters of caste and creed; and, substituting thought for blood as the bond of the world, it slowly liberates that free soul which is one in all men and common to all mankind. To free the soul in the individual life, and to accomplish the unity of mankind—that is its work."

In the second lecture, "The Language of All the World," Mr. Woodberry endeavors to show how the *anima gentium*, to borrow an apt phrase from the older humanists, has done this work through the use of three sets of symbols—three tongues, or, in Mr. Woodberry's own peculiar phrase, three "transformations of history," to wit, Mythology, Chivalry, Hebraism; and he is inclined to find a new fourth tongue making itself heard in the Democratic Idea. In the remaining lectures these transformations of history are traced as they appear in the permutation of the Titan Myth, and in the poetry of Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley.

Winding thus along his spiral way, Mr. Woodberry comes at last to a conclusion which will seem to the reader, according to his temperament, whether Aristotelian or Platonist, either a "weird seizure" or the very voice of the Sibyl:

"Of all the webs of illusion in which our mortality is enmeshed, time is the greatest illusion. This race-store, our inheritance, of which I have been speaking, which, vitalized in our lives, is race-power, is not a dead thing, a thing of the past; all that it has of life with us is living. Plato is not a thing of the past, twenty centuries ago; but a mood, a spirit, an approach to supreme beauty, by the pathway of human love; Spenser's 'Red Cross Knight' is not an Elizabethan legend, but the image of the Christian life to-day; and the hopes of man were not burnt away in the fire that consumed Shelley's mortal remains by the bright Mediterranean waves, nor do they sleep with his ashes by the Roman wall; they live in us. I have made much of the idea that all history is at last absorbed in imagination, and takes the form of the ideal in literature; it is a present ideal. We dip in life, as Shelley did, and we put on in our own personality these forms of which I have been speaking all along—forms of liberty, forms of beauty, forms of reason—of righteousness, of kindliness, of love, of courtesy, of charity, of joy in nature, of approach to God—and, these forms being present with us, eternity is with us; they have been shaped in past ages by the chosen among men—by poets, by saints, by dreamers—by Plato, by Virgil and Dante, by Shakspere and Goethe, who live through them in us; except in so far as they so live in us, they are dust and ashes: Babylon is not more a grave. But these ideal forms of thought and emotion, charged with the life of the human spirit through ages, are here and now, a part of present life, of our lives, as our lives take on these forms; casting their shadows on time, they raise us, as by the hands of angels, up the paths of being—we are released from the temporal, we lay hold on eternity, and, entering on our inheritance as heirs of man's past glory, we begin to lead that life of the free soul among the things of the spirit which is the climax of man's race-life and the culmination of the soul's long progress through time."

We have quoted liberally from this remarkable book because it is not easy to present Mr. Woodberry's ideas adequately and fairly, detached from the texture of their expression, from the luminous mist of poetry in which they swim, from the eddying cadences, "musical as Apollo's lute," which weave their magic about the reader's mood. Our author's thought is less convincing in the retrospect than in the reading. It is clear that his choice of typical literature has been very strictly selective, and (though there is much admirable criticism by the way) poetically rather than critically selective. He is a "realist" in the old scholastic sense that for him the universals, Beauty, Truth, Goodness, have a real existence "like that of a person"; and "The Absolute" is for him *terra firma*. The Torch of which he writes is the torch of academic idealism, of Platonism. Shakspere, Montaigne, and Cervantes, for instance, can be but hardly restrained within the bounds of the course; and, indeed, most of the great prose minds, so to say, in literature, which some may think the saner, less deluded minds, cannot be constrained within it at all. Yet here again we are brought to a stand by that great alignment of temperament which divides the world. At any rate, no writer in recent years has presented the cause of the Platonist with greater eloquence and devotion, or has made a more telling synthesis of old poetry and new science. Whether the faith that he upholds shall prove to be a dream of beautiful deceit or a veracious vision, only age-long time can tell.

A Register of National Bibliography. With a Selection of the Chief Bibliographical Books and Articles Printed in Other Countries. By William Prideaux Courtney. London: Constable. 1905.

A new Petzholdt has been for years the dream of many a bibliographer and librarian; but when the first attempt in that direction, M. Léon Vallée's 'Bibliographie des Bibliographies,' appeared in 1883, the disappointment was great. When, fifteen years later, M. Henri Stein published his 'Manuel de Bibliographie Générale,' with its sub-title, "Bibliotheca Bibliographica Nova," hopes were high, indeed; but a closer examination of that ambitious work shattered them most rudely. And now comes Mr. Courtney with a third attempt—and, we regret exceedingly to add, a third disappointment.

Not that he has not produced a useful book. Useful it certainly is, with its wealth of information, especially on the minutiæ of bibliography and on material buried in out-of-the-way places. But one cannot help thinking how much more useful it would have been if more care had been exercised in its preparation, and if Mr. Courtney had confined his efforts, as was originally his intention, to English bibliography:

"I had hardly entered upon my task," he says in the prefaee, "before it became obvious that the undertaking ought to be extended to a selection from the literature of other countries. Many of the best volumes on the writers of our land have been produced abroad, and many Englishmen have won distinction by their works on the literature of foreign nations."

This reason for extending the scope of the work seems not very valid; and Mr. Courtney's selection of "the chief bibliographical books and articles in other countries" makes one often wonder at many things. For instance, we seek in vain for Vanderhaeghen's 'Bibliotheca Belgica,' in vain for the important accessions catalogue of the chief Prussian libraries, prepared under the auspices of the Royal Library at Berlin. On the other hand, we find the titles of a great number of catalogues of foreign libraries of little importance. Under "Libraries, Classification," we miss Schleiermacher's 'Bibliographisches System.' Stammhammer's 'Bibliographie der Socialpolitik' is omitted, though his 'Bibliographie des Socialismus und Communismus' is given—not under Socialism, however, only under Communism. F. E.ch.

ler's two articles on the authorship of academic dissertations are given, but not the contributions to the same subject of Karl Sylvio Köhler and Ewald Horn. These are only a few examples, taken at random.

The arrangement of the titles, alphabetically by subject headings, is not as systematic as it should be. The treatment of catalogues of university dissertations is a fair example: We find under the heading *Theses* about a dozen titles, French, Belgian, and Italian, while two other French dissertation catalogues are entered under *France, Literature*, and *France, Medicine of*. The older catalogues of Swedish (and Finnish) dissertations, by Lidén and Marklin, with the continuation by Wahlberg, are entered under *Sweden, Theses*, but the more recent continuation, by Josephson, under *Finland* only. The catalogue of theological dissertations at the Academy of Geneva is found under *Geneva*, but the one of legal dissertations at the faculty of law in the same city under *Law Dissertations*. The several German lists of "Universitäts-Schriften," which are largely bibliographies of dissertations, are apparently not recognized as such; we find the Bonn list under *Bonn, Univ.*, and the Berlin list under *Berlin, Libraries*—presumably because it was prepared by the University Library. When the same publication is mentioned in different places, the entries are often enough very different. For instance, on page 62, under *Bibliography*, we read: "anzeiger für lit. der bibliothekwissenschaft [von Julius Petzholdt]; 1841 *et seq.*", and on page 64, in a note of "the chief foreign [bibliographical] periodicals and annuals" we find the same periodical entered this way: "anzeiger für lit. [by J. Petzholdt], 1840-1855, contd. as neuer anzeiger, 1856-1886." Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the compiler's knowledge of foreign bibliographical literature is not very profound. We could give scores of similar examples.

On opening Mr. Courtney's volumes, one is struck by some very marked peculiarities of form. That a working bibliography, like that before us, does not need to give full titles or elaborate collations, we gladly concede, and we may even be ready to admit that the *index* form of inverted titles has some merit in giving added compactness to what might have become a very bulky work. But Mr. Courtney shortens his titles too much, and the inversions often give the entries a very queer look, *e. g.*: "*Clayton.* Bulwer treaty, publs. of the Michigan polit. science assoc., iii. no. 8, hist. of, by J. D. Travis, 1900. bibliog. pp. 309-12." The omission of pagination, except in case of articles in periodicals and chapters of books, must be regarded as unfortunate; but more serious is the nearly consistent failure to give place of publication, and still more the occasional omission of imprint dates. More conspicuous, though intrinsically not more serious, are some innovations which are without example, so far as we know, in bibliographical literature. We mean the use of lower-case initials instead of capitals in *all* cases except for proper names and adjectives derived therefrom, and the habitual, though not consistent, translation of certain words in foreign titles, such as *par, von, de*, and others—for instance: "cours d'épigraphie Latine, 2nd ed., by René Cagnat, 1889, etc., in progress"; or this: "notizia bibliog. di alcuni rari opuscoli pubblicati dai Giunti in Firenze, 1537-91, now in royal univ. lib. of Pisa, by Ferruccio Ferrari; il bibliofilo, viii. 161-9 (1887)."

In spite of the compiler's industry and perseverance, therefore, it must be said that this latest "Petzholdt," no more than the two preceding ones, comes up to the standard of painstaking accuracy, critical discernment, and solid scholarship set by its prototype. There seems to have grown up of recent years a whole school of what might be called amateur bibliographers, literary and scientific men (and some librarians), whose enthusiasm knows no bounds, but who seem to hold to the extraordinary tenet that, while exactness might be proper enough in other branches of literary endeavor, it is unnecessary in bibliography. A very curious and outspoken manifestation of this amateur spirit may be found in the preface to Mr. David Murray's recent work on 'Museums: Their History and their Use.' The author there says:

"Not being a librarian or bibliographer by profession, I have not felt myself bound by any of the ingenious rules laid down for cataloguing. All such rules are apt to be embarrassing when carried out rigidly; and, with long experience of catalogues, I have found that they are generally more useful when not too systematic. I have not always been consistent, and there is a satisfaction in not being subject to any formal rule."

Two of Mr. Murray's three volumes comprise a bibliography of museums, and the compiler might find some satisfaction in knowing that his work is both inconsistent and unsystematic. Those who have occasion to consult it, will not praise it on that account. The same is true of Mr. Courtney's book. The novice will get small comfort out of it. The trained bibliographer, however, and the librarian who has rich collections at his command, will, likely enough, find this work, in spite of its many faults, to be one of his most useful tools. His greatest grievance will be that it was not printed on writing paper with broad magins.

England under the Stuarts. By G. M. Trevelyan. (Vol. V. in the "History of England," edited by C. W. C. Oman.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is now nearly two years since Mr. Trevelyan published a criticism of Professor Bury's inaugural lecture at Cambridge, which not only traversed the views set forth in that deliverance, but contained the writer's own profession of faith on the broad questions of historical research and composition. All who read this lively and attractive essay, whether convinced by it or not, will turn with curiosity to the present volume, in which Mr. Trevelyan is given a chance to show how successfully he can put into effect as an historian the principles he has defended as a critic. A further cause for curiosity is furnished by the subject, since all who care to follow out a family tradition will be interested to see what a grandnephew of Lord Macaulay will say, in the light of actual knowledge, regarding the Stuart period. And quite apart from both these considerations, Mr. Trevelyan's study of England in the age of Wycliffe has attracted a degree of favorable comment which opens an easy way for subsequent works.

Expectation, however aroused, is not likely to be disappointed by the quality of this book. Dealing with a larger and more ambitious theme than he found in the closing years of the fourteenth century, Mr. Trevelyan shows that he has passed beyond the point where success is measured by the standard of undergraduate achievement. *Sunt lacrimae rerum* is a phrase, as we know from his own witness, which means much to him; and in writing of the Great Rebellion his sympathy for all great human deeds and aspirations prevents him from being unjust either to Puritan or Cavalier. His fondness for general statement reflects a love of the large issue, yet while it is clear that he has much imaginative feeling, he does not suffer himself to be overmastered by a love of the picturesque. If, on the one hand, he eschews the precepts of Professor Bury, he does not, on the other, fall into the mannerisms of Mr. Hilaire Belloc. It is also important to point out that Mr. Trevelyan has known how to write on the great constitutional struggle in a strain of his own, taking much material from Gardiner and Firth, but treating their themes without sign of imitation. As for his treatment of social conditions, we can honestly give him the high praise of saying that his familiarity with the general literature of the seventeenth century often recalls the third chapter of Macaulay's History.

Mr. Trevelyan finds the main motive of English history during the age of the Stuarts in a contrast between the insularity of the national achievements when judged by their origin, and their universality when judged by their effects. So well recognized is the force of that trend toward absolutism which warped the life of Continental countries at the same period, that no one can fail to see how the England of Cromwell and Somers differed from the France of Richelieu or the Brandenburg of the Great Elector. But Mr. Trevelyan, more strongly than other historians, lays stress upon the peculiar condition of English society that prompted and controlled the course of the strife between King and Commons. This is the sum and substance of his two opening chapters, the one on the culture and social functions of the upper class, the other on the middle and lower classes in country and town. To give the conclusion barely without the seventy pages of graphic illustration is to do the author an injustice, but the summing up will show at least the drift of the argument.

"For England," says Mr. Trevelyan, "was a land of local government, local armaments, local feeling, where the life of the shire, the parish, and the city was vigorous, yet where no feud existed between country and town; where ranks were forever mingling; where the gentry intermarried with the middle class and shared with them the commercial and professional careers. Bureaucrats and soldiers were almost unknown; the King depended for the execution of his mandates on an unpaid magistracy, and for his defence on the loyalty of his subjects. The religion which most inspired the best and ablest men did not depend, like the Protestantism of Germany or the Catholicism of France, on a State Church, or a Church State, but referred the individual to his own intellect and his own conscience, and inspired him to defend his spiritual liberties."

Here, in epitome, are the distinctive things which marked England off from the

other countries of Europe, and gave her a better chance of escaping from the universal drift towards despotism than was possessed by any of her neighbors. It is one of Mr. Trevelyan's main tasks to amplify this theme, and to show with great wealth of detail how the compatriots of Pym were a peculiar people.

Bristling with marked characters like Strafford, Cromwell, and Shaftesbury, the seventeenth century exacts from the historian a series of personal judgments which disclose at the same time something of his own temper. It is the same with the great issues that centre round the rise, triumph, and decline of Puritanism. Nor can a writer mask his prepossessions so completely as not to reveal traces of himself in his account of episodes like the regicide and the Popish Plot. The keynote of Mr. Trevelyan's *naturel* is moderation—or, perhaps one should say, the unwillingness to applaud or denounce too heartily—which springs from a sense of our invincible ignorance where the deeper issues are concerned. Thus, after he has set forth what seems to him the effect of Charles I.'s execution, he pauses to dwell upon the deceitfulness of appearances and the limitations of the historian:

"For history is a tangle of mysterious threads, of which the most important may be the least perceived. It may be that, deep beyond all consciousness, in the minds of the men who groaned with horror as the King's head was held up to their pitying gaze; deep in future years that lay beyond the Restoration; deep in remote lands beyond the English seas, bound for a time under heavier tyrannies, the knowledge that subjects had sat in rude judgment on their King, man against man, speeded the slow emancipation of the mind from the shackles of custom and ancient reverence. What brave men have done, what patient men have endured—this is known. But what either side has effected by its sufferings or its acts—this not the endless æons shall reveal."

When Lord Auchinleck told Dr. Johnson that at any rate Cromwell "gart Kings ken that they had a lith in their necks," he covered with greater terseness most of the ground which Mr. Trevelyan traverses in the foregoing passage; but the concluding sentence is notable as showing how the verdicts passed in this book are affected by a strong sense of the historian's limitations. So far from writing to glorify the Whigs, Mr. Trevelyan lays bare their weaknesses and shortcomings with much candor, although he can discriminate between the genuine loftiness of their principles and the sharp practice to which they often descended. On the eve of the Oxford Parliament, he points out, some of them "ate, sang, and even slept with the perjured informers of the Popish Plot, who noted what they saw and heard in Whig company, and prepared to bite the hands that fed them."

And this is his final comment on the decline of the party after the discovery of the Rye House Plot:

"It had fallen because its leaders had been ill-advised, selfish, and violent in the methods they chose; but not because they lacked faith in the principles of Parliamentary government and religious toleration, or because these principles were unsuited, like those of the regicides who had suffered twenty years before, to the social conditions of the age and the temper of the English people. And therefore the new party did not perish on the scaffold with Sidney and Russell."

Another sign of immunity from mere prejudice is to be seen in Mr. Trevelyan's appreciation of the credit due to the Tories for their share in securing the Treaty of Utrecht.

We should be glad, were it possible, to discuss at length the views which Mr. Trevelyan advances regarding Puritanism and the emergence of religious toleration; but having given some indication of its spirit and motives, we must be content to say that this book brings sound scholarship, sensitiveness of temperament, and breadth of outlook to bear upon an historical theme of perennial importance.

G. F. Watts: Reminiscences. By Mrs. Russell Barrington. Macmillan. 1905.

Mrs. Barrington, in this handsome volume, has proposed to herself the task of narrating the home life of the artist, his high aims, and the evolution of his work during the years of her intimacy with him. As pupil and confidential friend, during a period of many years of Watts's middle life, amid the production of some of his finest work, Mrs. Barrington had great opportunities of adding an interesting page to contemporary history, had she been gifted with discrimination and the tact which is indispensable in writing of an important person so recently deceased. This difficulty she acknowledges in her preface, for she questions whether it is best that a great man's life in all its details should be written at once, while the general public still remembers and takes an interest in him, by those who really knew him, or rather to wait and hand over the documents and letters to be made up into an official biography when all curiosity as to the personality has probably passed away with those who knew him. The course which seems to us to be safest in the interests of all, is that books of reminiscences of the class of Mrs. Barrington's should be written immediately after the death of a great man, *but not published.* With discreet eliminations, and the selection of what is really significant, they would aid in the building up of a complete life when the time for such a work seemed fitting. At the present moment the impulse for pouring into print all kinds of trivialities of a personal nature, and the eagerness with which these publications are received, have done much to destroy great reputations, and to violate the sense of the responsibility of close friendships. Surely that also is a question to be considered, whether, after being admitted as an own familiar friend, one has the right to cry from the housetop what has been discussed in private when the person written of is beyond the power of vindicating opinions and sentiments, and there are those still living whom such indiscretions may offend. Mr. Watts's own axiom, "What is, is—and one should not desire to make it seem to be other," quoted on the title-page, does not apply to the case in point: for, truthful as any biographer may wish to be, he is in possession only of certain fragmentary portions of truth; and as in painting it is in the general impression of the individual and important characteristics that the portrait lies, so in writing it requires careful selection of what is material and really interesting to build up a character.

Mrs. Barrington's book, with all its enthusiastic fervor and intimate outpourings, adds practically little to what has already been published as to the artist's aims, or to the knowledge of his different methods of painting at different periods during his long career. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, in his book published three years ago, had taken down from Watts's own lips all that would inform the public on this subject. Nor has Mrs. Barrington given us in any entirety, what would have been of great interest, the numerous letters she possesses containing Watts's views on art and on life and thought; and his jottings on scraps of paper relating to painting, to morals and manners, put down just as they occurred to him during the day's work, in continuance of conversations they had had together. These she quotes from, stringing them together with her own remembrances, which are as diffuse as confusing to wade through, for they touch on many matters quite foreign to her theme—chiefly the explanation of her own personality and position in life, that of her husband, sisters, brothers-in-law, and distinguished friends, the society she had lived in, her artistic and literary career, her opinions as to the relative value of Watts's pictures, many incidents and pointless sayings and doings. The book is an extraordinary mixture of Watts's suggestive conversations on high ideals, great aims, and the lofty problems which occupied his mind and life, and the ordinary gossip about ways and means, differences and misgivings, which occur to every mortal, but which hold no place when all is over and such splendid results have been achieved in a life's work. Along with undoubted ability and the power to describe things as they occurred, there is here no sense of proportion; and there are curious lapses in style, which is generally of the order of "fine writing." We note that Leighton is said to have "perpetrated pictures"—which sounds strangely from an enthusiastic admirer of his art.

The book is splendidly presented as to type and illustrations. The latter have been carefully chosen in the main from works which have never been reproduced—the greater part from early wall paintings of Watts at Little Holland House given by him to Mrs. Barrington after the house had been demolished for the new building. These are rather tentative and unattractive, but there are several fine examples of Watts's drawings and portraits. The colored portrait of Watts himself by his pupil, Cecil Schott, is scarcely good enough to hold so prominent a place.

The Principles of Economics. With Applications to Practical Problems. By Frank A. Fetter, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy and Finance, Cornell University. The Century Co. 1904.

The edifice of the classical political economy in England was showing unmistakable signs of disintegration when, in 1848, John Stuart Mill, by his brilliant formulation of the traditional doctrine, imparted to that body of dogma a vitrified surface. It was therefore a preservative rather than a fructifying work which he accomplished. The two most powerful impulses that have made for vitality and progressive movement in the economic thinking of the last half century have come from other sources—from Jevons and his Austrian compeers, and from

the so-called historical school of political economy. Until the appearance of the present volume, however, the typical modern treatise on economics has been a disguised amalgam. Alongside of the newer analysis of value, there are to be found undigested and incompatible remnants of thought hewn from the alien quarry of Mill. It will serve to emphasize the real power and originality of the present work if we contrast its structural lines with those of the conventional modern text on general economics.

Walker was content with the old, spacious, four-cornered division of the field into Production, Exchange, Distribution, and Consumption. After exorcising in his opening paragraph all aspects of value save value in exchange as being essentially foreign to political economy, he inconsistently devoted a few lines of approval in his book on Exchange to Jevons's theory of final utility. But with this exception, and with the exception of his refreshing repudiation of the Ricardian theory of Wages, Walker was, after all, a thinker of the old school. In England, Marshall recognized the untenable character of the old four-fold schematization. But he revamped it by identifying Demand with Consumption, Supply with Production, and their equilibrium with Exchange. Exactly why he should ever have sought to identify Value (spelled with a capital V) with Distribution has, however, remained a puzzle for these many years. When President Hadley faced the same problem (of arranging his material in a compact logical system), he sought refuge in a wholly eclectic arrangement which frankly confessed the problem insoluble from his standpoint. The ordinary run of general treatises of late has been built on the same general plan.

By contrast to this inconsistent attempt to mediate between contradictories stands the present volume. Value is here recognized as everywhere dependent on the relation of wants to goods. To this fundamental conception every theory is made to bow, whether it is rent or interest or price which is the object of economic analysis. The old schematization is thrown away, and the abstract theory is divided into two parts—the "Value of Material Things" and the "Value of Human Services." The first main division is resolved into the three problems of "Wants and Present Goods" (a lucid formulation of the theory of marginal utility), "Wealth and Rent," and "Capitalization and Time Value." It is in the second of these problems that Fetter swings into his masterly exposition. Rent, according to him, is the net usufruct, or the value of the net usufruct, of durable wealth for a given period, "as distinguished from the value of the use-bearer or thing itself" (p. 55). That all kinds of durable agents vary in the uses or usufructs derivable from them, and that their respective yields may be computed by the employment of the differential formula, Fetter accepts from Clark. But the age-long pretension of land to the monopoly of this method of differential measurement is here shattered into a thousand fragments. Rent being calculated by the marginal theory of value, the value of the rent-bearer, or durable good itself, is seen to be merely the series of prospective rents discounted to their present value. This is the essence of the theory of "Capitalization and Time Value." Here Fetter's general obligation to Boehm-Bawerk is manifest. But, for Fetter, capital is *"economic wealth expressed in terms of the general unit of value"* (p. 115), and, "at any given moment of time, includes all economic goods in existence, when they are thought of in terms of their value" (p. 115).

To the possible criticism that Fetter has at best only combined and adapted concepts of Clark and Boehm-Bawerk, it may be said that he has combined the hints afforded by these two most suggestive and penetrating thinkers into a consistent theory while avoiding the difficulties and errors into which they both have fallen. Boehm-Bawerk, by clinging to the outworn conception of capital as "produced means of production," has never quite escaped confusing the technical and the economic aspects of the productive rôle of capital, while Clark not only adheres to the natural productivity theory of capital, but has elaborated an esoteric concept of "pure capital," which, like the Platonic "Ideas" and Kant's "Thing-in-Itself" is past all finding out. Whatever be the final verdict on Fetter's work, its logical coherency and compactness are undeniable. In this respect it is conspicuously superior to any other recent general treatise.

If the vulnerable points of the volume be canvassed, they will be found on a lower level of considerations. Whether economic history will minutely substantiate Fetter's contention that the chronological priority of the purchase of rent-charges to the money loan on usury is the explanation of associating the renting contract with land and the interest contract with city wealth, remains to be seen. It is quite immaterial from the theoretical standpoint, but it is a very interesting question, on which Professor Fetter owes the economic world the evidence *in extenso*. The treatise is designed for an introductory college text. Here its bulk is against it, as there are over 560 closely printed pages. Moreover, the exposition, while ever severely self-consistent, flags sometimes in point of style, though the frequent note of vivacity relieves the tedium. Experience alone can demonstrate the book's success as a text; as an economic synthesis bottomed on the accepted modern theory of value and extended to all phases of economic analysis, it stands unsurpassed.

The Ancient Landmark. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Irrational Knot. By G. Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. 1905.

The 'Ancient Landmark' is a tale of Kentucky life, dedicated to "those men and women who take the larger view and who walk in the light of it." The practised reader, taking the dedication and the title together, will easily conclude that he is to assist at the removal of some ancient landmark which his fathers have set and his contemporaries find inconvenient. The landmark is, in fact, the irrevocable nature of the marriage tie, and we fear that Mrs. Waltz's readers are more likely to be surprised at the backwardness of Kentucky society than shocked, as the Kentuckians were, by the divorce which is the central interest of her story. Even in Kentucky we should have thought that long-continued infidelity, intermittent madness, the use of opium, and drunkenness, all existing together, would amount to sufficient grounds for a final separation. What her novel seems meant to show is that public feeling in the South at the present day is so strongly against divorce, the disgrace of the woman, however innocent she may be, is so inevitable, that a Kentucky woman is encouraged by her friends to endure anything rather than the contamination of the divorce court. Mrs. Waltz writes in a missionary spirit, with her mind set on the miseries of this slavery to social prejudice. The result is a highly emotional style, and a tale full of incident and passion. All the weapons of the Eastern States, their millions, their social prestige, their advanced theories of the independence of the individual woman, hardly avail to rescue one oppressed Southerner whose husband is a maniac and a monster. Mrs. Waltz is a born writer of sensational fiction, and carries her reader triumphantly through scenes that would be intolerable from a less vigorous hand.

'The Irrational Knot' was written a quarter of a century ago in Mr. Shaw's "nonage." It is much inferior in interest to 'Cashel Byron's Profession,' and considerably less repulsive than 'The Unsocial Socialist' and 'Love among the Artists.' Mr. Shaw has forestalled his reviewers by a preface, in which he demonstrates how success may bring out a man's lack of good taste, and an excess of self-consciousness betray his second-rateness. Mr. Shaw should consider the example of Whistler, and remember that there is a way of talking about one's self that would make the best artist seem a silly and inferior human being. This story, which first saw the light in the seclusion of a propagandist magazine of Mrs. Annie Besant in 1880, is a study of the Superman married. Conolly, the Superman, is a perfectly rational being, who has only one moment of weakness, when the Life Force asserts itself and he marries (not, of course, in church) a seductive and one need hardly add highly irrational woman. Marian Conolly is not, however, an unscrupulous fascinator like Ann in the play. She is that far more irritating type to the Superman, a woman who means well, but is an amateur in the art of life. To begin with, she is a woman of sentiment so ingrained that her husband is plainly relieved when she diverts it into a fresh channel and elopes with a conventional prig. Mr. Shaw's ideal man has always been the expert who is never tentative—"even a white tie did not puzzle him into fumbling"—who is superior to every prejudice and regards everything with the eye of cynical intelligence. The result is a perfectly colorless being like Edward Conolly, certainly the least attractive because the most consistently rational character in Mr. Shaw's gallery of Supermen. It is a gallery of prigs, for the superiority that comes of making one's own standards and scorning every tradition of conduct that will not bear the test of reason as applied by one's self, is merely priggishness in a new and extreme form.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bacchylides. Edited by Sir Richard C. Jebb. Macmillan Co. $4.50.

Baldwin, May. The Girls of St. Gabriel's. Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Barbour, Ralph Henry. An Orchard Princess. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Benedict, Emma Lee. The Gregory Guards. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Benton, Joel. Persons and Places. Broadway Publishing Co.
Bladen, Charles G. A Chorus of Leaves. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Bombaugh, Charles C. Facts and Fancies for the Curious. Philadelphia; Lippincott.
Bouvé, Pauline Carrington. American Heroes and Heroines. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1905.

The Week.

Bossism proved to be in high disfavor at the polls on Tuesday. In this city, McClellan—certainly with the support of decent men of both parties who feareed Hearst's triumph, possibly by the aid of fraudulent votes, as Hearst contends and threatens to test in the courts—obtained a narrow plurality of less than 4,000 votes. Jerome, on the other hand, though heavily weighted by the court's refusal to place his name on the Republican ticket after Flammer's withdrawal and the machine's recantation, succeeds by 11,000. This victory, we need not say, is of enormous value as an example of independent candidacy, and as checking Tammany where the need is (in the very nature of a criminal organization) greatest. No personal struggle throughout the country has excited so much interest, or enlisted so much voluntary pecuniary backing in places far remote from New York, as Mr. Jerome's. As he figured on many ballots along with Hearst, a recount to the latter's advantage would add to his total; and the recount is not to be decried because it might give us the most disreputable and dangerous Mayor New York has ever been saddled with. *Fiat justitia.*

That other sink of municipal iniquity, Philadelphia, has, to Pennypacker's grief and amazement, redeemed itself from the thieves who, in Secretary Root's parlance, masqueraded under the Republican party name, by some 44,000 majority. The Reform party also lending its support to William H. Berry, Democratic and Prohibition candidate for State Treasurer, he was elected by 100,000 majority, and it may well be that some ventilation of his predecessors in that office will ensue. Most significant of all, perhaps, is the Republican overthrow in Ohio, where Governor Herrick and Boss Cox go under—the latter never to emerge, as he publicly manifests. Secretary Taft, who straddled on these worthies, repudiating Cox while sustaining Herrick, has here food for reflection, as has Senator Foraker, who just escaped allying himself also with the now shattered Durham gang in Philadelphia. A national Te-Deum deserves to be sung in the case of Maryland, which has spewed out the Poe disfranchising amendment. May we not say of Gorman, what the South Carolina chivalry humanely reported of Colonel Shaw of the 54th Massachusetts (colored) Regiment, that he is "buried with his niggers"?

The Treasury ended the month of October with expenditure running even more heavily beyond revenue than it did a year ago. Excess of expenditure for the month, as reported, was $4,857,000; in October, 1904, it was $3,952,000. This comparison is more significant than the simple fact of a deficit in the month when interest payments are large. As a matter of fact, the October public revenue this year was greater by $1,500,000 than that of October last year, but expenditure showed an increase of $2,400,000, of which amount two-thirds fall to the account of army and navy outlay. Since the previous fiscal year ended last June, expenses have risen $3,100,000 over the same period a year ago. But for a sudden expansion of $12,000,000 in customs receipts, the deficit of last autumn would be portentously increased. All experience, however, has taught how unsafe is dependence on the customs revenue as a basis for constant increase in the scale of expenditure. Customs receipts fall suddenly in the vicissitudes of trade—the $11,800,000 decrease of the fiscal year 1904 is one case in point; the $71,000,000 shrinkage in the fiscal year 1894 is another—whereas a schedule of expenditures, once fixed, does not come down along with revenue. Thus, in 1904, expenditures increased $76,000,000 in the face of falling income.

President Roosevelt's famous "muzzling order" to his Cabinet officers turns out to be the most innocuous document ever issued by a Chief Magistrate. The letter appeared on the face of it to be a plain request to the members of the Cabinet not to talk for publication—the indefatigable Secretary Loeb would relieve them of that onerous duty. But the members of the Cabinet speedily informed Mr. Roosevelt that they enjoyed talking for publication; they do not want to turn the job over to the accomplished Mr. Loeb; they see no reason why they should sit mum while their inferiors in rank discourse wisely on the affairs of the nation. Having learned their sentiment, the President gracefully acquiesced. Far be it from him to intimate to any Cabinet officer when he should speak and when hold his tongue. Equally abhorrent to the President is the notion of shutting his dear friends, the newspaper correspondents, from avenues of information and from the pleasure of Cabinet society. In fine, the President meant nothing more than to express a pious hope that a member would not discuss with the reporters Cabinet action on any Department except his own.

The appointment of Charles A. Stillings as Public Printer promises well for the reform of the office. Mr. Stillings is a practical printer; he has had experience in administration, and he is cordially endorsed by large printing firms in New York and Boston. Above all, he will not be hampered by political obligations. The ablest man in the world would make a failure in the office were he to sacrifice it to the demands of party bosses. Of late the incumbents have not displayed conspicuous ability, and too many of them have regarded the subordinate positions as so much patronage. Under the recently dismisse F. W. Palmer, conditions had become simply intolerable. Mr. Stillings will find public opinion on this subject fully aroused and ready to resent any attempt to raid him or unload political hacks upon him. He will be strongly backed by the President, who ordered a special investigation, and who is fully alive to the necessity of economical and efficient management. Thus he takes up the work under uncommonly favorable circumstances. Not for years has a Public Printer enjoyed such an opportunity.

The annual report of the Military Secretary of the Army is singular in being wholly divested of that optimistic official tone so characteristic of public documents. He gives the actual number of desertions during the year as 6,533, or more than one in every ten of the 63,022 men. Of these 63,000 soldiers, 22,254 were discharged on expiration of their enlistment, and 9,460 by reason of disability or because of a court-martial sentence, while 189 were retired, and 377 died or were killed. In all, 38,813 men, or more than 61 per cent. of the entire enrolment, left the army in a year. In other words, if their places have been filled, more than 61 per cent. of the men in the army are raw recruits. Undoubtedly, some of the men discharged reenlisted, but not many, for the great majority of men return to civil life as soon as possible. When it is remembered that of those in the service one in every six is reported by the Surgeon-General to be ill with disease due to immorality, the condition of the army cannot be said to be a very happy or satisfactory one. Indeed, Congress would seem to be justified in instituting an investigation. It should take note of the able annual report of Brig.-Gen. J. M. Lee, who blames the absence of officers from their troops, the lack of a beer canteen, and the want of care in recruiting, for the present evil days of the service. In one case he knows of a boy of seventeen who was falsely enlisted as being twenty-two, only to desert at once—but no one was punished. Between the lines

one reads that lack of discipline and accountability would also figure among Gen. Lee's reasons were his a confidential instead of a public document.

Though the Government has more applicants for most of its jobs than it knows what to do with, it has been in unusual straits this year to get suitable men to take the positions it is especially anxious to fill. The War Department optimistically expected to secure officers for the Philippine Constabulary at $1,100 salaries from the graduates of agricultural colleges and military schools, but a diligent canvass secured only four-fifths of one applicant to each vacancy. Meanwhile, the Isthmian Canal Commission is scouring the world for persons so unfortunately situated at home that they are willing to go to work at Panama. And this is saying nothing of the problem of enlistments for the army and navy. There must be an inequality somewhere. If only the work of a clerk at Washington could be made as hard as that of a constabulary lieutenant in Luzon, the local politician's son might be indifferent which one the Congressman bestowed on him; but so long as an unskilled man is paid more for opening and shutting a door in the Capitol than for toiling in the tropical sun at Culebra, the authorities must expect some variations in the distribution of applicants. If the Keep Commission can really make the District of Columbia a place of terror to loafers, the latter may clamor to be sent to the out-of-the-way places.

Speaker Cannon's reported antagonism to a bill for railway rate regulation is plausibly explained by his declaration not that he will unqualifiedly oppose rate legislation, but that he will oppose it until the Senate has acted. Last year the House passed a bill, but the Senate killed it; and now Mr. Cannon wants to know what the Senate is really willing to do before he lets the House waste its time. In short Mr. Cannon and his friends seem to be sparring for position. The Senate, or those members of it who do not fall in with the President's desire, naturally prefer to let the House frame the bill. Then they can devote as many months as they please to the task of picking flaws in it, and deciding that, after all, the measure is too radical. The members of the House who are not eager for regulation—and probably Speaker Cannon himself will not die of chagrin if nothing is done—are ready to let the Senate take the plunge. This done, the House can shake its head sadly, lament because the Senate has betrayed the people into the hands of the railways, and throw out the bill on the ground that it is feeble and ineffective. It is a pretty game.

President Robbins of the Armour Car Lines may be within his legal rights in refusing to answer questions put by the Interstate Commerce Commission. He can afford to hire skilled lawyers who will instruct him in all the technicalities and evasions of the law, civil and criminal. But there is still a question whether a concern which operates 12,500 cars can justly plead that it is engaged in a purely private business. The contracts between the railways and the car lines are ingenious devices for whip-sawing the shipper. If the California orange-grower complains that he pays too much for laying down his fruit in New York, the railway manager politely assures him that the road is helpless. It cannot redress the wrong, because the freight charge is very reasonable, and the excess has been extorted by the Armours. When the appeal is carried to the Armours, the reply is that the icing and other charges are not exorbitant, that the Armours have no control over the high freight rates, that the Armours are a private company; and what are you going to do about it? This plea of impotence and impudence cannot be tolerated. The Armour Car Lines, whatever their legal standing, are actually engaged in interstate commerce. The oppression and injustice of the monopoly are things of which Congress will take cognizance. If the Commission has no jurisdiction, a committee of Congress can lay bare the details of an iniquitous compact to extort from the great majority of shippers the last possible cent, and to favor certain insiders.

The dying declaration of the self-killed cashier of the Enterprise National Bank of Allegheny, to the effect that "Bull" Andrews, one of Quay's old lieutenants, had "worked my ruin" adds another heavy burden to the load of infamy which the Pennsylvania machine is now carrying. Andrews was the general called back hastily from New Mexico not long ago to rally the demoralized forces of the Penrose organization. It was for his personal benefit, as a prospective Senator, that Quay was believed to have advocated so long and uncompromisingly the four-State bill in Congress. Pennsylvania politics have moved far from the cheerful times of the boss's promise to "shake the plum-tree." Those fat years have ended in a series of the most sordid of tragedies. A Philadelphia contemporary printed the other day a calendar of crimes, suicides, and flights from the country, which had resulted from the alliance of business and politics in the Keystone State. Cashier Clark's confession, coming at a time when the ring is putting forth every effort to appear in a respectable light, and is even spending large sums on advertising designed for its own exculpation, may serve at least one good purpose as a lesson, if another is needed, of what the old régime has meant.

That the wreck of a bank in western Pennsylvania should frustrate the hopes of a Territory in the extreme Southwest seems illogical, but stranger things have happened in politics. New Mexico had not only had her senior Senator picked out in advance by Quay and delivered in advance, when W. H. Andrews moved to that Territory, but definitely approved the choice last fall when it elected him delegate to Congress. Certainly, the accounts of the Enterprise Bank failure would be poor credentials for a member of the most dignified body in the world. But what is the course to be pursued now? Oklahoma and Indian Territory, to whose admission as a single State there is no opposition, have been kept so long waiting on the Southern Territories that they are again agitating separate Statehood. It is of record that several important Arizona newspapers which formerly stood out against amalgamation with New Mexico, have come around to the two-State plan. But amalgamation would not settle the issue raised by the Andrews scandal. New Mexico can outvote Arizona, and, if each of the present Territories were to be given one Senator, he might still be chosen.

Since our recent comment on the refusal of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company to pay over money to politicians in order to save the Union, our attention has been called to the similar stand by the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, N. J. The Insurance Commissioner of Tennessee recently wrote to President Frelinghuysen of that company asking for specific information as to any gifts made by its officers during the last ten years for political purposes, or any expenditures to defeat or to advance insurance legislation. In reply, Mr. Frelinghuysen made affidavit that during this period no contribution had been made by or on behalf of his company to any political party or individual candidate, or to any association or organization, or for the purpose of advancing or defeating legislation. Its one gift was $2,500—voted by the board of directors—for the sufferers by the Galveston flood, and its total legislative legal expenditures were $651.58, comprising five separate payments. Every cent of this small sum was paid for counsel fees to regular representatives of the company. This admirable record does more than testify to the fidelity of their trust of the officers of the Mutual Benefit Life. It proves conclusively the needlessness of the vast corruption expenditures of the guilty New York companies. If the

Mutual Benefit Life and the Northwestern can thrive without buying legislatures, every other company can.

Connecticut newspapers are charging the town clerks of that State with being in a conspiracy to defeat the purposes of the corrupt-practices act, passed by the Legislature last spring at Hartford. A majority of these officials have so far failed to file with the Secretary of State the returns of expenses incurred by candidates, and they are supported by the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, who has publicly said that he is "not in sympathy with the enforcement of the law as to returns." But it seems probable that public sentiment will compel its observance. John A. Wright, who was elected a probate judge at Westbrook on October 2, was fined $25 by a police magistrate on Wednesday week for failing to make a return of election expenses within fifteen days after the poll. Wide publicity is being given this case as a warning to the other candidates in the October election. Judge Wright declared that he filed his statement with the town clerk, who, acting apparently in accord with most of the other town clerks throughout the State, refused to forward it. But the authorities very properly declined to allow Mr. Wright to escape the responsibility. These October town elections were of relatively slight importance, yet they furnish a test of the new law, and if the town clerks ignore its provisions now, they will do so after the more important elections when the influence of a Bulkeley or a Fessenden is behind them.

In dismissing Hinckley Gilbert Mitchell from the professorship of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis at the School of Theology of Boston University, the trustees of the institution are exercising their liberty. The bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church have condemned Professor Mitchell as a heretic, and they are fully entitled to have their teachers of theology as narrow and ignorant as they choose. If well-trained scholars refuse to accept the old dogmas, the supply of mediocrities who will have no troublesome doubts is absolutely inexhaustible. Mr. Mitchell has long lain under suspicion. His first step from the straight path was taking a doctor's degree at Leipzig. A man who studies Semitic languages in Germany is almost sure to become tainted with the higher criticism. This taint Mr. Mitchell has never been able to eradicate, and as a result he has accepted some of the conclusions of modern scholarship. His views are grotesquely out of place in a theological school whose purpose is to maintain the tenets of the eighteenth century; and Professor Mitchell ought to be as glad to go as the bishops are to get rid of him. The change may reinforce the orthodoxy of Methodist students of divinity, render them less accessible to ideas, and therefore more acceptable to their ecclesiastical superiors. But it will hardly strengthen popular confidence in the Boston University School of Theology. People will leap to the inevitable conclusion that the professors are not expected to search for the truth; they are to subscribe once for all to the faith as delivered, and thereafter they are resolutely to close their minds.

Negotiations with the Canadian Government are now beginning with a view to the preservation of Niagara Falls by international action. Whether it will prove legal and feasible for the two general governments to supersede, as is now suggested, the local jurisdiction of the State of New York and the Province of Ontario, remains to be seen; but it may be true that this form of control would be a better safeguard against further encroachments. The gravity of the present menace can hardly be too often emphasized. As Dr. John M. Clarke, the State Geologist, wrote last spring: "The two American and three Canadian companies now in operation or about to operate, when producing to their charter limits, will abstract 48,000 cubic feet per second. That amount will bring the water level to the bottom of the river at the American shore." Hence the recommendation of the International Waterways Commission, a fortnight ago, was that steps be taken to "prevent any corporate rights or franchises being granted or renewed by either Federal, State, or provincial authority . . . until this Commission is able to collect the information necessary to report fully upon the conditions and uses of these waters." The request for such a practical truce between the friends of the Falls and the business interests seeking to exploit them cannot well be refused.

Mr. Balfour appeared to advantage in his reply on Monday to the appeals (mingled with threats) of the London unemployed. Led by a Labor member of Parliament, they marched to Downing Street, expecting, no doubt, all kinds of soothing promises from a Premier whose Government is tottering; but Mr. Balfour met them in manly and wholesome fashion. Abounding in sympathy, and expressing the hope that private charity would make haste to relieve absolute suffering, he held out no hope that the Government would do anything to "make work" for the unemployed. He knows, if impulsive sentimentalists do not, that when you begin to recognize this alleged *droit au travail*, you never can end; that, on those terms, the unemployed will multiply faster than places can be made for them; and that the truest kindness, as well as the soundest statesmanship, consists in throwing back responsibility upon individual effort and private enterprise. But imagine a Hearst in Balfour's shoes! He would have promised (before election) the earth and the fulness thereof.

Such excesses as are still reported from Russia were, perhaps, to be expected after the extreme tension which preceded the Czar's surrender. The most serious troubles, as in Odessa, seem to be rather racial than political. Apart from such bloody and lamentable conflicts—the massacred Jews, as usual, being alleged to have "begun it"—the latest accounts imply that the people are calming down and preparing to make serious trial of their new institutions. M. Witte's task is a mighty one; his work at Portsmouth was child's play, by comparison. As he made an especial appeal for American sympathy, it cheered him, as he showed by his response, to receive the cabled greetings sent him in the name of New York University. Such assurances that educated Americans are watching with intense interest the great experiment of free government in Russia, might well be given M. Witte by other academic bodies.

That the Powers would send a fleet to overawe the Sultan if he persisted in his refusal to turn over the financial control of Macedonia to their agents, has long been evident. They have been waiting patiently for the Porte to surrender before the sailing of cruisers. Of course, surrender will come afterwards. Austria showed a few years ago how readily the Sultan perceives the force of argument in big guns. Yet all through October the Sultan declined positively to allow the financial agents designated by the European Concert to proceed to Macedonia. They actually reached Salonika, but there they stuck. In reply to energetic protests, the Porte replied that, while it did not deny the need of financial reforms in Macedonia, it could not allow the work to be turned over to foreigners. This was not an unnatural feeling. The Sultan might well argue that, if once the Powers got hold of the purse-strings, they would proceed to take over the whole Macedonian administration. But the Powers supposed that they had Turkey's assent to that step, and are, at any rate, determined to take it. Before a show of force, the Porte will yield. It desires to be on good terms with the Powers and all their representatives; and in this connection, we may say that we are informed that the cabled reports of trouble made by Turkish officials for Mr. Bryce, on his recent journey in Macedonia, were devoid of truth. The opposite, rather, was the case.

THE LATE CAMPAIGNS.

For an "off-year," the campaigns of 1905 have roused unusual public interest. In four States—Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, and Virginia—Governors were to be elected. In Pennsylvania a State treasurer was to be chosen, and in Maryland a suffrage amendment, which led to a fierce campaign, was to be submitted to the voters. Georgia was the scene of an exciting canvass for the Democratic primary nomination for Governor, and in a number of States legislatures were to be chosen that would have the election to a United States Senatorship. Among these is New Jersey, where a successor to Senator Dryden must be considered, and Tennessee, where Senator Carmack and ex-Gov. Taylor have been fighting for control of the Legislature. Various municipal campaigns also developed into contests of country-wide importance, like the three-cornered Mayoralty fight in this city, Jerome's independent appeal, the City Party revolt in Philadelphia, the Johnson-Boyd contest in Cleveland, and the anti-Schmitz campaign in San Francisco.

In a measure, the contests in Massachusetts, in Rhode Island, in Ohio, and in Georgia seemed likely to turn upon the success or failure of a candidate's attack on corporation influence. Clark Howell emphasized, in his appeal to the Democrats of Georgia for support at the primaries, the charge that his opponent, Hoke Smith, had been a railroad attorney, and was presumably under the control of Morgan and the Southern Railway. Ex-Governor Garvin of Rhode Island based his claim for preference over Governor Utter this year, as in previous years, upon his desire to revise the little State's antiquated Constitution—a Constitution that has facilitated the ownership of the corporation of Rhode Island by the street-railway interests, the Aldriches, and the Braytons. The Democrats of Ohio found a number of vulnerable spots in the Herrick candidacy, among them the Governor's close connection with large corporation enterprises. The Republicans, to be sure, retorted that John M. Pattison, the Democratic candidate, is the president of an insurance company. On both sides in Massachusetts taunts as to corporation control were uttered—their targets being Lodge rather than Guild on the Republican side, and Henry M. Whitney, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, on the other.

The fact that no national issues were before the people led to a thorough and wholesome discussion of local party organizations. State bosses like Gorman of Maryland, Lodge, and Cox of Ohio became distinct issues. In his struggle to force the Poe disfranchising amendment upon Maryland, Senator Gorman laid himself open to attack both from opponents in his own party, like Senator Rayner, and such aggressive Republican leaders as were headed by Secretary Bonaparte. It was shown that the suffrage amendment was merely a device for fastening on the State indefinitely an organization that had done Gorman's will, and which he would bequeath to his followers. The shadow of George B. Cox of Cincinnati has been over the Ohio Republican campaign. It was charged against Gov. Herrick that he had been under the influence of this ambitious gutter-product, and that the "boss of the worst-governed city in the country" would extend his influence to Columbus if Herrick were elected.

In Pennsylvania, too, where the only State office of any consequence to be filled was that of Treasurer, the issue clearly defined itself—Should the old Quay machine, already loose-jointed under the management of Senator Penrose, control the State Treasury as it has owned the Governor and the city of Philadelphia, or should a beginning be made in independent government? Here city and State campaigns oddly merged. A sheriff, a coroner, and two city commissioners were to be elected in Philadelphia—not a contest to excite general interest throughout the country in ordinary years; but the hint had gone out that this election was to be the first trial of strength of the champions who, under Mayor Weaver, have set out to destroy the Durham organization that has lined up behind a national party banner. The attempt to inject national politics into local campaigns failed altogether in Philadelphia. It succeeded only partially in Ohio, and in Massachusetts Senator Lodge's plea for Republican support for Guild and Draper, on the ground that opposition to them meant opposition to Roosevelt and his policies, met with no enthusiastic response. Gorman's argument that the Poe amendment was necessary to insure white supremacy, and that white supremacy meant the continuance of Democratic rule, the continuance of an effective Opposition, failed to awaken the old-time spirit.

Everett Colby's successful primary fight against Major Lentz in New Jersey has attracted the country's notice as professedly the first skirmish in the battle to redeem the State Legislatures from the corporations that have named and owned United States Senators. The extension of the primary to the selection of party candidates for the Senate in States like Virginia, Illinois, and Tennessee further emphasized this desire to put back into the peoples' hands the power wrested from them by the consolidation of the machine system. From this brief review it appears that though the campaigns of this year were limited in number, they served admirably to point the growth of independence in local affairs.

THE WORK OF STATE RAILROAD COMMISSIONS.

In the prolonged agitation over the question of railroad rate-making by Federal authority, singularly little has been said regarding the experience of those States whose railroad commissions have long enjoyed substantially the same powers which Congress is now asked to confer upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. Some of them have a much longer history than that body, and most of them were granted their comprehensive powers in response to popular movements—the Granger agitation, for instance—similar in character to that of which the so-called Interstate Commerce Convention is now the head. And it may be remarked in passing that, while the demonstrations of last year were not sufficient to secure the passage of the Esch-Townsend bill at Washington, they did result in the establishment of three new State rate commissions—in Indiana, Washington, and Wisconsin—and the passage of a railroad commission bill in Montana as well, though this was vetoed by the Governor.

Since legislators have avowedly declared their purpose of doing within the boundaries of their own State what they would like to see done over the whole country, the history of the rate-making agencies so created ought to develop some of the principles applicable to the national railroad problem. The State commission's jurisdiction extends, of course, in any case, only to shipments which both originate and end within its territory, but what proportion this bears to the entire burden of traffic, neither the railroads nor the commissioners know. They could not know without collecting every bill of lading from every station for a year. This was illustrated in the Wisconsin legislative hearings last year, where the business within the State was variously estimated at from 2 to 16 per cent. of the total.

From a review of the reports of the so-called "strong" State commissions—"regulative" as distinguished from "supervisory"—two facts stand out strikingly. The number of complaints made to them of unjust or discriminating rates is astonishingly small, and an overwhelming proportion of these are settled out of court without even a formal order. The State Commission of real life, in other words, is neither the tireless and conscientious guardian of the people's rights, ever alert, as the advocates of Government rate-making picture it, to hunt out and destroy oppression, nor the crazy group of aggrieved theorists running amuck in the delicately balanced rate-structure, as the other side has described.

This may be illustrated by citing a few figures from various State reports for the year 1904. Of 5 complaints to the Illinois Commission, none related

to rates, nor did any of the 58 made to the North Dakota Commission. Of 95 in South Dakota, 2 were on rates; of 135 in Minnesota, 7; of 241 in Kansas, 14; and of 335 in North Carolina, 26. Everywhere grievances regarding the running of trains, the erection of new stations, the building of side tracks, the failure of companies to supply cars, and similar operating matters greatly outnumber the rate cases. According to Frank Haigh Dixon's table, given in his 'State Railroad Control,' the Iowa Commission, between 1888, when it was granted the rate-making power, and 1894, received 92 complaints of station facilities and service to 37 on rates—a smaller average per year, by the way, than when the Commission was only advisory. But, eliminating this greater bulk of other business, we may summarize the year's work of some of the more important "strong" commissions as regards rate adjustments alone, in a few lines each:

"Alabama—Hearings on application for general reduction of rates. Denied. Made 'material reduction' in rates on grain, hay, potatoes, syrup, etc. Ordered 10 per cent. deducted from sums of local rates.

"Georgia—Ordered general revision of 'standard tariff.' Enjoined by railroad companies. Commission withdrew its orders on promise of the railroads to reduce interstate rates.

"Illinois—No action on rates reported.

"Iowa—Hearings on twenty modifications of rates requested. Embodied sixteen in amendment to classification. Also settled many cases by correspondence.

"Kansas—Complaints on rates 14, relief granted by Commission 3, relief denied by Commission 3, adjusted 7, withdrawn 1.

"Missouri—Promulgated maximum distance freight schedule, abolished toll on grain inspected, reduced switching charges. All complaints but one adjusted.

"North Carolina—Applications of railroads granted 4, denied 1; of shippers, denied or dismissed 5, granted 3, adjusted 5, no jurisdiction 5.

"North Dakota—No action on rates reported.

"South Dakota—Two rate complaints, both adjusted.

"Texas—'Many reductions'; held 97 hearings, issued 270 circulars, 375 'special authorities.' Among reductions, icing charges on cabbages, excess baggage charges, rates on stone, sand, pig iron, wire, rough logs, and rice."

Lack of uniformity in arrangement makes detailed comparison impossible, but is is manifest that, whatever the moral effect of the drastic rate-making powers of these commissions may be, they have very seldom exercised them. Not only are the vast majority of complaints adjusted without a formal order, but, in all States dealt with above, there was only one instance of a railroad company contesting an order in the courts, and that was to avert a general reduction. The so-called "strong" commissions, where they have been active at all, have, in fact, worked on substantially the same lines as a purely advisory Commission might. So their most useful function has been, not the summary correction of abuses by their own authority, but the bringing together of railroad and shipper in an amicable relation.

GOVERNMENT EXPERTS.

Our readers will recall that last May the Bureau of Manufactures at Washington sent out Mr. Lincoln Hutchinson as a special agent to report upon the condition of our trade with South America. It will be remembered, also, that Mr. Hutchinson speedily discovered and reported to the Washington authorities that there was no reason for thinking that American trade with Brazil would be aided by the establishment of additional steamship lines—of course, by means of a subsidy. It appeared, indeed, that there was no lack of steamship facilities, and that the countries which have worked the hardest to establish connections with Brazilian ports have not improved their trade by such efforts. In fact, Mr. Hutchinson had the presumption to suggest that what was needed was not more steamships, but the improvement of postal facilities, which are now very slow and uncertain on account of the unbusinesslike methods of the New York Post-Office.

When his report appeared, we suspected that his conclusions would cause a commotion among the subsidy-hunters at Washington, who seem to have the ears of the officials in the departments. That something had gone wrong with the machinery for disseminating official misinformation seemed to be recognized uneasily by the editor of the *Daily Consular Reports*, who took occasion to insert an editorial paragraph to the effect that Mr. Hutchinson's opinion "does not agree with a very common belief in this country." We have waited with interest to see what action would be taken to counteract the dangerous heresy that trade with any country can ever increase and multiply unless the Government gives somebody a subsidy. How such a pernicious doctrine ever found its way into an official publication of the United States Government, is hard to conjecture.

A recent number of the *Consular Reports* supplies the needed refutation of Mr. Hutchinson's dangerous teachings, and offers the *amende honorable* to the subsidy-seekers for the undeserved affront. The editor of the *Reports* has found a newspaper correspondent who has recently been travelling in South America, and who has become convinced that the only hope of extending our trade with Brazil and other countries is to establish direct steamship connection with their ports. That there is no lack of transportation facilities at present counts for nothing with this patriotic investigator: trade would increase by leaps and bounds "if fine steamers were seen in the Brazilian ports flying the Stars and Stripes." What shall go into the ships is, of course, a matter of secondary importance, provided only that a subsidy form a part of the cargoes; the main thing is to familiarize the people of South America with the sight of the flag. Let the subsidy-grabbers take new courage. Compared with the patriotic sentiments of this "recent traveller," the opinions of Special Agent Hutchinson seem impotent and sordid indeed.

All this suggests certain serious reflections concerning the position and functions of the "expert" who undertakes to investigate economic problems for the United States Government. Like Mr. Hutchinson, he usually comes from some university where, presumably, he has been trained to observe facts, record patiently the results of his observation, and reason soberly upon the evidence he has gathered. But little does your expert realize how poorly his university training has fitted him for the practical, rough-and-tumble work of the official investigator. The first thing that he must learn is, that, to the politician, scientific truth means not conformity with hard and sober fact, but availability for the purpose in view at any particular time. In all things the expert must consider the purpose and policy of the party which happens to be in power, and must guide his researches accordingly. This is the first and greatest commandment for the expert; and the second, third, and all the others are like unto it.

To give these general remarks a practical application, and to furnish a model for Mr. Hutchinson and other inexperienced experts, we may point with pride to the work of the late Industrial Commission. There was a body of experienced investigators who understood precisely what they were appointed for! The country was agitated in 1898 over the growth of Trusts and the manner in which they abused the privileges accorded them by the tariff. There even seemed to be danger that something might be done to remedy the evils of which the people complained, and so Congress decided to have the matter investigated. The members of the Commission, realizing the delicacy of the situation, deliberated until the country had had time to cool off, and then brought in a nineteen-volume report which nobody would, or could, read except under compulsion. The Commission concluded that Trusts were dangerous affairs which had proved a great boon to the American people, and that the tariff was responsible for none of their abuses and most of their benefits. Whenever any of the more untutored experts employed by the Commission were in danger of unearthing some significant and important fact, they were promptly called off and directed into "safer" avenues of investigation; while if their final conclusions ever gave displeasure, the disagreeable passages were conveniently lost somewhere on the way to the Government Printing-Office. That was an investigation worth the having; it endangered no "business interests," and never threatened to cut off contribu-

tions to the Republican National Committee. Inexperienced investigators, fresh from the university, may learn much from the nineteen portly volumes in which the work of the Commission is entombed. Indeed, if Mr. Hutchinson had merely read the first volume, he would not have committed such a *faux pas* as to run foul of the subsidy-grabbers during the second month of his labors. For whose benefit does he suppose that the commercial policy of the United States is now directed?

THE "PATENT MEDICINE" CRUSADE

In order to reduce the "patent" proprietary medicine business to its legitimate field, it is necessary to accomplish only two things: First, the public must be made to understand what these "remedies" are in themselves, and, second, legislators and well-meaning citizens generally must be brought to realize that the "demonstrations of popular sentiment" in favor of these nostrums are purely factitious, being inspired solely by the manufacturerers themselves and those who profit by the sales. The past year—the most harassing, perhaps, that the proprietors of the celebrated cure-alls have ever passed through—has seen so much accomplished by educational work along both of these lines that one might almost declare the whole face of the question to be changed.

The initial difficulty in dealing with this subject is, of course, that the vast majority of so-called "patent medicines" are not patented. If they were, their formulæ would be matters of public record. As it is, those engaged in the fight may easily discredit their cause by such mistakes as that of the editor who some months since described one popular mixture on the basis of an old analysis, and was compelled to retract by the demonstration that the composition as now on sale was something quite different. Concealment of the facts regarding a medicine, combined with the widest publicity for its claims, has been the requisite for success in this business. The facts have long been accessible to any one with but little trouble. Yet when some of the ten-cent monthlies and weeklies, circulating largely among what may be called without disrespect the patent-medicine-taking classes, began to publish them, more genuine consternation and horror was never aroused. Loyal members of temperance societies learned for the first time that the healing fluids they had been taking with such confidence and in such quantities contained percentages of alcohol carrying from twice that of lager beer to that contained in the most fiery whiskey, brandy, or gin. Many, if not most, of the "tonics" and "bitters" advertised are, what the secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Health called "Peruna"—"cheap cocktails." Without the agitation of just such publications as the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Leslie's Monthly* and *Collier's Weekly*, it would have taken a very much longer time to hammer home this fundamental fact.

Official agencies have been more than usually active, too, in the past year. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue's recent ruling, requiring the payment of a retail liquor dealer's tax for the sale of the highly alcoholic preparations, is important, as also the action of the Post-Office Department in withholding the use of the mails from actually fraudulent medicine concerns. Finally, one State has at last enacted the law requiring the publication of formulæ on all packages or bottles of proprietary remedies. This law, which ought to be in force throughout the country, has thus far been fought successfully by the "patent-medicine" interests everywhere except in North Dakota, which State is thereby entitled to head a roll of honor.

As to the means by which an apparent expression of public sentiment is secured adverse to these salutary statutes, the article on "The Patent Medicine Conspiracy," in the current issue of *Collier's*, presents a greater amount of detailed information than has ever before been brought together. It has long been known by those who have looked into the subject that the crude method of buying Legislatures to head off unfriendly legislation has been succeeded by a more effective system of controlling the press through advertising. The credit for the invention is freely accorded to Mr. F. J. Cheney of Toledo, proprietor of Hall's Catarrh Cure (alcohol 14¾ per cent.), who explained it a few years ago at a session of the Proprietary Association at Delmonico's. The writer of the article referred to shows by facsimiles of the advertising contracts of various leading companies that his hint has been taken. This is one clause found in substance in the advertising contracts of all the leading companies:

> "It is mutually agreed that this contract is void if any law is enacted by your State restricting or prohibiting the manufacture or sale of proprietary medicines."

And the second bears a strong family resemblance to it:

> "It is agreed that the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co. may cancel this contract pro rata in case advertisements are published in this paper in which their products are offered with a view to substitution or other harmful motive; also, in case any matter otherwise detrimental to the Munyon's H. H. Remedy Co.'s interests is permitted to appear in the reading columns or elsewhere in this paper."

These are brief clauses, but they are potent. Because of them, a most important debate on the "labelling bill" in the Massachusetts Legislature last spring went unreported by every paper in the State except the Springfield *Republican*. Because of them, it was found impossible to procure the publication of one of Mr. Bok's articles, even at advertising rates, in the press of the country generally. Because of them, every dollar of advertising has been withdrawn from North Dakota. Because of them, editors have brought their personal influence to bear on legislators—*Collier's* prints one threatening letter to a Wisconsin Senator—and have written uncounted columns of "editorials" praising the wares of the nostrum makers. Details are given *ad nauseam*. We have seen, in an advertising journal not long ago, a report of the action of an Ohio newspaper publishers' association, whose members voted that if a hostile bill passed the Legislature, their papers would adopt the policy of printing the attending physician's name as a part of every death-notice.

We have said above that general enlightenment on two points would result in putting the proprietary medicine business in its proper place. If any one prefers somebody's Nerve Cure to any other tipple, that is his own affair. The essential point is that no one shall be wheedled into buying it while ignorant of its real nature. Similarly, an editor, like anybody else, has a perfect right, under the Constitution, to shout himself hoarse in the praise of a particular cough syrup. But, "when next a member of a State Legislature arises and states, as I have so often heard, 'Gentlemen, this label bill seems right to me, but I cannot support it; the united press of my district is opposed to it'—when that happens, let every one understand the wires that have moved 'the united press of my district.'"

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE WORLD.

Senator Albert J. Beveridge's book, 'The Young Man and the World,' renews one's faith in human nature. Here is a member of the United States Senate advising beginners in the great business of life. The uninitiated would expect the author to look at the careers of his distinguished colleagues and then utter the exhortation, "Go thou and do likewise." The Senate is indubitably made up of men who have achieved what is commonly regarded as success. Consider but a few of the more prominent names: Morgan G. Bulkeley of Connecticut, Joseph R. Burton of Kansas, Arthur Pue Gorman of Maryland, Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, William A. Clark of Montana, John F. Dryden of New Jersey, Thomas Collier Platt and Chauncey Mitchell Depew of New York, John H. Mitchell of Oregon, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island. From the conduct of these men an ingenious philosopher might deduce a compact and undeniably practical code of morals. The first and great commandment would be to get on; and the second would be like unto

it, to sacrifice everything to that end. If you want money, serve the interests of the corporations which can pay you handsomely. If you have money, debauch the electorate of your State. If you come of good family, comport yourself like a man bred in the gutter. If you have education, devote your accomplishments to demagoguery. Exert every effort to make politics corrupt and disreputable.

But this kind of cynicism is not for Mr. Beveridge. His advice might fitly fall from the lips of any preacher or Sunday-school superintendent in this virtuous land; or it might, without marring the context, be incorporated in the volumes of Dr. Samuel Smiles himself. When there is so much that is sound, it seems almost invidious to make selections. For the benefit of our more depraved readers, however, we venture to summarize briefly the main points of Senator Beveridge's doctrine. We hope that our imperfect statement will serve to whet curiosity and increase the sale of the book, especially among professional politicians of all parties:

"Be honest with the world, and the world will be honest with you." This is the opening sentence, the keynote, so to speak, of the whole twelve chapters. "I do not mean," says the author, "that lowest form of honesty which bids you keep your hands clean of another's goods or money. I do not mean that you shall not be a 'grafter.' . . . . Of course, you will be honest in a money sense." From Mitchell, Burton, Penrose, and Depew comes a hearty chorus of assent. But we listen not to them, but to the sage of Indiana: "You must be intellectually honest. Do not pretend to be what you are not. . . . For example, never try to look wise. Many a front of gravity and weight conceals an intellectual desolation." This is all very true, but, we submit, the honorable gentleman has transgressed the rules of Senatorial courtesy. Can Lodge read these words and yet refrain from rising to a point of personal privilege when the Senate convenes, and chastising the guilty author? What is more, Senator Beveridge is attacking a former member of the Indiana delegation, Charles Warren Fairbanks, now Vice-President of the United States. The phrase "intellectual desolation" is a palpable hit. And if Mr. Fairbanks is not to try to look wise, what in Heaven's name is there left for him to do?

We should like to dwell on the details of Senator Beveridge's counsel about the choice of a profession. In brief, he would have a youth pick out the thing he can do best and then set for himself "the ideal of perfection" in his calling. "Dream of yourself as the best civil engineer of your time, or the soundest banker, or ablest merchant." This suggestion, some hypercritical persons may say, is not novel—is even older than Solomon. It is. But Senator Beveridge is not so old as Solomon; his private life is six or seven hundred times more exemplary; and his words are as true as 'Proverbs.' What more can any one ask of a man of forty-three? "He who worries, not only poisons the very fountains of his own strength, but arouses in the world's attitude toward him a sort of sneering pity." And, we may add, if an author worries because Solomon or any other dead and forgotten dealer in maxims may have said the same thing before, that author will never write such a stimulating book as 'The Young Man and the World.'

The pages which discuss reading should be reprinted entire, but space forbids. The *Congressional Record* is not, we learn with surprise and gratification, Senator Beveridge's conception of a *vade-mecum*. Nor does he offer us a selected list from the voluminous issues of the Patent Office, the Bureau of Navigation, or the Agricultural Department. These ponderous tomes, good though they be in their way, are not, in the opinion of the Senator from Indiana, food for the soul. He vastly prefers the Bible, Shakspere, Burns, Emerson, Plutarch, and Omar Khayyám. We trust that the Senator is favoring his constituents with copies of these classics rather than with Government reports, though on this point he is not explicit. Perhaps he will pardon a suggestion from personal experience. When we first began to take an interest in books, we found that the Government publications were as good as the Bible or Shakspere for pressing autumn leaves. For making scrap-books they were far superior. An agricultural report, with two out of every three sheets neatly cut out, was a scrap-book to be proud of. With the Bible and Shakspere we were not, for some mysterious reason, allowed to take such liberties. The binding of Mr. Beveridge's 'The Young Man and the World' is so strong that the book will not suffer in the least from such cutting. In some ways the process would be beneficial; for—to quote the Senator's own dictum—"after a while one wearies of the endless repetition, the 'damnable iteration,' contained in the great mass of books."

THOUGHTS ON THE NELSON CENTENARY.

LONDON, October 28, 1905.

The celebration in England and throughout the British Empire of Nelson's centenary arouses more than one reflection in the mind of any one who cares to trace the course of public opinion.

First, the emotion caused by the memory of England's greatest seaman and of his exploits marks a singular turn in the current of popular sentiment. It is the sign of the influence exerted by Imperialism—a word which it is wisest to use in a purely neutral sense as meaning enthusiasm in favor of the maintenance of the British Empire. Now the one thing which no candid observer can doubt is, that this sentiment is with Englishmen the fashion of the time. There is no politician of any weight, unless it be Mr. John Morley, who would care to disclaim all sympathy with the sense of Imperial greatness. But Imperialism, though no doubt a fashion, and, as some critics think, one which will pass away, most certainly is a fasnion which represents genuine feeling. It is like the passion for nationality which, during a large portion of the nineteenth century, gave to European politics their whole color; an emotion not likely to lose its force until it has for bad or for good produced marked results. Every one who tries to understand the public life of modern England must note the influence of Imperialism, and ought to admit that it represents ideas and aspirations which, during the last thirty or forty years, have, year by year, attained a stronger hold on the English people.

Secondly, English Imperialism is likely to stimulate national defects no less than national virtues. It assuredly bears, if looked at from its worst side, a resemblance to feelings known twenty years ago as Jingoism. To dwell constantly on the greatness of British power; to recall of set purpose the recollection of triumphs in warfare; to imagine, without it may be anything like adequate ground for the belief, that England can at any given moment produce a Nelson, and that a second Nelson, if he existed, could defeat the navy of every modern State with the same completeness with which our national hero crushed the navy of France, may well produce a state of mind as likely to be the parent of calamity as of triumph. Memories of Frederick the Great did not save Prussian armies from the overwhelming disaster of Jena. The Napoleonic tradition led the soldiers of France not to Berlin, but to Sedan, and the recollection of the ease with which French armies had entered the capitals of modern Europe was one cause of the siege and fall of Paris. We can all of us, with the victories of Japan before our eyes, point the moral to be drawn from the overconfidence, the presumption and the aggressive arrogance of Russia. What man of sense can fail to see that a bad form of Imperialism may prove as calamitous to England as a spirit of the same kind, stimulated by traditional triumphs, has been to foreign countries? Nor is it a blessing to any country that, at a time when social and domestic problems of infinite perplexity can be solved only by the exercise of consummate wisdom and of exceptional self-restraint, public attention should be directed towards questions of foreign policy, and be occupied with thoughts of diplomatic successes. It is right to speak plainly of the evils either inherent in or connected with Imperial sentiment in order that one may also think clearly and speak plainly about a condition of popular feeling which has its good as well as its bad side. The worship of Nelson, and the sentiment which it represents, have the merit that they are grounded on real and important facts. They are the acknowledgment of the immense debt due from every Englishman to the genius and patriotism of Nelson—a debt which in one

respect met with a somewhat inadequate return. "Trafalgar," Mahan is said to have written, "saved England"; this is a consideration which no Englishman should ever forget.

Imperialism, again, expresses the conviction that there is an Imperial as well as a national unity which deserves to be fostered and cherished; Imperialism, looked at from its best side, is nothing else than an extension of patriotism. It is assuredly well that, in an age when men of all classes are tempted to make enjoyment or even physical comfort the end of life, we should recall events which record the readiness of Englishmen to defend their country at the price not only of death, but of injuries or suffering worse than death. Such patriotic pride is no denial that men of other States and of other races have shown, and one trusts always will show, heroism which equals the best that England can produce. Imperialism, lastly, represents the settled belief that the great free States of the world must, in the presence of vast military empires, remain strong if they are to remain free, and that the strength of the British Empire requires that the spirit of Imperial unity should be strengthened, and that the world would gain greatly could the whole English people, under whatever form of government they lived, come to feel themselves to be morally citizens of one great commonwealth.

Thirdly, is it possible that this ideal can be at present realized even as regards that portion of the English people which is subject to the rule of Edward VII.? This is the question which every Englishman asks himself. The omens are in many respects favorable. The sense of unity has increased to a degree hardly possible for any one to realize except an Englishman who for forty or fifty years has, in England, watched the ebb and flow of popular feeling. Yet even such a man stands at some disadvantage. He knows England, he may not know, intimately at least, a single English colony; but unless rumor turns out, as it too often does, to be a liar, it is impossible not to believe that, throughout the dominions of the English Crown, the desire for union has, among English-speaking people at any rate, greatly increased. "Nelson Day" is the outward and visible sign of a change of spirit, and the change is the more important because it is due to obvious and natural causes. The discoveries of science have brought Englishmen throughout the world nearer to one another. When men become neighbors, they tend (though the tendency is often a very slight one) to become neighborly. The growth of great military states, the growing belief in the benefits to be derived from State action, all the most obvious phenomena of the day, point at first sight in the same direction: they all suggest the expediency of the expansion of England.

But the very circumstances which seem to favor the growth of a new and greater unity must suggest to any man of a reflective turn of mind that the attempt to achieve the ideals of what has been termed sane Imperialism, is exposed to at least two dangers which may lead to its failure. The first of these perils is the risk that English statesmen and Englishmen generally may forget the homely but important proverb, "More haste, less speed." To the present writer it is clear that the most dangerous enemies of sane Imperialism are the enthusiasts who try to force on a formal union between England and her colonies, instead of stimulating the spirit of unity and letting forms slowly—it may be very slowly—develop themselves in accordance with the dictates of a new state of feeling. At the present moment an Imperial Constitution, were it framed with the utmost skill, might well break up such Imperial unity as already exists. The second of these perils is the inconsistency, possibly the fundamental and irreconcilable inconsistency, between two popular ideals having something in common, yet likely to come into conflict. These ideals may be popularly summed up under the names Socialism and Imperialism. They have so much in common that they are based on a strong faith in the benefits to be expected from State action as contrasted with the unrestrained activity of individuals, but they each in reality aim at different ends. The object of Socialism is, to benefit the whole State by extending to every man equal advantages, or at lowest the opportunity of obtaining equal advantages. Education Acts which shall, as far as possible, give even to the poor as good an education as may be possessed by a member of the middle classes; the provision at the public expense of old-age pensions for deserving or perhaps even for undeserving poverty; the building, at the expense of the rate-payer, of houses and libraries better than any man not endowed with large means could obtain for himself—all aim at this equalization of advantages, and all increase the weight of taxation. Imperialism, on the other hand, attempts to increase, throughout the whole Empire and for the benefit of the whole Empire, Imperial power; but this increase of power must inevitably be at the expense of the taxpayer. The cost of Imperialism may more than repay itself. So be it. But that a policy of Imperial greatness involves the increase of Imperial burdens cannot in reality be disputed. One of the best-known and certainly one of the most disinterested among the advocates of old-age pensions estimates the cost to England (unless my memory deceives me) at £17,000,000 per annum. Suppose that the choice is placed before the English elector of spending this sum on the provision of old-age pensions or on the defence of the Empire. Can any one say for certain what would be the wish of that "man-in-the-street" who is supposed to govern the policy of England? What is really the same inquiry may take different forms in different parts of the Crown's dominions. What will be the answer of Australians to the question whether they will modify their protective tariffs in order to produce something like free trade throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire? My object is to raise, not to answer, this inquiry.

The possible opposition between Socialism and Imperialism suggests one further thought. Is it certain that Socialistic or anti-Socialistic sympathies may not give a death-blow to national or Imperial protriotism? Socialism is in its way a religion; nor is it at all certain that opposition to Socialism may not become a creed. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, community of religious belief became a stronger tie than community of race or country. Is it not within the bounds of possibility that Socialists, at any rate of different countries, may come to feel that their Socialism, which is a sort of secular religion, is a far closer bond than the tie of nationality or of membership in a given empire? A new cosmopolitanism may then be fatal to the growth of Imperialism.

AN OBSERVER.

THE BATTLE OF SOCIALISM.

SYDNEY, October 2, 1905.

A few weeks ago it seemed as if, for the first time in history, the inhabitants of a whole continent would be called upon to decide by a collective vote at the polling-booths whether a system of State Socialism should be brought into operation in countries whose cities, at least, may claim to belong to the vanguard of civilization. By resorting to the desperate expedient of concluding an alliance between the mass of the free traders and the body of the protectionists, the more moderate members of the Commonwealth Parliament last year succeeded in ousting the Labor Ministry that had held office for only a few months. What policy could the piebald Ministry that emerged from such a combination devise in the hope of uniting its motley band of supporters? It was agreed that the "fiscal question" should be indefinitely postponed, and indeed, with three avowed protectionists in the Cabinet, no other course was practicable. The Prime Minister (that is his official title, adopted to distinguish him from the premiers of the States) deliberately raised the broad issue of Socialism. He traversed several of the States, passing from Victoria to Tasmania, and from New South Wales to Queensland, delivering impassioned addresses denunciatory of Socialism, and calling on the electors to prepare to determine whether Australia should abide by the old English ways or adopt the methods of Continental Socialism. Leading politicians on the same side echoed the call. The Opposition was strangely divided. The hacks of protection had no difficulty in showing that Australia had long been in good part Socialist and was already committed to the system in principle. The protectionist leader, on the other hand, declared that he was at the opposite pole to all Socialist doctrines. The Labor leader did not hesitate to take up the challenge, and avowed himself a thoroughgoing Socialist; reviving the days of Maurice and Kingsley, he called himself a Christian Socialist. The churches took part in the scrimmage. The Anglican bishop of Tasmania, apparently ambitious of emulating Bishop Ketteler in Bavaria, frankly avowed his Socialist sympathies. Catholics would appear, in spite of themselves, to be committed against Socialism by the Pope's encyclical, but his representatives in Australia took another view of the matter. The liberal-minded head of the Church, Cardinal Moran, who was public-spirited enough to stand for election to the convention that drafted the Federal Constitution, drew a sharp distinction between the revolutionary Socialism denounced by the Pope and the "coöperative commonwealth" that is the ideal of the Australian Labor leaders, which he seemed to favor. Another tolerant and cultured prelate, the Catholic archbishop of Melbourne,

adhered to the distinction, but both have been unceremoniously thrown over by the bulk of Catholic laymen, who have gained in Australia an independence of mind such as they would never have acquired in priest-ridden Ireland. The newspapers reflected the agitation of the community without reflecting its differences; especially in New South Wales they are almost unanimously anti-Socialist. Yet they impartially teemed with articles and letters on both sides. The halls rang with speeches. Politics were lifted to a higher level. Men who in England had lived through the great days of Gladstone and Disraeli, Bright and Lowe, and who deplored the pettiness of Australian public life, were gratified to find the greatest questions brought within the field of discussion and to the verge of action. The mediocre personalities of political leaders were aggrandized by the cause they advocated or opposed.

On the eve of the assembling of the Commonwealth Parliament in June last, the protectionist leader formally dissolved the alliance between the protectionists and the free traders. He pretended that the appointment (to which he had been a party) of a commission to adjust inequalities in the tariff had reopened the question of free trade and protection, which had been temporarily closed. He did not yet declare against the coalition Ministry, of whose formation he had approved. The American creators of an irrigation settlement in a parched district of Victoria had, years before, found him (they profanely said) as firm as "the rock of ages." The rock was now turned to sand. Pliantly yielding to the pressure of the Labor leader, he moved a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry. The Labor party and the protectionists once more coalescing for the occasion, the motion was carried by a large majority. The event thus consummated by the treachery of the protectionist chief "sent a thrill of amazement and indignation throughout Australia." So it was expressed by an ex-Premier of Victoria and one of the most respected of Australian Statesmen. The immediate appeal to the constituencies was averted. The Governor-General refused to grant the dissolution which the free-trade Prime Minister solicited.

The conspirators soon reaped the fruits of their mingled astuteness and perfidy. The protectionists, composing the smallest of the three Parliamentary sections, went into office on the promise of "a generous support" from the Labor party. The terms on which the support was to be given were immediately made plain. The very first measure introduced by the Ministry was one for the granting of a large sum as bonuses to establishments engaged or about to embark in the iron trade. So far, there was nothing inconsistent with the stereotyped protectionist policy. But the proposal was only a mask, or at best a preliminary. The bill further provided that, after an unstated number of months, the owners of any particular iron works might be called upon to surrender to the Government of the Commonwealth their plant, buildings, and the ground they occupied. This part of the bill was obviously dictated by the Labor leader. In the Commonwealth, as in New South Wales, one of the foremost planks of the Labor platform is the acquisition of all natural monopolies, and especially of the iron industry. The Labor section only used its commanding position to exact, as the price of its support, that steps should be taken towards that end. But it is strange that such a measure should be introduced by a Minister who, a few weeks earlier, had declared himself to be "at the opposite pole" to Socialist doctrines. It is still stranger that the Minister who thus voided his principles, and so easily digested those of the party which had turned him out of office fifteen months before, should be a man of high character, and one of the few public men in secularly minded Australia who are closely connected with a religious denomination.

How irresistible is the movement that is sweeping both States and Commonwealth in the direction of State Socialism might be shown by the recital of some recent political events. There has never been in Australia a cleaner ministry than that which now governs Victoria. It was sent into office with a mission of retrenchment and reform. It swept the Augean stables of the post-office, the State railways, and the public service generally. An inflexible minister, with the inappropriate name of Bent, grappled with and overthrew a strike of the railway employees that, for a week or more, paralyzed the industry and the entire life of the State. And now this very minister, whose career has been signalized by so many honorable services, has himself embarked on State Socialism. Dissatisfied with the cost of brick-making by private industry, he has induced an anti-Socialist Legislature to sanction the establishment of State brick works. It is no less characteristic that, while these lines are being written, he has abandoned the unwise proposal. The carrying of the bill sufficed to make the companies reduce their terms.

The Ministry formed last year in New South Wales is another product of the reaction against Socialism, and it furnishes another example of the strength of the Socialist movement. The very first measure it introduced was one for the establishment of a State bank. A number of the Premier's supporters rebelliously broke away from him, but he carried the bill through the first chamber. Then the Legislative Council, consisting of unpaid nominees, extinguished it for the time. That was last year; this year the Government is saner. Sixty locomotives were wanted for the State railways; should they be built abroad or in Australia? The Ministry at first decided that they should be built in Philadelphia or in England. Conscious that the State was unprosperous, it yielded to pressure, and resolved to have them locally built. The decision raised a new issue. The leader of the Labor party proposed that they should be built at the State railway workshops, and spoke for three hours in support of the motion. The Premier moved, on the other hand, that they should be built by private contract, and spoke for three and a half hours in support of that proposal. After an animated discussion, the Premier's motion was carried by a large majority, and State Socialism experienced another defeat.

From the Labor Ministry in West Australia, Socialist measures were to be expected, and they have come, but in moderation. Two years ago a prior Ministry had scared the English capitalists who own the chief railway in the State by bringing forward a Railway Traffic bill (fully described in the *Yale Review* for August, 1904, p. 175), requiring the company to afford "reasonable traffic facilities," and otherwise dealing with the railroad in Draconian fashion. The outcry made in London blocked the further prosecution of the measure, and the Labor Ministry that succeeded proposed to make a compulsory purchase of the railway. The step would be in full accordance with colonial precedents. The Socialism of the Labor policy is more clearly shown in another direction. A wave of temperance sentiment is passing over these colonies, and is driving one Government after another to enact optional prohibitory laws. The West Australian Ministry has made a new departure. State hotels are there, as in New Zealand, already in existence, and one of them has just made the substantial profit of £589 on the year's business. It is now proposed to set up such hotels in districts where a local-option poll expresses a desire for a new hotel. The licensing committee should then refuse to issue any new licenses to private applicants. The eventual absorption of the trade by the State is evidently contemplated. The fall of the Ministry in consequence of a split in the Labor party arising from the autocratic character of the Premier has led to the abandonment of the measure and the new Premier (also a Labor member) feels his position too insecure to permit adventures. It is perhaps not singular that a Labor Socialist Minister should aim at autocracy. Marx and Lassalle are both described as having been *autoritaires*.

In New Zealand the Socialist wave is still far from being spent. For thirteen years that enterprising colony has been filling its statute-book with measures almost reconstructing society from base to summit. Its energy is yet unexhausted, and these very months are witnessing new efforts of its Legislature to solve economic problems to which its own changing conditions and the changes of society elsewhere have given birth. The parliamentary session had hardly begun at the end of June (answering to December in northern countries) when the Premier announced another of those schemes in which the imagination of the ex-engine driver and ex-publican has been so fertile. Mr. Seddon introduced it with the melancholy confession that, in spite of all the beneficent industrial legislation of the past ten or twelve years, projected mainly in the interest of the laboring class, the condition of the worker had not been ameliorated. A class of middlemen, who were neither employers nor workmen, had stepped in and reaped the fruit of the efforts that had been made. The very prosperity of the country had penalized the worker and the entire mass of those who lived in other people's houses. The cost of living had risen fully as much as wages had been raised. In that cost, house-rent is a chief element. Workmen cannot procure commodious dwellings at a reasonable rate. The State (and he might have said, with far more truth than the Grand Monarque, that he was the State) would come to the rescue and build cottages for the houseless worker. The scheme is alleged to rest on a sound financial basis (which is

not always the case with the projects of the New Zealand Government), and it is carefully elaborated. It empowers the Minister of Labor to erect buildings suitable for workers' dwellings at a maximum cost of £300, the buildings to be leased to landless workers for a period of fifty years, with the right of renewal at 5 per cent. per annum on the capital value, in addition to the cost of fire insurance. The lessee has to pay monthly, in advance, and he must reside in the house. There are three modes of acquiring the freehold: First, by payment in cash of the capital value at any time less than twenty-five years, at the rate of 6 per cent., plus fire insurance. Secondly, by the payment of the capital value by monthly sums over a period of thirty-two or forty-one years at the lessee's option, in which case the rental is to be 7 per cent. and insurance. Thirdly, by insurance on the lessee's life in the Government office for an amount equal to the cost of the dwelling. If the worker fails to reside, the dwelling reverts to the Crown. He cannot dispose of the lease or the freehold without the consent of the Land Board. If the husband dies, the widow may continue to occupy the house on the same terms.

The Premier of New Zealand, who cannot usually be accused of pessimism, is alarmed by the probable effects of the opening of the Panama Canal. He expects that his colony will be flooded by American manufactures, and he fears that even his Chinese wall of a protective tariff will not be high enough to keep them out. He raises the cost of the prime necessaries of life to his fellow-citizens by high duties that exclude even Australian wheat; he inflates all its manufactures by heavily taxing English imports, already handicapped by onerous freights; and he loads American products with "preferential duties." All this is not enough. The American Trust has invaded New Zealand. The Harvester Trust and the Tobacco Trust are already affecting colonial industry and commerce. In five years, it is estimated, the Harvester Trust will wipe out the corresponding colonial manufactures. Manufacturers and workers alike cry out for total prohibition; the Canterbury farmers naturally reject the heroic remedy. The righteous soul of the Premier is also vexed by the limitations on the retail trade imposed by the Tobacco Trust. Hence the Government has introduced the Trades Monopolies Prevention bill. A trade monopoly is elaborately described, but it would be sending owls to Athens to repeat the description to American readers. Enough to say that the bill strikes at internal as well as external Trusts. At the instance of the Minister of Labor or the Minister of Industries, the courts may do all things to enforce the prevention and continuance of a trade monopoly, may impose a fine of £1,000 on any person or association, and may issue an injunction for the continuance of acts in furtherance of such a monopoly. Penalties are also provided for unduly preventing or lessening competition or production.

Such is the New Zealand official solution of a problem that some ardent disciples of Spencer in the same colony—individualists *pur sang*, who once out-Heroded Herod in advocating *laissez-faire*—deemed so formidable that they were prepared to accept State Socialism as the only efficacious agency for resisting an evil which first wounds the conscience and then crushes the independence of the industrial organism, as the serpents bit before they strangled Laokoön and his sons. "O ye of little faith!" a latter-day teacher might repeat. They are no very profound philosophers who fail to perceive that, along with the diseases it inevitably begets, society infallibly generates their therapeutics.

J. C.

THROUGH THREE CHINESE PROVINCES

HANKOW, October 1, 1905.

To see China by railway seems an anomaly. Indeed, when that new fact becomes more widely possible, the traditional China will have ceased to be; and only because this experience is as yet a novelty, does it seem worth while to record it. In quitting Japan for Korea and northern China we felt that we were exchanging charm for interest, certainly discomfort, possibly repulsion. But former impressions of southern China in the great heats of spring and late summer had to be corrected almost on landing in the north country. There the people seem so much less sulky, brutish, and vindictive, while many of the plainest sort are cheerful and even jolly to the passing contact. Furthermore, I shall be surprised to learn that other Americans have not recorded their sense of certain marked resemblances between this region and parts of their own land. The dry, light-colored soil, the dust-laden winds, which tint the landscape unmistakably; the character of the herbage and wild growth; the distant expression of the trees, which is graceful and feathery; the light gray or yellow-green hue of all vegetation; the wide horizons, and the level flats of arable country, from which the serrated hills rise abruptly, one might almost say brusquely; the dry, pure, bracing air, and, most of all, the sky (nowhere else have I ever encountered the exact cloud and atmospheric effects with the identical tints of our home skies)—all this gives one an odd feeling of "at homeness," until one glances at man and his handiwork, and then one knows that one is still but a "foreign devil." Where all the fields are differently worked and planted from our own; where even the villages attempt to enclose themselves in walls—if only of mud—of a uniform shape and proportion; where every tiny shanty tries for the privacy of a compound, and at least partially secures it by remaining windowless; where the so-called roads, which are often only paths, have cut themselves down below the fields through the wear (and shiftlessness) of the ages; where almost every field has its burial-ground of smaller or larger mounds, sometimes planted in a square or rectangle of rows of red and green bush-grass; where man often works hatless and always hairless, unless the queue twisted up be counted such a protection; where woman works afield sitting on a stool to ease the strain on her tightly bound feet—there, surely, the foreigner's sense of nationality must needs be very strong and distinct.

To leave Pekin on the Pe-han Railway (so named from the two first syllables of its terminals, Pekin and Hankow) is to carry away a far less striking impression of the great fortress city than by the railway to Tientsin. For the walls and towers seem larger and longer towards the eastern approach, while a stray pagoda or two, or a quaint tower, seem suggestions of a large town's suburbs. But to the southward, after running along one whole length of the Tartar city's walls, you lose sight of the entire mass almost instantaneously, and drop out of urban surroundings into agriculture differing only in its smaller holdings and more numerous houses from the country for many miles to come. As one travels in a singularly straight line for the first three days, there are mountains or hills only to the westward and at quite a distance, while a great cultivated plain extends on three sides much further than the eye can see, every inch covered with crops save for villages and clumps of trees or graves, which latter vie with each other in frequency. The crops are usually planted in long narrow ribbons, one growth closely adjoining another. Of rivers, or even rills, there are practically none until, on the third morning, the great Hoang-ho or Yellow River is sighted, while on the fourth morning one runs right into a greener, lusher region, full of streams and with irrigated fields, marking terraces on the pretty hills through which the road turns and twists; these latter, with their round modelling, being singularly Japanesque. (One sees at a glance why Honan and its coastwise neighbor, An-Hui, should, thus watered, be two of the richest of these central Chinese provinces, of which all the European competitors covet the exploitation.) But the large walled towns all lie in the earlier part of the trip, and are quitted with regret, for they are fine and imposing in themselves, and their crenellated masses give point to the flat surroundings into which they fit so perfectly; unlike Lowell's indictment of many of our American buildings, from which "the wronged landscape stands aloof."

It is only just to the railway as well as to the imminent traveller to note the conveniences or their reverse of the trip. The roadbed is excellent, single-tracked, but with sufficient sidings. The schedule time (not yet in print) is adhered to remarkably, in view of the fact that the road will not be officially opened until January, 1906, at earliest, and that meanwhile travel is not encouraged by the managers.* The runs are made only between sunrise and sunset, and, if the train-hands were so minded, one would be forced to spend the three—possibly four—nights in the cumulative horrors of a Chinese inn. But on the Belgian section, which lies to the north of the Yellow River, one is allowed to bunk down in the cars, which are modern European in construction, a side corridor running from end to end, with first and second-class compartments, and the addition of one for cooking, where the Chinese "boys" warm

*The train hands are all Chinese, from ticket puncher to engineer, though fleeting glimpses of an ununiformed European tell a tale of supervision. At the stations, be they ever so small, there is a Chinese guard, varying from two to a dozen in number, who patrol the platform (apparently armed only with sticks) in much the same fashion as the picturesque guardia civile of Spanish trains, though from those sturdy men it is a far cry to these velvet-booted Celestials, with queues twisted up awry, the tasselled end hanging behind one ear, and straw-brimmed hats cocked askew, while their natural tendency to be round-shouldered has been uncorrected by drill, and is undisguised in the loose long shirt with Chinese characters embroidered on the chest. Yet withal they often have that dignity of the Oriental which is strangely at variance with their being such "figures of fun."

water and prepare food for their masters. And very cleverly they do so, with charcoal and a small portable earthenware oven without a top. Of water on the train as yet there is none. The first night, travelling southward, is passed at Shunte-fu, the second at Hsin-hsiang-hsien, forty miles north of the river. From there at dawn a construction train runs to the bank, where the fine bridge of almost two miles in length is apparently completed. But, owing to the ever-shifting currents and sandbars of the stream, the foundations have been displaced during this season's heavy floods, and the structure is pronounced unsafe, while its approach on the southern bank is still unconstructed. So the crossing is made in thirty-foot craft—the sails, poling, the variable currents, combined with the rudder and the drag-anchor, all utilized as motive-power; and, finally, half a mile from the shore, the coolies strip to the waist, and, wading in the shallows, draw the boat near the bank. There other coolies carry the unfortunate globe-trotter "pickaback" over the mud flats, at imminent risk of both falling into the slippery footing; and when once on firm ground, one is almost equally agonized by watching the precarious transit of one's luggage. The crossing of the river is most devious, for the changing deeps and shallows and miniature rapids make steering difficult and uncertain. One day, five hours are required; the next, two, the next, but one.

The train sometimes waits until the tricksy river-god or demon has given up its prey, sometimes not; for us it waited an hour and thirty-five minutes; the day before it waited but forty-five, and started when the passengers were within ten minutes of reaching it. Soon after starting, it cuts through the hills, which here form a contrast to the flat northern banks, and, before emerging on the plain again, it passes under hundreds of cave-dwellings still occupied by moderns with prehistoric tastes. On this, the French, section of the line one still finds courtesy, though more restrictions upon the passenger, and at Chu-ma-tien—a tiny place, not on the map—the railway rule is enforced, so that only private-car passengers may, by an extortionate douceur, sleep on the train. There is a good but ominously dubbed inn (The Bar Hotel) kept by a travelled Chinese, who, in memory of America, has two good beds in two clean rooms. But, alas! the station-master recommends the nearer hostelry—a characteristic touch smacking strongly of "squeeze." Of a night spent there, the least said the better, though the Italianized and Romanized host is full of zeal and good intentions.

Yet when all is said of the fatigue and uncertainties of the route, and when one considers the waste of time in going by sea from Tientsin to Shanghai, as well as the greater interest of the land-travel, with its insight into the Chinese and their ways, one would brave it all again. (The natives are evidently of this opinion, for the third class was always crowded, while it has been found advisable to raise the fare of the second class and lower that of the first.) Then, too, in a few months' time, the run of some 800 miles odd will be continuous, with no stops at night and in entire comfort. Meanwhile one has only praise to give the managers of the two lines, who have already produced such commendable results, and have secured such excellent coöperation from their Oriental working force.

EMILY E. F. SKEEL.

Correspondence.

GARDENS OF ITALY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly allow me, in justice to myself, to say, with reference to your review of 'Gardens of Italy,' that the letterpress, which was my share of the book, was written as a series of articles for *Country Life?* It was not until I was correcting the proofs that I received any intimation that these were to appear in book form. The "gossiping, semi-historical tone" (which your reviewer admits to be readable) was purposely adapted to the requirements of a weekly journal.—I am, etc.,

EVELYN MARCH PHILLIPPS.

BOSTON, November 2, 1905.

BOTTICELLI AND ORCAGNA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can any of your art-historical readers inform me if any evidence has ever been submitted for Botticelli's repainting of Bernardo Orcagna's "Inferno" at Florence? WILLIAM RANKIN.

RICHMOND, MASS., October 24, 1905.

Notes.

The English Dialect Grammar, which formed part of the 'English Dialect Dictionary,' is about to be issued in a convenient crown octavo form by Henry Frowde, while the great Dictionary itself, now completed, is to be offered to the public, through the booksellers, on the instalment plan, until the end of the year. The same publisher will bring out directly the sixth volume of the "Oxford History of Music," 'The Romantic Period,' by the late Edward Dannreuther. H. E. Woolridge's volume on 'The Ecclesiastical Period,' nearly ready, will conclude the series with the year.

Charles Rudy's 'Cathedrals of Northern Spain' is on the eve of publication by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco has in press a poem entitled 'The Madonna of the Scales—A Calabrian Memory,' which will be sold for the benefit of the sufferers from the earthquake in Calabria. The booklet will be issued by B. H. Blackwell of Oxford (London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.). The price is 1s. net.

Early in November, Antonio Fogazzaro will publish a new novel, entitled 'Santo,' which will close the series that began with 'Piccolo Mondo Antico.' The scene is laid partly at Vicenza, partly at Oria (on Lake Lugano), and at Rome.

The 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám' is to be presented to Italian readers through a translation of FitzGerald's version, soon to be published in Venice. A writer in the leading Italian review thinks it necessary to explain that it has passed through many editions in England. The cult spreads.

'The Beautiful Birthday Book' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan) is no misnomer. It is an octavo volume, elegantly but soberly bound, with a pleasing colored frontispiece of the "young person" who is to fill it with the autographs of her friends, and having some other embellishments besides the framing of the date spaces. The design is excellent for stimulus and for preservation.

The same firms unite in a new edition of Alfred Austin's 'The Garden that I Love,' originally issued some ten years ago. The Poet Laureate, in a second preface, deprecates the idea that the illustrations which justify the present venture were hailed as likely to give a fillip to a languishing sale. They will, however, have that effect, for the color designs of George S. Elgood, R. I., are quite out of the common—exquisite, indeed; and in the end the purchaser may prefer them to the touch-and-go discursiveness of the text.

The vamping of old books with decoration is much in evidence this season, and we would ask whether the bad fashion (by no means new) of blotching the type-page with designs in flat tints, pale or otherwise, ought not to be discountenanced and abandoned. An example before us is the reissue of John Luther Long's 'Miss Cherry-Blossom of Tokyo' (Lippincott), in which these colored devices run riot in margin and text. Assuredly they distract the eye and make reading difficult, and in this case are a false imitation of Japanese ornament.

A much better taste has prevailed in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s 'Howdy, Honey, Howdy,' collected poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar, in which the floreated borders in a very pale red becomingly set off the verse, and frame the photographic vignettes, *tableaux vivants* characteristic of the colored folk of whom Mr. Dunbar sings from a full understanding.

Mr. Arthur I. Keller displays a clever pencil, whether point or brush be intended, in his designs for 'His Letter, His Answer, and Her Last Letter,' by Bret Harte (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The title-page, in color, is very happy, and it is hard to say whether this artist is stronger in color or in black and white. This is a very proper gift-book of the "society verse" (we suppose we may call it) of the late Truthful James. The third poem has never before been published with the other and better-known two.

The same house has brought out 'The Story of Noah's Ark,' an oblong folio with colored plates and a scanty narrative. With his pencil, Mr. E. Boyd Smith is a humorist whose reputation will grow, and these scenes of the building of the Ark, its loading, the omission of the animals which could not or would not go in—dinosaurs, mastodons, etc., who were to furnish the fossils of subsequent ages—the discomforts of the voyage, etc., will please every childish eye and every adult. Such skilful animal drawing is seldom seen in the juvenile domain. Perhaps the last plate of all is as effective as any, showing the Ark stranded, the retreat of the waters, and the joy of the "enlarged" passengers. Mr. Smith is too good a draughtsman to be side-splittingly comical, but he has a humorous imagination. His text is far less droll, and he should procure a literary running-mate for his next venture.

Mr. George Alfred Williams's pen-draw-

ings to accompany the Baker & Taylor Co.'s generous and very taking edition of 'A Christmas Carol, and The Cricket on the Hearth' are singularly uneven. Those for the latter story fall much below the more than usual excellence of their predecessors. They are all full-page, and serve a decorative purpose, and the frontispiece in color is delicate and well conceived. To be praised, too, is the corresponding plate for 'The Cricket on the Hearth.'

The daily caricaturist, John T. McCutcheon, has long been a power in the West, and needs no introduction to Chicagoans, at least. His 'Mysterious Stranger, and Other Cartoons' (McClure, Phillips & Co.) preserves too much that is trivial and vulgar (not in the most odious sense), and would have been the better for a severe screening. The folio opens with Mr. Roosevelt's Western hunting exploits, and marches (but not always chronologically) with the progress of events, serving as a mirror and chronicle of the time. The Russo-Japanese war cuts a figure here, and there is nothing better than Kuropatkin's "*regret to report that* All is lost save Oyama, and we're trying to find him." Secretary Taft in Japan before the Buddha statue, reminding himself of Napoleon before the Sphinx, and wondering who can name the next President of the United States, is also a happy conceit. The symbolism of "The Wedding of Crown Prince Frederick and Duchess Cecilia," heart-shaped bretzels pierced by an arrow and ringed by a dachshund gripping his own tail, is capital in another way. On the whole, we find the collection rather dreary.

'Representative Essays on the Theory of Style,' chosen and edited by William T. Brewster (Macmillan), is a volume likely to be of good service to academic students of literature and composition. It contains the essays of Newman, De Quincey, Spencer, Lewes, Stevenson, Pater, and Harrison, a clear-headed introduction and adequate notes. This selection of texts is obviously contemporary in its bearing rather than historical, but the authors included represent so many polarities of rhetorical theory that the book may be taken as a fairly comprehensive, as well as an uncommonly wholesome, stylist's enchiridion.

Modern methods of teaching English, which have begotten many *biblia a-biblia*, are sometimes responsible for the making of a real book. Such an one is the volume of 'English Essays' selected and edited by Prof. Walter C. Bronson (Henry Holt & Co.). Twenty-four writers are represented, from Bacon to Stevenson. The lay-reader might complain that Professor Bronson has not been very careful to define the limits of the essay type, so that while such thorough essayists as Cowley and Temple do not appear at all in the book, we have passages from the writings of Burke, Ruskin, and Newman that tend to edification rather than to delight, and are in form and spirit not essays at all. Yet liberally as Professor Bronson has interpreted his title, he has nevertheless contrived to preserve in his selection an admirable unity in variety. The volume is a real book in that it embodies the spirit of three centuries of the best English prose, prose marked by a certain British soberness of thought, and even, as compared with French prose, by a certain uneasy heaviness, yet not seldom visited by wizard lights of imagination, and warmed by a wealth of humor, both delicate and broad, that no similar collection in any foreign tongue could parallel.

The luck of the alphabet has given to Volume X. of the Jewish Encyclopædia (Philipson-Samoscz) several articles of length and interest. Those on the Popes and Rome show the ecclesiastical policy of Christendom towards the Jews, as opposed to the very varying treatment of temporal rulers, and still more to the fanatical outbursts of Christian communities. Russia has, of right, one of the longest articles in the whole work (57 pages). Maps and tables of population, etc., are given. Of a lighter and less melancholy interest is the story of the Rothschild family, from its earliest traced ancestor, in the mid-sixteenth century, and in its two branches of the rabbinate and the world—a story whose artistic value Disraeli appreciated, and which has material enough for a dozen novels. Biographies whose subjects belong to the larger world are those of Rashi, Ricardo, Rubinstein, Saadya, Philo. For his Jewish connection and wealth of Jewish types and portraits, Rembrandt is also added. The frontispiece reproduces a portrait by him, and ten other Jewish heads are shown in black and white. For picturesqueness, the article on Prague, with many good illustrations, easily holds its own, though that on Purim and Purim-plays is untheological enough, and affords refreshing views of life. In folklore there is the Sabbath river Sambation and a plenty of spirits—Raphael, Sammael, and the rest. More serious is a good historical article on Reform Judaism from the reform point of view; another orthodox treatment of the same would have been much to the point. The Book of Revelation is reclaimed as a Jewish apocalypse, with a full acceptance of Vischer's hypothesis. There is the usual immense number of biographies; only use can tell whether they are numerous or full enough.

Those who enjoy the mouthings of spiritual self-conceit will be glad to learn that they can find a surfeit of such airy food in Agamya Guru's 'Sri Brahma Dhârâ' (or 'shower from the highest'), in which the Mahatma kindly condescends to instruct the Occident in the dogmas of Vedanta philosophy. Of argument there is nothing, of assertion there are eighty-seven pages in the form of a catechism, which explains that this world is a delusive charm of the great magician called Màyâ, and that Màyâ is "an illusive fermentation of an Atom of Bliss in the power of the Highest." The much-enduring student of the catechism is told to "abandon the Ego of sole existence in the Infinite, Eternal Bliss, and be the Omniscience of the Unfathomable Reality." Then the journey will be over and the student will be "the same as the Highest." Luzac & Co., London, publish this amusing screed.

The latest volume of the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* contains a succinct statement by Dr. Peters of the facts regarding the Nippur library and Professor Hilprecht's discoveries, real and alleged. The leading article is by Professor Hopkins, who gives a hitherto unpublished Sanskrit text of the fable of the "Fountain of Youth," together with a study of phases of the same fable in the Occident. Professor Toy contributes a study of an early form of animal sacrifice, and Dr. Blake continues his investigations of the Bisayan dialects—to mention only a few of the fifteen papers in the volume.

There can hardly be a more convenient guide for a beginner who, having busied himself somewhat with ferns, wishes to glance at their relatives, than the book entitled 'The Fern Allies of North America North of Mexico,' by Willard Nelson Clute (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). The illustrations, above one hundred and fifty in number, are by Ida Martin Clute. The text is interesting and the drawings are clear, so that there should be little difficulty in making one's way among these interesting plants, which are the existing representatives of a vegetation that (with the ferns of high and low degree) ushered in our present flora.

Twelve attractive California flowers have been selected for reproduction in color on separate sheets of convenient form. The publisher, William M. Bains, Philadelphia, states, in an accompanying leaflet, that the prints are copies, by the Ives Process, of the water-color drawings of Mrs. Elizabeth Hallowell Saunders. The registering of the three colors, especially the yellow factor, is far from perfect, and therefore the reproductions probably do scant justice to the originals, but the general effect is pleasing, and the handful of pictures is well worth having as a companion to any California botany.

M. H. Carton de Wiart's 'La Cité Ardente' (Paris: Perrin & Cie) is an historical novel concerning Liège and its surroundings in the time of Charles the Bold. It seems to be built on a rich fund of archæological lore, and towards the end of the volume there is a moving love story which vividly and truthfully portrays a high-bred young lady, sublimely courageous and self-sacrificing to the honor and traditions of her family. The book dwells minutely on the apparel and picturesque scenes of the period, and certainly graves a deep impression of the misery of the turbulence prevailing at a time when, if there was no more wickedness than now, wickedness at any rate raised its head more audaciously. The novel will especially interest a person familiar with mediæval Belgium.

The Vienna Academy of Sciences has granted to Prof. Dr. Heinrich Sieveking of the University of Marburg a sufficient sum from the Savigny fund to pursue a detailed study of the mediæval business and commercial records in Italian archives. Professor Sieveking has already made extensive investigations in Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, and at a recent meeting of the Academy gave a full report of the business records of the Medici, which he found in the last-mentioned city. He showed that this famous patrician family not only conducted a complete banking business in all its departments, but equally carried on trade and an insurance business. The trade was international, branch houses being founded in France, England, Germany, Switzerland, Burgundy, Spain, and Portugal. On account of the dangers in sending moneys, cash payments were practically never made. The experience of the Medici in commercial transactions with princes and potentates, was unsatisfactory. At any rate, Piero de' Medici states that in lending to princes there was more danger than profit. Insurance on the contents of ocean vessels was

regularly carried, the rate on a voyage across the Atlantic being 11 per cent. A lively business was the management of the funds of German pilgrims to Rome. The Popes, too, dealt with the Medici on a large scale.

The first full census of the Russian Empire was taken in 1897, but the complete results have only now been published. The total population was 125,680,682. The Eastern provinces are very sparsely settled. In Siberia there is only 0.53 person to a square verst, while in the Government of St. Petersburg there are 130.40. The population of St. Petersburg is 1,267,023; Moscow, 988,614; Warsaw, 638,208; Odessa, 405,041; Lodz, 315,209. The average size of a Russian family is 5.7 persons, which is even larger than in Germany, where it is 4.6.

The Rhodes Scholars at the beginning of their second year at Oxford number a little less than 150, out of a possible maximum of 190, there being sixty-seven new students. The qualifying test in scholarship is the Oxford Responsions standard, except in Germany, where the selection is made by the Emperor himself, and in 1904 five of our States or Territories failed to send a qualified candidate. This year the failures have doubled, none coming from Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, and Wyoming. Among the colonies, only Rhodesia and the Northwest Territory of Canada have not filled up their annual quota. Care has been taken that the men shall not congregate in one college, and they have been evenly distributed throughout the University, Christ Church having seven, the largest number. Their happy assimilation to the academic body was especially commended by Vice-Chancellor Merry in a recent address, in which he congratulated the University on the success which has attended this first year's experience with the Rhodes scholars. The general consensus among the men is that they had better not come directly from schools that some previous university experience was exceedingly desirable. The long vacation was spent by a considerable number on the Continent with a view to the acquisition of French and German. Many joined reading-classes in England, Scotland, and Wales, and a few Americans and Canadians spent the holiday at home.

The promotion of cotton-growing has been the principal work of the Uganda Company, which was formed two years ago to open up and develop the natural resources of that country. In March, 1904, about two and a half tons of cotton seed of various kinds were distributed among twenty-nine chiefs (representing every province in Uganda), and by them redistributed to a large number of peasants. The result of these trial plantings has surpassed all expectations, and already the hand machinery erected is proving insufficient to cope with the quantity of cotton which is coming in. A small chief, who received thirty-five pounds of American upland seed, brought in more than 1,700 pounds of unginned cotton from that, and reported that he was still harvesting and expected to bring twice the quantity. This means a return of one hundred fold, and Uganda will produce two crops annually. The cotton sent to England proved to be of excellent quality, and there can be no doubt that the soil of Uganda is especially adapted to its cultivation. Reports have been received that the natives of the neighboring province of Usoga have also begun to plant cotton seed, and the suggestion has been made that a power-generating plant be established at Ripon Falls, the outflow of the Nile from Lake Victoria, for the purpose of running ginning machinery. The company proposes to purchase the freehold of 10,000 acres of land for the cultivation of cotton, ramie, and rubber, of which a valuable variety has been found to be indigenous to the country. Its success has been so marked that it has been decided to increase the capital from $75,000 to $125,000. On the board of directors are to be found two bearing the honored name of Fowell Buxton, and a Gladstone.

—There could hardly be a more effective indictment of census-taking methods than is found in the *Atlantic* in a paper by William H. Allen, who served as a special agent in gathering manufacturing statistics in Philadelphia for the census of 1900. It is simple truth, as he shows in ample detail, that his work, and that of his fellow-agents in the same branch, was largely that of "manufacturing" statistics, and not of collecting statistics of manufactures. The woman who took in sewing during a few weeks of the year, a day laborer who earned a few dollars at night during the winter by sharpening skates, an undertaker who trimmed his coffins, a dry-goods dealer who occasionally had an unsalable piece of goods turned into aprons or doll clothes—these are samples of what went into the census mill by scores of thousands, under explicit directions of the Chief, as "manufacturing industries." Still further, the agents were given to understand that each industry must show a "reasonable profit," and schedules were repeatedly returned for alteration if they failed to come up to the specification. It is easy to see what a bulwark of support for "protection and prosperity" the census is sure to be when those who have the power go at it in this systematic manner. Mr. Allen says: "Undoubtedly the feeling was widespread among agents that the object of the census was not to obtain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, but rather to prove a thesis. The moral tone of the agents suffered depreciation, even in a few days." The country has been rightly shocked at the discovery that insurance premiums have been drawn upon for partisan campaign funds; the time may come when the similar impropriety of using the public revenues for the manufacture of fictitious evidence of the blessings of protectionism will be recognized. Mr. Allen's revelations certainly demand some attention in Congress.

—'The Poems of Keats,' edited by E. de Sélincourt (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is likely to stand as the best edition of the poet for the critical student of poetry as a fine art. The text itself is excellent. Mr. de Sélincourt has wisely left the significant irregularities of orthography as Keats left them; and he has grouped the poems in a logical and significant order, relegating to an appendix certain nonsense rhymes and doggerel ditties that have stood hitherto side by side with "La Belle Dame sans Merci" and the "Ode to Maia." The text stands midway of an Introduction and a body of notes that preserve an even-handed balance between ideal and textual criticism. On the whole, however, the Introduction, with its account of the growth of Keats's art on its imaginative and spiritual sides, is less interesting than the two hundred pages of notes, which trace, with an uncommon union of taste, textual acumen, and common-sense, the literary origins of the Keatsian style. Particularly valuable to the critic is the concluding glossary, in which practically all of the poet's characteristic vocables—four hundred of them—are traced to their probable source in the books Keats is known to have read. This table is of special interest as tending to mitigate the uncritical wonder that has been many times expressed that a "surgeon's apprentice" should write "as if he had mastered the whole history and the frequent variations of the English tongue." As Mr. de Sélincourt pertinently observes, a poet who is steeped in the writings of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, Milton, and Wordsworth has gone a long way towards mastering the English tongue. "The wonder, indeed," as he says, "remains as great, but it is wonder of a different kind—that Keats should have realized so intensely his kinship with his predecessors, and gained his peculiar power of self-expression so that their life became his and their language the only possible utterance for his ideas and moods."

—With Professor Dowden's 'Montaigne' the new "French Men of Letters Series" (Philadelphia: Lippincott) makes a promising beginning in the form of a veteran critic's summing-up of a lifelong familiarity with his theme. In place of the traditional division into the Man and the Work, there is offered here the much more suggestive concurrent, or parallel, treatment, in Montaigne's case so helpful towards the elucidation of his spirit of equitable (though by no means equal) apportionment of time and energy to the too commonly conflicting claims of thought and action. Although the several chapters, from "Childhood and Education" to "Closing Years," cast no new gleam, for the specialist, on either Essayist or Essays, they constitute (to our knowledge) the safest English introduction to the study of the great questioner through their insight into the heart of the work and their revelation of a real affection for the man. In one respect (ch. ix., "The Spirit of the Essays"), Dr. Dowden seems, however, to bear somewhat heavily on the absense in Montaigne of religious fervor, while all the rest of the book demonstrates that this peculiar temperament it is which gives to his meditations their enduring charm of undecisiveness—"cette-cy d'Epicurus, plus voysine a mon style, de transferer la pensee des choses fascheuses aux plaisantes." Some of the translated excerpts suggest a singular "Florio-Cotton-Dowden" blend, not in every case flawlessly accurate, yet, in no instance we have observed, calling for more than marginal correction. What makes this volume specially pleasing is that, in the spirit of the *entente cordiale*, it shows the desire to appreciate, with the graceful help of a

winning style, the essentially French writer, who nevertheless finds a literary home in all countries.

—Under the energetic direction of Prof. Albert S. Cook as general editor, the series of "Yale Studies in English" (Henry Holt & Co.) continues to thrive and put forth. Three of the more recent issues, Nos. XXV, XXVII, and XXVIII, have been devoted to separate plays of Ben Jonson, namely, "Bartholomew Fair," "Poetaster," and "The Staple of News," which, with "The Alchemist," edited some time since (No. XVII), are, we trust, to be the nucleus of an ultimate complete edition of Jonson that shall prove a credit to American scholarship. Nevertheless, in No. XXVI we note with satisfaction a return to the field of Poetics, previously cultivated to good advantage in this series or elsewhere by Professor Cook and several of his pupils, and a field whose cultivation is of more immediate concern to the advance of literary study in this country. Prof. F. M. Padelford, whose "Essays on the Study and Use of Poetry," being translations from the Greek of Plutarch and Basil the Great, constituted No. XV of the series, gives us in No. XXVI some eighty pages of "Select Translations from Scaliger's Poetics," "in the belief that they will be welcomed by the many students . . . who, through lack of access to the original, have had to gain their impressions of this notable work from the meagre digests in handbooks and histories of criticism." Grateful though such students ought to be toward Professor Padelford, we must be permitted to doubt his surmise that they are "many." As a matter of fact, if we try to measure not the special interest, simply, in work like Professor Padelford's, but the general attention to the subject of Poetics, by the number of courses, historical or otherwise, in literary theory that are now given at American universities, in comparison with those who are devoting their time to less fundamental disciplines—practical rhetoric, history of literature in the ordinary sense, "philology" in the narrower—the students of Poetics are painfully few. Conditions are better, perhaps, yet not greatly better, than four years ago, when Professor Cook, who has striven so vigorously for philosophical methods in the teaching of English, could only say: "*Here and there* [the italics are ours] classes in poetical theory are endeavoring to ascertain what qualities insure the permanence and enduring charm of literature." By the fit though few, every effort like Professor Padelford's will be welcomed. Incidentally we observe that the style of these translations shows an improvement over those in No. XV.

—The publication, a few months ago, by Francesco Sforza, of 'Brani inediti dei Promessi Sposi' (Unpublished Passages from I Promessi Sposi), has led to a second and enlarged edition (964 pages divided into two volumes, whereas the original edition was a single volume of 692 pages). The reading public, it is evident, has not agreed with those critics who indignantly regarded Sforza's book as a profanation of Manzoni's memory in bringing to light what had been, after mature judgment, deliberately omitted, but has found a special literary value in the steps through which the masterpiece developed. The "Brani" bear witness to an incessant correcting, retouching, and polishing, and prove to what a degree Manzoni carried his revision, writing and rewriting a line a score of times, and then, perhaps, after all, not printing a word of it. He was moved, apparently, sometimes by religious scruples, sometimes by æsthetic considerations, or by motives of historical accuracy. In the last edition a number of long additional passages are given, "Il principio del Romanzo," "Una digressione," "Il tentativo fallito del matrimonio clandestino," the "Serva di Don Abbondio," originally called Vittoria, but changed (probably for family reasons) to Perpetua. As a preface to the second volume, Sforza has inserted a chapter, based upon private letters and the journals of the day, on the reception given the 'Sposi.' A number of notes throw light on the conditions existing in the monastery of Monza, on the sources of the characters Don Abbondio, Lucia, the Padre Cristoforo, and Fra Galdino, on the plague and opinions regarding the plague current during the Spanish occupation of Milan. The "Brani" have value also as reflecting Manzoni's personality, his goodness and highmindedness, his modesty and sincerity.

—The ninth edition of 'Stieler's Hand-Atlas' (Gotha: Perthes; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) takes on a fairly gala appearance, as well it may, both from the honorable age of the enterprise, more than octogenarian, and from the extent to which it has been overhauled—"von Grund aus," as the illuminated title-page reads. Especially to be remarked is the coloring, which is unusually bright and harmonious. A helpful feature is the stamp on the back of each plate, giving not only its number and scale, but a sketch-map of the larger geographic unit of which it is a member, as indicated by a shaded area. This provision fits in with the separate sale of the sheets. Marks of the lapse of time from edition to edition are the multiplication of oceanic cables; the extension (in the South Polar chart) and increased detail of Victoria Land; the elimination of side-maps from the general map of Europe in favor of the southern shore of the Mediterranean, as if to exhibit the extent to which North Africa is becoming a part of the European system; the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal; the side-maps of the several growing European capitals; the new map, "Russia, China, and Japan in Asia" (the late war by its nature leaving superficial boundaries and dominions unaltered); the development of political geography in Africa; the increased scale adopted for the East Indian archipelago. The ninety-five plates of the well-worn edition at our elbow are now replaced by 100. While the map of Western Canada is repeated, the eastern half is no longer annexed to the United States in presentation, but, as is becoming, has a plate to itself. The sheets allotted to the United States have undergone no change in number or division. The Philippines are given a fresh importance on the new East Indian map above mentioned. It would be superfluous to speak of the artistic beauty of these maps, or of their general accuracy and authority. The invaluable index, which will be found to supplement any gazetteer, now fills 237 seven-column pages in fine type.

GEORGE HERBERT'S ENGLISH WORKS.

The English Works of George Herbert, Newly Arranged and Annotated, and Considered in Relation to his Life. By George Herbert Palmer. 3 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

The purpose and spirit of this new and sumptuous edition of George Herbert can best be stated in the opening words of the editor:

"There are few to whom this book will seem worth while. It embodies long labor, spent on a minor poet, and will probably never be read entire by any one. But that is a reason for its existence. Lavishness is its aim. The book is a box of spikenard, poured in unappeasable love over one who has attended my life. When I lay in my cradle, a devotee of Herbert gave me the old poet's name, so securing him for my godfather. . . . For fifty years, with suitable fluctuations of intimacy, he has been my bounteous comrade. . . . I could not die in peace if I did not raise a costly monument to his beneficent memory."

In this spirit of loving devotion Professor Palmer has undertaked a variorum edition of his author. He is, he says, "attempting a kind of critical dictionary of Herbert, in which his meaning may be systematically fixed with reference to the text itself, to the facts of the author's life, and to the literary conditions under which his poetry arose." Professor Palmer confines his edition to the English works, omitting the Latin verse as uninteresting and commonplace.

The three volumes are supplied with the most complete apparatus. There is an outline chronology of relevant historical, biographical, and literary events, and a careful life based on Walton and Oley but reinforced by the study of Herbert's writings and by visits to the places in which he lived. This is succeeded by essays on the Traits of the Man, on the Type of Religious Poetry, on Herbert's Style and Technique, and finally a most important essay on the Text and Order of the Poems. The first volume contains, besides "The Country Parson," Cornaro's treatise on Temperance translated by Herbert, Herbert's notes on the 'Divine Considerations' of Valdesso, all the English letters of Herbert now extant, and Herbert's will. There are four indices to the poems: in the first the titles are arranged alphabetically, in the second in the traditional order, in the third in the arrangement which Professor Palmer has worked out from a study of the manuscripts, and the fourth is an index of first lines—the first ever made for an edition of Herbert. These indices are repeated for convenience' sake in both the second and third volumes. There is no general index to the whole work—a lack which is to be regretted in spite of the clear and careful plan of the work.

Two features of the editing deserve special comment. In the first place, Professor Palmer has reproduced the text of Ferrar's edition of 1633, with rare corrections, and those scrupulously noted; but he provides in the appendices the readings of the two important contemporaneous manuscripts—that in the Bodleian, and that in the Williams Library in London. The second and the more important of the two features of the editing is the rearrangement of the poems into what Professor

Palmer believes to be approximately their chronological order.

In studying the Williams manuscript, which had been discovered by Dr. Grosart, and whose history seems to be definitely connected with Nicholas Ferrar and Little Gidding, he noticed that it contains but seventy-three of the one hundred and sixty-nine poems of the Bodleian, and that two series of Latin poems were in Herbert's own handwriting. The readings of this manuscript differ notably from those of the edition of 1633 and of the Bodleian MS. After studying these differences, Professor Palmer came to the conclusion that this Williams manuscript was a copy of Herbert's poems, sent probably to Ferrar some time before Herbert had completed his full work. Arguing from this, he holds that poems which are not found in the Williams manuscript are probably from the later period of Herbert's life. Going still further, from a study of the subject-matter of the poems which are found in the Williams manuscript and those which are not, he finds that "no Williams poem contains any hint that its author is a priest, many distinctly state that he is not. A large part of the non-Williams poems deals with the joys and perplexities of the priesthood. It is impossible, then, that the Williams manuscript can have been written at Bemerton." Hence he concludes that the Williams manuscript is a collection of Herbert's poems made a year or two before Herbert's ordination as priest, in 1630, and that it contains only poems from this earlier period of Herbert's life, though other poems of this earlier period may have been held back to be polished, and therefore could not appear until the Bodleian manuscript and the edition of 1633. The evidence, as indeed Professor Palmer is scrupulous to point out, cannot be said to be conclusive; but on the other hand it is cumulative, and may fairly be held to establish a reasonable probability.

On the basis of this very plausible theory, Professor Palmer has divided the poems into three divisions: in the first he puts the poems all of which are found in the Williams manuscript, and which would have been written during Herbert's residence at Cambridge; in the second he puts those poems (some of which are found in the Williams manuscript) which he thinks came from the failure of his hopes for political advancement and his hesitation about entering the ministry; in the third division he puts those poems which he conceives were written at Bemerton after Herbert's ordination in 1630 and during his brief career as a country parson. Within each of these divisions Professor Palmer makes groups in which he has classified the poems in typical order, such as "The Resolve," "The Church," "Meditation," and "The Inner Life" in the first division; "The Crisis" in the second division; and in the third division "The Happy Priest," "Bemerton Study," "Rest," "Suffering," and "Death." It may be doubted whether some of these divisions do not smack too much of modern subjectivity, and whether in such arrangement there be not danger of unconsciously ascribing to a seventeenth-century author modes of thought which are characteristic of the nineteenth. Apart from that danger, however, it must be said that the arrangement justifies itself by its convenience; and that it makes possible something like consecutive reading of Herbert, which, in the arrangement of earlier editions, would have appalled even a devotee. Professor Palmer's enthusiasm over his discovery and his most plausible rearrangement is contagious, but we may doubt whether it has not occasionally led him into assertions which are somewhat too absolute for a matter so conjectural.

The annotations are very thorough. They cover words whose meaning has changed, throw light on dark passages, and give minute cross-references to the use of words or phrases in Herbert's own works and in those of some of his important contemporaries. The study of the matter and the style is exhaustive. Wherever there is a reflection of Biblical phrasing, Professor Palmer points it out, sometimes in cases where the ordinary reader may find the allusion somewhat nebulous. In the case of phrases drawn from the Psalms, Professor Palmer has not remarked that in some cases, as, for example, the first line of "Repentance" (vol. ii., p. 305), and in the twelfth line of "Love," (vol. ii., p. 401), Herbert's phrasing is closer to that of the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer than to the corresponding passage in the Authorized Version. But the notes are full of matter, almost all of it highly significant; and there are besides many curious details, as, for example, the number of times that Herbert uses the word "star," the fact that the sports mentioned by Herbert are hawking, fencing, bowling, archery, and cards, but not ball-play, hunting, or dancing. Each page of the notes bears evidence of Professor Palmer's devotion and searching study of the works of his spiritual godfather.

And, after all, Professor Palmer need have made no such apology as that we have quoted above. It is worthy occupation for a scholar to edit even a minor author with such exactness and painstaking effort as he has given to this edition, and the world of letters is under obligation to him for his long labors. Herbert, though a minor poet, is established in English literature as are few minor poets of the seventeenth century. His poems have been constantly reprinted for general readers, where those of Giles Fletcher and Wither, even of Vaughan and Crashaw, are hardly known except to professional students of literature. He has not the smouldering passion which flares up every now and then to fuse the obstinate intricacies of Donne's style into a stream of glowing beauty, nor has he the Spenserian enthusiasm and rush of Giles Fletcher. He never attains the soaring beauty of the closing lines of Crashaw's "Flaming Heart," nor the limpid and melodious simplicity of Vaughan at his best, and in general his verse needs no more music than will express the emotions of a man of the world and a scholar. He began his life with a wholly natural ambition for a successful career in affairs of men and state; and when he turned in impulsive disappointment to his little rectory at Bemerton, he carried thither no spirit of mysticism, nor desire for an ascetic and cloistered life. His poems accordingly embody the ideal of the English Church, the *Via Media*, and its aspirations for a religious life which should be not only sincerely pious, but also reasonable and well ordered; and his verse embodies the insatiable and subtle analysis of a student, not the vague and half-light obscurity of the mystic. One feels that for him the universe was adequately thought out. Moreover, it was the age of embroidery; but where the ornament of Lyly and Sidney and Spenser was well termed "bravery," that of Herbert is subdued in color, and gains its richness from minute and complicated tracery. He inherited from Donne, his mother's friend, that delight in reticulated intricacies of phrasing which so roused Doctor Johnson's scorn; but one feels that with Herbert the intricacies are created by the poet's own ingenuity rather than by any profound difficulties of thought. For all the fact that Herbert's style is so archaic, his thought is the thought of many a pious soul of our own day.

The form of this edition is altogether admirable. The print is clear and restful to the eye, the margins wide without being affected, the paper light, and the volumes comfortable to hold. The notes to the poems are printed opposite the poems, so that one has the poem on the right-hand page, the corresponding notes on the left-hand. The illustrations are interesting and apt. The portrait of Herbert, published here for the first time, as the frontispiece to volume i., is a notable addition to literary portraiture. It is, obviously, White's original of his own engraving which was inserted in the 'Temple' of 1674, but the pencil drawing has a delicacy and expressiveness which are largely blurred in the engraving. In it one can see the fastidiousness, the traces of ill-health, the thought, and the courtly qualities which contributed to make Herbert what he was.

MOORE'S RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE.

Character of Renaissance Architecture. By Charles Herbert Moore, Author of 'Development and Character of Gothic Architecture.' Pp. xix., 270. With twelve plates in photogravure and thirty-nine illustrations in the text. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

This book, which matches in size and general appearance the second edition of the author's well-known 'Gothic Architecture,' is illustrated in the same way by means of "line cuts" in the text, and, in addition, a dozen photographic plates. These plates represent such epoch-making buildings as the great cupolas of Florence, Rome, and London, a Florentine palazzo, a Venetian palazzo, a Veronese palazzo, the banqueting hall (*i. e.*, royal chapel) at Whitehall, in London, and that curious eastern front on the great court of the Ducal Palace in Venice. Of the text cuts a large number, perhaps half, are drawn from the published works of Vignola, Serlio, Gotch, Du Cerceau, and other well-known authors of established treatises on the architecture of the times since the beginning of the Risorgimento in Italy.

There are, accordingly, fewer in proportion of those drawings which we assume to be made by the author's own hand or under his immediate supervision. This, however, is a natural result of Professor Moore's evident feeling towards his two great subjects—the triumphant culmina-

tion of Mediæval art, and the replacing it by that of the classical revival. In the one case the treatise is, of necessity, enthusiastic—a dithyramb, indeed; in the other it is in the main a long sigh of regret that so much splendid ability was misused. To Professor Moore the art of the Middle Ages—expressive, logical, and significant in all its manifestations—reaches its supreme type of excellence in the architecture which we call, by long accepted usage, "Gothic." In the later epoch, the architecture of the Renaissance is accepted as the unfortunate going astray of artists who were so very strong, so very intelligent, in their better understood labors with the painter's pencil and with the modelling tools of the sculptor.

This is a brief description of the two books in their essential characteristics, without the slightest desire to exalt one at the expense of the other. It may often be more important, as it is more difficult, to express disapproval of the spirit and meaning of a great style than it is to accept a great style as great in every sense and from every point of view. But there is one thing more which must be said, namely, that Professor Moore is not one of those authors who analyze and explain, balance merit against merit, compare style with style, as to virtues and shortcomings, and say continually to their readers that here are different manifestations of the human thought—that there may be many opinions about their relative importance. Such purely tentative and non-assertive ways are not characteristic of our author's work. He is a man of profound and strongly held convictions, and hardly allows a page or a half-dozen pages to pass from under his hand without a reassertion of the most important of them. The book on 'Gothic Architecture' caused much remark by its limiting the term to the French architecture of the years 1165 to 1300, speaking generally, and the setting down of all other architectures than that, whether non-French or French of a later period, as "pointed" architecture as distinguished from Gothic, or else as corrupt, and decadent in the worst sense of that word. But this bold assertion, which has, of course, met with contradiction, especially in England, is not more strongly urged than the continued statement in the new book of the want of constructive skill in the Renaissance architects, the want of logic in the Renaissance designs, the want of that true architectural beauty which comes from logical thinking, and the inexpressibly great superiority over all these later and derived styles of the Mediæval work of France.

It is curious to note how much of the book is taken up by the analysis of the two great cupolas—that of Florence Cathedral, built after 1420, and that of St. Peter's Church, built after the death of Michelangelo in 1564. It is perhaps a mistake to call this last-named building a work of the Renaissance, for the movement in Italy to which that name is properly applied, the Risorgimento, had ceased long before, and the Italians themselves speak of the second half of the sixteenth century as *la Decadenza*—assuredly a very different thing from a "rebirth" of any kind. But this use of the term "Renaissance" occurs generally in English books on fine art, contrary as it is to the more careful wording common in the languages of the more artistic nations—Italy and France; and the use of it in this too indiscriminating fashion is not to be imputed as blameworthy to an American writer. But, disregarding that interesting point of verbal criticism, it is, we repeat, curious to note that 67 pages out of 250 are devoted to the analysis of those two great structures; and that in a book not by an engineer—not by a Rondellet or a Choisy—but by an artist brought up as a painter and turning to the study of architecture on account of its absorbing artistic interest. But, lest the reader should suppose that our words imply any disparagement of the value of these two chapters, it must be said at once that there are many important considerations urged in this text which one would look for in vain in the works of the men brought up to the task of such analysis. The student misses but one important consideration, namely, that of the constructional difficulty caused by the lantern in each case, the enormous weight of which has so much to do with the doubtful stability of those masonry domes. The point is well urged by Professor Moore, that the masonry domes of antiquity, and those of the Byzantine style in its highest development, are sunk low amid masses of masonry which abut them and make them the immovable things they are, while the attempt made at Florence and at Rome to build a great bulging shell raised high in the air upon a "drum" has hardly been repeated in later times. The most famous domes or cupolas of the modern world—St. Paul's, the Invalides, the Val-de-Grâce, and St. Mark's at Venice—are of wood and covered with lead. But a masonry dome is one thing (and we have it in perfection in the Roman Pantheon and in the great church at Constantinople), while a cupola crowned by a lantern is a very different thing. You take a building of solid cut stone and constructed in the most massive way—a building eighty feet high over all, or at least sixty-five feet at the topmost course of cut stone. You put that building, weighing so many thousand tons, but seeming small to you by contrast with the huge bulbous structure which carries it, upon the top of this bulging shell, at the place where the Roman left a huge open *oculus*, and where the Byzantine builder left his shell, incomparably less daring, less boldly raised into the air, at its thinnest, and then you wonder that your dome is not as substantial as you had hoped. You notice cracks; and you are not sure how far they are the result of a little earthquake shock and how far they come of constructive reasons, and you put a huge iron chain, or two or three chains, around the base of your cupola. Well, this discussion of the vast weight of the lantern as the main difficulty does not receive that notice from Professor Moore which would be necessary to establish completely the demonstration of the feebleness of those two great neo-classic structures. On the other hand, the pages which deal with those structures are full of suggestion and of interest, and nothing that has been written on cupolas is more attractive than the comparison between the Florence Baptistery, with its curious semi-Gothic vaulting, and the *cimborio* of Salamanca, with its ribs, which yet do not make it a Gothic structure, and the solid-shell cupolas which form the principal subject of these chapters.

For many persons the most interesting chapters will be those devoted to the palace architecture of Florence, of Rome, and of the north of Italy (Chapters VI., VII., and IX.). The chapter on the architectural carving of the Renaissance is another of extreme interest because of the delicate discrimination made between the work of different men and of different epochs in execution and in design. Chapters XI. and XII. are devoted to the Renaissance architecture of France, and these, though full of acumen, seem also to fail a little in perception of the fact that a new architectural style was in process of formation in the north, during the years between 1460 and 1550—that is to say, during the period from the close of the Hundred Years' War and the restoration of peace in the royal domain of France to the beginning of the religious wars. To a Frenchman, that is the Renaissance; and, as all later styles are known by the names of kings, and are excluded from the Renaissance, so that term includes all the great flamboyant Gothic of France—Saint Maclou at Rouen as well as "the Church of Brou." But this architecture, the mingling of Gothic construction with semi-classical details in some cases (as at Blois and Chenonceau, to take our author's illustrations and them only), the mere avoidance of Gothic construction and the pointed arch in other cases (as in Azay-le-Rideau and Châteaudun), seem to pass unnoticed by our author, whose natural feeling of resentment at the supersession of the glorious and strictly logical Gothic building and Gothic design controls perhaps too strongly his feeling towards a later style.

The chapter on the Renaissance in England is of less importance because there was no Renaissance in England, as, indeed, Professor Moore tells us very plainly. The chapter resolves itself into an account of St. Paul's Church and the curious arrangement of its vaulting within, and its safe but most illogical cupola.

The Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon the Second): A Biography, Compiled from New Sources of Information, by Edward de Wertheimer. John Lane Co. 1905.

History, unlike Art, delights in violent contrasts. Many of its most prominent figures owe much to the background against which they are set. Seneca and Savonarola, Robespierre and Lucretia Borgia, Thomas More and Marcus Aurelius, stand out in bold relief from their surrounding circumstances and impress our imaginations the more vividly. It is something akin to this that makes of the Duke of Reichstadt—who died young and accomplished nothing—one of the most pathetic and interesting figures of the nineteenth century.

His birth was an event wellnigh prodigious. Napoleon, the great scene-shifter of Europe, had announced a new transformation. The mighty French Empire was no longer to remain the private portion of a successful adventurer, it was to be converted into a European institution. Long married and childless, he announced that he would endow France with a direct male heir; and once more his imperial will triumphed. Josephine was repudiated; the Archduchess Marie Louise was married; and, on the 20th of March, 1811, the promised prince was born. Europe stood spell-

bound by the cradle of the King of Rome; but, twenty-one years later, only a few friends and attendants watched by the deathbed of the Duke of Reichstadt.

Mr. de Wertheimer's book has much to recommend it, but it is difficult to forgive him for not granting more than a few lines to Napoleon in his most human, most lovable aspect, to Napoleon paternally devoted to the little baby whose cherub head has been so charmingly depicted by Lawrence and by Isabey. Marie Louise, whom elsewhere the author does not spare, was but a clumsy mother, and Napoleon would often snatch the child from her arms and romp with it boisterously in true democratic fashion. How dearly Napoleon loved him is shown by an anecdote placed by Bausset as having occurred only a few hours before the battle of Borodino in 1812. A portrait of the little King of Rome had been sent to the Emperor from Paris. "I supposed that he would put off for a few days the opening of the case that contained the portrait. I was mistaken. . . . I can hardly express the joy the sight of it caused him. . . . His eyes were filled with tears, and he personally called about him the officers of his household and the generals who were awaiting his orders to make them share in the sentiments with which he overflowed." The Emperor then ordered the portrait to be placed on a chair outside his tent, so that the veterans of the Imperial Guard should share their master's joy.

On the Austrian policy during the period of Napoleon's fall Mr. de Wertheimer has much that is new and valuable to offer as a result of his extensive researches in the Austrian archives. His traversal of Welschinger's arguments as to Metternich's desire for a regency under Marie Louise at the time of Ottenfels's mission appears conclusive. At the same time his disparagement of Welschinger is carried too far, and also his neglect of the French point of view. In Méneval's Memoirs, for instance, there is nothing so poignant as the scene between Napoleon's secretary and the four-year-old child when all his French attendants were dismissed to be replaced by Austrian ones. This occurred just before Waterloo, Méneval being allowed to proceed from Vienna to Paris.

"Before leaving I went to the Imperial palace to say farewell to the Prince. I was pained to find him looking serious and unhappy. His charming vivacity and childish prattling appeared to have left him. He did not run up to me as usual, and watched me come in without making the slightest sign of recognition. . . . Although it was already more than six weeks since he had been under the care of the persons whom I found about him, he had not yet grown accustomed to them, and he seemed to view their faces with suspicion. . . . I asked him in their presence if he had anything he would charge me with for his father, whom I was about to see. He looked at me sadly and significantly without answering, then, withdrawing his hand from mine, he silently retired to the recess of a window. After exchanging a few words with the other persons present, I approached the spot where he stood observing us, and, as I bent to say farewell, struck by my emotion, he drew me to the window, and, looking at me with a most touching expression, said: Monsieur Méva, tell him I still love him."

The poor boy continued to love steadfastly the father whose name was proscribed, whose achievements had to be learned by stealth, whose memory had to be cherished in secret. During the rest of his life he was kept under the strictest supervision, a prisoner of state under ticket of leave. All intercourse with the Bonapartes was forbidden, and even when he was dying of consumption the letters of sympathy addressed to him by his uncle, the ex-King of Holland, and by his cousin, who was to be Napoleon III., did not reach him, but disappeared into the dark recesses of the Metternich archives to reappear only at Mr. de Wertheimer's bidding. The only Bonaparte he ever saw was his cousin, the impetuous Countess Camerata, who reached his presence by stealth one day, fell at his feet, and kissed his hand as that of her lawful sovereign. Was it wonderful that he should have learned the arts of dissimulation, that he should have built castles in the air?

Mr. de Wertheimer's book is a valuable contribution to historical knowledge. The policy of Metternich is in many details strongly illuminated by the documents here utilized for the first time. The author's style, however, is somewhat confused, and his judgment is far from critical. This is especially apparent when he deals with Prokesch, and it is beyond doubt that the Prince's attitude towards the revolution of Romagna was far less innocent than a perusal of Mr. de Wertheimer's book would suggest. On other less important points criticism might be offered, but, on the whole, the author may be congratulated on a painstaking accomplishment. The illustrations are well executed, and the portraits, several of them here reproduced for the first time, are very interesting. That by Euler, showing the Duke's profile on his deathbed, suggests strongly the well-known one of Napoleon taken at St. Helena after death.

The Speeches of Isaeus. With critical and explanatory notes by William Wyse. Cambridge (Eng.) University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1904.

Eighty-three pages of critical introduction, one hundred and seventy-four of Greek text with *apparatus criticus*, and five hundred and sixty-one of commentary—such is the census of the first edition of Isaeus in the English language. It is the work of many years of preparation and execution, by one who has shown himself not infrequently, and particularly in his legal articles in Smith's 'Dictionary of Antiquities,' exceptionally qualified to deal with the subject. And of it may be said at once that it will serve for a long time as an indispensable handbook to every scholar who is interested in the study of Greek testamentary law and our principal exponent thereof, Isaeus.

While the editor has throughout the book done his best, as he says, to meet fairly all textual and grammatical difficulties, yet it is the matter rather than the manner that has received most of his attention. And, as he also gives warning, the leading purpose of his treatment of the matter is

"to show, by analysis of the extant speeches, that ancient scholars had a juster appreciation of this orator's art than is shown by modern writers on Greek Law, for some of whom his unsupported statements appear to carry the authority of decisions of a Supreme Court; and that to extract truth from the arguments of an advocate bent on winning a verdict from an ignorant tribunal is a more delicate operation than many people seem to suppose."

Just here we may remark that who these modern writers are, does not quite appear. It cannot be that Mr. Wyse has in mind such authorities as Thalheim and Bauchet (yet see his note to 1, 4); and Seeliger, with his "simplicity worthy of Tom Pinch," supporting the thesis that Isaeus was a champion of equity against strict law (p. 178), is rather too much of a butterfly to be broken in this proclamation of the preface. We suspect that, rather than the scholar who has committed himself in cold type, it is the average reader who needs the constantly recurring warnings not to trust the advocate's pleading against the now lost presentation of the case of his opponents. Some of these warnings branch out in another direction. Thus, paragraphs 21-25 of the fourth oration may be "impudent" enough, but if we are to see in this sort of impudence "a measure of Isaeus's contempt for the intelligence of an Athenian audience," we shall have to rate the judgment of many a modern advocate on the intelligence of his fellow-countrymen as singularly low. And who, after all, are the ancient scholars that rated Isaeus more justly, that is, lower, than do the moderns? Mr. Wyse cites Dionysius's well-known summary against him: *πρὸς μὲν ἀντίδικον διαπονηρεύεται, τοὺς δὲ δικαστὰς καταστρατηγεῖ, τοῖς δὲ πράγμασιν, ὑπὲρ ὧν ὁ λόγος, ἐκ παντὸς πειρᾶται βοηθεῖν.* But the only truly invidious word here is *διαπονηρεύεται*; and if we are to condemn every lawyer who in a speech "deals unfairly" with his opponent's case, not a few high heads would fall. However, it is easy to be on one's guard against our editor's preoccupation—we had almost said fad—that Isaeus is always in the wrong, and to remember what he seems hardly to recognize, that in almost every important case, especially where equity plays a rôle, there is something worth the attention of the court in what is said for each party to the suit.

On the critical side, in the narrow sense of that term, the edition leaves little to be desired. Its printed apparatus, especially as regards codex Q, is much fuller than that of Thalheim, whose new edition of 1903 appeared after the text and most of the introduction of this were already in print. It is a relief to find that both scholars have independently come to the same conclusion about the only burning question of the text of Isaeus, that A1 is to be preferred to Apr. Mr. Wyse's expressions (p. lix.) of his doubts of the boldness with which Thalheim restores the effaced readings of Apr. are themselves somewhat bold in view of his own confession (p. xxii.) that he is not a trained observer of palæographical minutiæ, and they ought to be solved by Thalheim's explanation of the scientific procedure of his collation, recently given in a review of this book in the *Wochenschrift*. Of the history and condition of A itself, Mr. Wyse offers us the fullest account to be found anywhere, and it is very welcome. In dealing with crasis and elision in the text, we are glad to see that he simply reproduces the irregularity of A, remarking truly that "even if we could recover the

original copy of the orations in Isaeus's own hand, there is no reason to suppose that its spelling would reflect faithfully the elisions of contemporary speech" (p. xx.). In respect to conjectural emendations, he has admitted about a dozen of his own into the text, though suggesting many others in his apparatus. Of the former, τοιούτων for τοσούτων (1, 5) must be considered doubtful. It makes the thought smoother, as indeed do most of the admitted conjectures, but this is not always in their favor. In 1, 3 we should certainly prefer to keep ὡς ὑμᾶς instead of accepting Cobet's εἰς ὑμᾶς, for the reasons given by Thalheim in his new edition. Still, we agree with Mr. Wyse in his remark (p. 336) that "the most tenacious upholders of MS. authority are generally people who have not studied MSS."; and of his dictum that "good critics take account of the quality of a document before using it as a criterion of grammatical principles," there can be no better illustration than his accompanying note on the accidental omission of ἄν in manuscripts of various authors.

In the *apparatus criticus* we note a few slips. The certain emendation ἅπαις in Hypoth. 10 was originally suggested not by Fuhr, but by the lamented Ch. Graux in Tournier's 'Exercices Critiques.' In 1, 1, the suggestion κατέλειπε seems due to Hitzig, not Lugebil, and Herwerden has been (as so often in his emendations) anticipated in 1, 3, by another, this time by Frohberger.

In the explanatory notes we are glad to find much that is helpful on the usually neglected arguments to the speeches. A good deal of attention is paid throughout to rhetorical terms, which are apt to be passed over in English and American editions of the authors. Testamentary and other legal points, of course, receive exhaustive treatment; see, for instance, the note on ἐγγύησις (pp. 289-292). Many other things which we should scarcely expect to find here come in for copious annotation; for example, we have more than five pages on the use of horses in Greece, apropos of the word καθιπποτρόφηκας (5, 43) —all interesting enough, but rather "lugged in" to a book like this. In truth, the gathering from far and wide of different views from treatises by all sorts of scholars, and piling them together into a long note, is a trick rather too often played by Mr. Wyse, and sometimes the wood can scarcely be seen for the trees. Thus, in the corrupt passage in 5, 26, we have more than three pages in which all the proposed corrections are repudiated, and nothing new proposed to resolve the problem.

But these are ungrateful strictures on the work of one who has given generously of his best. We wish that he would next turn his attention to a treatise on Greek testamentary law, accompanied by a collection of the sources other than Isaeus. For the production of such a book, much wanted, he is eminently fitted.

New Creations in Plant Life: An Authoritative Account of the Life and Work of Luther Burbank. By W. S. Harwood. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

This volume, prepared by one who is heartily in sympathy with Mr. Burbank, and who realizes some of the peculiar difficulties under which a good deal of his work is carried on, is by far the most satisfactory account we have yet seen of Burbank's successful labors. Here and there the style is a little difficult to follow—in fact, it is worse than difficult, as will be shown by the following extract from the preface:

"The preparation of the volume has been a work of particular pleasure: First, because of the unusual interest which has centred in the development of the material, material which takes its rise in primal places and flows in a broad stream outward; and, second, and paramount, it has been a pleasure because of the contact it has brought with the man whose life and achievements it can but inadequately portray."

We do not know at all what is meant by "material which takes its rise in primal places and flows in a broad stream outward."

In our own country as well as in many parts of insular and Continental Europe, there have been some remarkable plant-breeders whose triumphs are well-known to horticulturists, and whose names will occur to all who are familiar with the progress of gardening and farming. But it is to be doubted whether any one of these enthusiastic and successful plant-breeders has ever conducted his work on a scale of such magnitude and diversity as that which Mr. Burbank has now developed. Part of the prejudice which has existed in certain quarters against his work, has arisen from the fact that his perfervid friends have appeared sometimes to ignore wholly the achievements of these other diligent workers in the same field, and they naturally have resented the slight.

Mr. Burbank's distinct contribution to plant-improvement as a whole consists in the untiring application of well-known principles to vast numbers of progeny and in a wide range. The method is one which demands absolute devotion to the appointed task, and hence it is characterized by a certain amount of what may be called necessary waste. It is the waste which we see everywhere in careful and yet prodigal nature in the endeavor to *keep* the type,

> "So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

In the earnest endeavor to *improve* the type, by crossing and by selection, the single life and the thousand lives must be sacrificed. It seems to be a great misfortune to our modern science of biometry that means are not at hand to record more carefully than can now be done the essential features of the myriad individuals lost in every experiment in which the improved type is sought. Plainly, Mr. Burbank has no time for this: he is working with the definite purpose of obtaining a single better plant, in any given case. But there has not yet been, so far as we have learned, any thoroughly systematic attempt on the part of any investigator to avail himself of the stupendous mass of material which is now going to waste.

We can recommend this volume as a readable and truthful description of a remarkable career.

Shakespeare and Holy Scripture. By Thomas Carter, Dr. Theol. London: Hodder & Stoughton; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The student of Shakspere will hardly take up a new work by the author of 'Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant,' with any very favorable prepossessions. As a matter of fact, an actual perusal of Dr. Carter's latest book, 'Shakespeare and Holy Scripture,' will be likely to confirm most readers in this anticipatory attitude of distrust. With the exception of two brief opening chapters, the work consists of a vast array of supposed parallels between passages in Shakspere and passages in Holy Scripture which the author sets before the reader with only here and there a word of comment. The plays are arranged in a chronological order which, for the most part, differs but little from the arrangements adopted in the most recent works on Shakspere. In the table of the plays according to the "order of their probable composition," one is surprised, however, to find "Richard II." and "Richard III." assigned to 1597, and so dated later than "The Merchant of Venice." Such an assignment is not likely to raise one's opinion of the author's critical judgment. It may be said at once that the same deficiency in judgment in a different application shows itself in the lists of parallel passages. If a passage in Shakspere and a passage in the Bible contain one word which is the same, that is practically enough for our author—the passages are printed here in juxtaposition. Thus, when Jack Cade's rabblement in the "Second Part of Henry VI." (Act iv., sc. viii. 19) cry out "God save the King!" this is commented on as a "direct quotation of Scripture," 1 Samuel x. 24: "And all the people shouted and say'd, God save the King." It is safe to say that the "rabblement" in question would have been even more surprised to learn that they were quoting Scripture on this occasion than M. Jourdain in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" when first informed that he had been speaking prose all his life without being aware of it. On a par with the above—or perhaps a little less exact—is the citation of Psalm xx. 5: "Set up the banner in the Name of our God," in illustration of the common asseveration "In God's name" as we find it in the "Third Part of Henry VI." (Act v., sc. iv. 81): "Then in God's name, lords, be valiant," Or, finally, take the words of Guiderius in "Cymbeline," Act iv., sc. ii. 191, "All solemne things should answer solemne accidents." How can Dr. Carter pretend to connect these words with Psalm xlii, 7: "One deepe calleth another deepe"? In consequence of this fatal want of judgment, the book may be pronounced to be practically valueless. The most that can be said in its favor is that future editors of Shakspere, by sifting carefully this huge bulk of chaff, may possibly find in it a few grains of wheat—a few genuine parallels hitherto unnoticed; but a cursory examination does not inspire one with much hope even of that.

With regard to the two opening chapters, in one of them Dr. Carter sets forth, in line with his previous work, views of Shakspere's leanings towards Puritanism which are not likely to meet with acceptance; in the other he urges that Shakspere's knowledge of the Bible was gained from the Genevan version. This being the version in commonest use in the years when Shakspere's plays were written, in the main there is no objection to the view here expressed—indeed, the evidence, generally speaking,

confirms it; but reference to such an accessible work as Anders's 'Shakespeare's Books' (p. 201) would have warned the author against putting his statement in an unqualified form.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, George Burton. The History of England. Vol. II. Longmans. $2.60 net.
Allen, Frank Waller. Back to Arcady. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Armstrong, Walter. Sir Joshua Reynolds, First President of the Royal Academy. Scribners. $3.50 net.
Austin, Alfred. The Garden that I Love. Illustrated. Macmillan Co. $2.
Bábar-Náma. Edited by Annette S. Beveridge. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Ball, Robert Stawell. A Popular Guide to the Heavens. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Barnes, James. Outside the Law. Appleton. $1.50.
Beaumont and Fletcher. Edited by Arnold Glover. Vol. I. Macmillan.
Bérard, Victor. The Russian Empire and Czarism. Translated by G. Fox-Davies and G. O. Pope. London: David Nutt.
Bielschowsky, Albert. The Life of Goethe. Translated by William A. Cooper. Vol. I. Putnams. $3.50 net.
Bigelow, Poultney. The German Struggle for Liberty. Harpers. $2.25 net.
Binns, Henry Bryan. A Life of Walt Whitman. London: Methuen & Co.
Bond, A. Russell. The Scientific American Boy. Munn & Co. $2.
Breasted, James Henry. A History of Egypt. Scribners. $5 net.
Brown, Caroline. Bold Robin and his Forest Rangers. Dutton. $1.25.
Browning, Robert. The Pied Piper of Hamelin. A. Wessels Co.
Bryan, Elmer B. The Basis of Practical Teaching. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Burdick, Lewis Dayton. Oriental Studies. Oxford, N. Y.: The Irving Co. $1.
Capen, Oliver Bronson. Country Homes of Famous Americans. Doubleday, Page & Co. $5 net.
Chamblin, Jean. Lady Bobs, her Brother and I. Putnams. $1.25.
Christmas Annual for Young People. McLoughlin Brothers.
Clark, T. M. Architect, Owner and Builder before the Law. Macmillan Co.
Conant, Charles A. The Principles of Money and Banking. 2 vols. Harpers.
Cooke, Edmund Vance. Chronicles of the Little Tot. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.50.
Crawford, F. Marion. Fair Margaret. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Crosby, Oscar Terry. Tibet and Turkestan. Putnams. $2.50 net.
Cruickshank, J. Graham. Negro Humour. Demerara: The Argosy Co.
Davenport, Willard Goss. Milton Blairlee and the Green Mountain Boys. The Grafton Press. $1.50.
Exporter's Encyclopædia. $3.
Facts and Fancies for the Curious. Edited by C. C. Bombaugh. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Finley, Martha. Elsie and her Namesakes. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Fitzgerald, Sybil. In the Track of the Moors. Dutton. $6 net.
Geil, William Edgar. A Yankee in Pigmy Land. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.
Golden Goose, The. Translated by Eva M. Tappan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Gould, George M. Biographic Clinics. Vol. III. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 net.
Great Portraits. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.60 net.
Grimm's Fairy Tales. Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50.
Howe, Maud. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.
Huffcut, Ernest W. The Elements of Business Law. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Il Libro d'Oro of those Whose Names are Written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Translated by Mrs. Francis Alexander. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.
James, Henry. English Hours. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Joys of Friendship. Edited by Mary A. Ayer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1 net.
Karpeles, Gustav. Jews and Judaism in the Nineteenth Century. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
LeBaron, Grace. The Children of Bedford Court. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 75 cents.
Lector, Oliver. Letters from the Dead to the Dead. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Le Gallienne, Richard. Romances of Old France. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Lodge, George Cabot. The Great Adventure. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1 net.
Long, John Luther. Miss Cherry-Blossom. New ed. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Longfellow's Courtship of Miles Standish. Edited by W. D. Howe. Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Mabie, Hamilton W. The Great Word. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1 net.
Materlinck, Maurice. Old-Fashioned Flowers. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.20 net.
Macfarland, Charles S. Jesus of the Prophets. Putnams.
Major, Charles. Yolanda. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Mims, Edwin. Sidney Lanier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Noyes, Walter Chadwick. American Railroad Rates. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.
Oswald, Eugene. The Legend of Fair Helen. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Outram, James. In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies. Macmillan Co. $3.
Pope, G. U. A Catechism of Tamil Grammar. No. II. Henry Frowde.
Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. Scribners. $1.50.
Proctor, Edna Dean. Songs of America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Records of the Town and Selectmen of Hanover, N. H. Vol. I. Hanover, N. H.
Red Romance Book, The. Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Repplier, Agnes. In Our Convent Days. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Richman, Irving Berdine. Rhode Island. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
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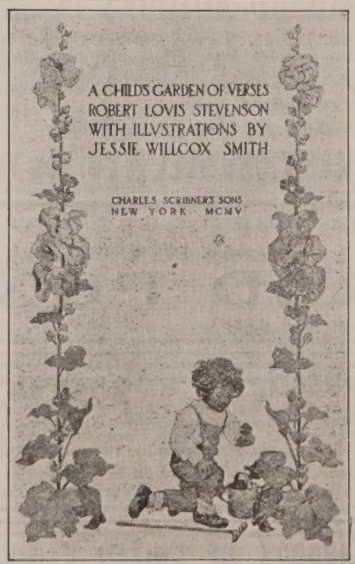

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1905.

The Week.

Among the indirect results of the late elections, the conversion of Gov. Pennypacker of Pennsylvania to the cause of reform surely ranks first. A judge of repute before the machine drafted him for the Governorship, an exemplar of homely honesty in his personal relations, a scholar and antiquarian of parts, Pennypacker had perversely devoted himself and his talents to the defence of everything that was bad in the politics of his State. He simply refused to believe the facts which every Philadelphian knew about gang-rule in his city, regarded the demand for personal registration as of no importance, and signed the outrageous "ripper" bill of last winter on the specious ground that, if the voters did not like it, they could elect legislators who would repeal it before it took effect. It is an event for jubilation as well as surprise that he has now called the Legislature in special session, recommending in his message practically the entire series of reforms for which the minority had so long been vainly struggling. A personal-registration law, the basic reform on which all others are to be built up, he recommends, with—in less definite language—restoring to the mayors of cities the power of appointment taken away by last year's Legislature. Legislation designed to break the unholy alliance between the State Treasury and the pet banks of the State is also on his programme. A comparison of the Governor's case with that of Mayor Weaver is naturally in order. Both were put in office as complaisant machine men; both—though it took the Governor a long time to do so—came to a realizing sense of what the old régime meant, and now Pennypacker has the chance to make himself remembered with Weaver as emancipator of his commonwealth.

Gov. Herrick of Ohio has been discoursing on the text of the November elections. He is naturally something of a weeping prophet. He admits that the people were in search of honest men and pure government, but laments that they made such an awful mistake in Ohio as to reject him. Jerome's victory Gov. Herrick can understand; the grounds and motives of the uprising against corruption in Philadelphia and the whole of Pennsylvania he can appreciate and admire; but in his own case he is painfully aware that a good man was sacrificed to prejudice. Passing by this somewhat ludicrous exhibition of his own wounds, one observation of Gov. Herrick's deserves attention. It is, that a sort of blind and vindictive desire to punish somebody was evident in the breaking up of the fountains of the political great deep; and that mere punishment is not a wholesome or fruitful principle in public life. It would be easy to demur to this. Surely, it is well that corrupt and complacent bosses should have a foretaste of the day of judgment now and then. Grant that the fury which comes to them with the abhorred shears is blind; still she gives them the needed reminder that they are but mortal men, that their power is hollow, and that their riches have wings. Consider the case of Boss Murphy. Two months ago he had the most engaging programme marked out. His Mayor was to be elected by 100,000 majority. The boss triumphant was then to strike for the leadership of the Democracy of this State, next to move on conquering into national politics, naming a Governor and President, and graciously receiving adulation and more of "the stuff." But now all that has vanished like a scene in the theatre, and Murphy is fighting for his life. Such retribution before the grave is righteous and beneficial, we maintain, even if there were an element of vindictiveness in its infliction by the people. The present plight of Murphy, of Durham, of Lentz, of Cox, of Dick and Penrose and Lodge, is full of moral instruction, whether the rage of the voters vented upon them is but a brief madness or not.

In addition to justice, political expediency demands that every step be taken to ascertain the true result of the election on Tuesday week. Hearst as Mayor would be far less formidable than Hearst as a fomenter of discontent and disorder who could allege that he had been cheated out of the Mayoralty. In office, he could be trusted to discredit himself and his cause, and to alienate his support. Out of office and with a grievance, he could inflame the social passions to which he appeals, and make them take on a more furious violence. Hence his stoutest opponents, those who dread him most, should welcome the fullest inquiry into the results of the voting. Every legal remedy should be put freely at the disposal of Hearst and his lawyers. Even their wildest allegations should be sifted. Let them bring forward every claim and charge that they can think of, and have each put to the test of law and evidence, so that, if Mayor McClellan shall finally be found legally elected, the cries of fraud shall have been shown to be baseless. To meet Hearst's demands for an investigation by the pettifogging methods of a *nisi prius* lawyer would be the worst of blunders. Let every ballot be inspected and the true count made clear as noonday. Mayor McClellan's statement of his own attitude is far too hesitant and grudging on this point.

The announcement that the new association to prevent corrupt practices will also devote its attention to a reform of the ballot shows that one of the important lessons of the election is being widely recognized. The agitation must be kept up day by day, even after the Mayoralty contest is settled. Should McClellan be found to be elected by ballots wrongly discarded, it will be unanswerable proof of the failure of the law to prevent the stealing of an election. This would complete the indictment. It is known now that the ballot does not always insure secrecy; that it incites to minor frauds, and is planned to trick the voters in the interests of the bosses; that it puts such heavy burdens on the courts as to make their break-down possible. What good can be said of the ballot save that it is an advance on the primitive methods of earlier days? Certainly, it cannot be claimed that the ballot is just to candidates whose names are far down on the party column. To cite only one case: in 1897, the candidates for Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals received in this city alone 90,000 fewer votes than were cast for the Mayoralty candidates. There was, of course, an especial reason for that, but in every election the vote similarly tapers off, because thousands fail to understand the system of voting.

The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in Massachusetts, Henry M. Whitney, who ran against Lodge's personal candidate, with opposition to the Senator-boss as one of his chief issues, did not run so far ahead of his party ticket as Douglas did last year. Yet relatively he made nearly as serious an inroad on the Republican ranks as did Gov. Russell in 1892 when the State was carried for Harrison. The Bay State's habit of promoting lieutenant-governors to the chief executive office—a meritorious policy if of the people and not of the machine—has been followed in Mr. Guild's case, after a year of virtual probation. It was to the second place on the ticket that everybody looked for an expression of opinion regarding Lodge. Guild, one of the men who were overruled in their desire for a Republican reciprocity plank, wins by 23,116, while Draper, the avowed representative of the inseparable stand-pat and Lodge interests, crawls through by less than 2,500 votes.

There will be regret, amid rejoicings elsewhere, at the defeat of the reform ticket in San Francisco. Under the domination of Abraham Ruef, the Murphy of Mayor Schmitz, the city has been run in the interests of grafters and law-breakers. Masquerading as a labor-union administration, the Schmitz government has been one which honest workmen must despise, for it means their identification with "red lights" and other tokens of unmitigated evil. John S. Partridge, the reform leader, made a notable fight, proving himself a fearless, outspoken young leader, and giving the Ruef "gang" a bad scare. As it was, Partridge did well to hold the machine down to only 15,000 plurality. Four years hence the uprising against bosses should infect San Francisco. Meanwhile, the city is to be pitied. Not only its moral welfare, but its proper municipal and business development as well, is injured by the continuance of the labor demagoguery which rules the municipality.

Two important steps towards the reform of our consular and diplomatic service were announced on Saturday. Hereafter, no one can obtain any consular post without first passing the examination which has hitherto applied only to positions the salaries of which are under $2,500 a year. Fitness will henceforth be the test for important offices as well as for unimportant. Of course, much will depend upon the examinations and the stiffness of the marking, but the mere threat of a written test should suffice to keep out of consulships some of the rural Dogberrys who have disgraced the nation hitherto, and given all America so unenviable a reputation abroad. The State Department has also decided that no one can become secretary of legation who is not master of one language besides his native tongue. These are in themselves encouraging rulings, but the promise of further improvements they hold out is even more gratifying. Both the President and Mr. Root are awake to the need of reform, and it is said that this Administration will insist on a graded service of such permanence as to attract men to it for a life career. The President recommended this to Congress in his last message for the consular service.

We saw noted the other day the shipment of a quantity of Bibles and of playing cards for the employees on the Isthmus of Panama. On Thursday the Isthmian Canal Commission authorized Chief Engineer Stevens to build a $7,500 clubhouse for his men at Cristobal. Half-a-dozen more clubhouses are in contemplation. Thus proceed the plans for making life endurable in the canal zone. The hand of the "welfare experts" called in at last is everywhere to be discerned. The Commission has learned thoroughly the lesson that before "making the dirt fly" it must get ready, not merely for the physical performance of digging, but for making its force reasonably contented. It is not yet on the way to an adequate supply of labor, however, and we shall naturally look for a steady increase of inducements until the point of equilibrium is reached. The desired young men would not come for the salaries alone, so we are offering them club-life, billiards, and athletic sports. If they still remain at home, there are yet cards to be played. Was not there talk recently at Panama of endowing a theatre? There should be no surer way of retaining the homesick American than by giving him at his far-away post comforts and luxuries which he could not command at home. A returned canal workman pining in his native town for the delights of Culebra would be an advertisement of inestimable value.

The Navy Department is apparently planning to make impossible another killing at Annapolis as the result of prizefighting. It is bad enough that what is forbidden by law in practically every State should go on openly on the decks of Federal warships, with officers sitting by and urging on the fighters. But that this senseless brutality should be permitted and encouraged at Annapolis is really scandalous. Only a couple of years ago the people of this country insisted on the stamping out of hazing at both Annapolis and West Point. It was duly suppressed, and so could fist-fights be. But, as is shown by the interviews in the *Herald* and other papers, naval officers believe in them as a means of makings boys manly—a belief widely held in the eighteenth century, but now generally discarded, certainly in all civilian institutions of learning. A prize-fight at Harvard or Yale or Princeton would be incredible; and no preparatory school could flourish which permitted such practices. Formerly flogging and the issuance of liquor and other practices were also considered necessary to make good men-of-war's men. These could not be restored now, but they are not more anachronistic. Secretary Bonaparte has ordered a court-martial for the survivor of the late contest.

The vote of the official representatives of fourteen Southern States in convention at Chattanooga on Friday in favor of a national quarantine comes less than a fortnight after the first day without a yellow fever case in New Orleans. The fact is that agitation for a national quarantine has invariably followed closely on outbreaks of imported disease and died away between times. If Congress met in the season of epidemics, it is quite probable that we should have had a national quarantine system many years ago. In truth, the way in which public confidence in the efficiency of the Federal Government's work has overbalanced such State-rights sentiments as still survived in Gov. Vardaman's address to the Chattanooga convention, has been very impressive. Of course, the time passed generations ago when the defence of our seaboard against disease could be regarded as in any sense a local matter. We have had a steadily increasing degree of coöperation between the various State boards of health, and a larger number of the stations at the various ports have been voluntarily turned over to the control of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. Thus the complete supplanting of the local jurisdiction now means much less practical change than it would have done a few year ago.

A "Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History and Institutions" in the University of Berlin would have seemed a marvel to Bancroft or Motley. Its founding by Mr. James Speyer, at a time when the tide of American students flowing to Germany is somewhat slackening, with the reciprocal appointment of German professors to lecture at Columbia and Harvard, witnesses a great change of conditions and a still greater change of sentiment. The step itself is not so important as what it signifies. In this matter, the universities, and even the Kaiser and the President, speak less for themselves than for their nations. Unless there were already a good understanding and a fruitful intercourse between the United States and Germany, this interchange of professors would be an empty and slightly comic formality. As it is, we may regard it as an outward sign of a quiet but steady rapprochement of two peoples.

A fall in New York bank reserves to less than 25 per cent. of outstanding deposit liabilities is so unusual that last Saturday's bank statement, showing a shortage of $2,428,000, excites attention. Under the national-bank act, a reserve of 25 per cent. in specie and legal tender money is stringently required; the law prescribing that when reserves of a city national bank's reserve are below that ratio, and until the ratio is restored, the institution "shall not increase its liabilities by making any new loans or discounts otherwise than by discounting or purchasing bills of exchange payable at sight." The purpose of that exception is, obviously, to leave with the bank the facilities for drawing on outside markets. It is clear that the law deems maintenance of such a ratio of reserves imperative. It goes so far, indeed, as to endow the Federal officers with the power to force the bank out

of business if it fails for thirty days to make good the deficiency. Conservative critics are unanimous in approving this requirement; it is, in fact, deemed much more essential to-day, when the banks are carrying as deposits nearly nine-tenths of the $187,000,000 reserves of the trust companies of this State, than it was before the rise of those institutions. The Bank of England, which similarly holds on deposit the reserves of the English joint-stock banks, regards a 40 per cent. cash reserve as the minimum of prudence.

Only on four occasions in the past fifteen years has such a deficiency occurred. In November, 1899, and November, 1890, the cause lay in sudden and heavy demands of Europe on our capital, in both instances because of a London money panic. On a third occasion, in July, 1893, it was panic at home and a run on bank reserves, that caused the deficiency. Neither circumstance existed in the fourth case referred to, that of September, 1902, and neither exists to-day. It is true, the European money markets have for various reasons shown their resources to be considerably strained this season, and the active trade at our own interior markets has caused the latter to draw very heavily on their New York credit balances. But the root of the trouble this year, as in the autumn of 1902, was that a stock speculation of enormous proportions was started by our millionaire "operators" in the very face of the coming money stringency. In both years, these speculative "pools" and "cliques" were warned by all bankers of judgment and experience, both publicly and privately, that they were trying a dangerous experiment. They paid no heed whatever to the warning, either in 1902, or in the present season. In 1902, the penalty inflicted, when bank reserves had fallen below the legal requirement, was withdrawal of loans which these adventurers had been using to "carry" their inflated stocks, and the consequent rout of the speculators. The resultant reduction of bank liabilities promptly restored equilibrium in the bank return. It remains to be seen how the banks will deal with the similar problem now confronting them.

The missionary aspect of the life-insurance business as delineated by President McCurdy of the Mutual continues to crop up in the legislative inquiry—most strikingly in the matter of industrial insurance, which must be probed more deeply by the committee. People who buy this form of insurance pay very high rates for it, partly, at least, because of the cost of collecting the small premiums. Solicitors go from house to house, gathering ten-cent pieces and quarter-dollars from housemaids and mechanics. From the point of view of the policyholder, this seems, on the face of it, a wasteful method of saving—if we may employ a contradiction in terms. When the 51 per cent. of lapses—certified to by Metropolitan officers—is reckoned in, the extravagance is yet more startling. No one can deny that though the Metropolitan itself is prosperous, its system, which lays such a burden on the poor, is now open to the gravest suspicion.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham, on November 3, was called by his admirers a "fighting" speech, but the enemies he was attacking were those of his own household. He turned savagely upon Lord Londonderry, a member of Mr. Balfour's Cabinet, and proceeded to read him, with Lord Hugh Cecil and all the Unionist free traders, out of the party. Then of the Prime Minister himself, and his conduct of the party and public business, Mr. Chamberlain said as damaging things as have been uttered by any Liberal. He spoke contemptuously of "timorous counsels" and "half-hearted convictions," and declared that the last session of Parliament had been "more humiliating to ourselves, to a great party, than I can recollect in the course of my political experience." Of the action of the Government in running away from motions against protection, he spoke as "a stain" upon the Conservative party—though, of course, it was a stain put there by Mr. Balfour's own direction. The Prime Minister might well exclaim: "Call you this backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!" But even worse was to come, for Mr. Chamberlain declared for an early dissolution of Parliament, and affirmed that the longer Mr. Balfour delayed his appeal to the country, the worse he would be beaten. Throughout the speech, in fact, ran a tone of angry impatience and bitter defiance, the implication being that the speaker was in a great hurry to have his party defeated under his friend Balfour, and then turn to Chamberlain himself for a programme and a leader.

French Cabinets are so chronically in unstable equilibrium that the wonder always is, not that they fall, but that they survive. M. Rouvier had a narrow escape on Friday, and the extreme bitterness displayed in the Chamber might seem to make his retention of power improbable. Still, the wolves had the Minister of War, who has been very unpopular, thrown to them, and that may keep them quiet for a time. Moreover, Rouvier's appeal to the *bloc* to remain solid, lest the bill for the separation of Church and State fail, may have its effect. It is very like an embarrassed Republican appealing to dissenters to rally and save the sacred tariff. Rouvier, it is well known, has personally had no zeal in the movement to disestablish the Church. He simply inherited the separation bill from his fiercely doctrinaire predecessor, M. Combes, and has accepted it as one of the conditions of keeping his Government a going concern. The measure has passed the Chamber and is now under debate in the Senate. Grave doubts exist about its passing before the general elections of next year; but it may be held by Rouvier *in terrorem* over the heads of the various groups to which he has to look for support. The very fact, too, that there is soon to be a new Chamber and a new President of the Republic, should tend to still the clamor for a new Ministry, which would inevitably be short-lived. Yet there are evidently powerful influences at work against the present Prime Minister. Jaurès is leading off the Socialists, and Delcassé's many friends are watching for an opportunity to take revenge for his dismissal. And the dissatisfaction over Rouvier's surrender to Germany in the matter of the Morocco Conference, wise though it was, does not appear to abate with time.

Reports of the triumph of liberalism in Russia alternate with accounts of fiendish brutality. Autocracy and mediævalism die hard. The mutiny at Cronstadt confronted Witte when he was called upon to suppress riots and revolts in towns hundreds of miles apart. The announcement of his cabinet fails to evoke enthusiasm, either in the ranks of Liberals or in those of reactionaries. None of the members—among whom M. Shipoff, the Minister of Finance, who was associated with M. Witte, at Portsmouth, is most widely known outside Russia—has been prominently identified with the Zemstvoists or Moderate Liberals, who are the steadying influence at the present day. But Count Witte, like others of the few great men who have reorganized a state out of chaos, may be his own ministry. It is not to be expected that the radical element will be easily appeased, while the formation of an Upper Chamber, one-half of whose members are to be appointed by the Czar, will not allay the skepticism of even those moderate Liberals who have hailed with delight the final dismissal of Gen. Trepoff. The most hopeful sign of the dawn of a new era in Russia is the report that Prince Obolensky, the successor of Pobyedonostzeff, has appealed to the priests to stop the slaughter of the Jews. Of all the measures proposed, whether in this country or abroad, to put an end to the unspeakable atrocities that have wrung the heart of mankind, none will be so efficacious as a mandate by the head of the Orthodox Church.

THE REFERENDUM VOTES.

Though the Poe disfranchising amendment which so signally failed in Maryland on election day, attracted the attention of the whole country, it was not the only important referendum vote in the States. In Rhode Island a proposal to reapportion representation in the lower house of the Legislature was beaten; in Ohio an amendment to the State Constitution, providing for biennial elections, was endorsed by both parties and passed; and Chicago was given what amounts to a new charter by the confirmation at the polls of the action of the Legislature at Springfield last winter. An unofficial vote in Indian Territory showed that the sentiment in favor of Statehood separate from Oklahoma was weaker than was supposed. The seven amendments, good, bad, and indifferent, submitted to the New York voters were passed, but the vote was light, as it was in Ohio, where the referendum was hardly more than a formality.

The constitutional amendment proposed by the Republicans of Rhode Island was an apparent concession to the popular demand for a revision of a system of representation that is outworn and unfair. It provided for an increase of membership in the House of Representatives to one hundred, and enlarged the Providence delegation from 12 to 25. But it did not touch the State Senate, which is the real ruling body in Rhode Island; nor did it propose to invest the Governor with the veto or to do anything to make that official more than a mere figurehead. As the active opponents of the measure were quick to point out, it proposed to give additional representation to but one-seventeenth of the population, where gerrymandering could most easily be employed to clinch Republican rule. Some 17,000 votes were recorded in favor of even this insincere attempt to revise the antiquated Constitution; but this was only a little more than a thousand in excess of the votes against it, while a three-fifths vote was necessary. The Republicans now lament the fact that revision will be delayed "for two or three years at least," but Dr. Garvin was right in urging the voters to insist upon a real reform measure.

Little interest was excited by the amendment submitted to the Ohio voters. It was in line with the action already taken by a number of other States like Iowa and Indiana, where it has been decided that an election once in every two years is enough. Heretofore certain State and county officials have been chosen in odd-numbered years, and others in the even-numbered years. By the new provision, all State elections will be held in the even-numbered years, and only municipal elections will occur in the odd years. Gov. Pattison's term will extend through three years instead of the usual two, in order that the next choice may be made in 1908. Another amendment provided for the exemption from taxation of municipal, county, school, and township bonds.

Chicago's "little ballot" contained a number of important matters for the voters to pass upon. These included an extension of the Mayor's term from two to four years, a change that has been adopted throughout Indiana and in a number of our chief cities, including New York, Philadelphia, and Kansas City. The City Council was given the power to fix the price of gas and electricity—a power that has been sought for years. The old system of police magistrates and justices of the peace—the inadequate "justice shops"—was voted out of existence, and a municipal court organization substituted, the change to be made on December 1, 1906. Another proposition was to create outside the limits of the settled city a series of "forest preserves," or natural park areas, in anticipation of the growth of population. It was generally supposed that this undertaking would be approved without difficulty, but the vote was so light that it may have failed on the ground that it did not receive a majority of the votes cast at the election. The figures were 87,000 in favor of it and 58,000 against, while for the office of the president of the sanitary district some 186,000 ballots were cast. It will be necessary to take the matter to the courts for settlement. The habitual indifference of voters toward abstract propositions which involve no element of personal gain to individuals or party leaders, was illustrated in the meagre attention paid to this excellent amendment in Chicago, as compared to the big poll on Gorman's pet measure in Maryland and the Aldrich-Brayton pretence in Rhode Island.

The vote on the plan to put the control of the price of gas and electricity in the hands of the city was regarded by Chicago as an advance of the municipal-ownership propaganda, and the favoring vote was larger on that account than it would have been without such a tag. On the other hand, a proposal to build a municipal lighting plant in Toledo, where a "disciple" of the late "Golden Rule" Jones was elected Mayor, failed to secure the necessary two-thirds vote. Buffalo likewise ignored its opportunity to "throttle" a lighting monopoly and authorize the erection of a municipal electric-light and power plant. In that city only 9,641 votes were cast on the proposition, though it should be said that a favorable verdict would not have been mandatory on the city. That the city-ownership idea has spread widely was shown by the result of the mayoralty election in Terre Haute, Ind., where a local Dunne defeated the present conservative Republican incumbent. Other Indiana cities rebuked the "wide-open" policies of their administrations by putting in mayors pledged to carry out Gov. Hanly's law-and-order policy. In Maryland and Rhode Island the verdict was sound, and in Ohio and Chicago popular assent was readily given to propositions already threshed out and approved by the voters.

THE NEW YORK CITY VOTE ANALYZED.

As Mr. Jerome's victory was the most remarkable feature of the late election, his vote is the first to be considered in an examination of the returns. The independent candidate for District Attorney received a total of 123,980 votes. The ante-election curiosity as to the source of his probable plurality may now be easily gratified by noting how far his opponents ran behind their respective tickets. Flammer, who should not in reason have had any votes at all, polled 51,069 less than Mr. Ivins, this difference constituting the largest element in the Jerome vote. Shearn had 49,478 less votes than Mr. Hearst, and Osborne 33,253 less than Mr. McClellan. It thus appears that Ivins and Hearst adherents contributed about equally to Mr. Jerome's success, while Tammany votes went to him in much smaller proportion. The gap of 9,820 between Mr. Jerome's actual vote and the combined deficiencies of his opponents as compared with their respective Mayoralty candidates, shows that there must have been an average of some nine voters to an election district who either threw away their votes for District Attorney or marked their ballots improperly. This accords with our information that in a few districts there were as many as twenty ballots intended for Jerome, but marked in two circles. In passing, it may be noted, moreover, that almost a third of the discrepancy—2,885, to be exact—is accounted for in Abraham Gruber's district, the Twenty-first.

It is certain, in any case, that more than 40 per cent. of the voters in these three parties successfully split their tickets and had them counted—an achievement which we believe to be without parallel in any State with a ballot resembling New York's. That conditions were not uniform is shown by the strange combinations of city and county candidates favored in the various Assembly districts. Thus, of the districts carried by Osborne, 16 went for McClellan and 4 for Hearst; of Jerome's districts, 7 were carried by McClellan, 5 for Hearst, and 1 for Ivins; while Shearn's two pluralities were naturally in Hearst districts.

In view of the contingency on which Mr. Ivins's predictions of success were based—namely, that if he retained his full party vote, he would be elected—it is interesting to note that both Mr. Hearst

and Mr. McClellan polled a vote larger than the entire Republican enrolment. Mr. Ivins fell 83,731 behind it, and the returns show that this falling off was in a general way uniform throughout the city. There was not a single district in which Ivins's total was equal to the number of voters who had officially declared themselves to be Republicans in 1904. In the district with largest Republican enrolment, the Eighteenth Brooklyn, with 9,244, he got but 6,779; in that with smallest enrolment, the Third Queens, with 453, he polled but 324. But it was different in McClellan's case. Taking the entire city, the numerical difference between his vote and the Democratic enrolment was larger than that in the case of his Republican opponent, being 91,940. Yet in seven districts he polled a vote larger than the enrolment.

Everywhere else in the city, Hearst manifestly drew votes away from both the other parties. The seven where the Tammany enrolled vote was untouched deserve, therefore, a little further notice. The districts in question are the Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Tenth, Fourteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-seventh of Manhattan. Their respective Tammany leaders are Ahearn, T. P. Sullivan, F. S. Sullivan, Harburger, Oakley, Keenan, and Martin. Let us take the figures for the group as a whole in comparison with those for Manhattan and for the entire city:

	Republican.		Democrats.	
	Enrolment.	Vote.	Enrolment.	Vote.
Specified districts	10,405	6,682	17,662	20,399
Manhattan and Bronx	103,139	64,354	183,025	140,978
City	221,849	138,118	321,083	229,083

The excess of McClellan's vote over the Democratic enrolment in these seven districts alone accounts for 352 more than his plurality. It is to be noted, further, that McClellan's gain over his party's enrolled vote, 3,737, is almost exactly equal to Ivins's losses from his, which were 3,723. So it seems to have been a unique condition of things that prevailed in these districts. Hearst was strong enough to carry three of them—the Eighth, Tenth, and Sixteenth—yet he did this without cutting at all into the Tammany vote, and the Tammany candidate meanwhile had received all the Republican defections bodily. It is true that the voters who did not enroll as members of any party, 22,428 in number, were more than enough to account for the Hearst vote. The total vote, moreover, is no nearer the registration figures than for the city as a whole. Yet, in our opinion, the figures, as they stand square neither with common sense nor with the observed developments of Hearst's campaign in the districts concerned. Here is a field for investigation at the start.

In connection with the Assembly and Aldermanic candidates we notice the same divisions of districts as in connection with the District Attorneyship. Mr. Hearst carried eleven Assembly districts in Manhattan and the Bronx, but only two of his Assembly candidates were successful, while, though Mr. Ivins carried but a solitary district, sixteen, or nearly half, of the Republican Assemblymen were elected. Substantially the same thing is true regarding the aldermanic candidates. The choice of a Board of Aldermen with a clear Republican majority at the same time as a Tammany Board of Estimate is about as remarkable an outcome as the choice of an independently nominated District Attorney.

OUR IMPOSSIBLE BALLOT.

If the election did nothing else, it supplied unanswerable arguments for repealing without further delay the existing ballot law of this State. Mr. Jerome, it is true, was successful in spite of the obstacles put in his way by our clumsy and exasperating system of voting. His triumph, as a candidate independently nominated on a party-column ballot of this type, is surely unexampled. But the very figures that tell his story reveal the almost grotesque defects of the ballot law. How, for instance, are Flammer's 13,000 votes to be accounted for? He did not ask them for himself, the party organization did not ask them for him. Even a Republican bent on "knifing" Jerome should have preferred to vote for Osborne or Shearn. It is an irreducible minimum of crazy voting, and its cause is a ballot law the peculiar function of which is to scare every voter possible into voting a straight ticket, with reason or without reason.

Again, there were undoubtedly cast and put aside many hundreds, if not thousands, of ballots on which voters had placed crosses in both the Jerome circle and the Republican, Tammany, or Municipal Ownership circle. There is no question as to the intent of the citizens who cast them, yet the decision of the courts on the nice point of their legality may conceivably reverse the result of the election. That a campaign canard issued on the eve of election should be able to influence votes is bad enough, but that it should be possible by the mere issue of an illegally marked sample ballot to deceive voters who know their preferences into throwing away their suffrage, is unspeakably worse. That there should be any element of truth in the cry, "Vote straight: it is the only way to get your ballot counted," is itself the deepest reproach.

For weeks before the election, newspapers have to be turned into primers of information how to vote. It takes a long paragraph merely to outline the two modes permitted for voting a split ticket; and independent organizations, unless they present a full ticket against the machines, must perforce give as much of their attention to elucidating the mysteries of the ballot law as to winning friends for the candidate. Arguments *why* he should be voted for are almost swamped in explanations *how* he can be voted for. The spectacle of educated New Yorkers annually learning how to vote is quite as absurd as Congressman Mudd's ante-election schools, where Maryland negroes were laboriously taught to pick out the "ox-yokes" in the name of "Sydney."

If all this were in any way unavoidable, we might put up with it philosophically enough. But it is not necessary. Ballots of simple and understandable form are in regular use, not only in Massachusetts, with her educational qualification, but in States where manhood suffrage obtains. There is undoubtedly some force in the argument that the ballot as used in Massachusetts—the "pure Australian" type—is not perfectly suited to the needs of a community which permits its citizens to vote before they can read and write. The experience of Maryland, for example, shows the results of imposing on an ignorant electorate a ballot designed for an unusually qualified voting population. Haphazard voting is no less an evil than hidebound voting. But there are many ways of surmounting the difficulty. The essential point is: *the straight-ticket circle must go.* Even if the ballot were left unchanged except in this particular, it would be a great step forward. Then everybody, whether he voted a straight or a split ticket, would have to make as many marks as there were offices to be filled; but the illiterate or the blind partisan has the column arrangement as a guide to his pencil. Just such a law in Montana generates an amount of independent voting that very few other States can equal. It is said that four-fifths of the ballots in that State are "split."

For a combination of practical and intelligent features, however, we have never seen anything better than the bill drawn here in 1901 and introduced in the Legislature of that year by Senator Elsberg. That bill retained the party emblem on a small scale as a concession to those whose political convictions are dependent on a picture gallery. It embodied at the same time the separate coupon for each office, so that a man who had made a mistake in one office did not necessarily lose his vote for all other offices thereby; and, finally, substituted the rubber stamp for the marking pencil, thus eliminating at a stroke all the complex questions arising out of the "marked for identification" clause.

There never will be a better time than the present to conduct an agitation on behalf of a ballot which shall be framed in the interest of the people and not in behalf of the bosses and machines. Unfortunately, the politicians recognize

the opportunities which the party-column ballot gives them, and they cannot be induced to consent to alteration until they realize that public sentiment demands it. But just as the so-called Australian ballot was forced upon the politicians, a better one can also be secured from the Legislature. Gov. Higgins's readinesss for a change is an encouraging sign. Mr. Ivins is already enlisted for the fight, and the Executive Committee of the Citizens' Union has voted to prepare at once a petition to the Legislature, asking the repeal of the ballot law, and the adoption of the Massachusetts system. Its ballot-reform committee is to work in conjunction with other organizations, and is to obtain as many signatures as possible before the Legislature meets. Moreover, the press of the city is awake to the need of the hour. The *Times* has called for "an intelligible ballot." The *Globe* declares that it is now time to rearrange the Australian ballot—originally fixed to suit the politicians—"to suit the people." The *World* feels that the fact that, in electing Jerome, "popular intelligence prevailed over the badness of the law, is all the more reason for its prompt radical amendment." The *Press* speaks of our "imbecile ballot." The *Sun* declares that the law as it now stands is "a constant invitation to error and fraud."

In the agitation which is now certain it must first of all be made plain that the existing ballot is wrongly termed Australian. The ballot actually in use in Australia was not adopted here, but *adapted*, and to its detriment. It was, moreover, introduced in this State by means of a cumbersome law, which by 1896 contained no less than one hundred and sixty-seven sections. Two years later the Court of Appeals declared that it had found some of these sections "quite difficult to understand," and yet it felt that, to be really qualified, the voter ought to know and understand every one of them. This high tribunal then went on to state that, in its opinion, the dangers to free government from the law were so great as to "*demand* the attention of the Legislature." But that attention has never been given. Complaining delegations at Albany have had the scantiest attention accorded them. The Legislature has been too busy with a thousand other matters to waste any time upon reconstructing this dangerous statute.

What the Appellate Division said in 1898 sounds almost like a warning against the situation existing in this city to-day. It was: "If an election were close and the action of the district canvassers throughout a large territory were to be brought in review before the courts, we are entirely clear that the judicial machinery would *break down* by the weight and number of the issues to be decided." In this Mayoralty case, one of the very first questions the courts will have to pass upon is whether a cross in the circle over Jerome's name invalidates the ballot. Hundreds of votes, as we have said, were so marked, instead of with a cross in front of Jerome's name. What possible excuse is there for a ballot which makes such errors possible? Yet this is perhaps the simplest question to come before the judges. It must not be forgotten that the first persons to pass upon the difficult points about which the Court of Appeals complained are not jurists, but election officers, who are, in the eyes of the law, merely administrative officials.

A THÉÂTRE DE LUXE.

It seems to be settled beyond all reasonable doubt that within the next two or three years New York will have one of the finest theatres on one of the finest sites in the world. The ground has been secured, the plans prepared, and the necessary millions subscribed, not only for erecting the building, but for endowing it so as to render the management independent of the box-office receipts. Moreover, this princely temple is to be under the direct patronage of some of our wealthiest citizens, who will fill it with the effulgence of the opera or the horse-show; is to open its doors at reasonable rates to all meaner mortals; and is to be devoted to the representation, in the best possible manner, of all that is highest and typical in all forms of the drama, ancient and modern, foreign or domestic. And this interesting proclamation, promising the speedy fulfilment of hopes which the most sanguine believer in the future of the play-house scarcely dared to dream of as possibilities of the remote future, is made at a moment when the theatrical outlook is darker than it was at the beginning of the Irving period, when the race of real actors is nearly extinct, and all living writers of high repute have abandoned dramatic composition.

On its face, this prospectus is almost dazzling in its brightness, but the vital question is whether it can be made good. It would be foolish and presumptuous to answer with a decided negative, but the difficulties to be surmounted are enormous. They will be best appreciated by those who have most closely studied the history of the theatre. Money may make the man—that faith is at least as old as Pindar—but it is powerless, by itself, to recreate, although it may foster, an art. How does the case stand? We all know the current managerial plea, based upon the rankest of fallacies, that the present degradation of the stage is due to the low public taste and the financial necessity of gratifying it. The millionaire theatre, of course, will not feel the weight of that sordid incubus. Although it expects the crowd to contribute to its expenses, its policy need not be affected by the failure of one play or of a dozen. So long as it cares nothing about profit, it may remain open and make new productions, indefinitely. But if that were its sole object—the provision of a gorgeous, fashionable, and popular place of entertainment, without direct reference to gain—there would be nothing about it to demand present discussion. It would differ only in degree, not in kind, from many of our existing theatres. Decadent as it is, our stage cannot be charged with lack of variety. At this hour it is giving us samples of American, English, French, Belgian, German, and Russian drama. Shakspere, Clyde Fitch, Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, and Bernard Shaw are represented, not to speak of others less famous or notorious. Variety is not necessarily the spice of theatrical life.

The only declaration that gives the semblance of real importance, from the serious or artistic point of view, to the rather over-confident proclamation of the National or Universal Theatre—perhaps the final appellation may be a trifle more modest—is that of its educational intent. If the gentlemen who have pledged their negligible fortunes for boxes in the exclusive circle, cherish a passion for the restoration of the theatre to its proper place among the arts, realize what that aspiration means, and will interest themselves personally and actively in the pursuit of it—then, and only then, they may achieve substantial results. If they rely merely upon the magic of the check-book, and delegate all executive responsibility to salaried subordinates, they will meet with humiliating failure.

It is granted at once that they have done well in selecting Mr. Conried as their managing director. The creator of the Irving Place Theatre has demonstrated the catholicity of his taste, his skill as a stage manager, and his wide acquaintance with the comprehensive range of the drama, as known to the German stage. But Mr. Conried, in the past, has confined himself, in the main, to the production of plays which have already proved successes; and it may reasonably be doubted whether he, or any one man, is capable of bearing the additional burthen which it is now proposed to put upon him. Herein lies the most obvious and disconcerting weakness of the new programme. Its intimation that money is all-potent is discouraging enough, but the apparent disregard or ignorance of the vital preliminaries to any real theatrical reform excites the gravest mistrust.

One might suppose that the ideal theatre is to spring, fully equipped, from a plethoric pocketbook, that good new plays are to be had for the asking, and that capable actors of all standard

pieces, comic or tragic, are to be picked up at every corner. As a matter of fact, it would be impossible to construct a good stock company out of existing materials except after years of arduous training, under expert direction. Very little heed has been given, apparently, to this fundamental obstacle. But, for the sake of argument, let it be supposed that the ideal company has been found, and that it is equal to every emergency. What will then have been secured beyond the establishment of one theatre in which good performances may be expected? What advance will have been made toward a general revivification of theatrical art? One capable company will, no doubt, have the force of good example. It may slowly do for the elevation of dramatic taste what the Metropolitan Opera has done for musical. But we really need many such companies, and they must be in active competition if they are to make progress. The idea of the National Theatre promoters, that actors, safe from outside rivalry and assured of a permanent competence, will exhibit a more rapid artistic development than their less fortunate fellows, is contrary to all human experience—and assured of a large and permanent income the actors of the new theatre must be, or there will soon be an end of the stock company.

On the whole, the new scheme is, we fear, more magnificent than practical. That the two-million-dollar house will give distinction to its neighborhood and satisfaction to its patrons, may be regarded as certain; that it may offer some notable representations, is by no means improbable; but that it will immediately and directly raise the national standard of drama, or hasten the looked-for revival, only the most sanguine of enthusiasts will believe.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.—I.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
November 4, 1905.

On August 15, 1905, there were gathered in Cape Town about four hundred over-sea members, with a strong supplement of South African members, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the opening of its seventy-fifth meeting. The Association has met outside of the British Isles on only two other occasions—at Montreal in 1884, and at Toronto in 1897. The visit to South Africa this summer was, however, a much more exceptional affair than a mere transatlantic jaunt; indeed, it was the largest scientific excursion ever carried successfully through a long-distance itinerary. Three vessels of the Union-Castle line brought detachments of the party from England, the voyages varying from seventeen to twenty-three days of fair weather. The over-sea membership was of four classes. There was the "official party," of about one hundred and seventy, including the general and sectional officers of the Association and a number of representative scientists selected by the Council from the eleven sections, from Astronomy to Education; for all these there were liberal reductions of steamship fares, free railway transportation over long distances, and much private hospitality, as well as a generous subvention towards expenses from funds that had been placed at the disposal of the Association by the colonial Governments in order to ensure a strong attendance. Then there were foreign guests to the number of sixteen from Europe and America, invited by the Council from nominations made by the sectional committees. These *fortunati* were practically on a par with the official party where they were not given even greater facilities and privileges: among them may be named Engler, botanist, and Luschan, ethnologist, of Berlin; Penck, geographer, of Vienna; Backlund, astronomer, of Pulkova; and Cordier, Orientalist, of Paris; and among the five Americans, Scott, palæontologist, of Princeton; Brown, mathematician, of Haverford; Carhart, physicist, of Michigan; and Campbell, botanist, of Stanford. Third came the non-official party, for whom the concessions as to travelling expenses were less generous, but who, as far as the meetings and receptions were concerned, stood on an equality with every one else. Fourth were the wives, sons, daughters, and relatives of members, who were in sufficient number to give the excursion the appearance of a large family party. To all these should be added the colonial members, who, however, as it seemed to me, usually stood aside to let the procession pass.

Although this peripatetic meeting was smaller than its predecessors at home, it was attended by a good proportion of representative men, from the president, Prof. George Darwin of Cambridge, to the many sectional officers and speakers; and the South Africans may consider that they had a good sample of a scientific gathering in the various presidential addresses, sectional meetings and evening lectures, to say nothing of the personal conferences between home and colonial members, from which profit flowed both ways. Darwin's presidential address was given in two parts, one at Cape Town, the other at Johannesburg; it treated molecular and stellar physics in a style that must have conveyed a somewhat severe impression of popular science to the large audiences by which the halls were crowded on both occasions, but this was alleviated by the lighter vein of his frequent informal remarks—as, for example, at Pietermaritzburg, when he repeated the story of a dispute reported by a lady's maid: "The butler says as 'ow we're hall descended from Darwin, but the cook says we hain't, and they can't agree"; and at Durban, where he told how his father, when the *Beagle* touched on the Natal coast seventy years before, wished to leave the vessel and go overland to the Cape, an adventurous plan that was defeated by an off-shore breeze which turned the vessel away. "So my presence here," said the distinguished son of the famous naturalist, "may in all probability be laid to a puff of wind."

Among the various sectional addresses, mention may be made of those on "University Education and National Life," by Sir Richard Jebb, the distinguished classical professor and M. P. of Cambridge, who described himself as "a sort of Rhodes scholar from the other end," and advocated a broad-minded conception of university culture, in which the narrower views of Matthew Arnold as to the sufficiency of literature were amplified by the more philosophic views of Henry Sidgwick as to the value of scientific training; by Professor Haddon of Cambridge, anthropologist and explorer, on the native tribes of South Africa, their subdivisions and characteristics, their invasions and migrations, and particularly on the need of careful study and record of native customs before they are too much affected by European influences; by Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff, army engineer in India for over twenty years, and in charge of irrigation in Egypt under the British administration, describing the systems of irrigation in various parts of the world—a subject very pertinent to the needs of the South African colonies at present; by Admiral Sir William Wharton (whose death afterwards at Cape Town was the tragedy of the whole excursion), on geographical progress, especially in oceanography, in which appropriate reference was made to the ancient circumnavigation of Africa, as recorded by Herodotus, who faithfully reported that the explorers said they saw the sun pass over the sky on their right hand, as they sailed westward around the southern end of the land, but added that he couldn't believe such a story; by Professor Miers of Oxford, on recent researches in the physico-chemistry of solutions and alloys, in their bearing on the conditions under which ancient salt deposits and crystalline rocks were formed.

The evening lectures were equally suggestive. Sir William Crookes, the eminent chemist of London, described at Kimberley the various theories of the origin of diamonds, with brilliant illustrations by means of elaborate apparatus brought all the way from home, but with a stronger leaning to the origin of the Kimberley diamond "pipes" by meteoric impact than was acceptable to some of his geological listeners. Professor Poulton, zoölogist of Oxford, presented at Cape Town an account of Burchard's African explorations of a century ago, and had the good fortune to find afterwards, through the aid of one of his audience, some of Burchard's original diaries preserved in Cape Colony and hitherto unpublished. Professor Boys, physicist of London, exhibited in Cape Town many experiments concerned with the properties of liquids. Farrar, the young geologist of the recent British Antarctic expedition, told an audience at Durban of his journeys over the far southern plateaus of ice and snow. Professor Arnold, metallurgist of Sheffield, explained at Johannesburg the structure of "Steel as an Igneous Rock" according to modern researches; and so on. It was the abundance of this sort of thing that gave some warrant to the superlative terms in which the over-sea members were greeted by colonial and municipal officers in the flattering addresses of welcome by which the Association was met at every stop on its long inland journey.

As to sectional meetings, there was much good material, to judge by the published programmes, but nothing that calls for report here in competition with the innumerable novel experiences in the Colonies that we traversed. Indeed, it was often hard to secure a worthy audience for papers of real merit, so distracting were the opportunities

afforded by local excursions in almost every line of scientific interest. Geographers and geologists, zoölogists and botanists, in particular, found it difficult to remain indoors during the few days that we had in a region of such exceptional interest as the Cape Town district; while, at Johannesburg and Kimberley, engineers and chemists, economists and anthropologists were also continually tempted away from the formal sessions. For this reason the incidents of the itinerary may here take the place of further account of the meetings.

There were, of course, garden parties and receptions everywhere. Those given at Cape Town by his Excellency, Sir Healy Hutchinson, Governor of the Colony, by Sir David Gill, Cape astronomer, and by his Worship, the Mayor, were the first of a series that had no end till we left the continent on the return voyage. The University of the Cape of Good Hope signalized its appreciation of our visit by holding a special congregation to confer a number of honorary degrees—a dignified ceremony, which took place in the large assembly-room of the new and spacious Town Hall, in one part or another of which nearly all the meetings of the Association were held. The opening address by the President of Convocation explained with graceful modesty that it was not so much for the purpose of conferring distinction upon the recipients of the degrees as for acquiring distinction for the young university that the guests were invited to allow their names to be added to its list of alumni. Some of the new doctors were evidently chosen with regard to international considerations; thus, representatives of Russia, France, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Austria, and Sweden were ranged on one side of the platform, as if to indicate the diverse languages and interests of Continental Europe, while the force that makes for unity in the possession of a common tongue brought together on the other side representatives of Cape Colony, Canada, and the United States to fill out the line that began with British scientists like Darwin and Crookes, and with British philologists like Jebb and Murray.

The five days at Cape Town were all too short for a satisfying view of the many features thereabouts. Of Table Mountain, with its heavy cap of sandstone, unconformably overlying a floor of older rocks, too much in praise cannot be said: its superb escarpment is the northern end of a north-south range, lying at the southwestern corner of southern Africa—once an island, now tied to the continent by a low, sandy belt on the east, like Gibraltar on a larger scale. Heavy surf thrashes the exposed western base of the range; Table Bay and Cape Town harbor are imperfectly protected from westerly gales north of the sand belt, while Simonstown, with a better harbor, on the east of the range south of the sand belt, has been chosen as a naval station and has large works in progress. There are charming suburban villages around the northern base of the range, where many of us were quartered, half an hour or more by rail from Cape Town, and so agreeably that we were loath to move on to our next meeting-place.

The main party left Cape Town on August 18 or 19, some by steamers, some by overland train, for Durban, the chief port of Natal. Many entertaining distractions were provided during brief stops there and at Pietermaritzburg, the capital, including views of sugar plantations, native dances, and so on. Some amusement was felt when it was learned that at the latter city, noted among its neighbors for a certain soporific quietude, Colonel Bruce, expert on tropical diseases, was to give an evening lecture on "sleeping sickness." The trip through Natal included stops at Ladysmith and other battlefields, for those historically inclined, after which the party made its way in several special trains up the strong slope by which the inner highland rises from the Indian Ocean, passing around Majuba Hill of unhappy memory on the edge of the chief escarpment, and so across the Veld, or open high country (often written Veldt by the English, as if to preserve its sound, and still better transliterated Felt) to Johannesburg in the Transvaal.

A feature of Natal is the large number of turban-wearing (East) Indians profitably engaged in the smaller industries. They make good house servants, they are largely employed by the railways, many of them are market gardeners on small holdings, and they are said to be displacing Europeans in the way of small shop-keeping. The point of all this is, that they work more steadily and intelligently than the Kaffirs, and live on a lower scale than the whites. Many of them have come from India as five-year contract laborers, but the Indian Government insists that at the end of this time they may settle permanently in South Africa, and be free to take up any work that they like. They may become citizens of the colonies, and acquire the right to vote; but suffrage for Africans and Indians is so restricted in Natal that practically none of them exercise it. In Cape Colony a larger number of non-Europeans are qualified voters, but their representation in the Assembly is so restricted that it can never reach a majority. In both of these self-governing colonies, white domination is an undisputed principle by the race now in power.

With several others who were geologically minded, I replaced the Natal détour by an excursion in the Karroo district, the inner dry part of the east-west ranges and valleys which must be crossed before reaching the plateau country farther north. The clear nights brought freezing weather, and the days were fresh enough for winter clothing. Here Mr. Rogers, geologist of the Cape Colony, was in charge, and gave us a fine opportunity of seeing a typical series of South African formations. The most remarkable of these was certainly the Dwyka, which we saw at various widely separated points—a heavy bed of unstratified material, probably of Permian date, containing numerous striated pebbles and boulders of various kinds, and lying, at most of the points where its base is seen, on a striated *moutonnée* surface, and hence unquestionably of glacial origin. It extends over something like 200,000 square miles, and, wonderful to relate, the movement of the ice sheet which formed it was southerly, from the region of the equator toward the region of the pole. It is important to note that, apparently contemporaneous with the Dwyka in South Africa, there was extensive glacial action in India and Australia. To say that geologists are puzzled thereby is to put the matter very mildly.

From Rogers's party in the Karroo, three of us, Penck of Vienna, Coleman of Toronto, and myself, made a hurried run northeastward, and joined another excursion led by Anderson, geologist of Natal, and Molengraaff, formerly geologist of the Transvaal. This was in the Vrijheid district, transferred from the Transvaal to Natal at the close of the Boer war, and here we saw something of rural Boer life, as well as of geological problems. The few Boers whom we met impressed us as men of strong character and good intelligence; and we gained the impression here and elsewhere that, while they were not altogether happy in the present situation, yet they accepted it in good faith, and worked with good will toward the future. They did not appear to harbor bad feeling against the British as such, although there were abundant signs of political antagonism between the scattered farmers and the concentrated mine owners; but there were not words enough to express the contempt felt for the National Scouts, or Boers enlisted under the British flag in the latter part of the war. We saw something of the Zulus on this occasion, looked into a kraal (village of stick and straw huts), and heard much from the colonists as to the necessity of maintaining white supremacy—a subject on which men of a rougher nature expressed themselves violently, but on which those of finer fibre spoke with much feeling of responsibility, and with perception of the difficulty of the problems ahead and of the need of well-tempered justice in attempting to solve them. Nearly every one, except the missionaries themselves, described the Christianized natives as less honest than the unconverted, and we thus gained the impression that the missionaries had gone too far and too fast. The natives taught in Jesuit schools were less criticised.

There was a stop of four days at Johannesburg, during which we were distributed among local hosts all along the Rand or low ridge formed by the outcrop of the sandstones that enclose the gold-bearing Banket or puddingstone. This allowed a resumption of sectional meetings, which were held in the temporary buildings of the new Technical Institute; but, as already hinted, it was difficult to withstand the temptation of making special excursions with our many hosts, to see the mines and the surface works and the compounds for the 80,000 Kaffirs and the 50,000 Chinese, to say nothing of the official excursions every afternoon, and of the all-day trip for many of us to the marvellous Premier diamond mine (product, over £1,000,000 a year) beyond Pretoria. Here, as well as in all our other stopping-places, the comfort of many members was substantially increased by the hospitality of the clubs, whose houses were opened to us and much used, especially at the noon hours, when the luncheon tables were filled with lively groups, where oversea and local members had better opportunity of making acquaintance than in the meeting-rooms.

Johannesburg itself was immensely interesting from its extraordinary artificialness, a metropolis in a wilderness, with a bustling population of about 80,000 Europeans and as many natives—not counting the

Kaffirs and Chinese in the mining compounds; with many large buildings and fine shops, tramway service, and residential suburbs, all set down in a high and dry country, nearly 6,000 feet above the sea, bare of trees, scant of water, empty of people for miles and miles together—a country apparently fit for little more than cattle-raising, and now almost deprived of cattle by rinderpest and other diseases, unsuited for wheat farming because of the rust that comes with the summer rains, and without high mountains to supply perennial streams for irrigation; a city where the working population is recruited from India and China, as well as from the African colonies, and where many of the European and American population would seem to be held only by high salaries or high wages, ready to escape homeward as soon as possible—for who would make a permanent residence at this centre of dust in a region of dreariness, if the possibility of living in a more verdant and versatile country were open to him? (and yet this is, I fear, only the stranger's view); a city where the interest of every one centres in the mines, from which the monthly output is £1,700,000, and yet from which the profits to shareholders are said on the average to be small, where "Kaffirs Rising" as a headline in the morning papers suggests to the uninitiated outsider the need of getting a gun and joining the militia to suppress a native insurrection, but shows to the residents that their mining shares are advancing in price (and every one has some stock in the mines); a city so civilized that it would soon go naked and starve if supplies of all sorts were not received from thousands of miles over seas and lands, and yet so dependent on the mines that it will remain only as strange ruins when its population dwindles away after the Banket is worked out some thirty or fifty years hence, unless some unsuspected source of wealth is then discovered.

We all saw something of the mines: the offices managed by English and American engineers under the ownership of European capitalists; the surface works, with forges where whites and blacks are employed side by side in sharpening and tempering drills, and compressors where air is driven down to forced labor below ground under heavy pressure; the slanting underground works where the shallower part of the Banket is already exhausted, where the deeper parts are now honeycombed, and where the greatest "deeps" at which mining can be carried on profitably are prospected in advance by borings and shafts; the surface works, again, where the skips come rushing up from the shafts with their three-ton loads of Banket, the sorting-tables where men and boys pick out the barren rock, the crushers and the deafening stamp-mills where the paying rock is reduced to sand and slimes, the amalgamating tables and the cyanide tanks for the extraction of the gold, and the huge white heaps (the "Johannesburg Alps") where the waste is carried up on long endless rubber belts; and all this going on at high speed, to bring out the quickest possible return of invested capital, and thus to secure the greatest profit to European owners, whatever effect the exhaustion of the mines may have on the South African State.

The great question in Johannesburg today is the employment of Chinese labor. This question arose after the war, when the Kaffirs—the common name for all kinds of native laborers—elated with war-time wages, were slow to return to the lower terms that the mine owners thought enough: and when, moreover, the available natives did not seem numerous enough to supply the labor demanded in the mines as fast as work was resumed with the establishment of peace. In order promptly to secure sufficient cheaper labor, a bill was passed at the instance of the mine owners by the Legislative Council on February 10, 1904, signed by the King, and put into effect on May 19, allowing the importation of Chinese laborers for periods of three years to work in the mines alone. The bill contains numerous specifications and restrictions as to manner of recruiting in China, transportation to, reception in, and ultimate return from Durban, working days and holidays, wages, manner of payment, space in compounds, right of appeal to magistrates, permits for brief absence from the compounds, conditions under which families may be sent for, and under which any Chinaman may resign at any time and return home at his own expense, and particularly as to the kind of work he must *not* do in the Transvaal. If he so desires, reënlistment for a second three-year term is permitted, but this contingency has not yet been reached. A third enlistment is not allowed; the coolie must then be returned to China if he has not been taken back at the end of his first term. The mines and the miners are always open to governmental inspection. Nearly 50,000 Chinamen have been brought over under these conditions.

This is not slavery, as it is excitedly called in some of the English papers, nor anything like it. It is not so bad as signing on many a sailing vessel, where there is no inspection possible and where the rough tyranny of captain and mates cannot be escaped till the end of the voyage. It is not out of comparison with enlistment as a private soldier, except that there is no bright uniform. It is vastly better than the condition of many Italian laborers under railway contractors in the United States, where the work is hard, and where the manner of living is often dirty and wretched in the extreme. The compounds, in which the Kaffirs as well as the Chinese are kept, were regarded by all who saw them as large, well arranged and relatively clean. The Chinese compound that I visited had a large washroom, where the men could have a tub on coming up from work; a good kitchen where Chinese food was prepared by Chinese cooks; a smaller kitchen where the men could prepare their own food in their own way if they chose; plenty of hot water to be drawn, steaming, from a tap into individual teapots whenever wanted; abundant clear space among the buildings; and barracks clean to the eye and without offensive odor. We saw hundreds of the men coming up from the mine and wandering about the compound; good humor was their prevalent expression, and only a few looked sulky. There was abundant chance of escape for those so inclined, but there was much probability of arrest of any stray Chinaman without a permit; nevertheless, a number of them have run away from work, and of these the few who have become marauders, stealing and murdering among Kaffirs and Indians, have caused, naturally enough, a great commotion. They are the black sheep of an industrious flock.

This is not slavery; but whether the importation of thousands of Chinamen on contract labor will prove to be a wise economic act is a very different and very difficult question. It is a not unnatural result of the high-pressure methods prevalent on the Rand, where the Kaffir, unaccustomed to continuous labor, has not always been easily held to his task. It seems to me to serve and to be intended to serve chiefly as a device to keep down the scale of native wages, for it must not be forgotten that there are still almost twice as many Kaffirs as Chinamen at work in the mines about Johannesburg; and a recent report of the Native Labor Association declares: "It would be a most unfortunate conclusion for any one to arrive at that, because the mines have been obliged at great expense to add a few thousand Chinese to the working force, we intend to or think we can afford to dispense with the labor of the South African natives." The device of importation appears, however, to be more expensive than was expected, and less satisfactory as a remedy for real or imaginary evils; and in this respect Chinese labor has some likeness to the present British régime, which has proved more costly to the mine owners, who were essentially responsible for the Boer war, than the less elaborate government that it replaced. There is already a strong feeling in favor of a change from a crown colony, administered from London, to a self-governing colony, and of a replacement of "younger sons," sent out from England, by resident Afrikanders or Colonials as officials. W. M. Davis.

CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA.

Paris, October 28, 1905.

There are very few documents relating to the early years of Chateaubriand. The most precious of all is the 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe.' The famous pages on the castle of Combourg, where he spent so many melancholy days, will never be forgotten; but these 'Mémoires' are in many parts a work of the imagination—it might almost be said a poem. Chateaubriand has sometimes been called the father of the Romantic school; he attached more importance to fine writing, to splendid images, than to the cold reality. He was so often thrown out of the beaten path that he became almost naturally sensational. M. Joseph Bédier, in his 'Chateaubriand en Amérique' ('Études Critiques,' 1904), has recently proved that Chateaubriand's account of his journey to America was in some particulars pure fiction. It was written long after the journey was made. New documents have lately been found on this subject.

Chateaubriand started in the month of April, 1791, for America in the same boat with certain priests of the Saint Sulpice order, who were sent by M. Emery to Baltimore on a mission to found the first Catholic seminary in the United States. The idea of this foundation had been suggested in London to M. Nagot, Director of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Paris, by

Mgr. Carroll, who was made Bishop in England on August 15, 1790. The idea had been approved in Rome, and, a few months after, M. Nagot left for America with three priests and five seminarists, two of whom were Americans, two English, and one French. The French seminarist's name was Édouard de Mondésir. He had already spent some years in Canada. He eventually returned to France, and in his old age wrote, at the request of a friend who was preparing a life of M. Emery, some recollections of his own life. His manuscript, which has never been printed, forms twelve volumes, and is now preserved in the Library of the Seminary of Saint Sulpice in Paris. Chateaubriand is often mentioned in these volumes, which form a valuable contribution to the religious history of the end of the eighteenth century and of the beginning of the nineteenth.

In the account given of the journey to America there is a list of the passengers, among them "the Viscount de Chateaubriand, who has made noise and a figure in the world and would like to make more, over and above what he will make even after his death."

"The young viscount, a knight of Malta, with a chivalrous head, having already read and observed much, did not know how to kill time on board. He assisted willingly, having nothing better to do, in our spiritual exercises, not in the *oraison* or in the *chapelet*, but generally in the pious reading which was done in common. We were reading then the 'Soul Rising to God' of the 'Christian Perfection' of Father Rodriguez. The ebullient Chateaubriand preferred reading aloud to listening in silence. It was often his turn. M. Nagot once observed to him that an ascetic book ought not to be read aloud in the tone of tragedy. He answered that he put his soul into everything."

"One day, Chateaubriand asked permission to address the sailors all good Bretons and good Catholics. The Superior allowed him. Then our new missionary, taking in his hand a great crucifix, made a speech to the crew, using such strong and burning phrases that, if there had been a Jew aboard, I doubt not that the sailors would have thrown him into the sea."

During a great tempest, Chateaubriand, saturated with the Greek authors, would have himself bound to the mast, like Ulysses in the Odyssey.

It is clear, from many passages of M. de Mondésir's Memoirs, that he did not take a very favorable view of Chateaubriand. He says openly: "In him, in his writings, and in his conduct, *sunt bona mixta malis.*" This was written long after the journey to America, long, even, after Chateaubriand had written his 'Genius of Christianity,' which was a great event as following the period of official atheism and of the Goddess of Reason. M. de Mondésir looked at this work too much with the eyes of the theologian. He says:

"The 'Genius of Christianity' was a good fortune at the time it appeared; it is nevertheless true that the champion of the good cause, while thinking he was doing well and daring to speak for the divinity of Jesus Christ, more than bordered on Socinianism. He will never be my doctor in theology, and I am, besides, determined not to take him for my master in philosophy, in morals, or in Christian policy."

It has always been the misfortune of Chateaubriand to find detractors among those who were his natural friends—among the Royalists and the Catholics, such, at least, as held strict Legitimist or Ultramontane views. His mind was too independent, and would not long accept regulation. It must be said, also, that his pride was extreme, and that he could not bear mediocrity.

All that is worth noting in M. de Mondésir's Memoirs pertaining to Chateaubriand relates to the journey to America. His judgment of the author of the 'Genius of Christianity' was inspired by passion and savors of injustice. The Abbé de Mondésir has no sympathy for Chateaubriand, who is too much imbued with liberalism. In a part of his Memoirs, speaking of a visit made by Chateaubriand to Lamennais, he says: "I blush and my heart sinks within me when I read in my paper that the author of the 'Genius of Christianity' pays a visit to this satanic writer. I am tempted to say: 'Vir duplex animo, inconstans est in omnibus viis suis.'"

Among young Chateaubriand's fellow-passengers to America, in company with the Sulpician priests, was a young Englishman named Tullow, newly converted. Chateaubriand found him again in London, in 1822. Tullow had not meanwhile become a priest; he remained in the world, and was married. Can we believe the Abbé de Mondésir when he says that Chateaubriand counted for something in Tullow's change of mind? It is quite true that, at the time of the journey, Chateaubriand was not much of a believer. He himself writes in his 'Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe': "From the zealous Christian I had been, I became an *esprit fort*—that is to say, an *esprit faible.* This change in my religious opinions was produced by the reading of philosophical works. I believed, in good faith, that a religious mind was paralyzed on one side, that there were some truths which could not penetrate it, superior as it might be." The germs of piety, however, remained in him; he tells us how, when the evening prayer-bell rang, he joined his prayers with those of his companions. On the return journey, in a storm: "One of the French sailors began the hymn to Notre Dame de Bon-Secours, which I learned in my infancy. I repeated it in sight of the coast of Brittany."

Chateaubriand was essentially a poet; though he wrote very few verses, his imagination was always at work. His infancy was spent in poetical places; the commotion of the Revolution put his mind in a state of perpetual agitation. We see him, in these years of the emigration and of the journey to America, like a star which by some accident has lost its way. When he started for America, he entertained plans for discovering the Northwest Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He wrote to his friend, the Chevalier de Panat: "I am looking for something new; there is nothing to do here. What is the good of emigrating from France only? I emigrate from the world. I will die on the way or come back something more than when I started." Such a state of imagination could hardly be understood by the pious Sulpicians and by the Abbé de Mondésir. Chateaubriand's sensations and emotions in the United States found expression in 'Atala,' the first draught of which was brought back from America. We may laugh at some episodes of this novel, which made so much noise in its time; at the conception formed by Chateaubriand of the savages and of savage life. We must not forget that it was a sort of protest against the horrors which the Revolution had committed in the most civilized part of Europe; and we see in it the germ of the 'Genius of Christianity,' which was also a protest against the excesses of the Revolution, and was well understood as such by Napoleon, the signatory of the Concordat which reconciled the State to the Church.

I have before me interesting documents on another part of Chateaubriand's life. They relate to the years 1814-1816. The periods of the journey to America and of the first years of the Restoration are quite unconnected, but the inner man remains the same through life, and in many respects Chateaubriand appears the same when he was an exile, an *émigré*, and when the Restoration opened to him a splendid field for his political ambition.

In 1861 and 1862, M. Louis de Loménie published articles in which he answered many criticisms directed against the work and the character of Chateaubriand. His son Charles has just now published a letter, written by Montalembert to his father on the 20th of October, 1861:

"Do insist, I beg you, on all you have said already, but perhaps not enough, regarding M. de Chateaubriand's liberal view of Catholicism. He never invented the theory of the alliance of religion and liberty in our modern society. He did better: he gave us his example. The greatest genius of the nineteenth century was a Catholic and a liberal, and he was so with a will. He wrote: 'We will try to render liberty a Christian liberty, and we will succeed.' I am very impartial in what concerns him, for he never honored me with a word or a look; but I shall be eternally grateful to him, and, after a struggle of thirty years in order to do what he wished, I like to find in my memory the sovereign action on my young student's soul, not only of the 'Martyrs' and of the 'Itinerary,' but also and especially of his political writings and of his whole attitude."

M. Charles de Loménie has developed what is condensed in Montalembert's letter. His publication is, from an historical point of view, particularly interesting in what concerns the attitude of Chateaubriand during the first Restoration, the ministry of Fouché and Talleyrand, and the Hundred Days.

Correspondence.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your manly and courteous response to my criticism of your remarks concerning the Anglo-Japanese treaty is such as one learns to expect from the *Nation.* But, at the risk of being considered churlish and hypercritical, I am impelled to express the opinion that your later conclusions in that regard, like your first ones, are not warranted by the letter of the treaty.

You still profess the belief that, under the provisions of the treaty, Japan might be drawn into a war, as an ally of Great Britain, upon a question that does not concern Eastern Asia or India. This opinion you base upon a provision of the treaty which calls for joint action of the high contracting parties in case of an unprovoked attack upon either by any other Power, "wherever arising." Thus, you hold that "if Germany were to go to war with England over the Moroccan question," it is not

certain that Japan "would not be drawn into a European war." But surely the clause referred to does not warrant this conclusion. The words are: "If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers, either contracting party should be involved in war *in defence of its territorial rights or special interests mentioned in the preamble*" (that is, in Eastern Asia or India), "the other contracting party will at once come to the assistance of its ally," etc.

Now, it seems to me to be of the clearest that, under this provision, neither one of the allies can call the other to its assistance except in defence of its rights or interests *in the territories named*, that is, Eastern Asia or India. It is true, the quarrel might "arise" elsewhere, in Morocco, for example; but the rights or interests of one of the contracting parties in those territories must be jeopardized before the other can be involved in the quarrel. I believe that it was to provide for such a contingency that the words "wherever arising" were inserted in the treaty. Certainly, they should not be read without the explanatory words which follow, and thus given a false interpretation.

Faithfully yours,

ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, November 3, 1905.

BERI-BERI IN OYAMA'S ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My father, Prof. Simon Newcomb, has called my attention to an item in the *Nation* of October 26, in which a writer says my name was lately given by the *Nation* "as authority for the fact that from 70 to 84 per cent. of Oyama's army was affected by that most disabling disease, kakké, or beri-beri." I have not found the original statement, but, as quoted here, it is totally erroneous. I said in the *Century Magazine* for May last that, out of the men *sent back to Japan* from the Japanese army *on account of disease*, 70 to 84 per cent. had beriberi. The remaining 30 to 16 per cent. had other diseases. The difference between this and the impossible "fact" quoted above is too obvious for comment.—Yours truly,

ANITA NEWCOMB MCGEE, M.D.,
lately Supervisor of Nurses of Japanese Red Cross, by appointment of Minister of War.

WASHINGTON, November 8, 1905.

OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This morning I bought a copy of *La Vera Roma*, a daily paper devoted to the Roman Catholic interest, in order to read the list of the religious functions performed in Rome on All Saints' Day. But therein I found matter much more interesting than that relating to the exposition of relics and the singing of masses—I mean an editorial article entitled "School and Religion in America." The writer, after laying down the broad principle that the Church is so constituted by God's grace that she always acquires new strength in the face of indifference, persecution, and apostasy, continues as follows:

"Thus it has happened in North America, where the public schools, both primary and intermediate, as well as those of university standing, are almost entirely in the hands of Catholics, to the great profit of those peoples, but to the bitter grief of Protestants, Jews, and materialists, who are in favor of secular instruction. The gentlemen thus hostile to Catholicism have begun in their hireling newspapers (*giornali bottegai*) a fierce campaign against Catholic education, accusing it of being a permanent danger to America's free and republican political institutions."

The article closes with a summary of a triumphant refutation of such accusations, written by the Rev. Don Johon (John?) Mullany, and recently published in the *North American Review*.

We read much in the newspapers nowadays about "inspired articles." In this connection it would be interesting to inquire, first, whether this be an inspired article; and, secondly, if it is, whether this be a form of inspiration recognized by the Church.

X.

ROME, November 1, 1905.

MONTAIGNE BETRAYED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two pieces of writing about Montaigne have recently appeared; one, a volume by Professor Dowden; the other, a paper by the less well-known Mr. Charles Whibley. Professor Dowden's volume is the first of a series of biographies of French men of letters, and by the conditions of its existence he has been obliged to make it a copy rather than an original work. He follows easily in the steps of his predecessors, especially, with due acknowledgment, in those of M. Bonnefon (whose own work is a mere compilation). The volume, therefore, goes over ground rather wearily familiar to the student of Montaigne literature.

Mr. Whibley's essay is of a different character. It is one among several 'Literary Portraits,' and does not concern itself with the events of Montaigne's life, but with the quality of his thought. It is in part a skilfully arranged cento of Montaigne's expressions regarding many subjects, but the selection and the arrangement are more in proportion to Mr. Whibley's interest in these subjects than to the rank they held in Montaigne's own mind; and the same personal quality is observable in the rest of the pages. But this very fact gives some originality to this study; it has the merit of an individual point of view, and the point of view is a fairly just one, as is also that of Professor Dowden. Professor Dowden's tone is perhaps a little over-cool, Mr. Whibley's a little over-warm; but of that each reader must judge for himself.

A point about which each reader cannot judge for himself, and about which there can be no difference of judgment among those able to judge, is the surprising incompetence of both authors in the matter of translation. Surprising in every respect, not only as showing a lack of familiarity with the French language, but a lack of familiarity with the features of the mind they are portraying; which leads their ignorance to put into Montaigne's mouth expressions sometimes absolutely at variance with his thought, sometimes simply devoid of any meaning. In either case the disloyalty is so great that their readers should be informed of it. I have therefore drawn up and subjoin a list of some of their mistakes. I hardly think I have observed or noted all of them. I do not note unimportant or questionable errors, of which there are many, nor the frequent unconscious misrepresentations.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN.

P. 19. "[My father] forgetting the *gentle aspect* of his own house"—*le doux air; i. e.*, the pleasant atmosphere, the easy conditions.

P. 21. [Speaking of wearing an old cloak of his father's] " 'I seem,' he says, with an outbreak of manly tenderness, 'to wrap myself up in my father.' " This would appear to be taken, without acknowledgment, from Pater's 'Gaston de Latour.' Pater, also, strangely treats the passage as a quotation. There is no such expression—nothing at all like it—in the Essays.

P. 34. "Turnebus, true scholar and no pedant, did not dress simply, as a gentleman should"—"il n'avoit rien de pedantesque que le port de sa robe, et quelque façon externe qui pouvoit n'estre pas civilisée à la courtisane."

P. 41. [Describing the fate of Moneins] "Alarmed . . . by the accident of an ill omen—for his nose happened to bleed"—"il luy advint . . . de saigner du nez." "Saigner du nez" is, in a figurative sense, an idiomatic locution meaning "manquer de résolution," to have an attack of cowardice.

P. 61. "In the essay 'That we are not to judge of our *hour* till after Death' "—"de nostre *heur*"; *i. e.*, fortune.

P. 146. [Latin inscription] "long weary of the service of the Court and of public employments"—"of law courts" (*aulici*).

P. 150. [Speaking of his Library] "I enter it . . ."—"Je suis sur l'entrée"; *i. e.*, his tower was at the entrance of his courtyard.

P. 170. " 'Let people tell me what they will,' writes Montaigne, depreciating his own attainments in a way which commended them, 'I understand nothing of Greek.' " —"On m'en dira ce qu'on voudra" refers to Amyot's translation of Plutarch, not to Montaigne himself; "I *who* understand nothing of Greek" see (in the translation) this and that.

P. 306. In the part of the 'Voyages' written by Montaigne in Italian he says, Professor Dowden thinks, that "the peasants with lutes in their hands sang the pastoral songs of Ariosto." What he does say is that he was struck by seeing "quest contadini il liuto in mano e fin alle pastorelle [the shepherdesses] l'Ariosto in bocca." The above mistranslation is Waters's recent rendering, and it has already been accepted by another student of European literature. It is high time its circulation should be stopped, and that it should be recognized that Ariosto wrote no pastoral songs, and that Montaigne did not think he did.

MR. WHIBLEY.

P. 192. " 'I have no more made my book,' said he, 'than my book has made me; a book consubstantial to its author, of a fit occupation, a member of my life, not of an occupation and end, strange and foreign, as all other books.' " This is Florio's translation, and characteristically unintelligible. The original is difficult of translation, but not obscure. The difficulty lies in the French word "occupation," which is not in the least represented by the corresponding

English word. It is used by Montaigne here and elsewhere in somewhat the sense of our "business," or of the French "emploi," "exercice," travail," as may be seen by observing that it was frequently changed in the posthumous edition of the Essays to these words or others of similar meaning: "D'une occupation propre" may therefore be rendered, "of a special kind of business," or, more loosely, "of a peculiar tenor" (Cotton has it, "of a peculiar design"), or, even, "of a peculiar nature," and the whole sentence may be read: "a book of the same substance as its author, of a peculiar nature, a part of my very life, not with a nature and a purpose unlike, as [is the case with] all other books."

On the next page Mr. Whibley uses Florio again. "I control and taste myself."—"Contreroller" means here "to examine"; "gouster," "to taste in order *to pass judgment.*"

P. 197. "Guevara's 'Mirror of Princes'"—"L'Horloge des Princes."

P. 201. "He always drank five glasses of wine, no more and no less."—"En esté et en un repas appetissant [je ne bois] que trois fois precisement; mais . . . je coule, à un besoing, jusques à cinq."

P. 201. "It was a matter of conscience with him to eat flesh on fish days."—"Je fais conscience de manger de la viande le jour du poisson"; *i. e.*, it is *against* my conscience. Perhaps Mr. Whibley thought his phrase meant that, but it hardly would to most ears.

The same remark may apply to a sentence on page 199: "He was of a mean stature."—"Je suis d'une taille un peu au dessoubs de la moyenne," of a little less than medium height.

P. 217. Here we have Florio again (revised) and always unintelligible. "I do more willingly wind up a notable sentence that I may sew it upon me than unwind my thread to go fetch it."—"Je tors bien plus volontiers une belle sentence pour la coudre [a word constantly used figuratively by Montaigne] sur moy que je ne destors mon fil pour l'aller querir." "I am much more ready to twist a fine sentence in order to connect it with what I am saying than I am to untwist [to loosen] my thread [of thought; "fil" is frequently used by Montaigne in this complete sense] to go in search of it"—that is, in search of an illustration. All the rest of the long quotation of which this is a part is very clumsy.

If the books about Montaigne induced their readers to read Montaigne himself, what a satisfaction that would be! But it is only rarely that they recommend this course, and I fear their influence is often quite unconsciously in the opposite direction. GRACE NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 10, 1905.

Notes.

McClure, Phillips & Co. will soon have ready 'Irish History and the Irish Movement,' by Goldwin Smith.

Shortly to be published by Macmillan Co. is 'Japan and the Far East,' by B. L. Putnam Weale; and, in the spring, Winston Spencer Churchill's biography of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill.

Welsh people in all parts of the world will be interested in a book called 'Welsh Religious Leaders in the Victorian Era,' which will be put out very shortly by James Nisbet (London). These leaders, seventeen in number, are representative of the five great religious denominations to which the Welsh mainly belong. Their life and work are discussed in each case by a coreligionist selected from among the ablest theologians in Wales. The book owes its origin to the Rev. Vyrnwy Morgan, who is already well known to his countrymen in the United States. He is also its editor, and one of its main contributors.

Among the taking reprints of the present season is Messrs. Longman's four-volume edition of William Morris's 'Earthly Paradise,' tastefully bound and clear of print, with a portrait of Morris at the front. Tennyson's 'Maud,' in a holiday dress, also comes to us from Dodd, Mead & Co., with illustrations by Margaret and Helen Maitland Armstrong. Those of the latter artist are full-page oval designs, with a little color wash, and are, if somewhat amateurish, pleasantly quaint; the others are black-and-white headpieces, and effectively ornamental. There is a not too obtrusive floreated green border to every page. There being no end to Shakspere, we greet without surprise a reissue of the Oxford Shakspere, edited, with a glossary, by W. J. Craig (H. Frowde). This handy single volume is one of the India paper series, and now a larger and more legible type has been employed, to the reader's great gain. It is simply marvellous that 1,350 fair pages can be so compressed. It is accompanied to our table by a plain, straightforward reissue of Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspere,' with sixteen illustrations, reduced from the Boydell plates if we do not mistake, and another of Grimm's Tales, with twenty-two illustrations by George Cruikshank—both popularizations of the Oxford Edition. The 767 pages of the Newnes-Scribner 'Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith,' in green and gold, make but a finger's breadth, and are light for the pocket, in the manner of its charming companions. Very composite are the illustrations of Messrs. Appleton's fresh presentation of Kipling's 'The Seven Seas.' Some might have been made for the occasion, but here a Turner and there another old print is intercalated, and again a real photograph of an ocean liner. Being full-page and widely separated, they are not incongruous, and do not mar the attempt to adorn in addition to print, paper, and the green page border.

It may be said to be the rule that a good book, expensively issued at first, will sooner or later be redressed for the modest bookbuyer; if losing something, also gaining something. Mr. A. F. Pollard's able work on 'Henry VIII.' is an example. Three years ago, we noticed it at length in the sumptuous Goupil-Scribner edition. Now it comes to us with Messrs. Longman's imprint, a modest duodecimo of 470 pages in clear type, shorn of all its external glory, deprived of all the splendid portraits, save Holbein's chalk drawing of Henry, but containing the original substance, or the real thing. Moreover, Mr. Pollard has added reference to the non-contemporaneous writers to whom he was, in a small degree, indebted, and to the original sources as well. Text and notes, too, have undergone some revision. In fine, the cheaper edition may challenge the costlier on the scholarly plane.

It is perhaps a unique thing for a book mainly of technical criticism of the text of a Latin author to be honored by reprinting almost a generation after its first issue, and a full twenty years after its author's death. Such has been, however, the happy fate of the 'Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus,' by the late Prof. H. A. J. Munro, of Cambridge University (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan). The new edition is substantially the same as the old. The only addition of note consists in the reprint of three brief articles contributed by Munro to the (English) *Journal of Philology* after the publication of his book. Even these the editor of the new edition (Mr. J. D. Duff) tries to keep concealed by distributing them in their proper local sequence through the pages of the book, and omitting specific reference to them in his preface. A comparison, page by page, of the two editions reveals them, however, on pages 143, 150, and 219. The first proposes to read *hilarate procitatis* in Catullus 63. 18; the second to substitute *uestis ubi* for *uestibuli*, in 64. 276; and the third, to read, in 107. 7f., *aut magis acuum Optandum hac uita ducere quis poterit.*

The little book on 'Roman Education,' by Prof. A. S. Wilkins (Cambridge, Eng., University Press; New York: Macmillan), turned out to be his last, for all classical scholars will have marked with regret that he died recently. It contains in six chapters and a hundred pages all that is really known upon this subject, and it is the best compendium which we have seen. Without having the appearance of being too learned—for its style is pleasant and the method of treatment makes the book easy to read—yet chapter and verse are given for all the important statements, and a list of authorities is prefixed for the benefit of those who would go deeper into the subject. We are glad to observe that Professor Wilkins puts Roman familiarity with Greek earlier than is commonly recognized, and that he brings out the important fact that the Romans were the first nation to base their culture on the study of literature in a foreign language; thus marking out the lines on which the higher education of all civilized nations was thereafter to move.

Edith Harwood's 'Notable Pictures in Florence' (E. P. Dutton & Co.) aims to help the uninitiated in art matters, and she proposes to follow it up by similar treatises on Roman and Venetian art. She recognizes the inability of the ordinary sightseer to dwell long enough on the pictures of old Italian masters to enter into their train of thought, and to understand their meaning, fraught as it is with their serious interpretation of life and religion. In her introduction she tells briefly of the evolution, in the thirteenth century, of the revival of art in Italy, in both architecture and sculpture, from the inspiration of Greek ideals; the first work of supreme artistic merit being the pulpit in the Baptistery in Pisa by Niccolò Pisano, whose possession of a Greek sarcophagus had awakened his enthusiasm for classic art, and induced him to found a new style. The impulse to effect a change from the prevalent Byzantine school of painting was, from the art of Pisano and his son, transmitted to Giotto, the first of the Italian painters to begin that great period which produced Masaccio, Donatello, Michelangelo, Titian,

and Leonardo. Miss Harwood arranges her artists alphabetically, giving us some account of their lives and their most important works, and telling where these are to be found, with small illustrations, good only for assistance in remembering the compositions. She includes the principal artists represented in the Belle Arti, the Uffizi, and the Pitti, along with the frescoes in the churches. The book is good to read, full of interesting historical detail, and ample in quotations from writers ancient and modern in prose and verse.

The 'Egypt, Burma, and British Malayasia' of W. E. Curtis (Fleming H. Revell Co.) follows so closely the lines of the same prolific writer's 'Modern India,' also published this year and reviewed in these columns two months ago, that any separate notice seems unnecessary. There is in the present book the same easy, confident, and confidential style of sketching and statisticizing (if the word may pass) that makes not unpleasant reading in Mr. Curtis's previous volume. One sees vividly everything he writes about. The few inaccuracies. the redundancy of superlatives, even the rather offensive tone of intimacy assumed with the reader, really do not matter. The subdued humor is thoroughly American: "Jiddah is of particular interest to us because it contains the tomb of our Mother Eve. I never heard before where she was buried, but it is a comfort to know." "There are forty-four species of snakes in Borneo, of which fourteen are venomous, and their bites are as conclusive as a projectile from a thirteen-inch gun." So the book goes on. To peruse it is like reading the inside sheets of a Sunday newspaper. It is all fit to print, and alternately didactic and amusing.

Messrs. Scribner have imported 'Golf Faults Illustrated,' by G. W. Beldam and J. H. Taylor. A careful inspection of the illustrations leads to the conclusion that golf instruction by means of photography has probably reached if not passed its limit of usefulness. There are two obvious objections to the present volume. First, that while Taylor's methods are altogether admirable for Taylor, they would not be likely to suit a man of entirely different build—different proportional length of arms, legs, etc.—and that accurate measurements on the stance mat are therefore valueless. Second, that the differences between the illustrations showing the right and wrong way of making strokes are in some cases so slight that the beginner is about as likely to remember the one as the other when the critical moment arrives. We would suggest as the next development a book of photographs of the different strokes, to be attached to the player's garments, and consulted before he addresses the ball —in other words, "Every man his own Taylor."

Dr. Arnim Graesel, author of the well-known 'Handbuch der Bibliothekslehre,' has prepared a popular 'Führer für Bibliotheksbenutzer,' containing various information as to the regulations in vogue in German libraries, the character of their catalogues, examples of classification schemes, etc. The comparative uniformity of administration in German libraries has made the preparation of such a guide an easier task than it would be in this country, where the diversity between the several types of libraries and between individual libraries, too, is much greater. The guide contains a list of common works of reference, which might have been more up to date.

The British Academy have just put out the first volume of their Proceedings. The first twenty pages are introductory, containing a "Brief Account of the Foundation of the Academy," the Charter of Incorporation, the lists of Fellows and Members of the Council, and the Addresses of the President, Lord Reay, at the "Annual General Meetings." The rest of the book is made up of the papers read before the society during the session of 1903-1904, and illustrating the various studies it is intended to promote. Under the head of philosophy come "Idealism and the Theory of Knowledge," by Dr. Edward Caird; "The Centenary of Kant's Death," by Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson; "John Locke as a Factor in Modern Thought," by Mr. A. Campbell Frazer, and, we presume, Prof. Percy Gardner's summary of "Psychological Elements in Greek Sculpture." Law and history are represented by "Locke's Theory of the State," by Sir Frederick Pollock; by Sir Courtenay Ilbert's "Centenary of the French Civil Code"; by Baron de Bildt's "Conclave of Clement X.," and by Professor Rhŷs's "Irish Studies." With these must also be ranked "The Ferment in Education on the Continent and in America," by Mr. Michael Ernest Sadler, and Prof. W. M. Ramsay's summary of the "Excavations in Asia Minor." On the philological side we have Mr. F. G. Kenyon's paper on Greek Papyri, Mr. T. W. Rhys Davids's "Oriental Studies in England and Abroad," and Sir Richard Jebb's "Bacchylides," not to mention Mr. Arthur J. Evans's "Summary of the Pictographic and Linear Scripts of Minoan Crete and their Relations," and Mr. Israel Gollancz's Shakespeariana. We read on the back of the title-page that the single papers contained in the volume are issued in separate form, and can be had from the publisher (H. Frowde).

The centenary of Trafalgar has left its mark on the literature of 1905. Many books have been published about Nelson, mostly of a popular character, among which that of Mr. Newbolt deserves conspicuous mention. The Navy Records Society have also, in the 'Fighting Instructions from 1530 to 1816,' added to our store some valuable material on the tactical side of Trafalgar. Among the numerous articles appearing in the English press may be noted, as of special importance or readability, a series in the London *Times* on Trafalgar, an article in the *Athenæum* by Professor Laughton, and one in the *Publishers' Circular*, by its editor, Mr. Marston, who makes, and seemingly proves, the interesting point that Nelson was a faithful reader of at least one of Shakspere's plays. In it he found the perfect expression of his own character; his was the same heroic temper as that of Henry V. when he exclaimed:

> ". . . if it be a sin to covet honor,
> I am the most offending soul alive."

The parallel between Shakspere's hero and Nelson is certainly curious, and is on a line with the opinion expressed in our columns on the anniversary of Trafalgar, that "if Napoleon was modern, Nelson was Elizabethan."

Systematic efforts are being made for the propaganda of Buddhism in Germany. A Buddhistischer Missionsverein für Deutschland has been founded with headquarters in Leipzig, the object of which is to spread the Buddhistic philosophy of religion not only in the Fatherland, but also on the Continent in general. A monthly review is being published in the interest of this propaganda.

In former times the rectors of the universities of Russia were appointed by the Ministers of Education. Now the Government has given the faculties the right to make their own selection, and this has recently been done by all the universities without creating any disturbance. A prominent Leipzig journal, in this connection, expresses the hope that a change in the statutes of the Russian institutions may soon be effected, so that they will cease to be mere higher gymnasia, and become in reality schools of the grade they profess to be. In its Russian transformations even the old German University of Dorpat, now called "Yuryeff," is by the *Vedemosti* of St. Petersburg declared to be "a parody of a university."

"An absolute mental famine" is the strong phrase with which a Japanese describes the lack of good reading in his country. The library of Prof. Max Müller has been bought by Baron Iwasaki for the Tokio University, and it is now proposed to establish a great popular circulating and lending library there. An appeal to aid in this work has been made to the English people, signed, among others, by Mrs. Max Müller, the Master of the Temple, and the editor of the *Contemporary Review*. It truthfully states that never before was such an opportunity offered for influencing the thought of another nation, for, besides the 4,000 Japanese students at the University and the 400 students in the College for Foreign Languages, there are already more than 2,600 Chinese students in Japan, whilst large numbers of Japanese are continuing their studies to qualify themselves as instructors in China.

The industrial development of the natives of parts of West Africa is going on apace. The exports of cocoa from the Gold Coast have grown in ten years from less than 30,000 pounds in 1894 to 11,500,000 pounds last year, having a value of $1,000,000. A most interesting feature of the industry is that it is all the work of the natives themselves. For its still further development the Government proposes to build a railway from the coast to the cocoa district, and an engineer has been sent out to survey the route. Harbor works are also to be constructed at Accra, the terminus of the railway, consisting of a breakwater and jetty to enable lighters and steam launches to take the place of the dangerous surf boats now in use.

—It speaks well for the industry and enthusiasm of American scholarship that, in spite of the rare and inconsiderable opportunities enjoyed by workers on this side of the ocean for research among the great collections of public documents in Europe —collections to which scholars on the ground have daily access—there should nevertheless be recorded to our credit from time to time finds relating to figures of the first importance in the history of literature. Students of English literature, especially, will recall in this connection Dr. F. J. Mather's discovery some years ago (which was first announced in the columns of this journal) of the document in the Public Rec-

ord Office in London which fixed exactly the limits of Chaucer's first Italian journey. We take pleasure now in calling attention to another discovery of documents in the same great repository, which Mr. Charles William Wallace of the University of Nebraska has recently announced in the London *Standard* for October 18. This, though of less importance than Dr. Mather's in its bearing on the life and work of the particular writer, is in a sense even more startling, inasmuch as it offers something new concerning an author about whom the industry of research has long centred more perhaps than about any other in the literature of the world—namely, Shakspere. In the course of investigations with regard to the companies of boy-actors at Blackfriars and Whitefriars theatres from 1597 to the middle of the reign of James I., Mr. Wallace came upon three legal documents dated respectively April 26, May 5, and May 22, 1615, and relating to a suit in the Court of Chancery to which Shakspere was a party. The suit concerns certain properties within the precincts of Blackfriars, and Shakespere (or Shakespeare, for his name is spelt once each way in the text of these documents) figures as one of seven plaintiffs in the suit, among whom the person of highest rank is a Sir Thomas Bendish, baronet. The defendant is one Mathew Bacon, who, as sole executor of his mother Ann Bacon, deceased, is holding in his possession certain "deeds, charters, letters patent," etc., which were necessary to the titles of the various properties of the plaintiffs in Blackfriars. The plaintiffs assert, in their bill of complaint—which, by the way, surpasses in verbosity even the achievements of lawyers of more recent date—that the papers in question were left in trust with Ann Bacon "for and unto the use and behoofe of yor Oratores," and they accordingly petition that her executor be required to give them up. It does not appear how these papers came into Ann Bacon's hands in the first instance. Mr. Wallace has published *in extenso* in the above-mentioned number of the *Standard* the three documents he has discovered. They are respectively the Bill of Complaint, the defendant's Answer, and the decree of the Court, which last, it may be remarked, was in favor of Shakspere and his fellow-plaintiffs, so that it is to be supposed that the papers were duly turned over to them.

—Mr. Wallace's find thus puts us in possession of the records of a second suit in which Shakspere was engaged—the first, which has long been known, being that over the Stratford tithes in 1610. It is to be hoped that these interesting documents will be republished in the near future in some organ more generally accessible for reference than a London daily newspaper. One cannot but regret that the publication of Mr. Lambert's handy volume entitled 'Shakespeare Documents' could not by some accident have been delayed a year, so as to have included the new find, but we hope that another edition of that useful work may soon be called for. In conclusion, it will be of great interest to students of the Elizabethan drama to learn from Mr. Wallace's communication to the *Standard* that he has come upon a number of other documents, in the course of his researches, which "change the view of the early history of both Blackfriars and Whitefriars theatres, as also of the origin, career, and outcome of the children companies there, besides throwing light on certain authors and plays"; *Hamlet*, it seems, being included among the latter (that is, the famous passage in the Second Act concerning the boy-actors). These documents cannot fail to be of the very highest interest, and we trust that Mr. Wallace will not long defer increasing still further by their publication the obligations under which he has already laid all students of literature, through the addition of a new item to the biography of the world's greatest poet.

—Half of volume vii. of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde) is completed with the October issue (Pennage-Pfennig). The exotic initial P can here claim only one English word, Penny; but when the English occupied Britain they brought with them the word Pepper, already borrowed from the Latin. A later borrowing, through the French, of Peppered (for venereal infection) is now obsolete. Peppery is here first set down to Scott in 1826. Perfervid, after not ancient Latin, but Buchanan's, is quoted from Masson in 1856. The plural Peoples was avoided in sixteenth-century Bibles, and was looked at askance as late as 1830. Hence, perhaps, our own early writers on the Indian tribes spoke rather of "nations." But, across the Channel, "Peuples, voilà votre sainte alliance!" sang Béranger at the time of the Crimean War. Pert had from the fifteenth century the long vowel, and this has been retained dialectically and in the United States ("peart") along with the special sense of 'sharp,' 'adroit,' 'clever,' obsolete in England after the seventeenth century. Pesky, which may derive somehow from Pest as meaning 'plaguy,' began its literary course on this side the water, with Major Jack Downing in 1848. In the same year Thackeray brought out Penwiper. The Period, in punctuation, dates back to 1609; Pessimism (habit of mind or point of view) to 1815. That English verbal prodigality we so much prize was docked when Percase dropped out of the series Peradventure, Perchance, Perhaps (the latest of all). Etymological relationship is not as obvious as it is real between Penthouse and (say) Appendicitis. Attention should be called to Dr. Murray's historical exposition under Petition.

—The *Quarterly Journal of Economics* for November opens with a timely article by Prof. S. J. McLean of Stanford University on the English Railway Commission of 1888. That body differs from our Interstate Commerce Commission, but resembles it also. The organization in England is more strictly that of a court. Of the three members, one is a Superior Court judge, deputed to act as member of the commission for the time being. The decisions are final on questions of fact; and appeals, allowable on questions of law, are more in the nature of appeals in the regular course of adjudication. On the other hand, the activity of our Interstate Commerce Commission in conducting investigations and furthering publicity—probably the most useful part of its work—has no counterpart in England. Neither body has the rate-making power; each has to deal chiefly with the troublesome question of what constitutes "discrimination" and "relatively unreasonable rates." It is striking, however, that in England Professor McLean finds only one instance of a possible secret rebate or discrimination, and virtually no instances of the favors to individual shippers which are the worst of American railway evils. Noteworthy, also, is the immensely greater number of complaints brought before the English Board of Trade, whose jurisdiction is for conciliation only, but whose usefulness is none the less great. In England, as in this country, the expense of proceedings before the commission is heavy, and makes the remedy virtually unavailable for the ordinary shipper, unless some commercial organization acts for him. On these various matters Professor McLean's exhaustive account gives all needed information for those who have occasion to follow into its intricacies this phase of the railway problem.

—The October number of the *Library Journal* contains several papers on library conditions in the various Pacific States, discussed by Mr. W. L. Brewster of Portland, Mr. C. W. Smith of Seattle, and Mr. L. W. Ripley of Sacramento. Previous to the passing of the State Library law in 1901 there was no free public library in Oregon. There were school and college libraries, of course, and some subscription libraries; the most important of the latter being the Portland Library, with 35,000 volumes, which owned its own building and other property, valued at $267,000. Under the new law this was transformed into a free public library, while still retaining its character of a private corporation, and has been eminently successful. The history of public libraries in Washington is somewhat less meagre; the Public Library at Tacoma was established in 1890, that at Seattle in 1891, and that at Spokane in 1893. The Washington Library law was also passed in 1901, and under this act eleven public libraries have been organized. California, with its older culture, has naturally more and larger libraries than its two sister States. The oldest, the Sacramento Mercantile Library, was established in 1851, but it was not until 1878 that any general library law was passed; in 1901 this was "greatly amended and revised to bring it more in accordance with the results of experience in other States." The majority of California libraries are concentrated within a radius of fifty miles from San Francisco. "This propinquity has developed an atmosphere, a library spirit, perhaps even a generous rivalry, not only among library workers, but the communities themselves, with much resulting advantage to the libraries." The libraries within the charmed circle are described by Mr. M. G. Dodge of the Stanford University Library in a very interesting paper on "California as a Place of Residence for the Scholar." Besides the State Library at Sacramento, with its 125,000 volumes, the Library of the Mechanics' Institute in San Francisco, with 120,000, the Public Library in the same city with 150,000, the State University Library at Berkeley with 130,000, and that of the Leland Stanford Junior University, already approaching the 100,000 mark, are mentioned the unaccessible libraries of Mr. H. H. Bancroft, with 50,000 volumes relating to the history of the Northwest, and of the Sutro estate, with its 200,000 volumes, including "the best collection in America as to numbers and quality of books of the

fifteenth century." A fifth paper, by Prof. J. Schafer of the University of Oregon treats of the "Sources of Northwestern History." It is interesting to learn that the History Department of the University of Oregon is planning a coöperative bibliography of the history of the Northwest.

—The recent celebration of the seventieth birthday of the Norwegian historian, Ernst Sars, by a torchlight procession and a public banquet, attended by the Prime Minister and other leading members of the Government, the president of the national Legislature, the most prominent men in science, literature, and art, as well as in other walks of life, is interesting when viewed in relation to the mixed feelings with which the initiative of the Storthing was received by the same circles of society when, about thirty years ago, it placed the amount of a professor's salary at the disposal of the King and his Cabinet, provided they would appoint Mr. Sars a professor of history in the University. Sars early proclaimed himself a disciple of Comte, and it was widely felt that this "free-thinker's" holding a chair in the University meant the complete destruction of religion, morals, and all other conservative forces of society. Sars, in his writings (chief among which is his 'Synopsis of Norwegian History,' in four volumes), first among Norwegian historians attempted to demonstrate a continuity of development. While his predecessors were at a loss how to explain the apparent antithesis between the marvellous popular energy displayed during the early centuries and Norway's complete inability to maintain itself beside Denmark and Sweden in the following centuries, Sars finds an explanation in the original constitution of Norwegian society, with, on one hand, a very strong royal power, and, on the other, an independent pessantry, between which the originally existing aristocracy was weakened to such an extent that it was unable to uphold the power of the kingdom in the union with Denmark and Sweden at a time when national consciousness was chiefly manifested by the feudal aristocracy, while democracy was still in a dormant condition. But this same independent peasantry became the bulwark of the country's freedom when, under the Constitution of 1814, the people were again called upon to assume the reins of government. Sars's views, perhaps more than any other single agency, have contributed to the shaping of political thought and events in Norway, and to that movement towards complete independence the consummation of which we are now witnessing.

ANOTHER WAR MEMOIR.

A Southern Girl in '61: The War-Time Memories of a Confederate Senator's Daughter. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright. Illustrated from contemporary portraits. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

In more than a score of volumes Southern women have described their experiences during the civil war. Many of these volumes have qualities of rare excellence, as all readers of the recently published recollections of Mrs. Clay and of Mrs. Pryor will readily believe. Two diaries—Mrs. McGuire's 'Diary of a Southern Refugee' (which appeared nearly forty years ago), and Mrs. Chestnut's 'Diary from Dixie'—are by far the best of the score. Mrs. McGuire came close to producing a work of genius; and the least valuable volumes are well worth reading. Therefore honors are not easily to be won in this field.

Mrs. Wright's book would take high rank if its substance fully corresponded with its title and such chapter-headings as 'Childhood in Texas," "From Village to City Life," "The Makers of History," "The Feminine Spirit of the Confederacy," "Southern Belles and Southern Soldiers," "War-Time Correspondence," "The Winter of '62-'63," "The Fortune of War," "Suffering in the South," etc., etc. The author was but eighteen years old when the war ended. Her earliest years, devoid of important incidents, were spent in a commonplace Texas village. Then she passed a year or so in Austin, where her father, Lewis T. Wigfall, was State Senator. When he became United States Senator, in 1860, she accompanied the family to Washington; but she and a younger sister were soon placed in school near Boston. There they were when the war began—children of fourteen and nine years. A Baltimore friend of the family obtained passes so that they easily crossed from the Federal to the Confederate side of the Potomac at Point of Rocks, and joined their parents in Richmond when it was still jubilant over the battle of Bull Run. After spending several months in a Virginia village on the Occoquan River, where Wigfall commanded a Texas brigade until he entered the Confederate Senate, the girls were placed in a Richmond boarding-school. They remained there most of the time until the summer of 1864, when their parents made a journey to Texas, and they were left in the care of Mrs. Joe Johnston, then at Atlanta. Anticipating the fall of that place, they sought safety at Macon, whence fear of Sherman's march, a few months later, drove them to Greenville, South Carolina. From there they were taken to Richmond, where they remained until about a week before its evacuation. Then, with many others, they went to North Carolina, and, later, to the Southwest, as we shall see.

Recollections of such experiences, if full and vivid, would make a thrilling narrative. A girl sees only the surface of things, and what she does not understand she is not likely to remember, nearly half a century later. So the recollections are about what one should expect. They are pleasing, although often thin and so disjointed, either in themselves or on account of the letters scattered among them, that one often sees hardly more relation between the subject of the chapter and much of its contents than between the name of any city and the names of any fifty of its inhabitants. The reminiscences were suitable for a magazine, where some of them have appeared. Nevertheless, the volume will be dear to the hearts of many Southerners, both of the new generation and of the old, for it gives true echoes of war-time sentiment and "chivalry." And here and there are bits of description characteristic of the time or of the Southerners.

During most of the war Charlottesville, Va., was a very attractive and comparatively safe retreat. The university students had gone into the army, and their vacated rooms and many others were crowded by numerous wounded officers and soldiers, wives and daughters of men in the army, and the better class of refugees from nearly all parts of the Confederacy. It was therefore a social centre of great importance to the young, whose natural sociability seemed intensified by the war. The belles and disabled officers dispelled all sorrows by dances and picnics, but these did not quite satisfy. There must be a tournament; and let that tournament be over at Monticello, made sacred by Jefferson. It was difficult to obtain conveyances of any sort to take them the few miles. Some went in an old coach, the only vehicle obtainable, while others were

"mounted on sorry-looking nags; and though the riding habits were the worse for wear, rather nondescript costumes the rule, and the attendant cavaliers in a more or less disabled condition, yet we enjoyed ourselves. That the gallant colonel had lost his eye in his country's service made the unsightly black patch a badge of honor—and the old, ragged, faded jacket with the hole in it, showing where the minié ball had just missed the brave heart beneath it, invested the boy captain with added charm. . . . Some of the Knights—with only one arm to use—held the reins in their teeth and dashed valiantly at the rings with wooden sticks, improvised as spears for the occasion."

The descriptions of the hospital train—"filled with wounded, sick, and dying soldiers, in all imaginable stages of disease and suffering"—in which Atlanta was left, and of that roundabout flight by rail from Macon to Greenville via Columbia, are good of their kind. So little attention has been paid to the experiences of refugees and to the picturesque phases of life to be seen in the cars and at the railroad stations, that all such accounts are welcome. And the picture of the Wigfalls returning homeward is still better. After Joe Johnston's surrender, Wigfall hoped to get from Georgia, where he then was, to join Kirby Smith's army beyond the Mississippi. He shaved off his bushy beard and put on the clothes of a common soldier, so as to pass as "the bearer, private J. A. White, of Company M, First Regiment of Texas Volunteers, a paroled prisoner of the Army of Northern Virginia, [who] has permission to go to his home, and there to remain undisturbed. He obtained an ordinary emigrant wagon for his family, and with others he pretended to have fallen in with these "emigrants" going West.

"Of course we had no money; that is, what the outside world called by that name. We had thousands of dear old Confederate currency, in $100 and $500 bills (with Stonewall Jackson's head engraved in one corner, and the Confederate banner draped over Gen. Washington, on the Great Seal, with 'Deo Vindice' underneath it, on the other), but some kind friend had given us a large box of tobacco, which was as good as specie any time for *a trade*—so we went on our way . . . while my father tramped the weary miles on foot among the Texas boys."

The other class of material of which the book is composed is war-time letters—letters written by the author, her mother, father, and a brother in the army, and many letters to Senator Wigfall from prominent Confederates, such as Beauregard, Joe Johnston, Lee, Stephens, and Wade Hampton. The descriptions quoted above

are surely intended to be precise, but recollections are not the most reliable of "human documents." Two sentences from a letter written by Mrs. Joe Johnston shortly after her flight from Columbia, will suffice to show a much more valuable and interesting kind of evidence:

"What a sight it was to see the poor people [of Columbia] flying almost [too] terror-stricken to know what they could do—many leaving with only little bundles of clothes—and many compelled to remain, for they had nothing but God to look to for shelter. . . . The sight of this town [Charlotte] to-day is lamentable: women hunting in every direction for shelter—and the people themselves beginning to move off for a safer place."

Unfortunately, none of the Wigfalls, except the son, near the end of the war, displayed special talent as letter-writers. He was on Hood's staff during most of 1864. This position and the intimacy between the Wigfalls and the Johnstons helped him to be very impartial when Hood succeeded Johnston. After going to say goodby to Johnston he wrote:

"No one could ever have told from his countenance or manner that anything unusual had occurred. . . . An universal gloom seemed cast over the army, for they were entirely devoted to him. Gen. Hood, however, has all the qualities to attach men to him, and it was not a comparison between the two, but love for, and confidence in, Gen. Johnston. . . . He [Hood] has applied himself, however, with heart and soul to the task, and I sincerely trust will bring us out of the campaign with benefit to the country and honor to himself."

Elsewhere in the volume we are told that Johnston's bearing remained quite perfect—perhaps even when, a few days later, the pretty Mrs. Clay met him at church and kissed him in the most public manner, just to let Mr. Davis know what she thought of the removal!

The most important letters from any one person are six or eight from Gen. Johnston to Senator Wigfall, explaining, from time to time, between December, 1862, and July, 1864, the tribulations of his service in the Southwest. It has not heretofore been generally known that Wigfall—the most blustering, ill-tempered, and intemperate of the school of "fire-eaters"—was Johnston's official spokesman at Richmond long after he (Wigfall) had quarrelled with Davis. It would be unfair to Johnston not to add that their intimacy was a not unnatural result of their being chance messmates in Richmond in the summer of 1862, after Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines. Gen. Grant and others of a later period have taught the world not to be greatly surprised if soldiers and sailors are lacking in worldly wisdom.

Much less than one would expect is said about Wigfall, who, in 1861, was described by a keen and impartial foreign visitor as "a good type of the men whom the institutions of the country produce or throw off." The daughter tells us that, in his early manhood, before he left South Carolina, he had a duel with Preston Brooks, whom he shot through the hip, and by whom he was shot through both thighs. Their seconds later became governors of South Carolina. He fought several other duels, and "when asked for his opinion, [he] would state with an earnestness of conviction . . . that he was a firm believer in the *code duello* as a factor in the improvement of both morals and the manners of a community!" What pictorial illustrations of morals and manners were Wigfall and Brooks! Yet Wigfall made at least one very wise observation in the course of his stormy and inglorious career, and this deserves to be pinned to the unraised curtain, with the notice, "Historians, please copy." At one time there were doubts as to whether Senator R. M. T. Hunter of Virginia would join the Confederates. Wigfall said: "I don't know what we Southern men would do without Hunter; he is the only one among us who knows anything about finance!" He might later have added, with equal force: "Having Hunter, alas! we never discovered what to do with him."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—I.

Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Princess' (Scribners) is a friend so prized by young and old that she needs no word of recommendation. In the preface, the author tells how, when she was putting the original story into a play, there started into life a whole new set of persons and things. These in their turn were so well beloved of the child-public that the publishers asked for another story with more revealings of invisible ink. This Mrs. Burnett has now written. Banyan-like, another book has taken root, and, for aught we know, the pleasing process may go on *ad infinitum*, book and play alternating. If there is room for suggestion in so well established a scheme, it would be that in her next incarnation the charming princess might not say, "I've thought perhaps I might do something wicked . . . but I *couldn't* be vulgar"; that she might repress her cry, "How beautiful! Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' I have so wanted to read that!" and that, along with this excess of inward light, the glare of her diamond mines might be abated, her fortunes restored, by all means, but not restored tenfold, her riches squared to our proportioned strength. The illustrations in color by Ethel Franklin Betts are pretty and in the main illustrative. The book is in beautiful holiday dress, and we advise the fortunate children who become owners of copies to hide them from inevitably covetous parents.

Two other old friends, revived and newly dressed, are Miss Alcott's 'Under the Lilacs' and 'Jack and Jill' (Little, Brown & Co.), both illustrated prettily in black and white, the former by Alice Barber Stephens, the latter by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. The renascence of former acquaintances like these gives something to think of in relation to the then and now of children's books. There have been critics who, while delighting in the generally bracing atmosphere of Miss Alcott's books, have found somewhat to object to in the slang, the untidy English, and even more strongly in the amateur lovemaking. Upon the charge of slang it must be owned that wonder-working Time has had an effect. Whether because the slang of yesterday is often the usage of to-day, or because every succeeding period has bettered the instruction of the original villany—who shall say? An enormous amount of cruelty to children has been perpetrated in this way. Certainly the Alcott books read less offendingly than they once did in this respect. As to the lovemaking in them, it remains a distinct blot on girl and boy literature. Not that it ever monopolizes the scene or takes any but a natural turn. The plea that "things are so" is irrelevant. This, the crux of so much of the whole dispute in art matters, may well be waived for our children. They will not be hurt by exaggeration in what a modern writer calls "the hoary bugbear of retributive justice"; but a good many "things" that are "so" should be postponed to a later day. It is fair to say that 'Under the Lilacs' is an exception in this matter so far as the boys and girls go. But why need the leading lady read letters with a far-away look?

Another Jack and Jill claim attention in an attractive volume beautifully printed by Dodd, Mead & Co., and illustrated by Anna M. Upjohn ('Some Adventures of Jack and Jill'). This is a story of family life in Santa Cruz, told by a little resident girl of British lineage with Danish playmates, and neighbors of sundry races, both black and white. She gives a charming picture of island life, with its natural beauties and its many-sided human interests, and she is a very engaging little girl. The atmosphere of her own home is distinctly English, even to the persistent "like we do" of English writers. There is a bewilderingly delightful out-of-door life, its interests ranging from boys' clubs and lonely sea-beaches to hurricanes, quicksands, and the rescue of a black fugitive found trembling on Jill's own premises. The censor, if a purist, will find that narrative in the first person pays for its pretty advantage by here and there constraining the little heroine to an egoism no more pleasing in child literature than in novels. And the same censor would draw a line through the miniature heart affair of Jill and Feddy, a blameless episode of looks and lockets, yet a flaw. And this is, in most ways, a particularly good story, which one would like to see perfect.

'Kristy's Surprise Party,' by Olive Thorne Miller, with colored illustrations by Ethel N. Farnsworth (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a collection of stories strung on a birthday. In one is a stirring picture of the adventure of a girl in the Chicago fire, another describes a Western blizzard and a young girl's rescue of a schoolmate. A good Indian story and sundry others of domestic adventure make a group well written, full of interest, and suited to middle youth.

In 'The Schoolhouse in the Woods,' by A. G. Plympton, illustrated from drawings by Clara E. Atwood (Little, Brown & Co.), there stands out strongly in evidence that odious person, the adult over the child's shoulder, with whom the author forever exchanges winks. As the narrative advances, however, the monster does not increase in size, and there is a respectable residuum of story concerning itself with a country school and with the friendship between a nice little Rosalie and a much persecuted colored child. The comic relief is mainly afforded by grown-ups and is oppressive; but there is a pleasant breath of wood-lore and of child nature, good and naughty, with, properly, at the last, a little popular triumph for black Sally. It is a book which would do best service in being read aloud by a judicious editor, who should cull the flowers and skip the thorns. If he be sufficiently adult, he may find amusement in hearing an old gentleman

who was a schoolboy in '56 using as his favorite word of reproach, "Varlet!" quite like a character in Scott or Shakspere.

'The Widow O'Callahan's Boys' are not new, only newly edited and printed, their gay new colored clothes furnished with skill and taste by Florence Scovil Shinn. The stanch widow and her seven sons are an admirable object-lesson in faithfulness to the claims of small things. Quite inimitable is Mrs. O'Callahan's Irish way of putting things, which furnishes the salt to the solid nutriment of the story. For a boy to begin by doing housework in an apron and culminate in the lofty post of a drygoods clerk has not an heroic sound, to be sure, but it becomes a sort of chivalrous adventure when it is done for a mother who leads each son to victory with a discriminating hand. "There's books of all sorts," she says, "but it's the history book that cures the consate." Of her most obstreperous son she observes: "It's not so much that he's iver for doin' what he can't, but he's awful set against doin' what he can."

From Little, Brown & Co., too, comes 'Shipwrecked in Greenland,' by Arthur R. Thompson, with photographic illustrations of great interest. There is just enough story to hold together the very entertaining chapters of adventure—"based in part upon the experiences of that unfortunate expedition which, on board the steamer *Miranda*, came to grief off the coast of Greenland in the summer of 1894." Manners and customs, flora and fauna, Eskimos and cameras, icebergs and polar bears make this a capital book for boys and boys' sisters.

An ideal combination of poet and artist has been made in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Child's Garden of Verses,' illustrated in black and white and in color by Jessie Willcox Smith (Scribners). This edition must take the nurseries of the mother country as well as our own by storm. The print is bold and clear, and set in generous margins, and the entrance is through a real gateway on the cover and a charming title-page of child and garden. The text drawings are commendable, but Miss Smith's strength lies in her palette, and the round dozen full-page plates are a sheer delight. There is even here, of course, a choice, and we mark our own preference for "In winter I get up at night," "My Shadow," "The Hayloft," "Northwest Passage," "Picture-books in Winter" (perhaps best of all), and the remarkably well-grouped composition at the close, "To Auntie." Happy the child that receives this book for a gift, as a source of instruction in taste both for poetry and for art.

An excellent little book for young musicians, young folk generally, and all others, is the 'Johann Sebastian Bach' of Ziemssen, translated by George P. Upton, and issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, as one of the series called "Life Stories for Young People." Bach's was a career which, without forcing, lends itself to a pattern story, for it was a life made romantic by genius, and exemplary by the industry which never asked of genius a single concession. The story is well told, with commendable fidelity to fact, and the translation is exceedingly good.

'Stories from Wagner,' by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), is another excellent little compilation for young students of music or myth. "Directed primarily to the needs of young people," it is worth the attention of older ones, as are all really good young books. The stories of all the Wagner operas are told without musical comment, but following fairly closely the acts and scenes in a connected whole. The language is straightforward, with frequent exact quotations to keep one in the current. Though abridged, naturally, each takes in all that is vital to the opera without getting into depths metaphysical or otherwise too exacting for the immature understanding. For the non-musical as legend and fairy-tale, for the young music lover who has still in anticipation the Wagner music drama, it is a capital little book. Kurwenal figures as "Kurneval," and Brangäne as "Brangeane" throughout the Tristan story; but these slips and a few intermeddling wills and shalls are the only discernible blemishes.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's "new stories of the old plantation," 'Told by Uncle Remus' (McClure, Phillips & Co.), shows the familiar vein unexhausted. There are many new and strange vocables, new "creeturs"—Mr. Cricket and Old Craney-Crow—and, above all, a new auditor, the "little-boy's" little boy. In fact, a full generation has been delighted by these animal narratives and now the second may properly appear upon the scene. Miss Sally's grandson is cleverly differentiated from his father, and becomes in Mr. Harris's hands almost a psychological study, delicately worked out. The consummate art of our folklorist is nowhere more manifest than in "Brother Fox follows the fashion." Three designers have been called in for the illustrations—which we opine is two too many.

Jungle Trails and Jungle People: Travel, Adventure and Observation in the Far East. By Caspar Whitney. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The jungle into which Mr. Whitney ventured is sufficiently unexplored to make valuable even the chance observations of a superficial investigator. India has been so "written up" from the venatic point of view that even statistics as to the Hindu death-rate due to snakes and panthers fail to charm; but the trials and disappointments of one who scours the trackless swamps of Sumatra, "Malay" (as our author calls it), and Siam are worth following when told in so sprightly a fashion as that of Mr. Whitney. If he had been less journalistic in style and the printer more careful, the reader's pleasure would have been increased. For the author, in his apparent effort to talk quickly and avoid tedium, gives the reader the tedium of unravelling many such a sentence as this, which even a journalist should hesitate to print: "[The awakening of beetle and general insect life] begins w' ' 6ne particularly loose-jointed, crackling beetle, followed by the creaking tree and the squeaking bush and ground insects." Other monstrosities are: "Of birds there were many and strange . . . birds of beautiful plumage and no voice, like one little canary kind of creature"; "strangely there should be," "this double-thorned, unholy thought breeder." We give these extracts as they appear in the book, where hyphens and commas fall at random; "butt" appears as "but," "a tiger on a snake" is to be understood as "or a snake," and the Foreword of the volume is printed Foreward. The author and printer may settle between themselves the responsibility for these latter slips, but we decline to recommend without reserve any book so stupidly Englished. One would almost think that it was the work of a German translating Greek.

On page 64 Mr. Whitney describes an interview with "one of royal blood and his wife" in Bangkok, and reports that the woman frankly expressed her disgust at the white teeth of foreigners. "Dogs and other four-footed animals," she declared, "have white teeth." So says Mandelslo in 1638: "During my stay at *Amadabath* some of the women there told me, that it was an ugly thing to have white Teeth, as Dogs and Monkeys have; and thence it came that they called us *Bondra*, that is, Apes." Other Observations (to follow the title) are fresher. The Malay (Sakai) jungle-men are credited with a belief in a "bad ghost" of the wind, whose messengers are lightning, thunder, and rainbows. The women make sacrifices of their children's hair "on occasions of fright." Like many other un-Christianized and uncivilized people, these Sakais are "honest in word and deed." The author's study of the Sakais is of great interest. They are as wild and timid as deer, roaming the northern section of Perak, aboriginal tree-dwellers, whose houses are built in forked trees, eight to twelve feet from the ground. The blowpipe, their only weapon, is six and one-half feet in length, having a bore of a quarter of an inch. With this gun they discharge a dart nine inches long, and "hit with precision and repeated accuracy small targets full sixty feet distant." The body of a dead Sakai is lashed to a tree together with blowgun and fishing tackle, after a sort of funeral dance or perambulation of the corpse on the part of moaning and wailing friends.

A good description of the durian, its peculiar effect on animals and man, its smell, taste, and general utility, is woven into the account of the Jelebu district. But in general there is more adventure than observation in Mr. Whitney's book, and as adventure it is very good reading, though only a hunter born could see any amusement in tracking deer and rhinos for weeks, to an accompaniment of leeches and mosquitoes, without finding anything to pay for the toil and discomfort. While in Sumatra, the author kept his eye constantly open for the argus pheasant, but had to be contented with finding one small feather. On another occasion he hunted *seladang* for weeks with only tracks to reward his energy. But he never loses his good temper, and perhaps describes the jungle better for his disappointment. At any rate, Mr. Whitney has given us a pleasing account of a region little known to the white man, and has added to his text photographic illustrations which are much clearer than some of the unfortunate English sentences that go with them.

Highways and Byways in Derbyshire. By J. B. Firth. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Derbyshire lies out of the main route of the American tourist, who, if he goes there

at all, is usually content with a visit to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth; but few English counties contain so much wild and romantic scenery. For a county that lies within easy reach of Manchester and Sheffield, this is not an unmixed blessing, and Derbyshire has become the playground of the provincial tripper, whose cheap brakes and char-à-bancs are the curse of English country life. This is especially true of the Peak district. Before it became so terribly accessible, Ruskin wrote that

"it is the most educational of all the districts of beautiful landscape known to me. . . . Derbyshire is a lovely child's alphabet. . . . On its miniature cliffs a dark ivy leaf detaches itself as an object of importance; you distinguish with interest the species of mosses on the top; you count, like many falling diamonds, the magical drops of its petrifying wells; the cluster of violets in the shade is an Armida's garden to you—and the grace of it all!—and the suddenness of its enchanted changes, the terrorless grotesque! . . . It was a meadow a minute ago, now it is a cliff, and in an instant a cave—and here was a brooklet, and now it is a whisper underground.

Ruskin little thought that his words would one day be used as an advertisement by the railway companies who have turned the lovely Matlock Valley, the chief beauty of Derbyshire, into a tripper's paradise. The beautiful reach of the River Derwent has been lined with shops and cheap eating houses, and is continually noisy with the cries of the drivers of brakes and wagonettes. "At every step you are adjured to go and see some miraculous cavern, or dropping-well, or giant stalactite, each the greatest marvel and wonder of the Peak, and the catchpenny touting boards at last get upon the nerves." For the tripper's amusement a huge switchback railway has been erected on the river bank. One sees that the temptations to visit the wonders of the Peak are no longer what Ruskin found them.

Derbyshire, however, is happily a country which in certain districts has defied the enterprise of the railways, and is too remote for the cheap Saturday drives that nowadays consume the wages of the British artisan. It is a country practically inaccessible, or at least not to be thoroughly appreciated except by the pedestrian; and Mr. Firth, who walked through all its loveliest byways, convinces the reader that, though one must leave the highways to trippers and automobiles, a walking tour in Derbyshire will reveal quite as many undiscovered charms as the region whose now tarnished beauties inspired Ruskin's burst of eloquence. Not the least interesting route runs among the abandoned lead mines which were the county's chief source of wealth before it was found that Spanish lead could be imported at less cost. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the miner must have been a menace even more intolerable than the modern tripper. Every man had a right to search for lead where he chose, irrespective of the damage to crops or pasture, with the proviso that, unless he found sufficient ore to pay a dish of lead to the King, he was liable for damage. But if he did find it, he was awarded a measure of the ground, and the unlucky landlord or tenant must look on while the miner made a complete mess of his property. The dish in which the lead, the best in Europe, was measured, is still preserved; it is made of brass, and holds fourteen pints. Now, hardly so much as a single dish is taken from the lead mines in a whole year. The main industry of the country has been diverted to the limestone quarries.

Derbyshire has not played a leading part in English history, but it is full of associations with Mary Queen of Scots, who, after she had been placed in the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, spent several years in one after another of his Derbyshire manors. She always complained that his castles were cold and draughty, and her sixty attendants found very poor quarters, and usually had to lodge in some neighboring town. First she was at Tutbury Castle, which she called a dungeon fit only for "base and abject criminals"; then at Wingfield Manor, now a beautiful ruin. It was there that Anthony Babington plotted for her rescue in 1586. Mary was often at Chatsworth, the older mansion, which in 1570 had just been completed, and there they now show Queen Mary's bower, a stone building below the house, close to the edge of the Derwent. Of the sixteenth-century Chatsworth built by Bess of Hardwick, Shrewsbury's ambitious countess, practically nothing remains. On the site of the old house where Hobbes the philosopher died, the fourth Earl of Devonshire began the present mansion in the seventeenth century, and it was not finished till the time of the sixth duke, who died in 1858. The most amusing object at Chatsworth is the bronze bust of this sixth duke perched on a Greek marble column which was brought from Athens. Round the base Lord Morpeth carved three stanzas in praise, first of Athens and then of the duke, whose stanch Whiggism was the admiration of his order. The incident reminds one of the degenerate Greeks under the Roman Empire, who used to knock off the heads of their ancient statues and replace them with the likeness of the Roman prætor who had been last appointed to govern them.

Near Castleton, the home of Peveril of the Peak, is a spot which in Italy or Greece would certainly have been described in an epic as the entrance to Hades:

"One begins by descending more than a hundred steps, and embarks on a boat to be ferried nearly half a mile along a subterranean stream into the heart of the mountain. This leads into an imposing cavern, where the stream plunges down with a roar into the 'Bottomless Pit,' and the roof is far out of sight. The pit is, as a matter of fact, about ninety feet deep, while the roof is estimated to be about four hundred feet high."

Not far off is another cavern, whose roof slopes to within two feet of the surface of the water, so that the visitor has to crouch in a boat which is pushed by a ferryman. Byron went through this gruesome experience in the company of Mary Chaworth, with whom he stayed at Matlock, a wretched spectator of the lovemaking of his favored rival, John Musters, whom Mary Chaworth married in defiance of her guardian, the Lord Chancellor.

Mr. Firth has a talent for description, and has collected, with the usual industry of the writers in this charming series, innumerable anecdotes connected with the famous Derbyshire families, the Mannerses, the Vernons, the Cavendishes, and the literary men who from time to time have made the county their home, Tom Moore and Johnson among the rest. The illustrations are by Miss Nelly Erichsen, and are well up to the standard of the series.

Rome as an Art City. By Albert Zacher. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The author of this little book frankly declares in a brief prologue that, owing to the extremely limited space allotted to him, he must approach his subject "in the character of a free lance." To be entirely modern, he should have rather likened his rapid survey of the history of Rome to a motor drive through the ages; we are, in his hands, whirled through each succeeding phase of art in the Eternal City down to the immediate present. It is surprising to find the amount of information he has got into this narrow space. So much has been written of all the great periods that it is only the chapters on "Rome as a School of Art" and that on "Contemporary Art" which might have been made interesting and useful, had they been more thorough.

The penultimate period in the history of Roman art Zacher places from 1700 to 1870. During the Pontificate of Clement XIII. Winckelmann came to Rome and through his writings turned the attention of Europe to classic art. Raphael Mengs the German and J. L. David the French painter, with Canova the sculptor, were then working in Rome during Goethe's memorable sojourn, which attracted among others the German painter Carstens and the Dane Thorwaldsen. Later on, in the early part of the nineteenth century, there was a distinguished group of German artists in Rome—Overbeck, Veit, and Schadow, Cornelius, Führich, Koch, and Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who revived fresco painting and followed classic ideals, recognizing only Raphael and Michelangelo as masters to be followed, and establishing the principle that religion and morality were the leading-strings of art. Nothing could be more detrimental to art than the patronage of the recent Popes. They encouraged the very worst taste in the decoration of churches; the Church of San Gioacchino in honor of Leo XIII. being a salient example of all that is undesirable, while the oleographs of saints and cardinals, commemorative banners, paper flowers, and bad pictures distributed about in churches, give no hope for ecclesiastical decoration.

Zacher takes a very lenient view of modern sculpture and of the recent public monuments. He sums up by declaring that although Rome produced but little good art, she absorbed all, and, like the phœnix, rises with renewed life from her ashes, representing to this restless age an oasis of peace by the memories of former greatness and the marvellous beauty of her surrounding country and atmosphere. We deduce that Rome is not a favorable centre for artists in our day.

The Latin Poets: An Anthology. By Nathan Haskell Dole. Crowell & Co. 1905.

Mr. Haskell Dole here presents selected translations in verse from some of the best things written by Romans from Plautus to Lucan. As far as the originals are concerned, the selections are excellently made, but the versions are very uneven, and had to be. So many of the poets have not been translated for a century, and of so many others the stringencies of copyright law

prevent the anthologist from culling the fairest where he will. What a pity it is that Plautus should have to be represented in a book like this by Thornton, and Terence by Colman! Both of these Englishmen, though they reproduced the Latin comedians fairly enough for the appreciation of the eighteenth century, are by the very nature of the style of that age wholly debarred from giving a reader of to-day any truthful idea of what these two writers were to their own generations. In fact, it is probable that a truthful version could not to-day be made except in prose, so greatly has taste altered and patience waned. Yet, as Mr. Dole remarks, some of the old translations of other authors are still effective, and we are glad to give a fresh welcome to Heywood's sixteenth-century Seneca's Tragedies and to the Ovid and Lucan of Ben Jonson and Marlowe. For Virgil Mr. Doyle gives by way of "deadly parallel" the ideas held by two moderns about hexameters in English: Lord Justice-Bowen's version of the fifth Æneid in rhymed pairs of verses, and the sixth book in Mr. Hoge Bullard's more recent attempt without rhyme. Of course neither contains true dactylic hexameters in the Latin sense, and they illustrate once more the jerky three-eighths time which has always characterized extensive attempts to render Greek or Latin epics into the same metre in English. By far the best representation of the movement and the variety of Latin hexameters that appears in this volume is the selection from the opening of the second book of Lucretius, by Calverley.

On the whole, Horace and Catullus come off best in this Anthology, probably because Mr. Dole has wisely selected versions by so many different hands in the case of each poet. Enterprise is shown in obtaining the right to publish Mr. Ball's wretched verse and therefore faithful translation of Seneca's take-off on the laudatory poetry of his day. We wish that the same enterprise could have given us something from the recent version of Tibullus by Mr. Williams.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Æsop's Fables. With an introduction by Elizabeth L. Cary. Moffat, Yard & Co. $2 net.
Bacon's Essays. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. $1.
Carleton, William. Stories. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Danziger, Adolphe. Children of Fate. Brentano's.
Football Grandma. Edited by Carolyn S. C. Cabot. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Gardner, Alice. Theodore of Studium. Longmans. $3 net.
Harris, Joel Chandler. Told by Uncle Remus. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Jackson, Charles Tenney. Loser's Luck. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
King, Charles. A Soldier's Trial. The Hobart Co.
Levy, Hermann. Die Stahlindustrie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika. Berlin: Julius Springer.
Masson, Tom. A Corner in Women. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.60 net.
Nordau, Max. The Dwarf's Spectacles. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Osborn, Max. Der Holzschnitt. Lemcke & Buechner.
Peabody, Francis Greenwood. Jesus Christ and the Christian Character. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Peters, Madison C. The Jews in America. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.
Reed, John C. The Brothers' War. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2 net.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. Scribners. $3 net.
Saint Maur, Kate V. A Self-Supporting Home. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.
Steinhausen, Georg. Der Kaufmann in der deutschen Vergangenheit. Lemcke & Buechner.
Sterling, Sara Hawks. Shakespeare's Sweetheart. Philadelphia: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co.
Strong, Josiah. The Times and Young Men.—The Next Great Awakening. The Baker & Taylor Co. 35 cents each.
Titchener, Edward Bradford. Experimental Psychology. Vol. II. Macmillan Co. $2.50.
Value of Courage, The. Edited by Frederic L. Knowles. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Value of Simplicity, The. Edited by Mary M. Barrows. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Van Vorst, Marie. Miss Desmond. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Wilson, Bingham Thoburn. The Village of Hide and Seek. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1.25.

TWO NOTABLE BOOKS ON RUSSIA

The Critic says "Of all the works on Russia recently published none is so striking as **Alexander Ular's RUSSIA FROM WITHIN** ($1.75 net, by mail $1.87), . . . clearly and forcefully written . . . the author knows his Russia." No book could give a clearer idea of the causes of the present troubles in Russia.

The Nation says that **WALLACE'S RUSSIA, New Edition** ($5.00 retail), is "invaluable, nay indispensable," while the London Times declares it is ". . . in the same class as Mr. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' and in some respects a greater achievement."

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905.

The Week.

It being "impossible," Mr. Roosevelt said on November 15, "for the President of the United States to enter into a personal discussion" with Mr. Henry M. Whitney of Boston, he proceeded to do so in his usual vigorous style. It is not of supreme importance whether the President did or did not say, with or without that "context" which he thinks so vital, that he favored Canadian reciprocity and believed in "Continental free trade." We imagine that his present irritation on that subject is due to complaints and appeals from the beleaguered Lodge. Much more significant than this personal controversy is the letter which Governor-elect Guild wrote to the President three days after the election. In it he expressed the belief that he and his party in Massachusetts would have been "overwhelmingly defeated" if in their platform and campaign they had not favored "immediate tariff revision." He added that both parties in Massachusetts desire it; that "all admit" that certain duties are no longer needed, while the tax on hides "is anathema"; and that it is the "urgent desire" of the people of the State that the President should recommend instant tariff reform in his message. Mr. Roosevelt's consent to the publication of the Guild letter shows that he does not consider its sentiments treasonable. His chance is now certainly splendid to dig up that buried tariff message which he was going to send to Congress a year ago, but did not, for reasons which Speaker Cannon could doubtless state.

Mr. H. S. Frye, president of the New England Tobacco Growers' Association, has confounded the standpatters by coming out for a reduction in the tariff on Philippine sugar and tobacco to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rate, and the removal of the tariff tax on all other articles. He acknowledges his apparent heresy, saying: "I know the popular thing to do, and the thing every representative of every protected interest is expected to do, is to get up on one's hind legs and howl calamity." But, strange as it may appear to the Pennsylvania school of protectionists, Mr. Frye urges this reduction in the duty on tobacco on the ground that it will benefit the Connecticut tobacco growers. He finds that there is actually a demand in the islands for New England-grown wrappers, and that the tariff stands in the way of a considerable export business. What happened when the bars were let down in the case of Porto Rico—the increase of the export tobacco trade—Mr. Frye is sure will happen when the barrier is lowered for the Philippines. All this, of course, only bears out the contention of Secretary Taft and men like Representative Hill of Connecticut, who came back from the islands last summer with a new conception of the mutual interests of the Filipinos and the New England tobacco-growers.

"The Tariff as Seen from the Inside" would be the proper heading for the interview with Speaker Cannon which the *Tribune* printed on Friday. Mr. Cannon stands as pat as ever. He professes not to know what 386 men may do about the tariff. He adds, however:

> "If some fellow did introduce a tariff bill, and it was argued and argued, and at the end of twelve months its advocates could gather together enough votes to pass it, the country being held up by the tail in the meantime, I think you'd find that the new law would have just as many outrageous things in it as are found in the Dingley tariff act."

This statement is well within the truth—that is, if a new tariff bill should be framed, as the McKinley and the Dingley bills were, by the "friends of protection." The object of these loving friends is not to reduce the tariff and lighten the burdens of the consumer. That is the last thing they think of. The problem for them, as experience has repeatedly proved, is to draft a measure which shall put the largest possible amount of money into the pockets of those who have most stoutly upheld the system—that is, by liberal campaign contributions. The sign over the door of the treasurer of the Republican National Committee should read: "Drop $10,000 in the Slot and Get a Tariff Favor." So long as this principle is in operation, so long as the consumer is the negligible factor, each new law will be just as outrageous as that which it supersedes.

Elated, and very naturally, by his success in saving nearly a million dollars a year in the printing of department reports, by his injunction of brevity upon his Cabinet, President Roosevelt turns his attention to the subject of official correspondence. It is nearly as bad to be verbose in a letter as in a report. Perhaps the ideal outcome would be to bring the Government's epistolary output back to the proportions of those often-photographed notes which "A. Lincoln" used to scribble on the backs of cards. Every now and then some Washington correspondent performs a valuable service by recounting the familiar story of the routine through which a high public officer must go if he wishes, for instance, to borrow a book from another bureau. "Red tape" is a relative term. There is even something to be said against the impulsive comment that the official should be allowed to put on his hat and go for the book himself without any letter-writing or initialling of papers. But there cannot be two opinions about the bureaucratic tendency which has been gradually turning Washington into one vast letter-file. If the Keep Commission, at the President's behest, can bring in common-sense methods, both will surely deserve monuments.

President Roosevelt appears to have been a bit staggered by the protest of railway employees on November 14 against his proposals for railway-rate legislation. The representatives of the five great labor organizations connected with railroads—engineers, firemen, conductors, switchmen, and trainmen—expressed the fear that reduction of rates would mean the reduction of their wages. In reply, Mr. Roosevelt said that he was only striving after "perfectly fair treatment" for all concerned, and that his plan of control did not mean necessarily a reduction in rates. Then, we ask, what is all the pother about? Why was there so much fuss about the "maximum" and "minimum" rates which the Esch-Townsend bill was to empower a Government commission to fix? Why the new plan to make the railways submit to their losses, under a lowered rate, with right of appeal and reversal if they could show their original rate to have been "reasonable"? The "fair treatment" at which the President aims must refer to secret rebates, local discriminations, the abuses of private-car lines, etc. But they are not to be met by Government rate-making; and if the country is given to understand that the latter does not mean cheaper freights, it will lose interest in the plan. Mr. Roosevelt's statement betrays, in fact, a tendency to waver which goes far to justify Senator Long of Kansas in refusing to promise the Commercial Club of Wichita to "get right" with the President. Mr. Long said that the President had already taken contradictory positions, and that there was no telling what he would recommend to Congress.

The Interstate Commerce Commission was overruled by Judge Bethea in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago on Monday. After a presumably careful examination into the facts of the case, the Commission had directed the lowering of railroad rates on live stock between the Missouri River and Chicago to a point where they would con-

form to the rates on dressed beef. But Judge Bethea, in brief, found that the Commission was entirely mistaken as to its facts, and also as to its legal powers, and gave his decision for the railroads, while declining to grant the application of the Commission for an injunction to force the railroads to lower their rates. The fact that the Commission has been overruled will not surprise Mr. Roosevelt, for in no less than *ninety-three per cent.* of the cases appealed to the courts from the Commission, the Commission has been upset. But he may well pause in his determination to make the Commission the final arbiter in the matter of railroad rates. Not even the promise of the appointment of "only good men" to a reorganized Commission should conceal the danger. Mr. Roosevelt might appoint only men of the calibre of Mr. Taft; but what of his successors? In this connection it is interesting to note that Mr. Roosevelt appointed Judge Bethea to the Circuit Court as a reward for his services as a prosecutor of Trusts. Yet even he is compelled by law and facts to appear, in his first decision of importance to the public, to side with the corporations attacked by the Commission.

We are expected to see a great moral significance in the attempt of Platt and his crowd to wrest the Republican machine of this city and State away from Odell and his crowd. The war between the factions is declared. Even the President is said to be drawn into it—and what lovely associates are assigned to him! He is to go into the glorious struggle alongside Platt and Black and Barnes and Ward and Aldridge and Dunn and Quigg. The noble array on the other side includes Odell and Halpin and Lauterbach and Littauer, along with many underlings and dependents whose names signify nothing—except a mighty appetite. And the Republican party of the Empire State is expected to stand by and wait patiently to see which set of vultures shall establish the right to make carrion of it! Platt may succeed in glutting his revenge upon Odell; the smaller schemers who are so cynically using the "prestige of our former beloved leader" to get their hands upon patronage and plunder, may be able to break Odell's grip upon the machine; but that will simply mean that the last state of the organization is worse than the first.

It is time for a genuine stirring of new life in the Republican party of this State. Why should all its young and ambitious members be content to line up, year after year, first under one boss and then under another, giving the State nothing but a choice of evils, or, rather, evils among which there is absolutely no choice. Critical days confront the party. Legislation of the highest importance must be attacked at once. A Governor is to be chosen next year. Sooner than any one can tell, two live men will have to be elected to the United States Senate, to take the places of two who are dead without knowing it. Yet with all these vital matters pressing upon it, the Republican party is asked to give its time and energy for a year or more to a wretched squabble between embittered rivals for the post of chief ladler-out of the spoils!

Secretary Taft's comment on the Ohio election is of the kind that can hardly be too often or too emphatically repeated. "The result in Cincinnati," he says, "is a long step toward better municipal government and better local party politics, but the victory will not be completed for several years. A machine intrenched in power as is the Ohio machine can only be made to give up through the earnest attention and work of young men entering politics with the enthusiastic and unselfish desire to make it better." He echoes here the thought of the disappointed candidate for Governor, Mr. Herrick, who complained that it was largely blind wrath and desire for punishment that moved the voters to the State's political overturn. As we said at the time, better a vindictive assault on the bosses than no assault at all. But the retirement of one man or a dozen men is no assurance against the return of gang rule. Cox has retired, but so did Croker and a hundred other bosses of past years in our cities and States. The late peaceful revolution at the polls was remarkable in its wide extent, not in its kind. But Ohio, or any other State that actually makes it impossible for a new machine to take the place of the old, will have won unique honor.

The news that voters are being paid $3 apiece for their ballots in Spain is considered important enough to cable to this country. But here an item to this effect would attract about as much attention as a statement that some "prominent citizen" had stubbed his toe. For instance, the Wickford, R. I., *Standard* remarks placidly of the late State election: "There was not much money in circulation. Of course, the old stand-by floaters had to have their fee, but that was probably the extent of the purchasing." Just so might a newspaper report the price of hogs and cows; the only difference is that this market report relates to the buying and selling of votes. In Binghamton, N. Y., the quotations were very low. State Senator Harvey D. Hinman got Elmer G. Sisson to vote in return for one dollar. Sisson's vote was challenged by Democrats who saw the payment made by Hinman. The high-minded Republican Binghamton newspapers, the *Press* and the *Evening News*, naturally belittle the affair. "It was," one explains, "a sensation with little foundation"—this apparently because Sisson got only one dollar. Mr. Hinman himself explains that he in no way advised Sisson how to vote, but merely reimbursed him for his car-fare and loss of work-time—a purely philanthropic action. Yet supersensitive souls find fault with this little business arrangement.

Mayor Dunne of Chicago seemingly has as many ways of attaining municipal ownership as Cyrano de Bergerac had of reaching the moon. His "contract plan" having been definitely rejected by the Council, he comes up now with three alternative schemes for "immediate" municipal ownership. One of these is a modification of his former "city plan," under which the city would proceed to build parallel and competing lines on streets not occupied by the private companies. The second contemplates the condemnation of the companies' property, and the third, an agreement by arbitration on a price to be paid for the lines. None of these is actually new. In fact, there are not many conceivable solutions of the traction question that have not been aired during the years of discussion in Chicago. It must always be remembered in connection with the everlasting interchange of views between the municipal Executive and Legislature, that Chicago's Council is very different from our Board of Aldermen. The weeding-out process of years and the regular reëlection of desirable members have made it an assembly in whose honesty, ability, and understanding of the traction question the people of Chicago have exceptional confidence. It is no longer true, as it was when Carter H. Harrison took office, that to be at loggerheads with the Council was presumptive evidence of a Mayor's own wisdom and integrity.

A visitor from Mars, newly landed in New York, would write home that in this topsy-turvey land the one essential to worldly success is total lack of the faculty known as memory. The most eminent financiers and statesmen of the commercial capital of this continent, he would remark, have recently been giving testimony under oath. While each displays markedly individual traits of speech and taste in dress, they are alike in their absolute inability to remember. A brisk young man named Frank B. Jordan, son of a former comptroller of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, had forgotten everything so completely that, were he a resident of Mars, he would belong in an asylum for imbeciles. A United States Senator, former president

of a great railway, and still member of many important directorates, has apparently risen to his present height of glory because, in the course of a few weeks or months, all names, faces, letters, sums voted for various purposes, policies of action, and reasons of state melt and swim in a hopeless deliquium. A former Governor of the Empire State, leader of the dominant political party, a second man who is a brilliant financier, master of one of the most extensive railway systems in the world, and a third, a young graduate of the oldest and most famous university in America, a patron of art and literature, whose services to an insurance company and certain allied corporations were reckoned to be worth $127,500 a year—these three gave testimony on the same point, and no two of them were able to agree. Presidents of insurance companies with salaries ranging from $100,000 to $150,000 annually had seemingly lost track of all they ever knew about the details of their business—especially the work of their legislative agents. In brief, the visitor would warn his friends who contemplated coming here to live that they must drink of nepenthe.

The publishing of frequent reports by the Mutual Life investigating committee seems to us altogether wise. The investigation may be prolonged; a very considerable time must certainly elapse before the committee can formulate its broader opinions on the present theory and practice of insurance. But in the meantime the Mutual's own situation is one in which delay in the introduction of needed reforms would be most unfortunate. The budget of recommendations reported by the committee on Thursday is entirely to the point. Premising that "certain of the practices and methods are so palpably loose and unsound as to call for immediate attention and correction," the committee advises, first, that all matters pertaining to legislation affecting the company be handled exclusively by the law department, with full responsibility for each and every transaction. This is a stroke at the subterranean lobby system maintained by the Mutual, almost wholly through improper and irregular use of policyholders' money for that purpose. The business of the Albany "House of Mirth" the company declares must be promptly ended, and "Watcher" Fields discharged. The "Department of Supplies and Printing," whose administration of the corruption fund was the most flagrant of all the scandals brought to light, must be reorganized, the committee declares, as to both *personnel* and methods.

Finally, the "commission agency contracts," whereby the McCurdy family was progressively enriched, and of which the committee remarks that they "were originally made and have since been continued or modified" in an "apparently irregular manner," should be brought, the Truesdale committee thinks, to an immediate termination, and be replaced by employment of salaried managers. These recommendations make a good beginning, and promise thoroughness in the committee's dealings, later on, with other important aspects of the situation. Not the least striking paragraph of the report, if one reads between the lines, is the committee's answer to President McCurdy's proposal to cut down his $150,000 salary. In his letter he "considers that it has been earned," but cautiously defers to "the judgment of some policyholders that it is too large." The committee's answer, in declining to deal with the matter as requested, is, that to alter such a salary, and fix its future status, might involve "the committal of the company to the continuance of the *personnel* of the present management."

"John Krup"—if that happens to be his name—is described as "a thin, harmless-looking young chap"; no one seems to have heard his name before; his own lawyers do not, apparently, know his address. He was arrested on election day for the not-unheard-of offence of having voted on a name that did not belong to him. For all that any one can prove to the contrary, he may have voted for Ivins and Jerome. He was perhaps as obscure a citizen as all New York could show. Yet on Thursday morning an ex-Assemblyman of the State of New York, his counsel, deposited $5,000 in cold cash as his bail, and by afternoon he had disappeared. Either we have here a case of purely disinterested charity, or else this man's absence from the city was worth $5,000 to somebody. The offence occurred in Charles F. Murphy's own district; that is the only fact of record. The Krup case comes at a time when the canvass of votes is bringing to light daily an amazing series of blunders, and failures to observe the legal requirements in the tallying of votes—to put the case mildly. The average election board is stupid enough, in all conscience, but if anything in the world is calculated to produce conviction that there was a dishonest purpose behind all these discrepancies, it is just such an incident as the flight of Krup.

The rumor that the Germans were about to withdraw from their Chinese colony was, of course, promptly denied. The colonizing nation which will voluntarily give up a country to its rightful owners has yet to be discovered. Germany never pretended to a trusteeship in Kiao-chau as did the United States in Cuba. She was there for what there was in it, precisely like England in a hundred places, and the French in Tonquin. When the Boxer troubles began in China, "merely to defend her rights" Germany established a garrison in the province of Tchili beyond her treaty possessions, acting in concert with others Powers. It is this which she has now withdrawn. Whatever the motive, the Anglo-Japanese agreement as to the integrity of China undoubtedly influenced this German action. Doubtless, taking a lesson from England's book, the German Colonial Office would have liked to extend its lines on the absurd plea of military necessity. The truth is, that Kiao-chau is now about the only German colony of importance in which there is neither openly expressed dissatisfaction nor stubborn revolt. Hence the Colonial Office, far from meditating an unselfish retirement from it, is probably preparing to cite its condition as part of the defence of its actions which it will have to make when the Reichstag meets in November. For members of that body have repeatedly asked the Government why its Tchili garrison was not withdrawn, always drawing out indefinite promises of future action.

The Czar's decision to remit a portion of the arrears in payment due by the peasants for their land allotments may have a pacifying influence on the agrarian disturbances in central and southeastern Russia, yet the Socialist demands may be heightened, and the agitation in Poland may derive new impetus. It may well be doubted whether any merely palliative measure, such as an extension of the operations of the peasants' bank, or a gradual transfer of land now held by private owners or by the Crown, would satisfy the earth hunger of an ignorant peasantry. Unscrupulous agitators have inflamed passions, and a pillaging descent upon the landlords' property offers speedier relief than the manifestoes from St. Petersburg. The Government's proclamation met perhaps the most crying need of the hour. The allotments were made directly after the emancipation of the serfs. The holdings, inadequate originally, in the majority of cases, have become increasingly so with the rapid growth of the rural population, and the arrears have swollen to hundreds of millions of rubles. The vast extent of the territory involved in the present disturbances, which includes but few towns of considerable size whence troops could be dispatched to the scattered villages, affords full scope to the marauding peasants, and renders the position of the large landowners a precarious one. But, whatever the ultimate outcome, the manifesto gives evidence of the Government's intention to recede from its first position toward the rural classes.

A MISUNDERSTOOD STATESMAN.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Benjamin B. Odell, jr. After reading his testimony before the insurance inquiry on Thursday last, it is apparent that a more misunderstood statesman never figured in American political life. Mr. Odell has apparently been pursued for years by some malign fate which has sought, by means of astounding coincidences and misleading appearances, to entangle this good man in such a way as to all but destroy his fine reputation and to dig that premature political grave beside which Thomas C. Platt already stands weeping. After studying Mr. Odell's career, it is easy to understand how innocent men are hanged on circumstantial evidence. The brain of Poe himself could not have woven a more astounding mesh of false inferences with which to bind and deliver an innocent hero to his enemies than that from which Mr. Odell is struggling to cut himself loose.

Mr. Odell is a man of a peculiarly sensitive nature, which leads him to burn with indignation whenever he beholds injustice, particularly if the public is the one to suffer. Naturally, therefore, his anger flamed forth when he discovered that, through Alexander & Green and the Mercantile Trust Company, widows and orphans were being fleeced of their all by alluring prospectuses of no less than fifteen stock-jobbing companies, conceived in infamy and brought forth for purposes of plunder. At once the Governor sends for Senator Ambler and declares that the wrong must stop. Forthwith this fellow-purist introduces a bill repealing the charter of the Fireproof Warehousing Company, under which the Mercantile Trust Company was doing its business. This was ever the Governor's impulsive way—show him a wrong and he would draft you overnight a bill to stop it. But, on sober second thought, this knight-errant recalls that he himself has a claim against the Mercantile Trust Company, quite forgotten in the heat of his ire—and this is coincidence number one. With his usual delicate feeling about what is right and proper in a public officer, Mr. Odell sees that his action would be misinterpreted — curiously enough, it already had been by some newspapers—and so he orders the remedial legislation killed. Widows and orphans and other lambs might be sheared, but their rescue should not be purchased by the staining of the Governorship. Rather than injure the good name of the State through its executive, the Governor put his indignation aside, and the Mercantile Trust wolves had leave to continue to pull down their prey.

Meanwhile, of course, as Mr. Odell held that the Governor of the Empire State should not be concerned with Shipbuilding bonds—since they had proved worthless—he once more showed his readiness to injure himself at the behest of duty by selling these bonds at a loss of $125,482.36. It is, we submit, merely coincidence number two that they should have been purchased when Mr. Odell was serving his first term as Governor. Must not a governor, like other people, invest his moneys? But the Governor, freed by the sale, felt that some punishment must be meted out to those who had betrayed him. Hence his suit against the Mercantile Trust—and more astounding coincidences. It was an accident, merely, that Mr. Odell met Mr. Hyde at the offices of Mr. Harriman, with whom the Governor never had any business relations. And there Mr. Odell informed Mr. Hyde of the stern decision he had arrived at that there should be no legislative punishment of the Trust Company. *Noblesse oblige.* Mr. Hyde knew how to respond in kind, and the check for $75,000 was promised, though not until further negotiation had taken place.

By another unhappy coincidence, long before this happy conclusion had been reached, Mr. Odell's sense of duty impelled him to advocate the election to the Senate of some other person than Senator Depew, since 1877 a director and a legal adviser of the Equitable, which owned the Mercantile Trust. There was absolutely nothing behind Mr. Odell's opposition to Mr. Depew but a worthy desire to improve the State's representation at Washington. But, as he himself afterwards admitted, he had misread the sentiment of the up-State Republicans. When he found that he had erred, and that Mr. Depew's retention was the wish of the party, he announced, in the morning newspapers of December 30, 1904, that he withdrew his all-powerful opposition, and that Mr. Depew would continue to represent the State—and the Equitable—in the Senate. Alas! his cruel fate had one more terrible blow in store for him in the shape of another, on its face, damning coincidence. *That same day, December 30, 1904,* in his morning's mail, Mr. Odell found the long-promised check for $75,000 from the Mercantile Trust Company. Mephistopheles himself could not have planned more subtly to undo virtue.

To make matters still worse, busybodies are recalling that when Mr. Odell receded from his opposition to Senator Depew, Senator Brackett charged him with saying that he must do so or break with his "dearest friend"—an unofficial explanation which, if true, would, after all, merely reflect Mr. Odell's loyalty to his friends. Nor is there reason to criticise Mr. Odell because at Mr. Harriman's request he wrote to Mr. Roosevelt urging Mr. Hyde's appointment as ambassador to France. This was not an effort on Mr. Odell's part to get back his $75,000, but was merely an example of his Christian readiness to do a good turn to one who had wronged him. It is quite absurd to insinuate that, in aiding Mr. Hyde's ambition, Mr. Odell was also aiding his "dearest friend" to get Hyde out of the country, so that the "dearest friend" might get at the Equitable's surplus. It was again only a coincidence that the letter should have been sent before Mr. Odell received his check of $75,000. Truly, as a victim of so many trying coincidences, we believe Mr. Odell to merit the sympathy, not the carping, of every charitable soul.

THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

Mr. Hyde's testimony last week stripped away the last shreds of the veil behind which grafting financiers and grafting politicians have been hiding. Suspicion has now become certainty. We see the whole politico-financial conspiracy revealed. It was not only great speculators who were driven wild by the sight of the vast life-insurance surpluses; politicians also went frantically to work to get their clutches upon a part of the huge accumulation. The dovetailing of greed and corruption, in finance and politics, is now clearer to the public vision than ever before. Mr. Hyde, with either the innocence of an *enfant terrible*, or the quiet resolve of a man with his back to the wall to tell the whole truth, has given the world a picture of the unscrupulous politician in alliance with the conscienceless financier, which no subsequent protests or attempts at correction can blur.

Ex-Gov. Odell, for example, is a ruined man. "Questions of veracity" between the masters of many millions are always "painful" for a society in which wealth has insensibly come to be a synonym for virtue. We shall not undertake to decide whether Mr. Hyde or Mr. Harriman committed perjury, but may remark that the chief issue between them is narrower than some seem to suppose. It is simply whether Mr. Harriman did or did not suggest to Mr. Hyde that Odell ought to have his demands satisfied because he was so powerful politically. If he did, he but made himself an echo of what Albany correspondents and the New York newspapers were saying week after week. It was "in the air" that Odell was too big a politician to be trifled with by any mere millionaire, vulnerable at many points. Whatever is to be said of the ex-Governor's explanations, it is clear as daylight that Odell has now to fight for his political life. Whether or not his exculpation be pronounced technically and legally adequate, the blow has fallen upon him, and the signal for an assault upon the stronghold of his power, the State Chairmanship, has been given both at Albany and Washington. Odell is a man of great vigor and determination, and has many political resources. He may, for a time, sustain himself; but if he does, he will sink his party in this State.

In the field of national politics, too, we have further details of the same unholy alliance. Republican fingers burned to get at trust funds. The Equitable also paid $50,000 to elect Theodore Roosevelt. That sum—$50,000—appears to have been the "assessment" of each of the big companies by the National Committee. Treasurer Bliss, Mr. Hyde testified, got that amount at the expense of the Equitable policyholders, the plain understanding being that "many large corporations" were also contributing heavily. And yet we seem to remember a fine moral indignation at Judge Parker for asserting this to be the case a year ago. If our memory serves, a heated document issued from the White House on that subject. True, Judge Parker made specific allegations of blackmail by Mr. Cortelyou, which he could not sustain; and the President's denials were technically correct. Still, if the facts now known had been known last November, the public would have thought the case as bad as Judge Parker asserted. But all this was before Mr. Hyde went to the White House to ask for the ambassadorship to France in return for the Equitable's contribution. On this point, Mr. Hyde testimony is illuminating. To be sure, Treasurer Bliss requested money so as to save the country from the Democrats, but that did not prevent the saviours from coming in for something handsome. Both he and Mr. Frick felt that Mr. Hyde's qualifications for the Embassy at Paris rose with every $25,000 he took from the policyholders to give to the campaign fund; and they backed him—or fooled him—to the top of his bent.

This matter cannot rest here. We have had a good deal of financial housecleaning, in consequence of the insurance revelations, but the political housecleaning is yet to come. And there can be no doubt who should take charge of it. President Roosevelt is the leader of the party which has been sadly smirched. He himself stands as the presumptive beneficiary of the concealed gifts of corporations. It is beside the point to say that his great popular majority showed the shady financial soliciting of his committeemen to have been unnecessary. Neither he nor they knew it to be unnecessary. The money was asked for on the ground that it was indispensable. These huge sums were taken and used, and used for Mr. Roosevelt's benefit. That he did not, in fact, need the tainted money, does not excuse its being sought and accepted; nor does it relieve him from the duty of publicly repudiating his agents (which he has not yet done), and taking vigorous measures to prevent the repetition of such scandals as those with which they have stained the Republican party. We look to President Roosevelt's forthcoming message for plain speaking on this subject, and for recommendation of laws to prevent his party, or any party, from disgracing itself and debauching the electorate with money secretly and corruptly obtained from corporations. Only by some such step can Mr. Roosevelt both clear his own skirts and do the country a service for which the times are crying out.

THE IMPROVED BALLOT IN PRACTICE.

Thus far, in the agitation for ballot reform in this State, we have heard little but *à priori* reasoning. Such and such a form must necessarily have such and such an effect; this provision will encourage independent voting; that will serve as a guide to the illiterate; the other will eliminate the perplexing questions of legal marking. It is perfectly possible, however, to show not what would, should, could, or might be accomplished by an enlightened form of ballot, but what actually has been so accomplished.

There are at present six States whose election laws embody the essential principle of all the model ballots suggested for this State—namely, the elimination of the straight-ticket circle. Last year there were seven, but Rhode Island, thanks to her Republican organization, last winter exchanged the excellent Massachusetts ballot for one similar to our wretched New York type. One of the remaining six, Montana, has a ballot arranged on the party-column plan; that is, the names of each party's nominees from the highest to the lowest are printed in a separate column, as in this State, but there is no emblem at the top and no method by which a straight ticket may be voted at one operation. If a man desires to vote for the Republican candidates in a body, he must still put a separate mark opposite the name of each of the said Republicans. The other five have the names of candidates grouped according to offices. New York has always prided herself on an exceptionally active independent sentiment in politics and a large non-partisan vote. Let us see how the amount of independent voting here compares with that in the States which use enlightened ballots.

It is not possible in most of the States to determine accurately the extent of split ticket voting. A convenient method of approximating it, however, is to add the vote of the two great parties for every office, and find what proportion each bears to the total. Then, by comparing either party's percentage for the office on which it does best with that on which it does worst, we obtain a figure which roughly represents the net amount of ticket-splitting.

On this basis we find that in the election of 1904 in New York the difference in relative vote between the highest and lowest State officers was 1.88 per cent. In 1902 the vote for Cunneen for Attorney-General, in the Democratic column—leaving out his Prohibitionist votes—was but .47 per cent. more than that for his least successful colleague on the ticket for executive officers; of the judicial candidates there is more to be said. Following are the corresponding figures for the States with more progressive ballots:

PERCENTAGE INDEPENDENT VOTING. STATE TICKETS.

Massachusetts	1902	4.55
	1903	4.60
	1904	13.90
Rhode Island	1902	10.14
	1903	7.09
	1904	9.83
Maryland	1903	.12
Minnesota	1902	4.67
	1904	20.29
Montana	1904	6.93
Nevada	1902	9.60
	1904	.87
Oregon	1902	11.07
New York	1902	.47
	1904	1.88

This table is not merely a political curiosity. The figures are vital, because the amount of split-ticket voting is also an inverse measure of the chance which a bad or unfit candidate has of being "pulled through" by a good one. We have thought it fairest to compare here the members of the State administrative tickets only. There have been many occasions in New York where there was much splitting of tickets with regard to some one office, especially if that were judicial. Thus, if Judge Gray's vote be compared with that of the Democrat who ran farthest behind the State ticket in 1902, the difference amounted to 8.67 per cent. Mr. Jerome's vote represents nearly five times as much independent voting as that. But such results have been secured even with ballots much worse than ours. Folk ran 30,000 ahead of his ticket in Missouri, where the only method of splitting was to write in his name on the Republican strip ballot. Great movements brush aside all such obstacles. The peculiar service of a really good ballot is that, by requiring the voter to scrutinize—at least to look at—every name, it brings about discriminating voting among even minor offices.

We have here classed together all the ballots lacking the straight-ticket circle, whether or not they adopt the group by offices, and we see that all except Maryland showed high percentages of independent voting in their recent elections. The converse of this must be remembered, too. Take any one of the excellent ballot forms proposed for this State, and place somewhere upon the sheet a series of spaces where a straight Republican or Democratic ticket may be voted by a single cross or stamp, and the ballot becomes at once very little better than our present one. To put such a provision in a ballot law otherwise good is an old politician's trick. It was done in Colorado, and it was done in Pennsylvania. Both these States have

the semblance without the substance of a good ballot. New York should be warned in time against any similar attempt.

THE PANAMA MUDDLE.

With each new step forward at Panama, we seem fated to take two backwards. If anybody chose to argue that there had all along been a conspiracy to delay matters and to heap up expense and finally to disgust the American people with the whole project, we must say that he could point to a good deal of presumptive evidence. Saturday's decision by the board of consulting engineers would not be the least item of it. It is an unhappily divided report which is to be made to the President, the nice question on which side the weight of technical opinion really lies not being determinable until names and details are given. Mr. Roosevelt will have to refer the conflicting plans to Congress; and thus we shall have the greatest engineering problem of the age passed on to 476 men who know nothing about engineering. What a vista of empty debate and fresh delays opens before us!

The whole thing is, first of all, a sardonic comment on the President's way of "doing things," with his finger always on a hair-trigger. What was the excuse given for his lawless course in Panama two years ago? Why, it was that the intolerable postponements of the people's hope of an Isthmian canal must be ended, once for all. Talk not to Mr. Roosevelt of being patient with Colombia, and taking six months more to renew and perfect a treaty in an orderly way. The thing had to be done out of hand. There must not be another day's delay. If necessary to filch the canal by means of a bogus revolution and a bouffe republic, do it without hesitation—anything, rather than lose an hour's time in setting to work. Secretary Taft, in his speech on Saturday at St. Louis, deprecated the use of the phrase "make the dirt fly." But it was the President's own. To the Yale professors who questioned the legality of his action, he sent the triumphant message: "Tell them that I am going to make the dirt fly on the Isthmus." That was two years ago, and where are we now? Still, according to the majority of the consulting engineers, fifteen or twenty years away from the completion of the canal, and with an outlay before us of $250,000,000 or $300,000,000, instead of the $140,000,000 asked of Congress.

The final muddle will be highly disconcerting to the President. He looked for a unanimous report, surmounting all technical difficulties, and he finds the engineers he appointed sharply and hopelessly disagreed. In his address to them at Oyster Bay, he put "the utmost practicable speed" in the forefront. They coolly talk of a period which will leave the canal unfinished even after Mr. Roosevelt's fourth term in the Presidency—if he fulfils the predictions of his friends and is elected again in 1912 and 1916. The President urged "immedate building"; he has got something painfully like "immediate ownership" in Chicago. "Immediate" will soon be defined in the dictionaries as "American political slang meaning 'never.'"

On the technical aspects of the case, it does not become a layman to pronounce. We must await the reports and listen to the experts. It is clear, however, that some of the rumors set afloat at Washington, with the reported alignment of engineers and the alleged reasons which guided them, are to be received with much suspicion. The proceedings and the vote were actually secret, and the contradictory leakages given in the press make impossible sure knowledge of what the real status is. It is said, for example, that one reason why the sea-level plan was favored was that the lands to be flooded under the terminal-lake project would cost from $30,000,000 to $40,000,000. This must be a tremendous exaggeration. Under our treaty with Panama, there was absolutely ceded to the United States a zone of "the width of ten miles," with "any other lands and waters . . . necessary and convenient for the construction, maintenance, operation, sanitation, and protection of the said canal." Such of this property as was privately owned, is to be appraised and paid for according to its "value before the date of this convention." That is, we have in any case to take and pay for most of the land to be flooded; the Panama Railroad, which we have bought, owns a good deal of the property to be damaged; and, finally, the very best use to which the low-lying swamps and jungles can be put is to cover them with water and do a great work of sanitation at a stroke, while producing a good stretch of lake navigation for vessels in transit.

The sea-level plan undoubtedly appeals to the man in the street; what the man on the bridge of a 30,000-ton steamer may think of it, is another story. It sounds well to talk of "making a Bosphorus" at Panama, but, on examination, we find this Bosphorous is to be a canal only 150 feet wide; and the difficulties of taking a ship like the *Baltic* or the *Amerika* through it would be admitted by all navigators. Besides there has to be one lock, at Miraflores, even in the sea-level plan; and hence we seem to be going to an extra expense of at least $100,000,000, and a delay of seven or eight years, chiefly for the sake of ruling out three locks and keeping one. The situation gives fresh point to the question asked by Gen. Abbot in the *Engineering Magazine* of last February:

> "It is the unanimous opinion of all the engineers who have had practical experience in canal work, and time to study the problem thoroughly, that no sea-level project without locks, and no sea-level canal with a tidal lock, is practicable, that would be comparable in ease and safety of transit to one equipped with modern locks and planned to take advantage of all the desirable elements which the natural conditions offer. Why, then, waste an extra ten or a dozen years and untold millions of dollars, to execute a scheme which the investigations of thirty-five years have demonstrated to possess only a sentimental merit due to the imagination of M. de Lesseps!"

Plainly nothing has yet been finally decided. There will be at least two reports from the engineers. Probably both will admit the feasibility of either plan, and will look only at the preponderance of advantages differently. The President and Congress may take another view. In any case, we are as far off from an actual beginning as ever; and Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous driving has simply left us floundering in the Panama morass.

MR. WHITEHEAD AND HIS TORPEDO.

The death in England last week of Robert Whitehead, the inventor of the automobile torpedo, ends the career of a man who as fairly revolutionized naval warfare as did Ericsson with his monitor. Not that Whitehead first hit upon the idea of blowing up vessels by torpedoes. For more than a century prior to Whitehead's success, there had been recourse to stationary or movable torpedoes. During our civil war they became a large factor, the Confederates destroying with them seven Federal ironclads, thirteen wooden war vessels, and seven transports, besides damaging eight other ships more or less severely. These feats were accomplished, either by anchoring torpedoes in the channel, as at Mobile, where the *Tecumseh* was sunk, or by exploding them alongside a vessel from a small boat. This involved great risks, and not infrequently cost the lives of all the assailants, as happened in some of the attacks on the Union fleet off Charleston. When Cushing sank the Confederate ram *Albemarle*, he did so with a little launch carrying a torpedo fixed to the end of a spar.

To supplant this clumsy method, so unfavorable to the attacking forces, by a dirigible torpedo became more than ever the objective of naval inventions, as soon as the civil war demonstrated what havoc could be wrought by an underwater explosion. A Capt. Lupuis of the Austrian navy had by 1864 progressed far enough with his plan of an automobile torpedo to need the assistance of a good working mechanic. He engaged Mr. Whitehead, then manager of an engine manufacturing company at Fiume. From that time on, Mr. Whitehead de-

voted himself to the automobile torpedo. Abandoning Capt. Lupuis's plans, he succeeded, in 1867, in perfecting the delicate machine which bears his name, with the assistance only of his son, a mere boy, and one trusted workman. As a result of that success, every navy has its fleet of torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers, and almost every cruiser and battleship has its torpedo-launching tubes. In order to combat this terrible weapon, there was introduced first the torpedo netting, now discarded, and then the quick-firing guns, intended to protect a warship by an incessant hail of projectiles. Incidentally, the weight of armor on all protected vessels was greatly increased, and finally the submarine was undoubtedly hastened by the Whitehead invention. Indeed, the torpedo has probably had a greater influence than any other factor, save the comfort of men and officers, in developing the modern topheavy, high-sided fighting vessel, as the standard type of battleship, instead of the Ericsson monitor.

Whitehead's first torpedo was of steel, 14 inches in diameter, weighing 300 pounds, and carrying as its explosive 18 pounds of dynamite. Its speed was low—only six knots—and the right to manufacture was purchased by the English Government in 1871 for the trifling sum of $15,000. As now developed, the Whitehead, whose motive power is compressed air, has attained a speed of 26 knots an hour, with a range of 4,000 yards. It can be regulated to explode by impact or after a definite time; it may be set to travel at a uniform speed and depth the whole of its range, or both depth and speed may be varied. So remarkable is its mechanism that it may be made to rise to the surface or sink to the bottom after missing its mark. Its "war head" being detachable, it can be used again and again during practice with perfect safety. In length, the Whiteheads used by the United States navy vary from thirteen to eighteen feet. Whitehead himself re-designed his torpedo in 1876, 1884, and 1889. By 1885 and 1886, torpedo boats for the discharge of these weapons were constructed by Austria, Chili, China, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Turkey, Germany, France, and Great Britain. To-day, England alone has 142 torpedo-boat destroyers, 117 first-class torpedo boats, and 72 of the second class, in addition to 39 submarines built or building. In addition to this, automobile torpedoes are part of the coast defence of several nations.

So far as the effect of Whitehead's invention upon general naval tactics is concerned, the battle of the Sea of Japan affords the best illustration, although full and accurate reports of the part played by the Japanese torpedo boats are not yet at hand. It is believed, however, that some of the Russian vessels were directly sunk by torpedoes, and that others received the *coup de grâce* from torpedo boats after they had been wrecked and put out of action by gunfire. Moreover, the repeated Japanese torpedo attacks, even when successfully repelled, as at the beginning of the battle, kept the Russian crews in a high state of tension and excitement, just as the Spanish destroyers at Santiago made our American naval officers nervous and set them to seeing spectres and firing at phantoms. As long as torpedo boats are in the vicinity of a fleet, its crews will be nervously wrought up. For many years to come the success of the Japanese torpedo attacks at Port Arthur on February 28 and the destruction of the *Sebastopol* should be the classic examples of the damage which can be wrought by daring torpedo officers. One lesson of the late war is that torpedoes are of little value on board large ships, while the torpedo tubes on them are sources of structural weakness; but this had already been foreshadowed. It must not be forgotten, however, that floating mines were even more destructive than torpedoes. Three big battleships foundered at once on striking mines, while not one was totally destroyed by a single torpedo.

In this connection it is interesting to note that, as the United States was the last country to build torpedo boats, so its naval officers, by their own admission, have paid far less attention to this mode of warfare than have foreign navies. Not until 1900 was the first torpedo with a war charge fired by an American torpedo boat. This indifference is distinctly regrettable, because the United States is the country, above all others, which can be well defended by a torpedo flotilla. Unfortunately, our naval experts are now far more concerned with heavy offensive squadrons than with the defensive measures long urged by the founders of this Government. But if our navy were to devote itself to developing torpedoes and torpedo boats, it might demonstrate that the country needs fewer battleships than it has to-day—and this, from the point of view of many officers, would never do.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES AT NEW HAVEN.

NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

The meeting of the National Academy of Sciences in New Haven on November 14 and 15 was perhaps not as full as might have been expected; no quorum of the Council was present, and the number of papers by members was not large, but it may be doubted whether there ever was a meeting in which so much was brought forward that had a flavor of great scientific novelty, inasmuch as the new conception of matter which has resulted from the study of various kinds of radiation is now taking on the aspect of a greater revolution in science than did the advent of the doctrine of energy or that of natural selection, and therefore of the greatest since Newton, if not since Copernicus.

The most astounding surprise, though the matter had been rather skeptically heard of before, was the demonstration shown in photographs brought home from South Africa by Prof. W. M. Davis, of the ancient glaciation in that country. Prof. Davis reported that, as far as he heard, all the geologists at the Cape Town meeting of the British Association were fully convinced that the scratches on the rocks and other apparent vestiges of a great glacier sheet were veritably what they had seemed to South African geologists to be. Yet, in addition to some minor difficulties, such as the total absence of terminal moraines, this South African glacier sheet presents two features wholly unprecedented, one of them truly astounding. The former is that this glacier belonged to the Permian epoch, though it has hitherto been supposed that the glacial ages were all, geologically speaking, recent, and indeed have not yet quite come to an end. One is hardly prepared to say why there might not have been glaciers in Permian times; but belief is almost staggered when we learn that this sheet, starting well within the tropics, moved due south toward the Cape. We are reminded, however, that the newly discovered source of energy by radio-active decomposition of elements of high atomic weight is so tremendous that the age of the sun, and consequently the length of geological eras, must probably be far greater than those who have listened to Kelvin and the physicists have been accustomed to think. Moreover, the present view is that the planets generally have performed a half-somersault under tidal action, so as to rotate now from south to east, though at first they turned from south to west. But such a change, by dynamical necessity, must have been accompanied by a vast shifting of the axis of each planet. We are, therefore, tempted to think that there might have been a time when South Africa was warmer than the parts that are now in latitude 20° S. Somebody ought to examine into this. It illustrates, at any rate, how limitless is the field of consequences which may result from Madame Curie's discovery.

We cannot be surprised at finding that young men are the most alert in assimilating the new conceptions which old and young are now driven to admit, but the old with some not very definite reserve. Dr. B. B. Boltwood, who was introduced by Prof. H. L. Wells, exhibited a curious table showing calculated ages of certain minerals in millions of years. Here, again, we have to remember that there is no longer any solid reason for refusing to acknowledge the lengths of geological time upon which the geologists have always insisted, nor, indeed, if the affirmative reasons are sufficient, the still vaster durations demanded by the palæontologists. It now appears that helium is set free in all radio-active decomposition, and in point of fact the atomic weight of uranium exceeds that of thorium, as nearly as we know, by twice the atomic weight of helium, and exceeds the atomic weight of radium by three times the same amount,

as if U=Th He_2=Rd He_3; and radium, which undergoes five successive radio-active decompositions, has an atomic weight exceeding that of lead by five times the atomic weight of helium, as if Rd=Pb He_5. For this and another weighty reason, Dr. Boltwood suggested last spring that the final product of the decomposition of radium is lead, an idea which has been received with favor. The other reason to which we allude is, that the proportions of lead and helium in the radio-active minerals are correct if we suppose that they were all pure thorium minerals at first; and in point of fact all do contain thorium. It is singular that the rate of each kind of radio-active decomposition remains absolutely constant at all pressures, and at temperatures ranging from that of liquid air to the highest temperatures that have been tried. Nothing seems to disturb its march. On this basis, then, Dr. Boltwood has determined, from the amounts of lead and of helium per gramme of the mineral, the length of time required to produce that amount for all the minerals for which the calculation is possible—a long list from various parts of the world; and the truth of the calculated times seems to be decidedly confirmed by the calculations turning out to give all the minerals from any one region, however different they may be in composition, pretty nearly the same age, although minerals from different regions show decidedly, and sometimes vastly, different calculated ages. Thus, the calculated ages of five minerals of Connecticut range from 92 to 98 millions of years, those of North Carolina 119 to 127 millions of years, and those of Norway from 290 to 383 millions of years.

Stupendous as these periods of time are, it does not appear that the physicist can any longer deny them, and they appear to receive some support from the southward motion of the glacier sheet of South Africa. There is, however, one point of serious doubt. Many chemical reactions proceed with extreme slowness at ordinary and lower temperatures, but, when the substances are heated to a certain point, they suddenly advance with great rapidity. Now experiments upon radio-active decomposition have never been made above 200 degress C, which is below the heat of a good baker's oven. It is, therefore, quite possible that at some higher temperature this decomposition should proceed very fast, especially if certain other conditions that might be pointed out should be realized. For the present, this consideration must throw a not inconsiderable doubt over Dr. Boltwood's calculations.

Dr. H. A. Bumstead, who was introduced by Professor Hastings, is a Yale graduate, already favorably known to the scientific world, who has been working for a year under the guidance of Prof. J. J. Thomson, the chief promoter of electrons and all these ideas, in the Cavendish Laboratory. His paper greatly impressed the physicists by its refinement and cautious attention to every source of error, although it is impossible here, in short compass and without drawings, to give any idea of its merits. When the Röntgen rays strike upon metals they liberate a quantity of energy considerably in excess of that which went to their production. This excess of energy can be due only to the radio-active decomposition of the metal, although it would be quite impossible to detect, by chemical analysis, that any change had taken place. We have been accustomed to think of the liberation of energy in combustion as very great; but that which is liberated in radio-active decomposition is millions of times greater. Dr. Bumstead has taken a pair of elements, zinc and lead, the one of low atomic weight, the other of high, and, by measuring the difference of energy resulting from the action upon them of the Röntgen rays, studied the radio-active decomposition.

Another young man, known for excellent work in collaboration with Dr. Bumstead, Dr. L. P. Wheeler, introduced by Professor Hastings, gave an excellent paper and one very convincing of the value both of Professor Hastings's leadership and of the influence of Willard Gibbs. It was a mixed mathematical and experimental research, admirable in both directions, into metallic reflexion, the polarization-effects of films and of scratches, etc.

Another paper connected with the new conception of matter, and indeed opening a rich field of suggestion concerning electrons, was by one of the leaders in physics, Professor Trowbridge. He described, and illustrated by photographs thrown upon the screen, the singular effects which he had produced in large tubes traversed by a current from a battery of twenty thousand cells of great resistance. When sparks are used, we get only instantaneous effects, but, with such a continuous source of high-tension electricity, slow alterations are observed, occupying minutes in their performance. A volume-ionization is manifest, which slowly increases, and also an ionization-lag. There is a decided unipolar discharge. With some arrangements, rotating brushes are seen, together with phenomena which decidedly resemble the shifting of the Northern lights.

A paper, perhaps indicating an unrecognized state of matter, was by the veteran Professor Brewer. He had formerly given some account of his observations upon the deposition of sediment from water in which clay had been stirred up. But, the vessels not being transportable without disturbance, it was not until the Academy came to New Haven that he could actually exhibit his results. He had several two-gallon bottles with vertical sides, containing clay and pure water, which had not been shaken for fourteen and for twenty-two years. Yet an opalescence was still visible in them, and Professor Brewer was of opinion that the clay never would completely settle. It seemed to be in a colloidal condition, in semi-chemical union with the water, and diffusing through it. But Professor Brewer informed the Academy that if a minute quantity of salt water were to be added, the water would completely clear itself in a few days. To this paper Professor Brewer appended another with specimens demonstrating that wood will never rot under the influence of pure air and moisture, even if considerably heated. If, however, the smallest particle of rotten wood be introduced into the vessel, the rot will soon spread through all the wood present.

There was one exceedingly interesting paper upon mineral chemistry by Professor Penfield, the well-known mineralogist. It seems that some time ago he received from a correspondent a package of small crystals found at Borax Lake in California, the sender remarking that they contained magnesium and sodium in the form of carbonates and chlorides. One crystal, being taken at random for analysis, was found to have the described composition, with the singular difference that, instead of chloride, it contained sulphate. Now every student of chemistry knows that a sulphate cannot replace a chloride without a complete change in crystalline form; yet all the crystals were alike. It was, therefore, at first supposed that some blunder must explain their having been described as containing chloride. However, further examination showed that of the crystals which remained after taking away that one, some seven thousand in number, not one contained any sulphate at all. After that, one other crystal was met with which contained sulphate and no chloride. The formula of the first and last was

$$2MgCO_3,\ 2Na_2CO_3;\ Na_2SO_4;$$

That of the other seven thousand was

$$2MgCO_3,\ 2NA_2CO_3;\ 2NaCl.$$

The crystals containing chloride were somewhat soluble; those containing sulphate were insoluble. Moved by a rule of old-time chemistry about the precipitation of insoluble salts, Professor Penfield imagined that though the sulphate crystals were so rare in nature, it might be easy to crystallize them from a mixed solution of their ingredients. It proved to be far from easy, but was accomplished by five days' digestion over a *bain-marie*. There were, then, two independent phenomena to be explained: (1) the isomorphism of the sulphate and chloride compounds; and (2), the difficulty of formation of the sulphate salt, with its consequent infrequency in nature.

We now pass to the physiological and anatomical papers. The very first memoir read was an elaborate piece of work by Dr. L. B. Mendel, who was introduced by Professor Chittenden. It related to the presence of Sucrase, Maltase, and Lactase in the tissues and liquids of pigs and dogs in several embryonic stages and in the breathing animal. The details, though interesting, would require too much explanation to be given here. The differences found at different stages of development doubtless depend upon such facts as that the embryo-muscle has no work to perform, and that the embryo does not so readily get rid of substances which it can neither absorb nor transform, as the adult does.

Dr. F. E. Beach, introduced by Professor Hastings, dealt with the errors of eccentricity and collimation of the human eye. He corrected certain errors of Helmholtz, and showed how they had arisen. The axis of distinct vision is inclined some 3° or 4° from the axis of the cornea, which has not the form of a portion of a spherical surface. A person looking into an eye which looks straight into his will see three reflections—one from the cornea, and two from the two surfaces of the crystalline lens. It was to the departures from the character of an ideal optical instrument which are betrayed by the locations of these reflections that Mr. Beach's measures and calculations related.

The paper of the session was unquestionably that of Prof. Edmund B. Wilson, who attacked one of the great traditional mysteries, the problem of sex-determination, and distinctly brought it one long march nearer to elucidation. His admirably clear

diagrams, drawings from microphotographs of wonderfully prepared specimens, showed groups of bodies known as chromosomes, which are found not only in the cells immediately concerned in fertilization, but also in the cells from which *these* cells are formed by reduction. The animals from which they were taken belonged to six different genera of bugs. Three of these genera have, in each cell of the ovarian follicles from which the egg-cells are formed, a fixed number of chromosomes. This number is even without being divisible by four (such as 14 or 22), consisting of an odd number of pairs, the chromosomes of each pair being alike in size and general appearance, while the different pairs differ more or less in these respects. In particular, two chromosomes, in every case, are vastly larger than any of the others. These two have hitherto been called the "accessory" chromosomes; but Professor Wilson, having proved the gross impropriety of this designation, renames them the "heterotropic" chromosomes. Exclusive of these two, the number of chromosomes is divisible by four (as 12 or 20). The corresponding cells in the male contain each one chromosome fewer (as 13 or 21), since they possess but one of the heterotropic kind. The ordinary chromosomes in the male correspond exactly, one to one, to those of the female. From each of the cells of which we have been speaking, is formed, in each sex, two cells of the kinds directly concerned in fertilization. In this process of division the two members of each matched pair of chromosomes separate and go, the one to one of the new cells, the other to the other. But since the cells of the male contain but one heterotropic chromosome, half of the new male cells contain one, and the other half none at all. In the act of fertilization, one male cell is absorbed in a female one, which thus comes to contain the chromosomes of both; namely, a number of ordinary chromosomes divisible by four, and either only one heterotropic chromosome, which is the characteristic of the male, or two of these, which is the characteristic of the female.

This is what happens in three of the genera examined. In the other three there is a slight difference, in that the original cells of the male, instead of containing ordinary chromosomes equal in number to those of the male together with a single chromosome which is a good deal larger, contain, beside all those, an additional chromosome which is a good deal smaller than the ordinary ones. This little chromosome acts like the mate to the big one, in that, in the division of the cell, it always goes to the opposite one of the new cells; that is, to that one of the new cells which the big one does not enter. If we leave the little chromosome out of account, the phenomena of these genera are just like those first described. Professor Wilson entertains no doubt that it is this second arrangement that is the primitive one. These facts seem to show that the determination of sex takes place at fertilization, wherein a signal addition is made to our knowledge of the subject. Still, Professor Wilson does not believe that the chromosomes are the direct determinants of sex, but rather that they are concomitants of that determination, which he thinks may be a matter of metabolism, perhaps of growth.

Mr. Agassiz, the President of the Academy, as usual wound up the session with one of his delightful papers, which are always followed without difficulty, and are always full of interest. It related to the various forms and functions assumed by the spines of sea-urchins. We have not mentioned three mathematical papers by Dr. Franz Boaz, Mr. C. S. Peirce, and Prof. Asaph Hall. Professor Hall's paper related to the calculation of the anomaly of Halley's, or any similar, comet.

The meeting was an exceptionally enjoyable one; and the New Haven members gave the Academy such a dinner as is not often offered to mere scientists.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN SOUTH AFRICA.—II.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
November 4, 1905.

The stay in Johannesburg was so actively employed that it was something of a relief to start away on the further journey. The main party made a brief stop at Bloemfontein, and then a long southward détour by rail to Kimberley, and there spent two days. A number of others "trekked" across the plains in slow wagons from Pretoria to Mafeking, to learn something of the open country far from the railway. A small geological party again separated from the others and went a day's journey northeastward to the Duivel's Kantoor (the Devil's Shop), a great promontory in the escarpment by which the interior highland breaks down toward the coast, affording "one of the finest views in South Africa." It was curious to find at this isolated spot a comfortable little hotel kept by a German (who shouted for joy when Penck changed from English to his own language in the second half of his after-dinner speech), and some small summer houses, refuges for those who can leave their homes on the coastal lower lands during the hot season. Returning to Johannesburg, we followed the main party around to Kimberley.

The railway journeys gave us abundant views of the broad, treeless, apparently unoccupied Veld in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. We had been told in Cape Town that this ride was monotonous and tiring, and so it truly might have been to travellers not interested in land forms; but, in the sympathetic company of our geological party, there was study and discussion of the plains all day long, for their origin seemed to involve curious changes in continental altitude or in climatic conditions, yet to be worked out. Moreover, on this and other railway journeys, we saw the broad country that the Boers had wrested from the natives, and that they had learned to occupy in somewhat patriarchal fashion. Each isolated homestead was usually determined by some convenient source of water supply; hence the frequent recurrence of names ending in *fontein* (spring), *spruit* (stream), *vlei* (hollow), *poort* (gap), and so on. There were small gardens near the houses, occasional small fields of "mealies" (maize) which supply a staple article of food for Boer and Kaffir, and plantations of gums (eucalyptus) and wattles (acacias) from Australia, for South Africa has been unsuccessful in the development of trees suitable to its dry climate; but the greater part of each estate was a vast uncultivated cattle range, where the herds and flocks are tended by natives, who live like serfs near their master's house. Here, dwelling in isolated and contented independence, rather indifferent to what outsiders call progress, and accustomed to a political system in which the local government of cities by their citizens had practically no place, the scattered Boers saw the rapid growth of the concentrated and aggressive mining population on the Rand, and a prolonged conflict was the natural, if not the inevitable, result. In what degree the Boer rulers were to blame for precipitating the conflict, I shall not presume to say; but it was a matter of regret to see that unsympathetic antagonism still exists between the scattered farmers and the crowded miners. We passed many battlefields and saw many traces of the war; blockhouses and rifle pits in various stages of obliteration, barbed-wire entanglements along parts of the railway line, ruined or rebuilt houses; and we heard much of the efforts made by the British to reëstablish the Boers on their farms. Vast sums of money have been spent under British control, chiefly on the reconstruction of railways and public works, but also on the repatriation of the farmers and on the restocking of their cattle ranges, the latter effort being greatly hindered by rinderpest and other diseases. Some of the money has been spent on the *Beiwohner* or hangers-on, the houseless Boers who, by misfortune, lack of thrift, or otherwise, have become a sort of "poor whites" in a country where the whites insist that they must dominate the blacks. As if in dread of the growth of such a class, great effort is made to give them means of becoming landlords.

Another problem that took our attention in the interior was the question of British immigration. Shall the stalwart young English farmer be encouraged to go out and plant his small capital and his small family in the Veld, in the hope of bettering the narrow condition that he leaves at home, and of opening up a wider future for his children? The opinion of the Association party was on the whole adverse to recommending such a venture; and this adverse judgment was supported by experts in agriculture and economics as well as by the "intelligent travellers." The mechanic may do well in the mining centres, and the man of larger means may succeed in the Veld, especially if he first learns to live at least as well as the Boers do, and does not insist on carrying out his home ideas in a dry country; but the small farmer **must** wait until irrigation is introduced on a large scale under Government control, and this has not thus far been shown to be feasible; until a kind of wheat can be developed that will be immune to rust during the summer rains, and no wheat of that kind is to be had at present; and until the many diseases of cattle and sheep can be controlled, and that happy day is not as yet. Until these difficult problems are solved, the young British farmer had better stop in the Cape Colony, near the coast, or go to Canada or New Zealand, and leave the Veld to the Boers and its vast emptiness.

It must be borne in mind that an important factor in the future of South Africa is the principle, widely proclaimed by Briton and Boer alike, that the white man must work only with his head, and leave manual labor to the natives. I do not believe that

this is surely a long-lived necessity in the more temperate parts of the Veld, and if difficulties as to irrigation, rust, and pests can be overcome, European working farmers will become much more numerous than they are now; but, for the present, the European who labors on a farm is thought by many to lower the dignity of his race! That such a public opinion exists should be sufficient to determine many a young laboring man to try his fortune in a more democratic colony. Yet it should be recorded that the Europeans, Boers or Britons, who are successfully established on large farms on the high interior plains, would not exchange their life for any other. It was hard for us to appreciate this feeling, for we saw the Veld in its dry season, when everything was dull and gray; but it must be remembered that the Association party was made up of dwellers in cities, who spend most of their lives within the walls of lecture-rooms and laboratories, and who therefore have little knowledge of the pleasures of life in the open. The Afrikander would probably be as little willing to exchange places with us as we with him; indeed, one whom we met said that he had been "home" the year before—"home" means Great Britain and especially England to Colonials (immigrants) and to Afrikanders (descendants of immigrants) alike—but he didn't like the country there; it was too much walled in, he didn't feel free to go about as he chose; indeed, Dartmoor was the only place where he was at ease, for there the open upland with its moors and tors reminded him of the high Veld with kopjes on it!

Kimberley was a less distracting city than Johannesburg, but not less interesting. Here, as on the Rand, American managers and engineers are numerous and influential; and the American manager of the DeBeers company, in which practically all of the Kimberley diamond mines are now consolidated, is something of a king. No sectional meetings were held there, and the two days were thus kept free for visits to the huge open pits and their deeper underground extensions. We saw one that was a good quarter mile in diameter at the top, had slanting walls for 300 or 400 feet down, then vertical walls in harder rock for 1,000 feet more, so that the bottom was out of sight from the surface rim; and yet underground work went on 1,000 feet deeper still, with no sign of reaching the base of the "pipe" of the famous diamond-bearing "blue ground"! We went also to the "floors" or fields, acres in extent, where the "blue ground" is spread out to soften under the weather with some aid from steam harrows; to the pulsators on which the gravel is gently shaken as it is washed down a sloping table faced with grease, which selects and holds the diamonds, large or small, while the worthless scraps pass on; to the diamond room, where a long table (back of a good railing and with silent, square-faced guards at either end) was decorated with heaps of gems, graded as to size and value, estimated to be worth £70,000, and awaiting purchase at such prices as the company is pleased to set; to the compounds, where the Kaffir miners live, an interesting spot for the anthropologist, as many native tribes are there represented; and to the suburban park, where the European employees are well-housed. There is no Chinese question at Kimberley; African laborers are found in sufficient number, and the importation of Chinese on the Rand is rather freely condemned.

The journey northward from Kimberley soon took us into Rhodesia, a vast interior region under the control of a chartered company which was organized by the genius of Cecil Rhodes, and which greatly misses and mourns for his inspiring leadership. We made a stop at Bulawayo, far within the empty country, and from there had a most interesting excursion to the Matopos, a group of granitic domes and knobs that surmount the high plains which, here as elsewhere, occupy so large a part of inner Africa. On the summit of a huge granite mass in the midst of the remote wilderness is the tomb of Cecil Rhodes; and here, on the ground of his great ambitions and in the memory of his great benefactions, we had to regret more than ever that his haste was so great as to lead him to give any countenance to such a filibustering expedition as Jameson's raid. The attempt to occupy this part of the South African interior is a very difficult venture. Part of the country is steppe land, part is covered with an open forest of medium-sized trees; all is dry in winter and flushed with occasional rains in summer. There are about 300,000 natives south of the Zambesi, and only 12,000 whites; yet a notice posted in the railway station at Johannesburg warned Europeans not to go to Rhodesia without capital. It is not a country in which white men work; the summers are too exhaustingly hot, the midday sun was beginning to be oppressive even at the time of our visit in early spring (September). An official told us candidly enough that, inasmuch as transportation charges were very heavy, and as the export of products (apart from metals) would therefore be commercially unsuccessful, the policy of the company was to develop the needs of the natives as to clothing, household utensils, and so on; the native then would be led to work more steadily than he does now, in order to get the money with which to satisfy his growing needs, and industry and trade would thereby prosper. As a commercial policy, this is commendable; but it was well pointed out by one of our party that, as needs are cultivated and satisfied, intelligence will increase; and with increasing intelligence there will be growing ambitions; and as intelligent ambitions are aroused, the blacks, numerically in great majority, may not be content to remain subordinate to the whites, as they now are.

Thus Rhodesia has a heavy native problem in the future, as it has a heavy financial problem in the present, with its shares below par and no dividends in sight. Its more immediate hope seems to be in its mines of copper and gold, as yet hardly opened, but said to be of value, and it is largely in view of their future that the railway, part of the almost visionary "Cape to Cairo" scheme, has been built northward from Bulawayo to and beyond the Zambesi River. Luckily, coal has been found at Wankie, where it is worked for engine fuel. Even to those who have seen our Western railroads in the deserts of Utah and Arizona, the construction of a line through the Bushveld or thin-forest country is a marvel, for while our roads go through to a rich Pacific coast, the Zambesi line ends in a wild region, with nothing to fetch and nothing to carry. I can hardly imagine a more agreeable disappointment than to learn that the railway, and indeed the whole territory of the chartered company, have become financially successful, for we were most generously treated during our days at Bulawayo, at Salisbury, the capital, and at Umtali farther east, as well as during our excursion to Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, the farthest point on our inland journey. There we attended the ceremony of opening the great bridge over the gorge below the Falls, and had the pleasure of crossing it in the first passenger train that reached the northern side. We rambled about for a day and a half near the superb Falls, descended into Palm Kloof, one of the side ravines, crossed to Livingstone Island above the Falls, and wandered through the "rain forest," where the spray supports a jungle quite unlike the growth of the neighboring Bushveld. Some of the party walked up the river and saw "hippos" and crocodiles; others walked down the valley to see the curious zigzags of the gorge, and all marvelled at the ease with which we had reached a spot that was on the remotest border of exploration when Livingstone saw it half a century ago.

On turning back from the Falls, our homeward journey was begun. About half of the party returned from Bulawayo to Cape Town and then by west-coast steamer to England direct; the other half came from Bulawayo through eastern Rhodesia, and descended across Portuguese East Africa to the coast of the Indian Ocean at Beira, there to embark and return by the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean. The Portuguese officials gave us a farewell lunch in the custom-house, a most artistic and charming affair, directly after which we went aboard the *Durham Castle* and steamed away on the afternoon of September 17, having been thirty-three days on land and having traversed nearly 3,000 miles by rail. The whole excursion was thoroughly planned and admirably carried out; it filled us all to overflowing with new impressions; and it gave the foreign guests in particular a view of British strength and heartiness, at home and in the colonies, that cannot be forgotten. The only untoward result likely to follow from this unrivalled opportunity is, as President Darwin pointed out in his remarks at our lunch in Umtali, that we shall make ourselves rather insufferable all through the coming winter by insisting on telling our South African experiences on all occasions, until our hearers cry, "Enough!" if not, indeed, "Too much!"

W. M. Davis.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.—I.

Sevastopol, October 16, 1905.

It is difficult for those who live in western Europe or in the eastern part of the United States to realize to what an extent Russia is still an agricultural nation, and to understand the significance of that fact. In Russia the large cities are few and far between, and, with the exception of Moscow, are almost all upon the extreme western or southern border of the Empire. Eight-tenths of the population is still to be found in detached villages of from 1,000 to 1,500 inhabitants, scattered over an area

much larger than that of the United States. Any speculation upon the political future of Russia will be futile if it does not take into proper account the nature of these village organizations (or "Mirs," as they are called), and the racial characteristics of the individuals who constitute them.

The Slavic population of Russia is divided into three branches, the Great Russian, the Little Russian, and the White Russian. Of these the Great Russian is by far predominant, numbering more than 40,000,000, and occupying the whole valley of the Volga, a large part of the basin of the Don, and extending westward to the Dnieper and Dvina Rivers. Tolstoy, with whose picture in peasant costume every one is familiar, is both physically and temperamentally the typical Great Russian. With his stalwart frame, his light brown hair and beard, his mild blue or gray eye, broad face and gentle expression, and his belted blouse overhanging his trousers, the Great Russian meets you everywhere in the kingdom. Not only in his original home, but in Vladivostok, throughout Siberia and Central Asia, on the shores of the Black Sea and of the Sea of Azov, he is sure to greet you with the offer of broad shoulders or of his swift droshky for the transportation of your luggage and your person.

The Little Russian, next in importance of the Slavic population, often has dark hair and dark eyes, supposed by some to have come through a slight intermixture of Tartar blood; but in general his characteristics are similar to those of his brothers in Great Russia. He is, however, cleaner in appearance and manner of living, and his villages show signs of greater prosperity. The Cossacks of the Don and the Ural are simply the frontiersmen of Russia, with such modifications as border life produces in all classes of people. They possess a military organization, which is extremely democratic, except in the appointment of its higher officers. Naturally they have come to be the chief dependence of the Government in preserving order throughout the Empire, their relation to the ordinary army of conscripts being something like that of our regular army to the State militia. We have much the same difficulty in the United States in suppressing disorders through the militia that Russia has through the regular army. In repeated instances our militia have refused to respond for the forcible suppression of disorders fomented by their fellow-citizens. The refusal of Russian troops to fire upon a mob, and the resort to the Cossacks as we resort to the regular army, are no new things in Russia.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the impression which is conveyed by picturing the Russian as a "bear," for, really, he is a gentle creature, overflowing with sympathy, and this is the basis of his most characteristic faults. Beggars are everywhere tolerated. They line the approaches to every church, and stretch out their appealing hands from every corner. Nor are they rudely thrust aside by any. Their very numbers indicate the consideration with which they are treated. The exile, as he starts for Siberia, is universally looked upon as more unfortunate than criminal, and is the recipient of many parting gifts. In Siberia itself the free settler ever leaves some bread and water outside his door that the fugitive from justice may find refreshment in his lonely night marches. It was in obedience to this sentimentality of the people at large that capital punishment was abolished in Russia 250 years ago. Since that time even the most hardened murderers have never been sentenced to more than twenty years in prison. The few executions which take place in Russia are under the extreme enforcement of martial law.

The whole penal system of Siberia has really sprung out of the same national sentimentalism. Exile to Siberia, with a speedy release from close confinement and a chance to retrieve one's fortune in a new country, has seemed to the nation more humane than summary execution or prolonged close confinement. However mistaken the policy may have been, the impulse leading to it has been generous rather than severe, while no one could well see beforehand the incidental evils which have been connected with it. Now that the policy is to be reversed, the first requisite is the erection of a large number of new local prisons, where it is doubtful if the unfortunate class will be any better off than they have been. It is interesting to note that Prince Kropotkin, upon being confined in an up-to-date French prison, emphatically declared that the general effect of the Siberian prison was better than that of the prisons of Western Europe.

The Russian neither hurries himself nor any one else. One of the most striking characteristics observed through many months' close association with him, first and last, has been the uniform kindness with which workmen are treated by overseers. A recent trip down the Mississippi upon a river steamboat revealed scenes of hard-heartedness and cruelty on the part of the overseers who were driving negro stevedores to the utmost limit of human endurance, shocking every sentiment of humanity. The harsh and rasping tones, the terrible profanity, and the repeated blows upon the backs of the overworked negroes, contrasted in a forcible manner with the patience observed everywhere here. The Anglo-Saxon overseer is a brute compared with the Russian. These feelings of sympathy found expression in a striking scene which I once witnessed in a group of children who had come out to slide upon some newly frozen ice, at the beginning of winter. A number of the children were barefooted, but those who had shoes, instead of monopolizing them entirely to their own benefit, at intervals took them off and lent them to their less fortunate companions.

Paradoxical as it may seem, one of the greatest hindrances to progress among the Russian peasantry is the amount of liberty retained by the village commune or Mir. Admirable in many respects as this organization is, it is looked upon by the most enlightened friends of Russia as one of the main obstacles to progress in the social and political condition of the Empire. The Mir either owns or rents the land which its individual members cultivate. Annually, by universal suffrage in which the women who are widows, or whose husbands are absent, take part, elders are elected whose duty it is to see that each family has its proper proportion of the land assigned to it. But, if there is any dissatisfaction, each individual has the right to call a public meeting and make a final appeal to the whole body of voters.

This communistic system is supposed by many to be the cause of the backward state of agriculture throughout Russia. Though this may be true in part, other causes conspire to the same result. The climatic conditions are such that high cultivation, such as is found in Central and Western Europe, is out of the question. The rainfall is meagre, and extensive irrigation impossible, while the season for the growth of crops is short. The peasant, therefore, must, in general, resort to a plan of raising a crop of grain (wheat, rye, or oats) one year, and allowing the land to lie fallow two years, and even then only succeeds in raising seventeen or eighteen bushels of wheat per acre. Upon a sale of a portion of this he must depend for his ready money.

But every house has its garden well stocked with cabbages and cucumbers and other vegetables, while the house itself, built of logs and covered with thatch, is admirably adapted to the conditions of life to which the peasant has become attached. It is warm in winter and cool in summer, and provided with a large brick oven in the principal room, which well conserves the heat furnished by the scanty supply of fuel. The furniture is simple, consisting of a few benches and rough bedsteads and a table. The oven itself also often serves the purpose of affording facilities for the weekly steam bath which every Russian is careful to take. In the winter the top of the oven is a favorite sleeping-place for the aged members of the family. After driving over a level and treeless prairie for many miles without seeing a single habitation, as one is ordinarily compelled to do, it is a pleasant experience to come suddenly upon a village of such houses, snugly ensconced beside some little stream which furnishes a convenient water supply. Life in these villages is certainly much less lonely than in the scattered habitations of our own Western prairies.

The Mir, again, has the right and responsibility of dealing with infractions both of the civil and the criminal laws up to a certain degree, and is permitted, as the ancient Greek communities were, to obstracize objectionable members. More than 50 per cent. of the exiles to Siberia have been sent there by vote of the village communities in which they lived. When such a vote is taken, the unfortunate member is turned over to the general Government and put under police surveillance in Siberia. Nor is a criminal who has been sentenced by the courts permitted to return to his commune except by general permission.

This responsibility of the Mir is, however, somewhat restricted by the fact that the votes are not effective until they are unanimous. Practically, however, they are always made unanimous as soon as a clear majority has been obtained. The direct and, on the whole, satisfactory way in which these village communes attain the ends of justice is well illustrated by a recent incident related to us by a friend who witnessed it. An illegitimate child had been born under some mitigating conditions which we need not mention. The Mir was assembled to see that justice was done as far as possible to all parties. After a fair amount of discussion, the unanimous decision was that the father of the child

should bind himself for its proper support through specified annual supplies furnished to the mother. This, of course, was to be expected. But it was followed by a vote which was as unexpected as it was salutary, namely, that whoever should hereafter make the matter a subject of gossip should be fined ten rubles (five dollars).

In other ways, also, such a pure democracy as is the Russian Mir must limit the freedom of its individual members, illustrating the too much neglected apothegm that the worst of all despotisms is that of an implacable majority. The Mir has certain common responsibilities which every individual shares. It owes to the general Government taxes and military service. This is essential to the maintenance of the unity of the Empire and to the fulfilment of all the higher aspirations of the Slavic race. Hence it comes about that the individual member of the Mir is not permitted to go and come as he likes; but, upon leaving home, he must give a pledge to his fellow-members that he will continue to bear his share of the common burdens, at least until the next census is taken. He must, therefore, secure leave of absence from them. This is the reason for that internal passport system which to outsiders seems so meddlesome and onerous, while, viewed in the light of the real equities of the case, it is perfectly fair and just, and is so considered by the mass of the Russian people. The great commercial and manufacturing centres of Russia are filled with peasants who have obtained temporary leave of absence from their Mirs for the purpose of improving their condition in these broader fields of activity. Often they continue for the rest of their lives to reside in the cities, while cheerfully paying their annual tax to the Mir. This, however, is not regarded as an imposition, but really as a payment to secure an old-age pension; for so long as they pay this tax they can, if business adversity overtakes them, return and be reinstated in all the rights of the village.

G. Frederick Wright.

Correspondence.

GRAFT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a speech delivered at Springfield, Ohio, during the recent political campaign, Gov. Folk of Missouri gave the following definition of a new word now in common use:

"The word 'graft' is of such recent origin that it is as yet undefined in the dictionaries in the sense in which it is now generally used. The boodler sells his official vote or buys official acts contrary to law. He is a grafter; but a grafter is not necessarily a boodler. Grafting may or may not be unlawful. It is either a special privilege exercised contrary to law or one that the law itself may give. Special privileges are grafts and should be hateful to all good citizens."

This is submitted by way of contribution to lexicography, emanating from the best authority.—Respectfully, M. W.

Annapolis, Md.

THE GENESIS OF GRAFT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Certain experiences of the great High School in this city, one of the most important in the country, seem to me to furnish a highly valuable biological experiment in the genesis and development of political corruption-germs. They also throw light on the question suggested by the recent insurance investigations, and raised in your columns, as to which is prior in point of time, and therefore of blame—the blackmailing legislator who devises "strikes" to be bought off, or the corporations which systematically tempt the venality of legislators to procure legislation adverse to the interests of the public or of rivals; a question which otherwise might seem to be parallel with that of the first hen and the first egg, and in some sense is so, as a much-bought public body gradually becomes a subsistent organism, drawing its vital juices from the corruption dunghill.

In brief, the furnishing of class photographs for so large a school is a very valuable plum, in immediate money or in advertising, for a photographer who obtains the contract; and each student board which, year by year, is deputed to make that contract, finds itself at once approached with considerable bribes—fifty or a hundred dollars sometimes, and other valuable considerations. I do not assert that any single contract has been so gained, not even that the offered bribes have influenced the grant; simply that business firms regularly add to the official school curriculum another, of potential "graft," supposably to fit the ungrown youth for their coming careers of "practical politics." In this case there can be no question even of divided responsibility: the children never dreamed of farming out the contract to the highest briber, or of asking any gift as a condition of awarding it; the idea of turning it into a "graft" was absolutely put into their minds initially by firms willing to generate corruption for personal profit, or, more charitably, each fearing that a less scrupulous rival would do the generating and reap the profit, so that morality would be no better off and their own gain would be sacrificed—exactly the reason advanced by the Artful Dodger why Oliver Twist should pick the pockets of unwary strangers.

It seems to me obvious that such is the fact all through the non-political branches of business life. Do school boards of any sort usually begin their selection of text-books by secretly "touching" the publishers to see which will respond most liberally? Of course not; if bribes are ever taken, the firms make the first advances. Has the advertising or other contract agent of a company or firm, who may be caught pocketing commissions, usually been the original fountain of the evil suggestion? Not once in a hundred times; a bait, in general at first made morally plausible, has been hung out which his *res angustæ* or ambition, or perhaps affection, had not strength enough to resist. I fully believe that the same is true in the beginning altogether, and even at the last to a great extent, of political venality: most officials are chosen from the decent classes, are decent men at the outset, and are gradually debauched by the moneyed interests bidding against each other for special legislation. I know quite well to what depths of shameless and brazen corruption such men or bodies can at last descend. I know corporations are given the choice sometimes perhaps of life or death, often of prosperity or great struggle, of success or failure in competition, through buying or not an official board of whom it would be as ludicrous to say that the corporation is corrupting them, as to accuse a Circassian who sells the Sultan's agent his 337th concubine of tempting the Sultan to bigamy. But I am convinced that the perpetual stream of new corruptionists poured into public life, of men at least technically honest turned into rogues in grain, is created outright by a large part at least of the very interests that wail over their completed work, and lament that they can get no public action without buying the public representatives.

This said, may I have permission to add—from knowledge a decade old, but hardly obsolete—that I believe the insurance companies to be among the least of the sinners with regard to initial legislative corruption? I say nothing of municipal affairs, where their interests are only as property holders, and where they are doubtless neither better nor worse than other large owners; I speak only of general legislation. It is almost impossible to make a law which shall add to the running profits of legitimate insurance companies, and I do not remember any such law ever made or sought, though they have been made in shoals for illegitimate ones to defraud the public—for members of "Iron Halls" and "endowment bond" societies to pick each other's pockets while a few sharper scoundrels picked those of the whole, for the freeing of the masses of rotten assessment societies from public accountability or from the obligation of carrying funds to make good the promises on which they have lured in the public, and so on. But the possibilities of legislation to *harm* not only the general business of insurance, but the direct money interests of policyholders, are infinite, and the actual measures to harass them are pretty nearly so. Valued-policy laws, raising the price of fire insurance for all in order to give each a gambler's chance to turn indemnity into a profitable speculation; laws against making suicide a ground of forfeiture, equally robbing the mass of honest, mediocre people to make the family of a coward (often a plunger at the end of his rope) immensely rich by enabling him to turn the mortality chance into a certainty against the remaining policyholders; demagogue "nigger laws," so styled, to prevent charging colored men more than white—exactly like forbidding a bank to discount a negro trader's note at a higher rate than a white man's; special sectional protective burdens laid on far-off companies, to dragoon people into patronizing those near by; thrifty securing of costly public works by loading the cost upon the insurance companies—the beautiful $3,300,000 Connecticut Capitol and grounds were paid for, every dollar, by a special insurance tax, most of it recharged against the policyholders' "dividends" in the mutual companies; "insurance departments" in many petty States, with no special insurance inter-

ests to safeguard, operated as political plums at the expense of the companies, and endowed with the power of making or threatening constant "examinations" which are merely blackmailing raids, so understood by both parties and often bought off as such—these are only a few of the actual assaults, on the broadest scale, upon the companies as large moneyed institutions. If the companies called down these "strikes" upon themselves, they were singularly inept in warding them off. As to injurious measures threatened by regularly organized blackmailing lobbies, they swarm at every session, or used to, and I do not believe the old order has changed. In a word, the companies want no special legislation, and could not profit by it; the strikers wish it against the companies to extort ransom. Is it not clear that the latter in this case are the ones who began and begin the game of corruption, and force the companies to maintain protective lobbies?—Very truly yours,

FORREST MORGAN.

HARTFORD, CONN., November 14, 1905.

TONE IN PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the spring of 1863, the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co., of Philadelphia, was made a loan agency for the national Government, receiving a commission of one-eighth per cent. on all loans made. Since the loans of the next few months aggregated over $75,000,000, the profits accruing to the house may be imagined. Jay Cooke purchased in June 300 shares of Erie Railway stock in the name of the Secretary of the Treasury, Salmon P. Chase. Within three weeks, the stock had cleared $4,200, and Mr. Cooke sent a check for this amount to Mr. Chase as profit. It was precisely such a transaction as seems to have become common in these days. But Mr. Chase returned the check to Cooke with these words: "In order to be able to render the most efficient service to our country, it is essential for me to *be* right as well as to *seem* right, and to *seem* right as well as to *be* right."

EDWIN E. SPARKS.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, November 14, 1905.

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR MITCHELL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Mitchell's retirement from the theological faculty of Boston University is not by the Trustees' dismissal, as was stated in your recent editorial, but by their forced relinquishment. The University does not question his teachings or his character. On the contrary, the Trustees have done their utmost to retain him. The circumstances compelling his withdrawal are few and plain. They should be understood by all persons interested in academic freedom.

Professor Mitchell was appointed to the chair of Semitic languages in 1900 for a five-year term—the longest permissible; consequently, the question of his reappointment came before the Trustees this year. Without hesitation they reëlected him for another five-year term.

Now, by a statute of the University, an election to a theological chair, unlike all other appointments, must be confirmed by two bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By a recent order of the highest governing body of this Church—the General Conference—such an election in any theological school recognized by the Church can be confirmed by the bishops only upon a majority vote. Consequently, Professor Mitchell's appointment, when submitted by the Trustees to the bishops last spring, could be confirmed not by any two of the board as contemplated in the statutes, but only by a majority.

As the requisite majority was not willing to confirm the appointment, the bishops courteously returned Professor Mitchell's name without action, together with some reasons for their unwillingness. These were conveyed in form of a report of a committee of their number, appointed to investigate certain charges against Professor Mitchell's teachings.

The Board of Trustees then renewed with urgency its request for confirmation. The bishops replied that their earlier action in returning the name was equivalent to a refusal to confirm, and that they did not consider themselves at liberty to reopen the question of Professor Mitchell's confirmation.

Under the University's statutes the Trustees, since this final action, have had no alternative. They have not dismissed Professor Mitchell. On the contrary, they have twice requested that their reëlection of him receive confirmation.

In justice to the Trustees and to the spirit of the school, the responsibility for Professor Mitchell's retirement should be placed where it belongs—with the board of bishops. Your editorial sympathy with Professor Mitchell will, I feel confident, in the light of these facts, extend also to one of his warmest friends—the University that deplores his loss.

WILLARD T. PERRIN.

BOSTON, November 15, 1905.

THE OHIO CORONER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to the injustice which may be wrought in full conformity to the laws of the State of Ohio? On Thursday, the 2d of November, the coroner of Knox County in this State began an inquest into the death of Stuart L. Pierson, a student of Kenyon College, who was killed by a train on the night of the 28th of October. He chose to sit without a jury, as is permissible under Ohio law, and he chose, moreover, to sit behind closed doors, excluding even the lawyer who represented Kenyon College and the D. K. E. fraternity, the witnesses most concerned in the investigation. For a week the daily papers were filled with false and sensational rumors, which purported to emanate from this secret tribunal. On the 11th of November the coroner published his verdict, finding that Stuart Pierson was tied to the railroad track by person or persons unknown. No testimony was then, or has since been, filed in support of this verdict, which thus stands as the arbitrary dictum of a petty official.

Upon this unsupported assertion Kenyon College and its students have been condemned by the press throughout the country, and censure and abuse have been heaped upon a college which for a record of noble accomplishment has few equals and no superiors west of the Alleghenies. Are we living under an autocracy, that one man's word carries such weight?

Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM F. PEIRCE,
President of Kenyon College.

GAMBIER, OHIO, November 18, 1905.

KEATS IMPROVED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The November number of *Modern Language Notes* contains a delightful illustration of philology minus imagination. It is too good to keep.

The article, or communication, in which it is to be found is entitled "A New Reading in *The Eve of St. Agnes*." The writer, who is an instructor in English in an Eastern university, ventures the opinion that, in the admired line,

"Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray,"

the true reading of the last word is not "pray," but "prey." Keats's spelling, he says, was not infallible; Keats in other places was guilty of "tripple," "plummes," "deamons," and similar errors. He might, therefore, have written "pray" when he intended "prey." Two interpretations of the line thus becoming possible, which of them shall we choose? I quote the writer's answer:

"If we are to imagine the missal as 'doubly cherished for the danger' (Leigh Hunt), the danger from marauding Paynims will surely be greater than that from Paynims who simply say their prayers. And in the romantic epics of chivalry, of which Keats had imbibed the spirit, the characteristic of the Paynims is not their piety, but precisely their preying upon Christian knight and lady."

Nothing could be more convincing. The only complaint which one can lodge against such reasoning is that it does not go far enough. For my part I am convinced that the line as Keats originally wrote it ran as follows:

"Grasp'd like a missile where swart Paynims prey."

Every schoolboy knows that *gr*, rapidly written, tends to degenerate into *cl* or something like it, through the decaudalization of the *g* and the compensatory protension of the *r*. *Missal* for *missile* is just the sort of thing we might expect of Keats. And what could be more characteristic of swart Paynims than the grasping of missiles? So there you are. "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

PHILOLOGUS.

Notes.

A. S. Barnes & Co. will publish immediately 'Seashore Life,' the invertebrates of the New York and adjacent coasts, by Dr. Alfred G. Mayer, with the author's illustrations drawn from the New York Aquarium and elsewhere.

A new 'Dictionary of German Quotations' is promised by Macmillan.

The correspondence between Wilhelm von Humboldt and his wife Caroline, which has all these years been guarded as a sacred family treasure, is to be published in the near future. Humboldt's great-granddaughter, Frau von Sydow, already favorably known as the author of the biography

of Gabriele von Bülow, will edit this correspondence. A beginning will be made with the publication of the letters exchanged between the engagement and the marriage of the two writers; and these letters are of special interest because of the accounts and discussions of such prominent contemporaries as Goethe, Schiller, Charlotte von Lengenfeld, Henriette Herz, Dorothea Veit, Therese Forster, and others. The first volume is to make its appearance before Christmas. The publishers are Mittler & Sohn of Berlin.

The text of Dr. Thwaites's superb reprint of Lewis and Clark's Journals (Dodd, Mead & Co.) reaches its conclusion with volume vii., of which the main pieces are the original journals of Sergeant Charles Floyd and Joseph Whitehouse, the latter quite extended and a by no means superfluous addition to the narrative of the chiefs. It ends with the arrival on the Pacific Coast. An appendix of matter relating to the expedition, largely composed of correspondence between Jefferson and his lieutenants, will be found good reading, and much of it is now published for the first time, such as the "Inquiries relitive to the *Indians* of Louisiana," from Clark's papers—apparently a copy of Jefferson's instructions, *e. g.:* "What is the State of the pulse in both Sexes, Children, grown persons, and in old age, by feeling the Pulse Morning, Noon & Night &c.?" The Atlas now alone remains to complete the monument.

Dr. Holmes's 'One Hoss Shay,' together with "How the Old Horse Won" and "The Broomstick Train," reappears with illustrations by Howard Pyle, but redrawn in color (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The effect is quaint and pleasing, though we think the artist, like the poet, has succeeded least well with the latest narrative, that of the trolley; yet even here one or two of the vignettes are as good as any in the series.

Mr. Luther S. Livingston's 'Auction Prices of Books, 1886-1904' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) terminates with the fourth volume—Richardson to Zwingli. Its field, we may remind our readers, is English and American. An author allied with both nations, Capt. John Smith, would be called, in current slang, one of the best sellers of the day. Four sales of his 'General History of Virginia' (1624) brought $1,800 in 1879, £605 in 1886, $1,900 in 1890, and £204 in 1896. Even his quarto Map of Virginia (1612) fetched £120 in 1902. Shakspere sales require 29 pages, Thackeray 11, Scott 10, Shelley 9, Ruskin and Tennyson 8, Stevenson and Izaak Walton 7, Swinburne 5, Wordsworth 3—fair measures of each cult. The American contingent is unmarked by notable prices. Mrs. Stowe tempted no one above $46, Thoreau above $78; but Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' with attending autographic accidents, obtained a bid of £35. In spite of the genealogical mania, Savage's four-volume 'Genealogical Dictionary,' *fons et origo* of research, brought at most $76. Sibley's 'Harvard Biographies' in three volumes, an inexhaustible browsing-ground of delight to the antiquarian, went for $15. D. G. Rossetti's proof-sheets and some manuscript attached were valued above any of his books save one. Rousseau in English never rose above four pounds.

The eleven volumes of Stedman and Hutchinson's 'Library of American Literature' within ten years of publication were, by Mr. Livingston's exhibition, valued at $22 and $12.10, and in 1902 at $11 and $5.50. With this may be compared the fate of the National Dictionary of Biography during the past season of 1904-5, as shown in Mr. J. H. Slater's 'Book Prices Current' (London: Elliot Stock). This inestimable work in 67 to 69 volumes was procurable under the hammer at £35 to £48. The moral agrees with that pointed by Mr. Slater in his preface, apropos of the prevailing low average apart from the rare and much sought-for prizes. In other words, moderate purses stand a pretty good chance of a bargain in auction-rooms. The climax of the year was the £4,000 paid for the Mentz Psalter of 1459. Shakspere's 'Titus Andronicus' (the Shakspere reappearances were striking) stood the purchaser in £2,000. Mr. Slater has helpfully consolidated his indexes, subject, and author.

A well-printed volume of 336 pages, just to hand, contains the Records of the Town of Hanover, New Hampshire, from 1761 to 1818. It owes its existence to a vote of the town and to the labors of some of the townspeople, of whom there deserves to be mentioned Miss Laura Woolsey Lord, who has furnished a full index of persons, subjects and places. There are a few quaint entries. The election of "deeriffs" reminds one of the Provincial Law of 14 George II., which required each town to "choose two proper persons to inspect and search any house or place where deer may be killed or hid." A curious custom it was to enter in the town records "Notices" relating to horses breaking into inclosures. A dark sorrel mare that troubled Mr. Jesse Dewey was, it seems, "a natureal troter" (p. 190). In fact, most of these carelessly behaving steeds appear to have been "natural trotters." We suspect that Dartmouth College has not been without its influence in bringing about the printing of these Records; a step wisely taken, and one to be widely imitated in time, we trust.

Mr. H. Noel Williams adds to his studies of notable French dames a set of biographical essays entitled 'Queens of the French Stage' (Scribners), which cover the period from Louis XIV. to the Revolution, beginning with Armande Béjart (Molière's wife) and ending with the celebrated, and notorious, Clairon. To the histrionic distinction of La Champmeslé, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and Madame Favart, the biographer does such justice as can be gathered from contemporary criticism or rhapsody, supplying at the same time for the average reader a liberal spice of piquancy in the traditionally ample record of love adventures. One may hazard a doubt whether this element would have received like emphasis had the frail ones been English women. However, the volume is readable, and accurate in most matters save that of French quotations, in which elementary blunders are altogether too frequent. The illustrations are of unequal merit and interest.

Spain has evidently been rediscovered. The days of Ford and Borrow have returned, and the voice of the tourist is again heard in the land. Yet it would be unjust to sweep into the latter blatant class Mr. Rowland Thirlmere, with his two-volume illustrated 'Letters from Catalonia and Other Parts of Spain' (Brentano's). His prototype, rather, is the mild grace and sympathetic art of Longfellow's 'Hyperion.' It is true that he is neither so graceful nor gracious nor artistic in form, but the sympathetic personal note and the flavor of phrase are the same. He is at home, too, in Spain, has known it before, and has access to its family life. So his talk is not all of dinners and hotels and journeys, though there is more of that than need be. Originally a series of letters home, the book would be indefinitely improved by reduction to one-half its length, and reconstruction in simpler, less multitudinous form. There are many telling situations which Longfellow or Sterne would gladly have handled, but they need to be cleared from the mass of a traveller's jottage and given air and space. Yet those philosophic readers who will be content to let the pages pass and the writer talk of this and that, will have their reward. The spell of Spain will be on them; an old land of memories and sorrows, but with a people still of blood and brain. For them, through and over all the petty wealth of English names dragged in and the shower of allusions of the day, the ghost of the past and the spirit of the present and the future will rise, and one will understand why the writer loved Spain and lingered over her thus garrulously. The illustrations, too, are of the same type—very numerous, by many hands, and only occasionally rising into excellence. But the whole book undoubtedly has character and reality, a record of such sensations, impressions and ideas as lead to essential truth.

Among autobiographers and diarists the Emperor Baber holds an honorable, probably as a ruler, a unique place. And his work has had the fate of most such semi-confidential productions in an uncertain existence and slow publication. Written originally in Turki, or Chaghatay-Turkish, it was made more broadly accessible in Persian, but from an incomplete manuscript. The first version into a Western language was begun by the too early lost John Leyden—of the 'Border Minstrelsy' and Scott's eloquent lament—one of the pioneers of Indian studies in the first decade of last century. Others more perfect followed slowly, with a print of the original text in 1857. Now Mrs. A. S. Beveridge publishes as the first volume in the E. J. W. Gibb memorial series a zincograph facsimile of a Turki MS., which she believes to be a direct copy from Baber's autograph (London: Quaritch). No series could be begun more auspiciously, or with a more carefully handled text. The amount of labor in the photographic reproduction has been enormous, but the result is most happy. There is an elaborate historical index on the model of that of the 'Aghani,' and an introduction abbreviated from Mrs. Beveridge's three articles in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society. It may be doubted if there is any library in this country which specializes in Chaghatay-Turkish texts, but there are few of our large libraries which can afford to lack this basal edition of Baber's great work.

The keeper of the valuable archives at Lucca, Luigi Fumi, has been cataloguing the papers and has begun publication of the

more important ones. His first volume gives valuable information regarding the correspondence of the little republic of Lucca from 1333 through the fourteenth century. It includes all the letters of the Anziani, who were at the head of the Government during that period. He supplies the dates from other sources, when lacking in the originals, stating from whence each was sent and its destination, points out the significance of each letter, adds an abstract of its contents, and in some cases quotes the most noteworthy passages. The letters throw light on the history not only of Lucca, but of Tuscany and all Italy, during the years embraced, but are especially valuable for the reports which the merchants of Lucca sent back from many towns in Italy and other countries of conditions which they observed, and incidentally of the relations of those places with the Government of Lucca. The work has full indexes, both chronological and alphabetical, and receives great praise from such an authority as the *Rivista d'Italia*.

The ninth volume (1905) of the *Harvard Oriental Series* contains Dr. A. W. Ryder's admirable translation of the "Maricchakatika," or "Little Clay Cart," an early Sanskrit comedy ascribed to "King Shūdraka." The translation, based on Parab's text, will naturally supersede those of Wilson and Böhtlingk. It is marked by neat metrical renderings and a partially successful effort to imitate the effect of Hindu dialect as used on the stage. No effort is made to fix the date of the author—surely a mistake. The general student, after reading the translator's careful appraisement of the drama—a good literary study—will certainly ask whether in Dr. Ryder's opinion "Shūdraka" lived before or after Kālidāsa (the author of "Shakuntalā"); but he is not even told that the author may have been Dandin instead of "King Shūdraka"; nor is it suggested that he may have lived in the sixth century A. D. In Sanskrit literature a guess is as good as a hit elsewhere, and the bare statement that we are "curiously ignorant," with a reference to a book on the drama published fifteen years ago, will scarcely satisfy any reader. One who has thoroughly worked himself into this kind of literature is just the one to express an opinion which others would be glad to hear. The fact that the comedy's author, whoever he was, ignores the canons of dramatic composition, indicates at least that he antedates them, and gives weight to the theory that we have in the "Wagonette" the earliest extant Hindu comedy.

A cordial welcome should be extended to the *Journal of the Siam Society*, the first volume of which, published at Bangkok, was issued in August of this year. The secretary, well-known to Indologists, is Dr. Frankfurter, who in this number describes the aims of the new Siam Society. Col. Gerini's article on Siamese proverbs will interest a large circle. Some of them are identical even in form with Western proverbs, as are many in thought. The writer compares a few with Sanskrit proverbs (borrowed from India), to which he might have added: "Don't despise a king, a fire, and a snake." H. R. H. Prince Damrong contributes a paper (translated by Dr. Frankfurter) on the foundation of Ayuthia, and Dr. Frankfurter gives a brief history of King Mongkut. The *Journal* may be had of Luzac in England or Harrassowitz in Germany.

A sign of the progress recently made by the study of foreign tongues in England is the launching of a new quarterly journal, the *Modern Language Review*, the first number of which appeared in October. It is edited by Prof. John G. Robertson, who may be addressed at 5 Lyon Road, Harrow. There is an Advisory Board of sixteen eminent scholars. The subscription price is eight shillings, but the periodical is sent free to members of the English Modern Language Association—just as, in this country, the *Publications* are received by members of the Modern Language Association of America. The *Review* covers a large field, being "devoted to the study of mediæval and modern literature and philology." It comprises not only original articles, but also notices of new books and a list of current publications. In this respect it differs from our *Publications* and *Modern Philology*, and resembles our *Modern Language Notes*. This feature will be useful, if competent men continue to find leisure to do the work. The first number, though not bulky, promises well for the future. In addition to some excellent book reviews and a helpful bibliography, it contains half a dozen short studies by such distinguished experts as Paget Toynbee, A. C. Bradley, and others. The new venture may be assured of a cordial welcome from colleagues across the sea.

Parts 19-28 of Meyers's Hand-Atlas (Lemcke & Buechner) bring this enterprise to a close for the edition without an index, which fills twelve parts besides. A very clear, handsome, and convenient duodecimo atlas brought up to date is thus made available for the library shelf or table. These last instalments have a large number of maps of immediate political interest, such as the double plate exhibiting southern Mantchuria and the countries adjacent to the Yellow Sea, with side maps of Liaoyang-Mukden-Harbin, showing the battle-lines; the Scandinavian sheet; Russia's Baltic Sea provinces; Hungary; Persia; Turkey in Europe, etc. For our hemisphere there are maps of South America, Mexico, and part of the United States.

The interest in the late Rear-Admiral Wharton's address at Johannesburg before the British Association, republished in the *National Geographical Magazine* for November, lies in the fact that he treats geography from the point of view of a sailor. Naturally he lays particular stress on the contributions to our knowledge of the globe through marine surveys, especially the British. There is an interesting notice of 'Explorations in Turkestan' published by the Carnegie Institution, from which it is evident that archæological excavations there will throw light on the origin of Western and Eastern civilization. Among the miscellaneous contents are extracts from President Roosevelt's addresses during his Southern tour on forest preservation and the Chinese boycott, and a summary of Prof. W. L. Fleming's investigations as to immigration to the Southern States.

The *Geographical Journal* for November opens with an entertaining description of the Nile Province in Uganda, by Lieut.-Col. Delmé-Radcliffe, its physical features and the natives. Many of these are cultivators of the land, and all, having acquired confidence in their rulers, "give the Administration no trouble." They remember Emin Pasha well, but regard him with indifference or dislike. "Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, however, seem to have inspired the natives everywhere with the greatest possible affection. They never ceased to tell us wonderful stories of the doings of 'Murrdu,' or Lion's-mane, as they called Sir Samuel, and of 'Anyadue,' or Daughter of the Moon, which is their name for Lady Baker." A brief reference is made to the canalization scheme of Sir William Garstein, which, if carried out, will not only largely increase the water supply of Egypt and improve the navigability of the Nile, but will reclaim millions of acres of good soil from the swamps. As wild cotton plants are to be found there with pods well filled with long-staple cotton, it seems highly probable that this fibre may be grown profitably and on a large scale. Other articles are on the French Antarctic expedition by its leader, Dr. Jean Charcot, in which we note the statement that polar auroras were very rare and faint.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number nine, contains the principal facts relative to the geology, topography, and natural history of Montenegro obtained by the recent Italian mission to that country. Other subjects treated are fords, a remarkable cloudburst in the valley of the Rhine, and the best route for a railway connecting Kamtchatka with Europe. This is called out by the suggestion of the American-Pacific Railway through Alaska to Bering's Straits.

The magnificent new library building of the University of Heidelberg has just been opened; it contains some 450,000 volumes. A noteworthy innovation in this structure is the fact that none of the stories are higher than 2½ metres, so that the upper tier of books can readily be reached by anybody.

Lemcke & Buechner send us the familiar "Münchener Kalender" for 1906, with the customary colored display of arms, led off by those of Pius X. At the end is a list of such as have been reproduced since 1895, of German States, counts and princes.

A prize for the best essay on "Moral Training in Public Schools"—$500 for the best, $300 for the second best—is anonymously offered in California. The judges will be the Rev. Charles R. Brown of Oakland, President Jordan of Stanford University, and Prof. F. B. Dresslar of the University of California, Berkeley. The favored essays will be published and circulated by the trustees of the fund. They must be presented not later than June 1, 1906, must be typewritten, and contain not less than 6,000 nor more than 12,000 words.

—The following letter having appeared in the *Evening Post* of November 15, the Editor of the *Nation* must again share his surprise with his own readers, and acknowledge afresh, for himself and his posterity, that good will and esteem on the part of his colaborers which has embalmed itself in such beautiful and precious tokens:

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: On the 6th of July a silver lamp of Grecian pattern was presented to Mr. W. P. Garrison in commemoration of his fortieth year of service in the editorship of the *Nation*. This was accompanied by a congratulatory address signed by many contributors to the *Nation*. Since that date many belated signatures and contributions have been received, together with expres-

sions so cordial and enthusiastic that it seemed difficult and ungracious to return the gifts. Accordingly, Mr. Russell Sturgis, to whose taste and friendly interest the committee are much indebted, suggested the felicitous idea of adding to the lamp a silver plinth or base, which should serve at the same time as a coffer to contain the address and signatures. He furnished the design for this to Tiffanys, and the memorial token is now complete. For obvious reasons the committee think it proper to render this account to the subscribers, and at the same time to absolve themselves from further duty.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER,
J. H. MCDANIELS,
Committee.

November 13, 1905.

—An *édition de luxe* of a writer of "current fiction" may be taken as a measure of his popularity, if not always of his literary importance. Maurice Hewlett has attained the distinction of such an edition (The Macmillan Co.); and, since there can be no doubt that his work deserves it, it is pleasant to know that his popularity demands it. He is a story-teller rather than a novelist, and his tales are mostly old old tales of the world's youth. When he opens the gates of an enchanted and enchanting garden, we moderns may enter in and at once fall under a spell that will last as long as he chooses to hold us. The first volume of the new edition, 'Forest Lovers,' is, we think, his earliest volume of fiction, certainly that by which he became known beyond a circumscribed scholarly circle. In the first chapter he declares his position towards the art of story-telling, a position that he has faithfully maintained: "I hope you will not ask me what it all means, or what the moral is. I rank myself with the historian in this business of tale-telling, and consider that my whole affair is to hunt the argument dispassionately. Your romancer must be neither a lover of his heroine, nor (as the fashion now sets) of his chief rascal. He must affect a genial height, that of a jigger of strings; and his attitude should be that of the Pulpiteer!—Heaven help you, gentlemen, but I know what is best for you! Leave everything to me." The second volume to reach us is his 'Richard Yea-and-Nay,' and the third, "Little Novels of Italy.' They are green and gold octavos of stately appearance.

—We had occasion last spring to notice two numbers of an interesting book by Mr. Bruce J. Home, in which, with little text and with plates of folio size, the old houses of Edinburgh were treated in a way at least partially worthy of their inherent interest. We are in receipt from the publisher, William J. Hay, of Edinburgh, of seven more parts, completing the first volume with title-page and table of contents. In this volume there are altogether twenty-seven plates, three to a part, illustrating sixteen different subjects, either a house or a "close"—that is, a court or narrow passageway, generally without exit. Probably the term "close" implies, in every case, a *cul-de-sac* or No Thoroughfare; but improvements continually going on have opened up the rear end of this or that closed court and made a thoroughfare, however small and humble—a wynd or throughgang, in short—of what was once a mere yard. These courts, however named, the student will look for in vain in the maps given with the guide-books, even the most expensive. They are considered private property. One of them is not more likely to be laid down upon a street-plan of Edinburgh than a front area or a back yard in a plan of New York. The reader will note in the text of Mr. Home's book that Plainstane Close, Gosford's Close, Bakehouse Close, and the rest are spoken of as if they were apart from the public ways of the town, even though separate dwellings have their entrance doors opening upon them. Accordingly, many a six-story or eight-story house is still in place, stone-built and spirited enough in its architectural character, and yet in undress, so to speak. Its front has not been treated with the ceremony commonly allowed to façades upon eighty-foot avenues, and it is just that character of large and somewhat careless design which these drawings render very perfectly. The style of the drawings themselves is also large and simple, as befits the worthy and unpretending old structure. The second volume is not yet announced, but there is reason to believe that it will follow closely upon the present one. The rapid disappearance of these precious relics of a more straightforward and self-centred art than our own is alone sufficient to warrant a completion of the work, even if it should include every fine old house in Edinburgh.

—Such a title as 'The Cathedrals of England and Wales' is hardly distinctive nowadays, nor is it perfectly descriptive, either, in the case of the book with the above title recently received from James Pott & Co. (London: T. Werner Laurie). The student who expected to find in it any historical account of the buildings and the sees would be disappointed on examination; in like manner it is a little surprising to find no plans of the buildings, either alone or with their dependent structures, and only a small photograph (or in one case three photographs) of any cathedral. The book is devoted to the vigorous expression of strong personal feelings cherished by the author, Mr. T. Francis Bumpus, who is a student of architectural art in many of its forms. He is also an enthusiastic lover of church music, and cherishes the traditions of the English foundation in these matters of stately choral service. Accordingly, the chapters of the book are taken up with comments upon restoration and—what is hardly worse—destruction in the past, and admiring comment upon work done to save what is old and fine. Sometimes he is led into very minute details, as when (p. 197) we meet this grave statement concerning Worcester Cathedral: "A pleasing change has been made of late years in the choir vestments of the boys, scarlet cassocks having been substituted for the black ones usually worn in our minsters." Immediately following it is this paragraph: "While the choir was in course of rearrangement, the altar, with a curious disregard for orientation, was set up at the west end of the nave, which had been temporarily fitted for service." And yet it would not be fair to the author to bid any one judge his book by these statements of minor matters—minor except to the local antiquaries—for indeed the book has all the marks of close observation and a real knowledge of what is and what is not good art and good archæology. There is an introductory sketch with four illustrations bound up in it, and this deals with the work of the men who have been most prominent in church archæology in England—Rickman, John Henry Parker, Britton the engraver, A. W. Pugin, the Rev. J. L. Petit, and others. In short, if one knows something about English architecture and the Gothic revival, he will be put upon the track of much wider knowledge, and will have his deeper sympathies stirred by this very intelligent little treatise; although certainly it is addressed in the first place to Englishmen and to Anglicans. Nine cathedrals are treated in the text; but a slip laid between the leaves announces Volume II. as intended to contain notice of nineteen cathedrals more.

—'Versailles and the Court under Louis XIV.,' by Mr. J. E. Farmer (The Century Co.), will for a good many readers answer a question which it is not unintelligent to ask. Why, it must often have been queried, did Louis XIV. leave the Louvre for Versailles? If he desired simply a sylvan retreat within the neighborhood of the capital, and a retreat where beauty of architecture could be had in conjunction with beauty of nature, why did he not betake himself, like his immediate predecessors, to Fontainebleau? Certain it is that Fontainebleau delights large numbers of the fastidious who actually revolt at the gaudy grandeur of Versailles. Louis XIV.'s great palace, however, stands for an idea, and it is the merit of Mr. Farmer's book to interpret that idea with clearness and a true sense of historical relationship. The French monarchy having, by the death of Mazarin, reached a point where absolutism could be flaunted in the face of the nation, the most ambitious and spectacular of French kings desired to possess a palace wherein he could be supreme with all the supremacy of the sun in heaven. Versailles, therefore, was created to be the centre of a state cult, a court Zoroastrianism. The conception may seem ignoble now, but it furnished an ideal which French society reacted to spontaneously for nearly two generations, and did not revolt against for more than a century. We lay some stress upon the idea for which Versailles stands, because it furnishes Mr. Farmer with the central and controlling motive of his book. Using Saint-Simon and the host of lesser memoir writers, the mere compiler is always able, with a minimum of effort, to turn out volume after volume upon the Court of Louis XIV. Mr. Farmer, we must be careful to state, rises above the scissors-and-paste method altogether. He does, indeed, depend upon the memoir writers very largely, but he uses them with intelligence, and makes his book a study in the physiology of court life. Beginning with the topography of the palace, which is worked out with great fulness of detail, he proceeds to the King and the personnel of the royal circle, and concludes with an adequate account of the occupations which filled up a normal day. Critical historians are pretty well agreed that the Versailles system of reducing the aristocracy to subjection and making the nobles a body of absentee proprietors was pernicious in the extreme. At the same time, court life, as systematized by Louis XIV., became a factor of great moment in European life, and Mr. Farmer's careful account of Versailles as a microcosm should prove both interesting and useful.

—Within the last few years France has seen a renewal of interest in the early sixteenth century and the beginnings of the Renaissance—a field comparatively unexplored, affording an abundance of matter for the researches of ambitious students. The dominating personality in this period is, of course, Rabelais; and it is about his genial but elusive figure that investigators are most prone to hover. The new *Revue des Études Rabelaisiennes* offers tangible proof of the wealth of opportunity hitherto concealed in 'Gargantua' and 'Pantagruel.' Further substantial evidence is afforded by Louis Thuasne's recent 'Études sur Rabelais.' The head and front, however, of this fruitful revival has been Prof. Abel Lefranc, a man still young in years though ripe in scholarship, whose originality and enthusiasm have made him a prime favorite in the Parisian student world. He has just added to his already numerous studies a large and very handsome volume on 'Les Navigations de Pantagruel' (Paris: Henri Leclerc). It has previously been assumed that the voyages narrated by Rabelais were made of pure dream-stuff, crammed with grotesque and meaningless names, and directed only by the whimsical fancy of their merry author. M. Lefranc shows that this assumption is wholly groundless. The minute topographical accuracy of the French part of the story creates a presumption against chaotic geography elsewhere in the tale; and a comparison of the water routes with the maps of the day reveals a consistent plan in both voyages. Men's heads were full of distant journeys, new lands, and short cuts to India; France was doing her best to rival her maritime neighbors in acquisitions beyond the sea; and Rabelais, in this respect as in others, reflects the mood of his time. In Book II. occurs the trip to Utopia, which, mythical as its destination may be, keeps close to reality until the Red Sea is reached. Although More, from whom Rabelais borrowed Utopia, assigned it no definite place, he seems to have thought of it as lying vaguely in the vicinity of China; and thither, from the Red Sea, sails Pantagruel. Both More and Erasmus contributed largely to the ideas set forth with such eloquence in connection with this episode. The second voyage, which nearly fills Books IV. and V., has for its route nothing more nor less than the famous Northwest Passage. The itinerary can be traced as far as exploration had extended in the author's day; after that it is of necessity fantastic. Jamet, the pilot, is Jacques Cartier himself. All this is argued most convincingly, with a fulness of knowledge that disarms criticism. And even more interesting than the argument is the picture of sixteenth-century seamanship, with its wild aspirations and its amazing audacity. Sundry curious charts illustrate the text. Two drawings, one of 1545 and one of 1575, set visibly before us such ships as Rabelais knew, and the incidents of old-time whale-fishing.

AN INSTRUCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Old Greek: A Memoir of Edward North. By S. N. D. North, LL.D. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

"Old Greek" was the nickname, or, more correctly speaking, the pet name, by which Edward North, the professor of Greek, was known to the students and alumni of Hamilton College. This volume, the primary object of which is a biography of Professor North, will certainly serve as an illuminating document to explain the genesis of the old-fashioned college in the United States, and the reasons for its growth and persistence—with newer fashions to fit the times—alongside of the great universities. Dr. North himself was a type—the very best and highest type—of the class of men who gave vigor and a *raison d'être* to the small college. For more than fifty years, he was the core and heart of Hamilton College, the nucleus about which the sentiment of its alumni clustered and crystallized. "The alumnus who thinks of the college thinks first of him," says one of his eulogists; and this strong statement is entirely borne out by the facts. He took a lasting interest in each of the graduates, followed their careers with intimate sympathy, kept up a correspondence with many of them, and even addressed bulletins of college news to them in his own familiar hand. For hundreds he found positions as teachers, and took on himself all the labor and correspondence of a teachers' bureau long before that useful agency had been invented. In this way the alumni became strongly represented in the schools of New York State and elsewhere, even as far as Robert College at Constantinople, and their influence reacted in support of Hamilton College.

These intimate relations were begun, of course, in the classroom. North was the kind of teacher that inspires as well as instructs. It is plain from these pages that he had this gift in a remarkable degree. Among a class of students whose training was often crude and imperfect, he managed to create an enthusiasm for Greek studies and literature. Many years before the *Lehrplan* of 1892 was formulated in Germany, he taught Greek literature in the same liberal and enlightened way and with the same inspiring method which is aimed at in the more recent educational gymnasial programme in Prussia. Direktor Muff or Reinhardt might be amazed at some of the class mottoes which he improvised from year to year, and mystified by the Greek in which they are expressed, but they would have found Dr. North teaching Sophocles with a method as artistic and impressive as their own.

For thirty years Dr. North received an annual salary of one thousand dollars, and was therewith content. A few years after his election to its chair of languages he writes in his journal: "Twenty-eight years ago, I came into the world. Why this event happened I have long been in doubt. But the mystery is now cleared up. It was that I might be just what I am—a contented Professor of Greek and Latin—a happy husband and father." This being the case, he declined several times the offer of the presidency of his college, and in 1864 the principalship of the State Normal School at Albany, with a large increase in salary and decided prominence in educational affairs of the State. "I am held to the soil of College Hill," he says, "by as many ties as were thrown over Gulliver during his first night with the Lilliputians." These ties were strong enough to bind him for more than fifty years to the academic chair which fitted him so perfectly; in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his service, the endowment of his chair was increased, the name of Edward North was attached to his professorship, and this honor was accompanied by enthusiastic addresses from the faculty and the alumni to whom he was so intimately bound.

A career such as this, Solon might have added to his list of beatitudes, while maintaining his reserves as to the happiness of Crœsus. Dr. Münsterberg not long ago suggested that the position of the American professor might be made honorable and dignified by bestowing on him a bouncing salary—something like twenty-five thousand dollars. Gilded with the halo which they love, the American people could then recognize the true worth and virtues of their intellectual saints; though even such a stipend might not be quite enough to dazzle Mr. Hyde or Mr. McCurdy. But a life like Professor North's may be a still better example to our hustling generation. It is not altogether fair to cultivate a learned proletariat, with malice prepense, for the express purpose of teaching this lesson; but it did no harm to the ideals of the Hamilton alumni to cherish the memory of an instructor who approached the standard of Plato and Socrates in the unselfishness and devotion of his service.

This volume gives, as we have said, some glimpses of the growth of a small college and the secret reasons for its survival. When Dr. Simeon North was called to the chair of ancient languages at Hamilton in 1829, the college was reduced to its lowest terms. Ten of the trustees had just resigned, there was no senior class left to be graduated, the visible college consisted of nine students and a faculty of two members. The natural course to take, under these circumstances, would have been to abandon a sinking ship which was nearly as straitened in resources and endowment as it was in officers. Dr. North did not run away, however; he remained, to become president later on, and to steer the college to a deserved prosperity. Nowadays a speedy euthanasia would seem to be the happiest solution of such a situation; the law, indeed, effects this in many States by requiring a liberal endowment. Doubtless there was a real need of Hamilton College in the wilderness, and in fact the earlier colleges sprang up where they were most needed. They were little lamps scattered in dark places, and irradiating communities which came by degrees to use their light with grateful appreciation. They fitted exactly the school system to which they were joined, as well as the demands and conditions of the life of the community. Many still survive as a hardy growth nicely adapted to their environment and constituency, and drawing sap from the constant loyalty of their alumni. The boys entered younger than at present, and were graduated at the age of twenty. They had acquired some general culture and broad points of view, and that is what President Hadley has lately affirmed to be the aim of Yale College for her students. These young men at twenty were ready for professional or technical studies, or for the shop and the office; and on the whole they were ready at exactly the right age. At nineteen or twenty a young man should know the bent of his mind, should be ripe for an introduction to business, or for the long apprenticeship to science or to a pro-

fession. It is noticeable that all the adjustments and readjustments recently made in the universities tend to swing back toward this age limit. It is the limit at which the German gymnasia usually end their training. Some twenty years ago, it was mentioned with satisfaction in one of the Harvard annual reports that the age for admission was increasing—that the average was approaching nineteen years. But professional men noticed with alarm that their sons were graduating at twenty-three.

There is no theory on which such an age is desirable, except that the preparatory school is equivalent to the German gymnasium, and that undergraduate work is true university work. On the contrary, the very best preparatory school is not parallel to the gymnasium, and the graduate of twenty-three is only just entering the long road to science or medicine or the law. Neither in Germany nor in our own country has the young man time lying idle on deposit to honor such drafts. Thoughtful parents and professional men began to see the consequences with dismay. The next step, then, was to abridge the college course, to cut it down to three years at Harvard, to threaten two years at Columbia. But if the college offers a highly expert training, why abridge the boon which it confers? The fact is, that the college should still form a bridge between the ordinary high schools of the country and the real university or the advanced technical school. The average high schools cannot be stretched to be gymnasia—even those which prepare for Harvard are not matches for the gymnasia, though probably it was once hoped that they might be. They are, in fact, out of relation with the general secondary-school system of the country, as President Hadley has recently pointed out. We cannot duplicate the German school system, excellent as it may be for the Germans. The place of their gymnasia is filled partly by our high schools, partly by our colleges; but our best equipped colleges add many subjects which suit perfectly our own conditions of life. Princeton and Yale still profess for undergraduates the programme of general culture which marks the scope of Amherst or Williams. The two thousand undergraduates of Harvard, with a preliminary training inferior to that of the gymnasia, enjoy practically that unfettered freedom of choice which the Germans reserve for the university alone.

The life which is pictured in this memoir had little in common with the unsentimental semi-military grind of a German gymnasium. Its freedom, in spite of occasional escapades, is certainly in harmony with the nature of American youth; its intimacy gave a charm and sentiment to the life and studies which are illustrated in this volume—at great length, it is true, yet we will not say at excessive length, for the story appeals to the pious memories of the family of Hamilton alumni. An Etonian might feel a similar sentiment for Eton, or a Balliol man for his college. A natural peril of the good and efficient small college is that it is liable to prosper and become a large college. If the roots are strong and solid, the branches are likely to spread. This fate it can hardly decline or shun—it is the usual reward of merit. Harvard has already met this doom, and has parted long since with the good fellowship of the class system. Dartmouth and, perhaps, Williams are in danger of the same overgrowth, if it may be so called. There is a real misfortune in parting with that intimacy of intercourse with students and instructors which our minor colleges fostered. At Cambridge and Oxford an ideal balance is struck between the intimacy of the college and the catholicity and breadth of the University. The student has his own little planet to dwell in, which is part of the planetary system of the University. The defect of the country college with us is a certain insularity and narrowness—a slight danger of provincialism and stagnation—which the association with a great university tends to correct. The great university, on the other hand, does not necessarily secure a wide social life and experience for the undergraduates. It may, on the contrary, precipitate the young student into little cliques and eddies, he may be isolated almost completely and revolve about his own individual axis, a solitary, unsocial atom. But the graduate from the narrower life of a small college may enlarge his horizon in the professional schools or the post-graduate work of a large university. This is now becoming the rule; it is a liberalizing influence, to be compared with the habit of migration in the German universities.

Part of a Man's Life. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

If it had been the lot of Colonel Higginson to live in the days of Cato the elder, how surely he would have been immortalized in the pages of the 'De Senectute' as a shining example of a delightful and useful old age, busily engaged in recording for posterity the garnered wisdom of more than eighty years, and abundantly supplied with physical and mental strength for his task, thanks to an earlier life intelligently and honorably self-controlled. If Colonel Higginson has never ascended the heights of purely creative literary genius, he has none the less made for himself in American letters a place of high honor and a name that will not readily be forgotten. The chapters of the present volume range over many fields: "Butterflies in Poetry" and the Negro Problem ("Intensely Human") are chapter topics objectively as widely separated as one could well imagine. But, seen through the mind of Mr. Higginson, there is a very substantial unity in the work after all, and the wording of the title—"part," rather than "parts"—need occasion no question. It is the privilege of a really capable life lived up to its opportunities to make itself a part of all that it has met, and to make all that it has met a part of itself; and the life with which we are brought into contact here has lived fairly up to its opportunities.

Two chapters stand out in bold relief for their bearing upon social, moral, and political problems of the present day—the one, just mentioned, dealing with our relations with the negro; the other, "The Cowardice of Culture," with the chronic distrust on the part of the cultured classes in the ability of the less favored to develop the fundamental qualities of good citizenship. Mr. Higginson takes radical and well-grounded issue with the theory, too prevalent even at the North, that the negro is rightly understood only by the classes to whom he was formerly in bondage. Even a recent biographer of Whittier has said, "Of the real negro, his capacities and limitations, he had, like his fellows, only a dim idea, based largely on theoretical speculation." In Whittier's case it would not be difficult to show the possession of a remarkably true insight, even at rather long range: his study of the character of John Randolph had not been that of personal contact, and yet his verses on "Randolph of Roanoke" constitute one of the most truthful and effective bits of character delineation ever compressed within the same space limits by an American writer. But, as Mr. Higginson shows, the cause of the negro against slavery did not rely upon supporters who took their evidence at second hand, or based their action on abstract speculation. Lundy, Rankin, Garrison, Birney, Channing, and the Grimkés had ample and long accumulated evidence from the sight of their own eyes to sustain on grounds of fact the theoretical opposition to which reason and moral principle had forced them. Tacitus speaks somewhere of our increased bitterness towards those for whom our enmity has no just basis. The slave himself had done no harm to those who held him, but, by the very fact of holding him thus, the owner had done himself harm irreparable and beyond description. He had placed himself athwart the track of advancing moral and industrial civilization. The incubus of the system had left him the insight to foresee the impending disaster, but not the moral energy to make the sacrifice by which alone it could be averted. Under such circumstances, condemned at the bar of civilization for holding the negro in bondage, we may allow that the holders would have been something *more* than human had they not tried to mitigate their own position by persuading themselves that the negro was something *less;* but at the same time we cannot allow ourselves to forget that such an attitude of mind inevitably unfits one to be an impartial judge of the question at issue. Mr. Higginson maintains that our troubles over the negro are to be put on the road towards removal only by full recognition of the fact that the negro, like the white man, is simply a human being, "intensely human" both in his virtues and in his sins. In his own experience at the head of negro troops in the civil war, a movement in which he was the pioneer, it never occurred to him to treat his soldiers or think of them on any other basis, and his confidence in their ordinary humanity was unswervingly justified by results. It would be of untold value to the South to-day to read and digest the calm and sane counsels of this chapter.

The chapter on the Cowardice of Culture has gained immensely in its power of suggestion since it was written, now that fear of another kind has broken away the barriers of an exclusive aristocracy, and at one stroke converted millions of the uncultured masses of Russia into effective units in the government of an empire known to possess

latent possibilities of a wealth and power immeasurably beyond what it has yet attained, even though no slightest part of its bureaucratic dreams of external expansion should ever be realized. The faith of many will be sorely tried by the disorders sure to attend the period of readjustment, just as the faith of many Northern patriots has been tried by the mishaps of our first generation of negro citizenship. Our troubles with the negro have been born of the cowardice which would not trust him, which has given him not a genuine freedom, but a half-freedom "tempered by chain-gangs, lynching, and the lash." If we are not in a position to lend Russia the moral aid which she so sorely needs from us to-day, it is because we have let the vicissitudes of a needless war and of party politics drive us into the practical maintenance of the position that self-government is not an ultimate and beneficent principle of political philosophy, but merely a convenient instrument for use in certain high stages of civilization, best kept out of reach of the weaker races. It should be needless to call attention to the fact that, on the theory which we are to-day applying to the government of the Filipinos, the masses of Russia ought to be better governed by the bureaucracy than by themselves. It will be fortunate for the new régime if its more liberal leaders imbibe the spirit of our author rather than the practice of an administration caught in the meshes of a suicidal expediency. "I take it," Mr. Higginson says, "that there has never been a period in our history since the American nation was independent when it would not have been a calamity to have it controlled by its highly educated men alone." We have recently learned from the reminiscences of Andrew D. White what a high degree of personal culture some of the leading official spirits of reactionary Russia had developed; and yet the recent war has thrown these same officials upon the screen before the eyes of an onlooking world as examples of an almost incredible and altogether disastrous inefficiency. We get, then, from Mr. Higginson the doctrine that the cure for the troubles of democracy is more democracy.

We have taken up our space with the suggestions of these two chapters under the conviction that they convey important truth admirably adapted to present needs. Of the twelve chapters unnoticed we shall merely say that the reader will find delight and profit in them all. We congratulate the author on carrying to his eighty-second year an intellect the eye of which is not dimmed, nor its natural vigor abated.

Ipswich in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, 1633 to 1700. By Thomas Franklin Waters, President of the Ipswich Historical Society. Published by the Society. 1905. 8vo, pp. 586.

In one feature, at least, this ample and handsomely printed work surpasses any other town history that we have ever encountered. We refer to that portion of the second half which deals with "Houses and Lands," and which, with the aid of a diagram, traces the fortunes of each dwelling and lot of the original settlers *nominatim* not only to 1700, but to the present day. This enormous labor is fortified by the citation of wills and deeds, and the result is a firm base for all future researches. It is supplemented by a summary of the names of the settlers from 1633 to 1649, with the year in which each name first occurs in the town records, and by some sample inventories of personal effects. Other remarkable lists of the early inhabitants have been constructed for the chapter entitled "The Body Politic"; and show that out of an enrolled male population in 1678 totalling 508, there were 220 commoners and 125 freemen (17 of these not being commoners). The freemen alone were entitled to vote for the officers and magistrates of the Colony and to speak and vote in town meeting; the commoners might vote on all questions relating to the common lands; the residue, so-called Residents, were eligible for jury duty and to vote for selectmen.

"Probably," says Mr. Waters, "there was no nation of the Old World where the lines of division between the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the master and the servant, were drawn more sharply. The aristocracy of old Ipswich was as definite and as haughty a body, it may be, as the aristocracy of London. Nevertheless, the test of eligibility to full citizenship resided not in gentle birth, or in the possession of wealth or learning or official station, but in Christian manhood, publicly professed by union with the Christian Church. The poorest and most ignorant was not debarred from this privilege of church membership, and the right of franchise followed naturally from this."

The Saltonstalls, John Winthrop, jr., whose portrait serves for frontispiece, the Rev. Nathaniel Ward, the Rev. Nathaniel Rogers, the Rev. John Norton, Samuel Appleton, Anne Bradstreet, and Ezekiel Cheever, are the more famous names associated with the early period of Agawam, or Ipswich. Three of these were graduates of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and the younger Richard Saltonstall, a man of great independence of mind, honored his breeding by protesting to the General Court against the importation of two kidnapped Guinea negroes in 1645, advocating imprisonment for the shipmaster and the return of the slaves at the public expense. Southerners fond of attributing to New England, along with the mother country, the imposing of the curse of slavery on their section, should take notice of this forerunner of Judge Sewall with his tract, "The Selling of Joseph." What has the South to show resembling either? Nathaniel Ward, another Emmanuel man, was the town's leading intellect, author and publicist, who in 1641 drew the first code of the colony, its "Body of Liberties," with the rights of man for its preamble, and whose 'Simple Cobbler of Agawam' (1646) is one of the New England Puritan classics. Valuable letters of Ward's are printed in an appendix.

Mr. Waters's historical treatment is episodical and is very pleasingly manifested in the opening chapters on the aborigines as described by the first Englishmen and on home and dress. These themes are invested with a really fresh interest, and set forth with noticeable literary skill. In an Indian shell-heap supposed traces of cannibalism have been found. The town checked the cutting down of trees, even on private house lots, by the most stringent regulations. Ipswich was, by reason of its river, a great fishing village, and each boat's crew was entitled to graze one cow on the common. While potatoes were not cultivated till 1733, tobacco began to be grown a hundred years before. Ezekiel Cheever, more famous as Boston's schoolmaster, was called to the head of Ipswich's grammar school (meaning then a Latin school, a feeder to Harvard College) in 1660. King Philip's war is gone into at length, and the letters of Capt. Samuel Appleton, who commanded the "confederate army" of "the United Colonies," are valuable for the light they throw on the friction resulting from this small beginning of a larger fusion. Towards Andros the town was disposed to be compliant, though it resisted his Tax Act till forced to submit. It was spared Salem's witchcraft delirium, and the victims in Ipswich were few.

Much remains to be said or sayable, but we must stay our hand. Mr. Waters's work, which we hope he will follow up for later times, as he half promises, takes its place in the front rank of its class, and can hardly be praised too highly for diligent research, candor, taste, style and construction. Except for a little wabbling in spelling the name of the historian Palfrey, the printer has performed his part very commendably.

The Political History of England. By W. Hunt and R. L. Poole. Vol. X. From the Accession of George III. to the Close of Pitt's First Administration. By W. Hunt. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

The example set by Lord Acton with the Cambridge Modern History has inspired a group of Oxford scholars to emulation. With the assistance of Dr. Hodgkin, Professor Adams of Yale, and Professor Pollard of London, and under the very competent joint leadership of the editor of the *English Historical Review* and of the president of the Royal Historical Society, they propose to cover the political history of England from the earliest times to the present in twelve volumes. The inherent defects of coöperative historical writing have been too frequently reiterated to require restatement here, but it may be said at once that the present undertaking is a great improvement on the Cambridge Modern History in this respect, that each volume is the work of one author instead of a patchwork of historical snippets by a number of authors. It may further be said that there is a distinct need for a comprehensive political history of England, condensing into a convenient form the results of the very active scholarship of the present day. In the accomplishment of the latter purpose, however, the general reader might well expect to find controversial questions treated in as definite and thorough a manner as possible. In the volume now published there are several questions of the sort dealt with, notably two to be hereafter mentioned. It cannot be said that the reader is left with the impression that he has been presented with a thorough and authoritative judgment in either case.

This volume, the first to appear, but the tenth in number, is by the Rev. William Hunt, and embraces the reign of George III. down to the year 1801. On the whole it may be said that the work is solidly and satisfactorily done, although a period containing two great revolutions was perhaps not that best adapted to the author's talent. Mr. Hunt is as conservative in his politics as he is in his scholar-

ship, which, perhaps, is not an equal merit. He is far removed from Sir George Trevelyan's outlook on the question of American independence, and his hero, if he has one, is George III. There is something to be said for this position; and even for those who will not agree it may serve as a useful corrective. But, all allowance made, it is clear that Mr. Hunt lacks the breadth of vision, the catholicity of mind, without which a revolution, with its inevitable exaggerations, cannot be judged. Thus, we find him within a few pages describing Chatham's rhetoric as "sublime," and the Declaration of Independence as "crude"; the epithets might perfectly well be reversed, though with no better justification. It is the same with the French Revolution; to Mr. Hunt it is still a "byword." The Declaration of the Rights of Man he takes pains to describe as "flatulent"; is it possible that Mr. Hunt has not read over this much and unjustly abused charter of liberty? He would be surprised to find that, making exception of a question of legal procedure specified in clause 9, it does not require a word changed to fit the political conditions that France has attained under the Third Republic. The fact is, that Mr. Hunt suffers from a constitutional incapacity which makes him unable to deal with such questions on a broad enough basis.

In other respects there is little fault to find with his work. It is packed as full of fact as his space will permit, and it is not often that his knowledge or judgment appears to err. His description of General Howe as "incompetent" is, however, not justifiable. At page 121, Lady Sarah Gordon-Lennox, whom George III. for a time wanted to marry, is described as the cousin of Charles James Fox; she was in fact his aunt. *Franciscans* (p. 35), for the believers in Sir Philip Francis as Junius, is not a commendable use of a term which is more properly associated with St. Francis and even, at a pinch, with the Hell Fire Club. On the identity of Junius, Mr. Hunt does not, as he might be expected to, give us an authoritative summing up. He dismisses the subject in a few words, and with a statement to the effect that the authorship of Sir Philip Francis is generally unquestioned. That is going too far; it was certainly not the opinion of the late Mr. Fraser Rae. Another highly controversial question is also dealt with insufficiently, that of Nelson's conduct at Naples in 1799. In this matter Mr. Hunt, with an evident desire to be fair, goes further in criticism of Nelson than most English historians, but he does not show a firm grasp of the crucial points in the evidence, and he misses Mr. Badham's works in his authorities.

On the whole, however, these are minor defects in a very useful book, in which the sense of proportion, the volume of information, and the continuity of narrative are good. Mr. Hunt shows these qualities at their best in his remarkably condensed chapter on "Social and Economic Progress."

Florence. By A. Philippi. With 170 illustrations. Translated from the German by P. G. Konody. (Famous Art Cities, No. IV.) Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The modern traveller who previously prepares himself for seeing Italian cities by an attentive study of monographs and illustrated guide-books, must resign himself to eliminate surprise from his pleasurable sensations; on the other hand, he can, by knowing the architectural structure of the principal monuments, the outlines of sculpture and paintings, devote his time more efficiently to what interests him most. Philippi's 'Florence' will be found equally useful for study beforehand and for an *aide-mémoire*. Its lightness makes it especially easy to carry about.

In commendably brief space the author gives us a comprehensive survey of Florentine history, the part played by all its leading citizens both in politics, literature, and art, the origin of all its important buildings, with extensive architectural notes about them and excellent illustrations of its churches, palaces, groups of sculpture, altar-pieces, frescoes, and noteworthy details. It is in the lives of Florentine painters and the descriptions of their principal works that Philippi is least instructive. His digressions into art criticism are too palpably futile. For instance, with regard to Botticelli, although he is accorded a prominent rank among painters, we read that, while a brilliant designer, his drawing is not correct, nor his vision pictorial, nor is he a colorist. Moreover, he did not attempt to make the objects he painted appear "plastic and round," nor to make space recede, nor was he interested in the landscape behind his figures—all singular accusations, which prove that Philippi does not recognize style in drawing, or know the first principles of decorative art, nor has he observed the wonderful space and breadth in the landscape of winding-river background to "The Annunciation" in the Uffizi, which is not among his illustrations of Botticelli's works. He goes on to say: "In spite of these imperfections, he impressed his contemporaries, and has now become the pet of a public that would not think any less of him if one were to say that he was really no painter, but a draughtsman and illuminator: the more wonderful, the greater, they would say, his art." Philippi carps also at what he calls the restlessness of Botticelli—in other words, his faculty for dramatic expression. In the movement of his figures he esteems Ghirlandajo as far the greater artist and painter of the two. These individual appreciations are in no wise helpful to any one. In treating of Raphael, we are bade base our judgment of his skill as a portrait painter on his paintings of Angelo and Maddaleno Doni in the Pitti Gallery. Yet further on we are told they they are not attributed to that master.

The book suffers from being crudely translated from the German.

Essays. By Robert, Marquess of Salisbury. Vol. I., Biographical. Vol. II., Foreign Politics. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

"The essays in these volumes," says a prefatory note, "were among the articles contributed by Lord Salisbury to the *Quarterly Review* in the years 1861 to 1864, when the author was Conservative Member for Stamford, and before he had been in office." We may add a further word of explanation, in stating that, with the exception of two long articles on Stanhope's 'Pitt,' both volumes are occupied with papers on diplomatic subjects. The review of Castlereagh's career does, indeed, embrace a certain amount of biographical comment, but the author's main concern is to estimate the services of a minister who did his most important work at the Foreign Office. The other three essays deal with "Poland," "The Danish Duchies," and "Foreign Policy." Throughout, Lord Salisbury is writing as a champion of Tory principles and Tory leaders. Even his essay on "Foreign Policy" is less a statement of the leading ideas which should determine national action than a sharp criticism of Lord John Russell.

The love of sarcasm and epigram which marked Lord Salisbury's speeches, and even his State papers, is abundantly illustrated in the course of these essays. Lord Castlereagh, for example, was cold and impassive, but Salisbury could not dismiss this side of his character without bringing in a dig at the Whigs.

"He had his own notions of what good there was to be done, and what was the best way of doing it; and neither contradiction at home nor coaxing abroad ever moved him a hair's-breadth from his own particular point of view. But they were such unpoetical, unromantic notions that no one could, by any stretch of language, dignify them as 'a cause.'"

This allusion to "causes" furnishes an excellent opportunity for a side-glance at the sentimentalism of those who had learned their political alphabet in the school of Fox:

"He might have maintained his policy with impunity if in his speeches he would have done readier homage to the Liberal catch-words of the day. If he had only constructed a few brilliant periods about nationality or freedom, or given a little wordy sympathy to Greece, or Naples, or Spain, or the South American republics, the world would have heard much less of the horrors of his policy.

There are so many thrusts of this kind at political opponents that one must find in them a salient characteristic of Salisbury's literary style. On the whole, the most determined onslaught of the two volumes is the diatribe against Fox. Lord Salisbury, in casting about for reasons which will explain Pitt's long retention of power, finds the most important of all in the low character of his opponents. "There have been many statesmen with worse characters than Fox; there may have been some as pure as Pitt. But the extremes have never been contrasted with each other as they were in that generation. There never was a time when the reputation of one rival stood so high, while that of the other stood so low." The political canonization of Fox is, in Lord Salisbury's eyes, to be equalled only by the hagiological masterpieces of the *Acta Sanctorum*. "The intrigues of a restless ambition that never knew scruple or worried itself about principle, have been converted into the struggle of a second Hampden against a Court conspiracy for enslaving England. The phrases struck out in the heat of debate, or selected at random as the readiest missiles to fling at an adversary's head, have been cited as the profound maxims of a political philosopher." Lord Salisbury is willing to admit the fact of Fox's wonderful fascination, but, in praising Pitt, he uses his strongest colors to bring out the contrast between purity of conduct and gross irregularity, between the noblest patriotism and the self-seeking lit-

tleness of party politics. Salisbury learned to be a hard hitter before ever he entered a ministry.

Of the two studies in biography, that on Castlereagh is likely to prove the more interesting and valuable. Concerning Pitt, nothing is said which has not often been said before by his fervent admirers. Castlereagh, from having had few intimate friends and no picturesque qualities, becomes in most historical works a mere lay figure without flesh-and-blood associations of any kind. Lord Salisbury, though not until forty years after his death, rendered a real service to his reputation by dwelling upon his deep sense of public duty, and interpreting his policy with sympathetic touch. For the rest, this collection of articles from the *Quarterly* is remarkable chiefly for its attack upon German policy in the Schleswig-Holstein affair and its somewhat unusual attitude toward the Polish question.

Bismarck, who was not good at forgiving old enemies unless they had come to their knees, never liked Salisbury, and even fastened upon him a highly uncomplimentary phrase. Why the Chancellor cared so little for the colleague who accompanied Disraeli to the Berlin Congress may perhaps be seen from a perusal of Salisbury's essay on the Danish Duchies. This criticism of Lord John's refusal to draw the sword was doubtless a party pamphlet, but it was something more. It would easily have been possible to castigate the Whigs without writing thus:

"The care with which the Germans have selected the weakest State upon their frontier for the exhibition of their irrepressible patriotism, shows of what metal it is made. The magnificent sentiments they are parading, the exhortations to courage, the appeal to the German honor, would be in place if they were undertaking to free Alsace from France, or Livonia from Russia. Their zeal for German nationality, if it appears to us hot, is at least invariably safe. Once convince them that the raid on Denmark is not safe, and the excitement will subside with a marvellous rapidity."

Gibes of this kind do not make for the harmony of States or the good will of individual politicians, even in days when the immediate crisis is past.

The article on "Poland" seems to us by far the most striking of the whole series, for in it Salisbury attempted a very unusual feat. With talk about the "crime" of partitioning Poland he had no patience whatever, but he did find ground to censure in the strongest terms the misgovernment of Poland by the Russians; 1815 and not 1773 is for him the critical date in Polish annals. "As a nation the Poles had fallen by the justest retribution that was ever meted out to a foreign policy of incessant aggression, and an oppressive and barbarous domestic rule. But they had not lost their rights as men. They had a right to good government, and, at least, to some portion of the freedom they had lost." In other words, Salisbury found an opportunity for denouncing Russia without uttering a syllable in praise of the ancient Polish polity which had perished during the period of the Partition treaties. The least sentimental of all men and a lover of paradox, this method of approaching the Polish question must have given him distinct intellectual amusement.

Regarded merely as historical studies, the contributions which Lord Salisbury made to the *Quarterly Review* are not important. They attest a considerable range of reading in political history, but most of the facts employed seem to have been swept together for the occasion, while the spirit of the true historian is abundantly wanting. Thanks, however, to their trenchant style and their author's subsequent part in foreign politics, they are worth reprinting.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldis, Janet. Madame Geoffrin and her Salon. Putnams. $2.75.
Auction Prices of Books. Edited by Luther S. Livingston. Vol. IV. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bacon's Essays. Edited by George H. Clarke. Macmillan Co. 25 cents.
Bailey, Carolyn S. The Peter Newell Mother Goose. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Beach, Seth Curtis. Daughters of the Puritans. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.10 net.
Beethoven.—Mozart. Edited by Friedrich Kerst. Translated by Henry E. Krehbiel. B. W. Huebsch. $1 net.
Bernstein, Herman. Contrite Hearts. A. Wessels Co. $1.25.
Birrell, Augustine. In the Name of the Bodleian. Scribners. $1 net.
Boissier, Gaston. La Conjuration de Catilina. Paris: Hachette & Cie.
Boulton, William B. Sir Joshua Reynolds. Dutton. $3 net.
Boyesen, Bayard. The Marsh. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.
Bragdon, Ollie Hurd. Pup: The Autobiography of a Greyhound. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 1.50.
Brookfield, Charles and Frances. Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle. 2 vols. Scribners. $7 net.
Brown, William Garrott. The Life of Oliver Ellsworth. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Buley, E. C. Australian Life in Town and Country. Putnams. $1.20 net.
Burdick, Lewis Dayton. The Hand. Oxford, N. Y.: The Irving Co.
Carman, Bliss. The Poetry of Life. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Carpenter, J. Estlin. James Martineau: Theologian and Teacher. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $2.50 net.
Cary, Elizabeth Luther. The Novels of Henry James. Putnams. $1.25.
Child Characters from Dickens. Retold for children by L. L. Weedon. Dutton. $2.50.
Clarke, Sir Andrew, Life of. Edited by R. H. Vetch. Dutton. $4 net.
Clifford, Mollie Lee. Yoppy: The Autobiography of a Monkey. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co. 1.50.
Collyer, Robert. Augustus Conant. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 50 cents net.
Colonial Society of Massachusetts. Publications of the. Vol. II. Boston: Published by the Society.
Crane, Edward A. Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans. Appleton. $3 net.
Crothers, Samuel McChord. The Pardoner's Wallet. $1.25 net. The Endless Life. 75 cents net. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Dodge, Henry Nehemiah. Christus Victor. Putnams. $1.25.
Drew, Anna Atwood. The Karls of Karltonville. Boston: James H. Earle & Co. $1.25.
Dudden, F. Homes. Gregory the Great: His Place in History and Thought. 2 vols. Longmans. $10 net.
Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. XX. Part II. of Gregg's Commerce of the Prairies. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co.
Ellis, Edward S. Deerfoot in the Mountains. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.
Evans, Anna D. It Beats the Shakers. Everett & Francis. $1.
Fall, Frank Andrews. Blazed Trails. Grannis Press.
Fleming, Walter L. Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama. Macmillan Co. $5 net.
Farrington, Frank. The Vagabond Book. Deposit, N. Y.: The Outing Publishing Co.
Fontaine, C. Choses de France. William R. Jenkins. 75 cents.
Fowler, Nathaniel C., jr. Gumption. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Franklin, Benjamin, Writings of. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. Vol. I. Macmillan Co. $3.
Fraser, John Foster. Canada as It Is. Cassell.
From Servitude to Service. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.10 net.
Gardiner, Asa Bird. The Order of the Cincinnati in France. Rhode Island Society of the Cincinnati.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. Edited by Martin W. Sampson. Macmillan. 25 cents.
Gates, Errett. The Disciples of Christ. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1 net.
George, Henry, jr. The Menace of Privilege. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Gibson, Charles. Among French Inns. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.60.
Gleason, Clarence W. Greek Prose Composition. American Book Co.
Goschen, Viscount. Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions. Longmans. $5.
Gray, B. Kirkman. A History of English Philanthropy. London: P. S. King & Son.
Greene, M. Louise. The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Griffith, Frank Carlos. The Man from Maine. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Hall, Jennie. Men of Old Greece. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Hall, William. Tables and Constants to Four Figures. Macmillan Co.
Hamilton, W. T. My Sixty Years on the Plains. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. $1.50.
Hanotaux, Gabriel. Contemporary France. Vol. II. Putnams. $3.75.
Harrison, Edith Ogden. The Moon Princess. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25 net.
Hart, Jerome. A Levantine Log-Book. Longmans. $2 net.
Hatch, Ernest F. G. Far Eastern Impressions. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Herford, Brooke. Eutychus and his Relations. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 75 cents net.
Herford, Oliver. The Fairy Grandmother-in-Law. Scribners. $1 net.
Heroic Romances of Ireland. Translated by A. H. Leahy. Vol. I. London: David Nutt.
Hewlett, Maurice. Complete Works. Vol. II. The Life and Death of Richard Yea-and-Nay. Vol. III.: Little Novels of Italy. Macmillan. $3 net each.
Holbrook, Florence. Northland Heroes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 35 cents net.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell. The One-Hoss Shay. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Hopekirk, Helen. Seventy Scottish Songs. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.
Houseboats and Houseboating. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. $3 net.
Howes, Edwin A., jr. The American Law relating to Income and Principal. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Hughes, Rupert. Zal. Century Co. $1.50.
Hume, Martin. The Wives of Henry the Eighth. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Ingoldsby Legends, The. Henry Frowde.
Innes, Arthur D. England under the Tudors. Putnams. $3 net.
Jackson, E. L. St. Helena. Thomas Whittaker. $3 net.
Jacobs, W. W. Captains All. Scribners. $1.50.
Jefferson, Joseph. Immortality. Akron, O.: The Saalfield Pub. Co. $1.
Jewish Encyclopedia. Vol. XI. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Johnson, William Henry. French Pathfinders in North America. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Johnson, William Henry. Sir Galahad of New France. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Johnston, Alexander. American Political History. Vol. I. Putnams. $2 net.
Jones, Henry Arthur. Whitewashing Julia. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Kildare, Owen. The Wisdom of the Simple. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Konkle, Burton Alva. The Life and Speeches of Thomas Williams. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. 2 vols. $6 net.
Koenig, X. Bible History. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Lang, Andrew. Oxford. New ed. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Laughlin, Clara E. When Joy Begins. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50 cents.
Laughlin, Julian. The History of Civilization. Published by the Author.
Leonard, Mary Hall. My Lady of the Search-Light. The Grafton Press. 75 cents.
Le Quex, William. The Czar's Spy. The Smart Set Pub. Co. 50 cents.
LeRoy, James A. Philippine Life in Town and Country. Putnams. $1.20 net.
Lewis and Clark Expedition. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. VII. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Lincoln, Jeanie Gould. A Javelin of Fate. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Lippincott's New Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World. Edited by Angelo and Louis Heilprin. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lucas, E. V. The Life of Charles Lamb. 2 vols. Putnams. $6 net.
Macleod, Mary. The Shakespeare Story Book. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Marshall, Archibald. The House of Merrilees. Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.
Mathews, Robert Valentine. Child of the Stars. Edwin C. Hill Co.
May, Florence. The Life of Johannes Brahms. 2 vols. Longmans. $7.
McCutcheon, John T. The Mysterious Stranger, and Other Cartoons. McClure, Phillips & Co.
McFadyen, John Edgar. Introduction to the Old Testament. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.75.
Mead, Charles Marsh. Irenic Theology. Putnams. $1.50.
Medlycott, A. E. India and the Apostle Thomas. London: David Nutt.
Memorable Passages from the Bible. Selected and edited by Fred N. Scott. Macmillan Co. 25c.
Mexico: Its Social Evolution. By various authors. 3 vols. Mexico: J. Ballescá & Co.
Miles, Eustace. Cassell's Physical Educator. Cassell & Co.
Minnich, Michael Reed. A Memoir of the First Treasurer of the United States. Philadelphia.
Mitton, G. E. Jane Austen and her Times. Putnams. $2.75.
Mumford, Ethel Watts, and Others. The Complete Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Müller, Max. Life and Religion. Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50 net.
Mumford, Ethel Watts. Joke Book Note Book. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.
Myrick, Herbert. The Promise of Life. Orange Judd Co.
Myths that Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton W. Mabie. Doubleday, Page & Co. 90 cents net.
Napoleon's Notes on English History. Edited by Henry Foljambe Hall. Dutton. $3 net.
New York Stock Exchange, The. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Vol. I. Stock Exchange Historical Co.
Normandy: The Scenery and Romance of its Ancient Towns. Depicted by Gordon Home. Dutton.
Noyes, Ella. The Casentina and its Story. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Oak-Tree Fairy Book, The. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.75.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VII. Pennage—Pfennig. Henry Frowde.
Painter, F. V. N. Great Pedagogical Essays. American Book Co.
Parnell, L. R. The Evolution of Religion. Putnams. $1.50.
Parry, Ellwood Comly. Friedrich Schiller in America. Philadelphia.
Peck, Ellen Brainerd. Songs by the Sedges. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.

Phelps, Albert. Louisiana. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.10 net.
Presbyterian Movement in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, The. Edited by Roland G. Usher. London: Royal Historical Society.
Pollard, A. F. Henry VIII. Longmans. $2.60 net.
Proceedings of the British Academy, 1903-1904. Henry Frowde.
Ranck, George W. The Bivouac of the Dead, and its Author. The Grafton Press. $1.
Richardson, Charles F. The Choice of Books. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Robique, Marie M. Historiettes et Poésies. William R. Jenkins. 60 cents.
Rose, J. Holland. The Development of the European Nations. Vol. I. Putnams. $2.50.
Rosegger, Peter. I. N. R. I.: A Prisoner's Story of the Cross. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Rumbold, Horace. Final Recollections of a Diplomatist. Longmans. $5.
Rutherford, E. Radio-Activity. Macmillan Co.
Ryan, Thomas Curran. Finite and Infinite. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Saltus, Edgar. The Perfume of Eros. A. Wessels Co. $1.25.
Schippel, Max. Amerika und die Handelsvertragpolitik. Berlin.
Schnabel, Carl. Handbook of Metallurgy. Translated by Henry Louis. Vol. I. Macmillan Co. $6.50.
Sedgwick, Henry Dwight. A Short History of Italy. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2 net.
Seligman, Edwin R. A. Principles of Economics. Longmans. $2.25.
Sellon, Gertrude. Neddy: The Autobiography of a Donkey. 1.50.
Severy, Melvin L. The Mystery of June 13th. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Shaler, Nathaniel Southgate. Man and the Earth. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.50.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1905.

The Week.

President Roosevelt's letter dismissing William S. Leib, Assistant United States Treasurer at Philadelphia, is neither short nor sweet. On several occasions the President has paid his respects to delinquent officials—the gentlemen taken in the postal frauds and the cotton-report scandals—in no uncertain tone. The letter to Mr. Leib matches the best of these denunciatory epistles. Leib had all the political backing that anybody could want. Senators Penrose and Knox requested a special hearing for him, and Representative Patterson defended him. But no machine has commanded respect since November 7; and the Pennsylvania machine has been in such unusual disrepute that to throw a brick at it is everywhere regarded as an act of special virtue. The stoutest partisans will never dare to accuse the President of ignoring the claims of "the organization" and thus imperilling the nation. Leib is an old and hardened offender. The only thing to regret is that he was not beheaded earlier. In this regret the President himself shares. "If the case had at that time [some months ago] been called to my attention," says Mr. Roosevelt, "my belief is that I would have then requested your resignation."

Secretary Taft intimates that he expects Congress to investigate the Panama Commission. It would fail of its duty if it did not. The prima-facie evidence of waste, extravagance, and mismanagement is abundant. One result is pretty certain to be established—the folly of appropriating $10,000,000 to be expended in the discretion of any man. The temptation of such a sum available without a detailed estimate submitted to Congress is not unlike that of a huge life-insurance surplus: it makes people mad to get at it. Congressmen who have seen the salary list of the Panama Commission are amazed at it. It has something of the air of a royal civil list. Then there are many contracts and purchases made by the Commission into which Congress should feel it obligatory to look. Furthermore, the conditions on the Isthmus seem to call for scrutiny. The *Herald* printed on Friday the protests of American clergymen in Panama against the "monstrous iniquity" of the importation of hundreds of abandoned women, with the consent of the canal authorities, the object being to make the laborers "contented." And physicians on the spot are speaking out against the certain result of this kind of "sanitation." All told, an inquiry into the whole affair by a committee of Congress bids fair to be fruitful.

The system of control which Congress exercises over the Post-Office involves the appropriation of all the money needed for the entire establishment every year, and the subsequent return of the gross receipts to the Treasury. Thus, Mr. Cortelyou accompanies his request for $12,000,000 more money for next year with the prediction that he will be able to reduce the postal deficit from last year's figure of $14,572,584. He proposes to keep the clerical force practically at its present size, and has economized somewhat in the special facilities of railway transportation. Increase, of course, is regularly to be expected in the general lines of the department work, and rural free delivery is naturally growing at a rate much beyond that of the rest, but the natural end of this would seem to be a condition of equilibrium in which all parts of the country fare substantially alike, and growth keeps pace merely with the increase of population. That may be the time for going to the fundamentals of the postal-deficit problem. At present, the unprofitable departments of the service are growing so much faster than the income-producing ones that predictions as to anything but the immediate future are not to be trusted too much.

Apart from the merits of the case, Midshipman Meriwether's trial at Annapolis brings out some amazing facts about the student "code" at the Naval Academy. Under it, not only have there been a score or more of pugilistic fights, under the rules of the prize ring, but official duty, not to speak of the obligations of a gentleman, has been steadily disregarded. The Annapolis "code," in fact, has many of the absurd features of the duello. There is the same perverted sense of "honor," the same compulsion to fight, the same wild notions about what the fight establishes. Thus, it was testified that these brutal encounters often resulted in "handshaking" and a general withdrawal of insulting epithets. It was said that Meriwether, after calling Midshipman Branch a "sneak," a "coward," and "no gentleman," discovered after twenty rounds that he was one of the finest fellows on earth. This is too fantastic to be allowed in an Academy where men are supposed to be taught realities. Apart from the fatal result in this case, the whole system, as disclosed, with its semi-barbarous and obsolete standards of personal honor, clearly calls for instant reform, and by reform we mean abolition.

Joseph Ralph Burton, United States Senator from Kansas, is reported to be somewhat depressed, and not without reason, for he has a second time been convicted of exerting his official influence in behalf of an enterprise which was using the mails to defraud. The first conviction was set aside on the purely technical ground that the payment to Burton was made outside the jurisdiction of the trial court. Burton threatens to appeal again, and he may conceivably succeed in having this second verdict set aside. While he is waiting for the decision of the higher court, he will enjoy the seclusion of private life. "Though he is still a United States Senator," says his counsel, "he will not take his seat. I do not believe this would be proper or dignified, and Senator Burton does not think so either." We commend Burton's modesty to the attention of two New York statesmen.

Of a certain kind of strenuous life, Gov. Jeff Davis of Arkansas is a most admirable example. It is not his fault if he is not now the idol of every bar-room, the hero of every prize-fighter and gutter ruffian. Monday's personal encounter in which he had his skull cracked by a pistol in the hands of ex-Congressman Dinsmore, was only his fifth fight within three years. He fought a draw with the Republican candidate for Governor in August, 1902; was knocked out by Judge Carroll D. Wood a year later; was prevented by friends from clinching with A. F. Vandeventer in October, 1903, and had another stand-up fight with Judge Wood in December, 1903. He was threatened with death by his Attorney-General in September of this year, but still survives to fight again—and, incidentally, to show the world how low a blackguard can become a Governor.

An experienced, not to say hardened, protectionist will only smile at the demand of the artists that they be no longer protected by the tariff on art. These gentlemen meet in convention in this city to declare that the tariff as it affects them is blind and behind the times; but what has that to do with the case? If proving our fiscal system both stupid and obsolete could have altered it, we should have seen it changed years ago. Protection does not object to hard names; call it what you like, provided you vote for the men who uphold it. Mr. Kenyon Cox asserted that the argument against the art duty is simply "unanswerable." We agree with him; so is the argument against a hundred

other duties, but what good does that do? Protectionists will let you have all the logical triumphs you want if only they may remain in control of Congress and keep the schedules intact. The standpatters have no desire to get the better of the argument; all they wish is to have the better of the voting in committee and on the floor. The situation would be different if the artists had a political following, or were in the habit of making large campaign contributions. In that case they would be an "interest" to be taken care of; as it is, they are, from the point of view of the protectionists with a grip on Congress and the President, merely a lot of amiable enthusiasts whose protests and appeals can be disregarded with perfect safety. The truth is, the protectionists maintain that the moment an American citizen is allowed to buy a French painting without paying a tax on it, the schedules on imitation jewelry, steel rails, and pickled sheepskins will go toppling down; that notoriously the middle-class American regulates his expenditures for underwear, crockery, and garden hose solely with reference to the price he has paid for the oil paintings in his parlor. If that schedule is touched, all the others must go too.

It seems to have been expected by almost no one that the anti-cigarette laws passed by Indiana and Wisconsin last winter would ever be enforced. Yet the reports now coming from both those States indicate that neither one is being allowed to become a dead-letter. Whether this means that they are to remain permanently on the statute-book or will be repealed with alacrity, depends on the temper of the people. There is one point, however, in which such a law is to be distinguished from the prohibition of liquor. If a "blind pig" is accessible and properly supplied, a drinking man can imbibe there about as well as anywhere else. He is accustomed to resort to a special place for his potations. But the cigarette-smoker expects to indulge himself while going about his usual occupations. He has never expected to go to some retired place to smoke. Cigarette-smoking, in other words, ceases to be attractive if it must be clandestine, and therefore the law has, in this special aspect, a better chance of regulating it. And as the object of these laws was not to stop smoking in general, but this particular kind, every convert to the cigar or pipe is a living monument to the wisdom of the Western legislators. So, we may add, is the young Nebraskan fined $50 and costs recently for rolling, otherwise "manufacturing," a cigarette for his own use.

Boston is not so sure that her system of primary nominations is all that she thought it was. A fortnight ago the primaries for the selection of candidates for Mayor were held. Five men—two Democrats and three Republicans—had stumped the city, and roused more interest than has been shown in a municipal election since the late Mayor Collins put himself at the head of the Boston Democracy. Representative John F. Fitzgerald was the choice of the Democratic primaries, and Louis A. Frothingham of the Republican. But H. S. Dewey, one of the defeated Republican aspirants, became suspicious of the methods used by Mr. Frothingham's campaigners to secure a bare 300 plurality. A cry of fraud was set up and a recount demanded. The result was to cut Mr. Frothingham's plurality in half, and Mr. Dewey still insisted that he had been defeated by fraudulent votes, and announced that he would run as an independent candidate. Doubtless he is spurred on by Moran's success in winning election as District Attorney independently. But, to judge from the comments of the Boston newspapers, there is little likelihood of Judge Dewey's being hailed as a New England Jerome.

"Preserving the gold standard" is too good a phrase to be lost; we should incorporate it permanently in our political vocabulary. In 1896 the big insurance companies were paying $50,000 each to the Republican campaign fund in order to preserve the gold standard. In 1900 the standard still seemed to be in danger. In 1904, ordinary men ceased to have apprehensions; but the far-sighted presidents of our insurance companies continued to see the menace on the distant horizon, and cheerfully handed out the $50,000—taken, as usual, from the pockets of the policyholders. Nothing but the salvation of the country and the preservation of the gold standard, they assured us solemnly, could have induced them to contribute to a political party. They regarded State issues and local issues as beneath their notice. On November 21, however, Senator Thomas C. Platt testified in effect that he had a little gold standard of his own which he was preserving very industriously. He was not interested in the national but in the State, campaign; and yet the Equitable paid him $10,000 a year, and the Mutual often gave as much. President Richard A. McCurdy, by the way, who swore that the Mutual did not give to the State campaigns, was the man with whom Platt had dealings. Platt is not the only man who had a gold standard. The Equitable has carried on its payroll for twenty-three years an old Tammany politician, Thomas Coman, at a salary ranging from $2,000 to $6,000. His duty has been to preserve the gold standard of individual officers of the company, and he mentioned specifically Mr. Alexander, Mr. Hyde, Mr. Tarbell, and Mr. Jordan. He would keep these gentlemen on good terms with the city government and get their tax assessments reduced. For such eminent services to the country $6,000 a year from the money of the policyholders was a miserably small reward.

The testimony of Mr. George W. Perkins on Monday did not reveal him in an absolutely new light—it was of a piece with what had gone before; but it was astonishingly replete with evasions, shifts, doublings, reluctance to come to the point, hollow excuses, pretences, and finally the most damaging admissions. Here was an enormous fiduciary business managed in the spirit of a Bowery shop for second-hand clothing. Deceit and misrepresentation were the chief stock in trade. The public was bamboozled, the Superintendent of Insurance was hoodwinked, the policyholders were deceived and cheated. Accounts were doctored, minutes of important meetings were falsely kept, blackmailers were allowed to bleed the company at will, political contributions were made under lying entries in the books, and the whole vast system of irregularity and crookedness and graft covered with a thin veneer of the most disgusting hypocrisy. Mr. Perkins and his fellows have made themselves impossible. They have forfeited all respect, and must lose their trust positions. If any of the trustees of either the Mutual or the New York Life think that their business can be saved except by the most radical changes of personnel, they are living in a fool's paradise. Why, policyholders by the thousand are turning to Tom Lawson in preference to McCall or McCurdy or Perkins! That is only a hint of the desperate situation which requires desperate remedies. Public confidence can be restored only by dismissing the men who have destroyed it.

Mr. Tarbell's views in the matter of deferred-dividend policies are such as would naturally be expected from the head of a life-insurance company's agents. Mr. McCall, in his testimony of October 7 before the Armstrong committee, defended the "twenty-year policy," and expressed his objection to "straight life" annual dividends, on the ground, very largely, that to get good solicitors the company must pay good commissions, and that agents' commissions on a deferred-dividend policy are much larger than on ordinary life-insurance contracts. This argument would naturally appeal to an officer whose duty it is to "show results" in new insurance. Mr. Tarbell undertook, however, to set forth arguments in defence of the deferred-dividend principle itself. Briefly, his points are that such policies, maturing at a stated date, add to the safety of insurance by the large surplus funds accruing in the interim; that they pro-

vide for the family when the policy matures; that they are cheap insurance, because no dividends so high can be paid on the annual basis; that they attract "good lives," because men not in good health would mistrust their chance of surviving to get the benefits of the "pool"; that they induce men to insure who would not insure if a "death risk" alone were the basis of their insurance; and that they do not lapse as "straight life" policies often do.

These arguments do not impress us. To say that withholding dividends for twenty years, and then paying them in a lump, adds to the safety of insurance, begs the whole question. If the funds reserved against such accruing dividends are calculated merely on the basis of safe insurance, then the company as a whole is protected neither better nor worse than it would have been without them. On the other hand, if the monstrous evils, extravagance, and corruption of which our great companies have been guilty, do not lie directly at the door of the abnormal surpluses thus accumulated, then the Armstrong committee's researches have been in vain. As to the second point, a "twenty-year policy" at least provides no better for a family than a savings-bank account maintained by similar payments during the same period; it is capable of proof, indeed, that its provision is far less adequate. That these policies, with their excessive charge for premiums and their exceedingly meagre return of accumulated dividends, are the cheapest form of insurance, we had not supposed even Mr. Tarbell would seriously contend. If allowance he made for those who lose all their dividends through death in the period prescribed, we take it to be the most extravagant form of insurance in the field. Mr. Tarbell's other arguments hardly call for answer. Our own view of the matter is summed up in the Frick report's conclusions, which we have quoted heretofore; we may add, with approval, the following remarks, addressed to the Insurance Commissioners' Convention last September by Insurance Commissioner McGivney:

"The purpose of a mutual life-insurance company is not to have its members gambling on the misfortunes of its other members. The deferred-dividend plan is the medium of building up large surplus funds which are not required by law to earn any interest; it furnishes a ready means to make up losses from extravagance and waste, and is a temptation to the management for hazardous and risky speculation in the policyholders' funds."

"'For ways that are dark,' but for tricks that have not been vain, commend us to the insurance grafters. John A. Nichols received for some years $1,000 from each of the three great companies with which to stop the mighty pen of the "rantankerous friend" at Albany, W. S. Manning. But the latter swears he got of late only a miserable $300 annually as his "legal" retainer. Profit for Nichols, just $2,700 a year. As for the mighty McCalls and McCurdys and Alexanders, this leaves their boasted business ability in a sorry light. Any up-river graybeard with a sanctimonious air could stand them all up against a wall and make them hold up their hands while he extracted from their pockets just what he wanted. So easy was this game that it makes the trade of a blackmailing society editor seem like an elaborate business transaction. But the magnates knew their methods were crooked, and so they paid every one who came along to save themselves from exposure. Assemblymen, strikers of the Manning type, avaricious lawyers, United States Senators—all knew a good thing when they saw it, and worked their mine for all it was worth. What mattered it if the money was stolen from men and women who toiled and slaved and saved pennies to pay premiums? The woods were full of them; the agents roped them in by the hundreds; surpluses piled up; the State Insurance Department connived willingly, no danger was in sight, and all went merrily. Is it any wonder that the McCalls and McCurdys have a sense of deep personal injury at the thought that their little paradise has been rudely invaded?

There will presumably be considerable manœuvring for position between the Liberals and the Tories before the impending dissolution and general election. If Parliament were in session, the King would no doubt send for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and ask him to form a Ministry. Then the budget would be passed and the appeal to the country made. But Sir Henry is too old a bird to be taken in the net which Mr. Balfour is now spreading before him—the suggestion, that is, that he form a Government in the dark, drift along till February, then suffer a vote of no confidence in the House and be compelled to dissolve. He will refuse, unquestionably, to fall in with the strategy of the Tories in that way. They must either do their own dissolving, or stagger on under a still heavier burden of discredit. Of the outcome of the general election, there can be no reasonable doubt. Chamberlain talks valiantly about "closing up the ranks" and getting rid of "blunt swords," but such advocacy of a snug little party all of one mind is folly in an appeal to a great electorate where, as Lord Hugh Cecil remarks, success is "a matter of nose-counting, and each free-fooder has his nose." The signs all point to a crushing defeat of the Chamberlain policy in the election of the new House. The argument has been strong against it; trade-returns still stronger. Chamberlain himself expects to be beaten in the first onset. His hope is that the Liberals will make a mess of it in office, and that, after a couple of years, his second chance will come. All this is in the lap of the gods; the only certain thing is that the great issue is soon to be put to the electoral test, and that, whoever may hereafter lead the Conservative party in whatever paths, we are now witnessing the passing of Arthur Balfour.

The executive committee of the Zemstvo Congress, in pledging its support to the Witte Cabinet, "so long as it follows the path for the accomplishment of the liberties promised by the manifesto," gives encouraging evidence that Russia has advanced far on the road to liberalism. The force of events, which is daily converting conservative leaders and journalists into adherents of the new régime, is not lost upon Witte himself. He appears sincerely intent upon gathering around him men who enjoy the confidence of the Liberals. Only four years ago, there appeared in Stuttgart a secret memorandum (in Russian) by Witte, then Minister of Finance, on "Autocracy and the Zemstvo," in which he attempted to prove that, "under an absolutist government, the labor of the social forces is incomparably more productive to the country and the people at large than it can be under a parliamentary Government." To-day, as the Premier of a Liberal Ministry, he promises universal suffrage and the widest possible concessions to the toiling masses throughout the land. His conversion is evidently accepted as genuine by a majority of the zemstvo leaders, though the Moderates—"Octobrists," as they significantly call themselves—declare that Russia is not ripe for a constituent assembly.

Among the men who enjoy alike the confidence of Count Witte and the zemstvoists there are not a few eminent names. Prince Urusoff, Witte's first choice for Minister of the Interior, a prominent Liberal, was formerly Governor of Tver, but resigned under the Plehve administration. Prince Eugene Trubetzkoi of the University of Kiev is now one of Witte's trusted advisers. Prince Volkonsky, M. Stchepkin, and Prince Paul Dolgoruff, long identified with the reform movement, are wielding great influence in the Congress; and even M. Petrunkevitch, the president of the Moscow Agricultural Society, a former exile in Siberia and a Radical leader, declares the restoration of order to be the first duty of the hour. But probably the most difficult problem that confronts Witte lies in the vacillation of the Czar, which is certainly, in this seething time, more excusable than ever.

"SOLICITOUS ABOUT NEW YORK."

If the President, and every other Republican with a shred of decency, were not, as Mr. Roosevelt writes that he is, "very solicitous about the political conditions in New York," they would be both stupid and callous. Apparently, the President had in mind only the sordid quarrel between Odell and Platt. But last week's testimony by the latter unreverend corruptionist, before the insurance inquiry, carries us far beyond that. We have now a full revelation of the way in which the Republican party in New York has been for years a political bawd, selling itself for money. Corruption has been its daily bread. It has lived upon dishonesty, thriven upon blackmail, and grown great on bribery. We now see that its Legislatures have been made up of men hired to do dirty work, its Governors more or less consciously the tools of thieves, and its United States Senators common carriers of rottenness. Senator Platt frankly took off the manhole cover and showed us his party sitting in the sewage.

Republicans, from the President down, must feel disgraced as well as astonished by Platt's cynical admission that the party has lived in this State by bleeding corporations and robbing widows and orphans. But what is to be done about it? Restitution, we suppose, cannot now be made, but the promoters and beneficiaries of the shameless corruption can be whipped from public life as they already are expelled from the society of decent men. We for our part can see nothing for it but at once to call upon Platt and Depew to resign their offices. They have brought disgrace on the State; the people of the State should demand that they no longer flaunt their infamy in the Senate. Even in that body their presence would hereafter be regarded as infectious; even its indicted or convicted members would say that their punishment was greater than they could bear if they were held to have sunk so low as Platt and Depew. With those two spokesmen in the Senate, New York is not only misrepresented, but made a hissing. Neither of them can show himself in his seat without having every finger in the galleries pointing to the outward sign of New York's deep disgrace. The unbought and self-respecting press of the State should take this up immediately. Honest citizens should lift up their voices. Petitions should be sent to the Legislature. Gov. Higgins should be addressed; does he not care that New York is made a by-word and a reproach by its two United States Senators caught in the political stews? Platt and Depew must go. Their co-parceners in corruption—the insurance officials—are being driven out; so must they be. It will not do to fall back and leave it to nature soon to snuff out the flickering flame; indignant New Yorkers must see to it that its last ghastly light is not made to reflect upon the fair fame of the State.

President Roosevelt has an imperative duty laid upon him. One striking way to show his disgust with Platt's confessed villany is to break with him openly now. The hoary blackmailer and trafficker in legislation ought never to be seen in the White House again. If he will not resign, and has business to transact, the President ought to compel him to do it by letter or messenger. The hand of Theodore Roosevelt should never again be laid in that of Thomas Platt. Here is a real chance for ostracism—social and political—and the President will be on the defensive if he does not apply it to Platt. Nor can Mr. Roosevelt or his friends allege that this corruption does not touch his white garments. That, indeed, may be alleged of the trust funds obtained last year to elect him President. But how about 1898, when he was elected Governor? That was a close-fought campaign. Mr. Roosevelt's plurality was narrow. Yet in that year Platt was boss, he was collecting his $10,000 from the Equitable, his $10,000 or whatever it was from the Mutual, and (as the *Tribune* has asserted, defying Platt to sue it for libel) blackmailing corporations promiscuously. Mr. Roosevelt, moreover, went to consult Platt about the conduct of the campaign. He startled his best friends by recognizing the boss as rightful leader; so that a peculiar obligation rests upon him to clear his own skirts, and to come to the rescue of his own State, by aiding or leading in every movement to rid public life of the Platt poison.

It is not strange that Platt's habitual defenders and lauders are struck dumb. All the old talk about his "wonderful sagacity" and "unsurpassed management" and "extraordinary power of attaching to himself devoted followers," is now put in its right place. It always was absurd to the eye of reason, and now the dullest can see it to be so. Platt a statesman, a leader! He is simply a "striker," a blackmailer, a purchaser of votes, a seller of nominations and of legislation; carrying the bag, he has carried the party in it. Paymaster-General of the forces of corruption, he has held himself in power by precisely the same means as Croker. And how foolish, in the light of his own confessions, appears the common remark: "Well, at any rate, none of the money which Platt handled stuck to his own fingers." How can that be known? He has had millions given to him, and he himself states that he has kept no accounts. He could do with the money what he pleased. There were no tell-tale checks; it was, as he testified, cash by special messenger. From the insurance companies alone he appears to have had more than $500,000 in the last twenty years.

Well, we cannot stand about holding our noses. We must fall to disinfecting. Here is a work of sanitation before the President greater and more urgent than anything which confronts him at Panama. And the first step should be to retire Platt, Depew, and Odell, so that they will no longer be in control of the corrupt management of the Republican party, both receiving and giving infection.

A LITTLE INSURANCE HISTORY.

The reappearance of the name of David B. Hill in connection with life-insurance affairs recalls an incident which took place while he was Governor of New York. In the year 1880 the State Legislature passed a law to tax life-insurance companies. It imposed a tax of one per cent. per annum on the gross amount of the premiums, interest, or other income (except from rents), received by such companies of this State from persons residing in this State, or from investments represented by, or based upon, property situated in this State. This act was chapter 534 of the Laws of 1880.

The companies paid the tax until somebody discovered that it might be unconstitutional. The State Constitution provided that every law imposing a tax should state the object to which it was to be applied. The law of 1880 did not do so. The amount received from the tax had passed into the Treasury and had been appropriated to the general expenses of the State. The companies thereupon ceased paying until the arrears amounted to $1,000,000 or thereabouts. Meanwhile, the Legislature had passed another tax law without any mention of the object to which the revenue should be applied. This was the collateral-inheritance law. Under this act a case arose in the courts almost immediately which was destined to settle the dispute. Mrs. Mary McPherson died, leaving a will containing bequests to other persons than her direct heirs. The taxing authorities demanded the portion due to the State, which the executors refused to pay, on the ground that the law fixing the tax was unconstitutional, since it did not state the object to which it was to be applied. It was at once perceived that the decision in the McPherson case would cover the question raised by the life-insurance companies. Accordingly, its progress was watched with great and growing interest, and it came to pass that before it reached the Court of Appeals a dozen or more of the ablest lawyers in the State ranged themselves on the side of the McPherson heirs. The fees of these lawyers, if charged at the usual rates, would have swallowed up the estate in controversy several times over, and the natural inference was that the life-insurance companies were fighting the battle of the McPherson heirs.

The case was decided in favor of the State in February, 1887, without a dissenting voice. The court held that the provision in the Constitution which required that every law imposing a tax should state its object, applied to the annual recurring taxes known at the time of the adoption of the Constitution (1846), *i. e.*, the general property tax, but did not apply to the special taxes subsequently devised and enacted. It was absurd to suppose that the State could not reach new sources of revenue without specifying in each instance how it should be apportioned among the several objects of public expenditure. This case is known as "the matter of McPherson" (104 N. Y. 306). When the decision was announced, it was generally assumed that the delinquent companies would pay the back taxes due to the State, but no such thing happened. A bill was forthwith introduced in the Legislature, then Republican in both branches, not only to release them from the arrears, but to repeal the law of 1880 altogether, and this movement gained such headway that the State Comptroller (Hon. Alfred C. Chapin), in order to save this source of revenue for the future, proposed a compromise, relinquishing one-half of the arrears and keeping the law of 1880 in force. Charges of bribery and corruption began to reach the newspapers from their Albany correspondents, and these rumors worried the supporters of the bill not a little, but did not stop the measure. Comptroller Chapin's bill was voted down and the repealing bill was passed by both branches. It is chapter 699 of the Laws of 1887.

Undoubtedly some votes were cast for it honestly; some men voted for it then who would not do so in the light of recent revelations. Senator Fassett, for example, supported it on the ground that the money released by the State would, in the case of the three leading companies (the Equitable, the Mutual, and the New York Life), enure to the benefit of the policyholders, who ought not to be taxed. The possibility that the State might lose the money, and the policyholders lose it also, had not presented itself to the Senatorial mind. Moreover, the superstition that policyholders ought not to bear any part of the burden of government was stronger then than it was in 1880, or than it is now. Making all possible allowance, however, for the simplicity of legislators who voted to these rich companies a million dollars actually due to the State Treasury, and many other millions to become due, there can be no doubt that this bill was "handled" by such characters as "Judge" Hamilton and "Al" Fields, backed by the use of money.

The bill passed the Senate on the 19th of May, and went immediately to Governor Hill, who took a long time to consider it. Not until the 25th of June did he make up his mind what to do. Meanwhile, the Legislature had adjourned. If he should simply withhold his signature, the bill would be dead, and the Comptroller would forthwith collect the back taxes. The companies must have been very much in the same state of mind as the Mercantile Trust Company was last year, with the Ambler bill hanging as a sword of Damocles over its head. But the Governor made up his mind at last that it was a good bill and ought to pass. So he signed it. And now we learn that in 1895, while he was a Senator of the United States, Mr. Hill received from the Equitable Life an offer of a retainer, which he accepted with thanks, saying that it came very "handy" at that time.

FOOTBALL REFORM BY ABOLITION.

Never before has a football season ended amid such a well-nigh universal chorus of denunciation of the game, or with such a record of fatalities. At last our college presidents have found their voices; some of them at least have got beyond the fear of losing students by attacking what has become an intolerable evil, and are ready to follow President Eliot's lead in demanding a change. Thus, President Wheeler of the University of California declares that the game "must be made over or go"; President Hopkins of Williams feels that the game is doomed unless it can be radically altered; President Schurman thinks it time for the college presidents to act; and Chancellor MacCracken has asked President Eliot to call a conference of the heads of our educational institutions. But the best utterance of all is that of Prof. Shailer Mathews, dean of the Divinity School of Chicago University, who thus states the truth:

> "Football to-day is a social obsession—a boy-killing, education-prostituting, gladiatorial sport. It teaches virility and courage, but so does war. I do not know what should take its place, but the new game should not require the services of a physician, the maintenance of a hospital, and the celebration of funerals."

There is danger, however, that, in the multiplicity of denunciation and of plans for reform, the true nature of the evil may be lost sight of. For instance, the proposed changes in the eligibility rules, to guard against professionalism, suggested by the repentant sinners of the University of Pennsylvania, are likely only to distract attention from the main issue, even if their inspiration is from within the White House. The question of injuries and deaths, too, serious as it is, has become now of smaller importance—merely incidental. It is, of course, most gratifying to read such straight talk as has come from Dr. F. R. Oastler, in charge of the Columbia squad. Most surgeons of athletic teams have been content to drug and stimulate the players, to patch them up so that they may enter the fray again, even at the risk of their lives. This physician has had enough of silence, and demands the abolition of the game. "I have been," he says, "surgeon of the Columbia team for six years, and I think it is the most brutal exhibition I have ever seen or heard of to call a sport. The players go on the field expecting to be hurt, and are glad if they come off with nothing worse than a broken bone."

The real question before the public to-day is whether it is worth while to attempt to modify the game, or whether it should not be abolished forthwith. For twenty years modern football has been on trial in one form or another, and it has gone steadily from bad to worse. It has been shown beyond dispute in these columns, as well as in the pages of *McClure's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Public Opinion*, and in newspapers all over the country, that the following evils have come in the train of football: (1) the introduction of paid athletes and bogus students, such as teamsters and ex-prizefighters; (2) the demoralization of the secondary schools by the recruiting sergeants of the universities; (3) the use of unfair and immoral methods to win games; (4) the steady increase in the gambling and betting features of intercollegiate contests; (5) the ever-growing danger of injuries from mass plays; (6) the demoralization of the student body by false standards of what is honorable and dishonorable in athletics, and the utterly disproportionate emphasis placed upon athletics as opposed to mental training. This indictment itself would seem to be enough to make the end of the game inevitable. But there are still other facts to be recorded. College presidents and faculties have everywhere been terrorized by student opinion. "The boys have wanted the game," and desired to win at any price. Hence the college authorities have abdicated their proper functions, always trembling lest a radical stand decrease the enrolment and drive students to a rival institution where teams, mayhap, have won three or four years out of five. Even at Harvard there are timid souls who ask whether this year's decreased attendance is not perhaps due to President Eliot's hostility to football. At any rate, the loss of students seems to them to make this time "inopportune" for the greatest American university to win fresh prestige by uprooting this athletic evil

Professor Mathews is right. Football has become a "social obsession," from which education has suffered terribly. We hear of instance after instance in which preparatory-school pupils are forced to play by their teachers, often against their own and their parents' wishes, and under penalty of ostracism. In Harvard it is notorious that football has now become the best and easiest way to enter the undergraduate socie-

ties. Your "grind" may rank as high as he pleases in his studies; it is the fellow who has broken an arm in a scrimmage who has the plaudits and the admiration of his mates, and before whom the doors of the chapter houses swing open as if by magic. To say that this obsession can be cured by ignoring the fatuous rules committee, and deciding whether there shall or shall not be "offside interference or mass plays," is like turning a hose on the roof of a building when the first floor is in flames. Football has become not merely intolerable in itself, but a grave menace to American scholastic ideals and development. As such it should go forthwith. There is no time like the present in which to right this wrong. A few schools and small colleges have abolished football, but its death-blow must come from such an institution as Harvard or Columbia. There should be no lack of rivalry for the honor, and no time wasted in considering how the game can be "radically altered" or "made over."

"FUNDAMENTALS" IN COLLEGE.

The Harvard Overseers' Committee on Reports and Resolutions, Charles Francis Adams, chairman, has recently propounded a question which should set college men to thinking. The committee asks whether, "under conditions exacting some measure of retrenchment," it is better "to impair the efficiency of the fundamental courses of instruction, pursued by large numbers of students, or to effect the necessary economies by reducing the number of special courses." The committee had before it the needs of the English department. According to a report made to the Overseers by the Committee on English Literature, the allowance for this department was cut $9,800 in 1904-05. "The practical result of this economy," says the committee, "has been the reduction in the number of courses provided, and a curtailment in the force of assistants requisite for proper supervision of the men in the large courses." The Committee on English supports its case by particulars, and concludes that "the department is at present undermanned, to the detriment of the students in the large courses and of the progress of the Graduate School."

Mr. Adams's committee, accepting the statements in this report on the English department, directly raises the issue as to the educational policy involved. The English courses are "elementary and fundamental," "attended by no less than 2,131 students," while there are many special courses attended by but few students or even by single students.

"Referring to the experience and policy of Yale, under similar circumstances, it has been stated that, of a total number of 181 courses, it was there found that 70 were taken by fewer than ten students each; 36 by fewer than five; 8 by fewer than three; and 11 by a single student each only. Under these circumstances, the total number of courses in the Yale programme was, as a measure of necessary retrenchment, reduced from 263 to 249, and of the 249 remaining courses it was stated that 'between 50 and 60 would be cut out unless a sufficient number of students elected them to make it worth while giving them.' "

Other colleges, we may add, have, in periods of stress, been forced to make cuts quite as vital. Mr. Adams's committee does not undertake to answer the question which it brings forward.

Were a college a factory, Mr. Adams could not hesitate to reply in seven words, "Cut along the line of least resistance." But a college, though its business needs the most skilful management, is not a commercial enterprise. For example, the head of a factory or a store must think twice before incurring a deficit; the president of a college must think twice before not incurring one—for the administration which always keeps within its income will stand still. President Eliot's deliberate plan, if we may judge by appearances, has been to press steadily a little beyond immediate income. Thus he has been able to show conclusively that more money can be profitably spent by Harvard, and make an irresistible plea for it. Had he always crept along cautiously, never taking chances, Harvard would now be where it was two decades ago. Occasionally his advance has been slightly retarded by successive deficits; but in general he has led the way, and the friends of Harvard have responded to his call.

A similar principle must be applied to the solution of the problem which Mr. Adams outlines: If a college cannot afford terrapin—to borrow the happy phrase of an insurance officer—must it forthwith restrict its diet to tripe? No college can permanently cripple the large "stock" courses. In the long run, these must be creditably maintained whatever else is lopped off. But that is not to say that temporary crippling is not now and then justifiable. One of Harvard's sources of strength, for example, is the group of advanced courses, attended by but few students, which perhaps no other institution is prepared to offer. These cannot be supported indefinitely at the expense of the large courses; but for terms of two or three years Harvard might suffer less in prestige and that leadership which is its glory, might contribute more to the cause of education, by carrying on certain special courses for the few till money is found to man them. There can be no hard-and-fast rule. College authorities must weigh the value of the large courses to be sacrificed for the moment, and of the small ones to be saved, and must settle the individual case on its merits.

The effect on the teaching force must also be taken into account. The instructor's mind becomes deadened by repetition year after year of the elementary and fundamental courses. He must have an opportunity for expansion and refreshment in the small advanced courses, devoted perhaps to research. One reason why teachers in secondary schools tend to mental atrophy is that they are steadily held down to tripe, with seldom even a sniff of terrapin. This view is forcibly presented by President J. G. Schurman of Cornell in his last annual report just from the press. "No man," he says, "can do valuable original reflection if he is always wearied with lectures and teaching." President Schurman would therefore make provision "for reducing the time demanded for the instruction of students from professors who are exceptionally qualified for and devoted to the work of original investigation." This change, as President Schurman notes, no less an authority than Lord Kelvin declared to be the most imperative called for in our American university system. Thus, in economizing there must be considered the possibility of impairing the efficiency not merely of the fundamental courses, but of the teachers themselves. In short, the abilities and the temperament of individual instructors must be seriously regarded in formulating the scheme of retrenchment.

JAMES DAVIE BUTLER.

There passed away in Madison, Wisconsin, on November 20, the "first citizen" of that university town, known and beloved of all, and whose home was thronged on every succeeding birthday; who attained his ninetieth year on the 15th of last March, and, being chaplain of the Senate, was honored by that body with roses and the spreading of his response upon the minutes. Dr. Butler was then entering on the twenty-fourth year of his connection, as a literary contributor, with the *Nation*.

"To-morrow," he wrote to us on November 14, 1904, "closes the second third of my ninetieth year. The third third of it has been the end-all of two of my longæval male kindred; and how can my span outrun theirs? Yet my joy in *existence* is like the *gaudia certaminis*, while study in all lines rouses in me a higher joy than existence can ever yield. Thanks to being near-sighted, I have never used or needed in reading or writing to 'succor old age or any age with subsidiary sight.'

"In politics, always a Mugwump, I sit here a central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation, Vilas and Spooner—both neighbors of mine! I live half-way between each, and no more than a block from either, and recall my Ægean sail between Athos and Ida, each in plain sight, and that with a pilot who, as a boy, had been 'prentice to his father at Navarino—which was long after I began to promote Greek Independence in my own person."

In truth he was just six years old when the Greek Revolution broke out and fired the sympathetic imagination of this country, prompting Dr. S. G. Howe to join Byron. "As a boy of seven," wrote Dr. Butler at eighty-five, "I was arrayed in a specimen Greek dress, and sent to every house in Rutland [Vermont, his birthplace], to

call the women together and make garments for the naked children of the Sciots"—consequent upon the Turkish island massacre in the spring of 1822. There was a prophecy in this, for, after graduating at Middlebury College and taking the theological course at Andover, and filling Congregational pastorates in his native State and in Massachusetts, he became professor of Greek at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana, from 1854 to 1857, when he was drawn to Madison, and from 1858 to 1867 occupied the corresponding chair at the Wisconsin University. His first European tour was made in 1842-3; and as he returned poor, he took to lecturing, dispensing widely the fruit of his observations as a traveller, with few rivals in the field. He never lost his roving disposition. He celebrated his fifty-third birthday by climbing Mt. Tabor, in Palestine; the next year, 1869, we find him scaling the Yellowstone Park with John Muir, his quondam pupil. At seventy-five he made the circuit of the globe alone, and in 1890-1 was writing letters to this journal from the Inland Sea of Japan and from Fatehpur, India.

Always Dr. Butler returned joyfully to his study and to the freedom of the Wisconsin State Historical Society's Library, his daily mile-end walk up to his ninetieth year. He was for upwards of thirty years the Society's curator. He had been admitted a member of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass., in April, 1854, and a more genuine or catholic antiquarian has never been gathered into that company. He made some noticeable, published researches into portraits of Columbus; he published 'Hapax Legomena, or Words used once for all by Shakspere'; he discussed the census, the rainfall in Wisconsin, Washington's tutor, Raphael's Hours, reindeer in Alaska. All that pertained to the Northwest and its early settlement interested him, and he flung himself with ardor into the Lewis and Clark revival initiated by the late Dr. Elliott Coues. He was a prominent figure in the movement to secure Sergeant Floyd's grave from the remorseless tooth of the Missouri, and to erect the present monument. His publication in the *Nation*, in 1893, of the prospectus of Frazier's Journal led to the reprint of Gass's rare Journal of 1811 and the finding of Floyd's and Whitehouse's, now available to all students.

In brief, Dr. Butler might be described as a *Notes and Queries* man *pur sang*. Above all, however, his passion was for words. On February 12, 1904, he wrote to us:

"N. E. D. [New English or Oxford] Dictionary has intensified my interest in linguistic in all lines, and I watch for each new section more than they who watch for the morning. It has helped me to live long, and will help me to live longer. It must illuminate, or at least give glow-worm glimpses of, the dark backward and abysm of time."

His saturation with the language of Scripture, of Shakspere, and of the Greek authors oozed up in his writings, giving a characteristic quaintness to his style; sometimes, no doubt, too redundantly. He began to write for the *Nation* towards the close of 1881, significantly with a Note on the fifth volume of the Catalogue of the Wisconsin Society's Library; and the Note was his favorite, though not exclusive, vehicle for nearly a quarter of a century. He both volunteered his contributions and accepted or bespoke books for review, the very last of these being 'Coryat's Crudities.' His review of that work was unique in the *Nation's* annals, as having been the product of a full nonagenarian. He was in general as prompt and as much to be depended on as the average contributor, but on this occasion he offered an apology. In his still bold hand he wrote—for the last time but one—under date of July 7, 1905:

"It was my purpose to dispatch this article as soon as my last had been published, if not even sooner. Nor would I have failed to do so but for a complication of clogs such as never before have fettered my activity. The chief of these were age and weakness, both used by doctors and daughters for hemming me in on every side.

"Further delay could not much modify my view, which, though novel, I hold to be the most credible—as well as creditable.

"It has not been my custom to quote paragraphs from the books I review, and those that now appear needful have been cut short. A paragraph on the *words* we owe to C., and the grounds of his coinage, looked desirable; but as to that and several others I felt silence imperative.

"Instead of my old saying, Add, subtract, multiply, etc., I will adopt C.'s *Excarnificate!*

"Regardfully,
"JAMES D. BUTLER."

Dr. Butler was of slight and wiry build, below the middle height, quick and active in his motions. In his New England stock was woven a Huguenot strain which might stand for vivacity and *élan*. His disposition was genial and kindly. Never had his circumstances been pinching, and both in body and in mind he enjoyed extraordinary freedom to explore the universe. In July, as above intimated, his first physical failing began. The decline was attended with a minimum of suffering, and his mind remained clear until a few days before his departure. He furnished an inspiring example of enduring mental fibre, sustained by contact with the world and by a boundless thirst for knowledge. We part with him with regret, a loyal and unfailing friend, an assistant *sui generis*.

IRISH AFFAIRS.

DUBLIN, November 12, 1905.

During the last six months, under the rule of Chief Secretary Long, there has been a return to the system of administrative worrying, petty persecutions, and prosecutions of Nationalists for alleged offences or breaches of laws supposed to be, or that had been in effect, obsolete. Under Chief Secretary Wyndham there had been a cessation of what is generally and vaguely known as "coercion." Professed sympathy with popular demands, profuse though unfulfilled promises, abstinence from irritating administration, helped to get the last Land Act passed with but little opposition and with insufficient criticism in Parliament from the Irish party. The effect of the Act has been to increase by nearly 50 per cent. the prices paid by tenants purchasing their farms; and, this object having been attained, the policy of conciliation ceased.

The Gaelic League is a widely spread and powerful organization, with hundreds of branches. It is non-political, but there is no doubt that it tends to foster and increase the spirit of Nationality. Numbers of towns and villages hold an annual "feish," or Gaelic festival. Irish singing, dancing, recitations, history, composition, plays, and games constitute the programmes at these festivals. The objects of the League are the fostering and preservation of the Irish spoken language, the study of Irish history and literature. In compliance with a generally expressed desire, and some political pressure, the Government a few years ago sanctioned the allocation of part of the educational grant to the teaching of Irish in primary schools as an extra subject and under very stringent limitations. This grant has now been withdrawn, nominally by the Education Commissioners, but actually by direction of the English Treasury. Consequently, the Gaelic League is in arms against British administration.

Contemporaneously there is a renewal of prosecutions for the technical breach of a law that requires the name of the owner to be affixed to all vehicles in legible letters. Fine and imprisonment for their non-payment have been inflicted for the offence in several Irish-speaking districts of having the owner's name on his cart in Gaelic letters. These cases are usually tried at Petty Sessions, where the presiding magistrate is a paid official holding office at will of the Government, his colleagues being of the local "gentry" class. The prosecutions are initiated by the police, presumably by the direction or with the approval of Dublin Castle. The practice hitherto has been to convict and fine as a matter of course, but recently a Mayo bench of magistrates, in a district where three-quarters of the people are Irish-speaking and Gaelic Leaguers, allowed common sense to prevail and dismissed the case brought before them. Notwithstanding this, the police prosecuted the same man in the following week, with the same result. A dismissal in a similar case was given in Galway; but in County Roscommon an offender fined the nominal sum of one shilling went to jail for three days sooner than pay it. In Wexford, for an unpaid fine of four shillings and sixpence for a like offence, the police seized the criminal's goods in the shape of books, but, as the proceeds of the sale amounted to only one shilling, another seizure will be made. In Dublin a merchant and Alderman named Cole was prosecuted for having his name on his carts in Gaelic letters. His goods were seized for non-payment, and the fine realized. Alderman Cole then substituted Roman for Gaelic letters, but retained the Gaelic spelling, "McCumhaill." Another prosecution was instituted before the Chief Magistrate of the Dublin Police Court, a skilled lawyer holding a practically independent office. He characterized the proceeding as "monstrous," "stupid," and "most irritating." The police prosecutors claimed that Alderman Cole had trangressed statutes passed in 1366 and 1465 which required the inhabitants of Ireland to "leave off entirely the manner of naming used by the Irish," and that every Irishman should take an English surname of a town, or color, or art, science, or office. The magistrate convicted and imposed a fine of ten shillings. Instead of deterring, these prosecutions tend to stimulate the Gaelic League to increased activity and to convert it into a political and anti-English organization. A prominent Gaelic Leaguer has just been sent to jail for five days in default of paying a fine of sixpence for refusing to take

out a dog license unless his Gaelic signature was accepted.

Other State prosecutions have been for the dissemination of anti-enlistment literature. The would-be victims of the Crown were youths who distributed leaflets and placards appealing to Irishmen not to enlist in army, navy, or police. The same sentiments have been over and over again expressed in newspapers, speeches, ballads, and often in sermons. On the occasion of the King's taking the coronation oath, which describes the Catholic religion as idolatrous, the Catholic Archbishop made a public appeal in the newspapers to Irishmen not to join the army and navy. "The Saxon Shilling" is a well-known and popular ballad. Similar sentiments find expression in England through the Quaker body, the Peace Society, radical newspapers, and in countless books with a wide circulation. Even if the authors of the leaflets had been known, it is unlikely that they could have been made amenable. However, the youths who posted these placards were duly committed for trial at the instance of the Crown, and were acquitted of publishing seditious libels by Belfast and Dublin juries; the only result of these State trials being the wider publication in the press of these "seditious libels."

These Government prosecutions cost a great deal, and the expenditure is charged on Irish revenue. Crown lawyers get very large fees, and no expense is spared to secure convictions. The Corporation of Dublin, which has to pay for, but has no control over, the metropolitan police, has asked that the expenditure of the police tax shall be audited and published as their other accounts are. It appears that within fifty years the amount charged by Government for the police has increased from $360,000 to $814,000, while the numerical increase of the force has been only thirty-eight men. The answer of the Government to the objection of the Corporation was an order by the Lord Lieutenant directing the sum claimed by the Corporation to be deducted from the payments made by the English Treasury to the local taxation account. Under the prevalent financial system, certain grants are made by the Treasury in aid of local taxation to the four divisions of the United Kingdom, England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Any refusal to levy or apply local rates in the way prescribed by Parliament can be met by a withdrawal of these grants. This has been done in Wales, where the local councils refused to levy part of the education rate over the expenditure of which they had not adequate control. However, the protest of the Dublin Corporation, and its very reasonable demand for an audit of the police accounts, may be made effective by the Irish party in Parliament.

The unending land war is the occasion of many State prosecutions under the Coercion acts. Some recent cases illustrate the condition of affairs. Slattery, an old man, held a plot of land in Mayo under a lease for sixty years, granted by the father of the present landlord, who, alleging that his father had not power to give such a lease, succeeded in setting it aside, after putting Slattery, who had been in possession for thirty-nine years, to ruinous cost. Slattery was evicted, his sick wife being taken out of bed and left on the roadside; he had offered as a compromise to give up one-third of the farm and to pay the entire rent for the house and remainder of the land. An open-air meeting was held to express indignation, and appeal to the landlord to show mercy to the old couple, who, deprived of their home, had no refuge but the workhouse. The meeting was attended by police note-takers. John O'Donnell, member of Parliament for the district, spoke, saying that the landlord should seriously consider before refusing Slattery's offer, for no one would take the evicted farm, and the tenant would ultimately be reinstated. It should be noted that there is a special provision in the Land Act enabling the Land Commission to reinstate evicted tenants and make grants of money for rebuilding their houses. Slattery retook possession of his farm, and might have been prosecuted by the landlord under the ordinary law for trespass; but O'Donnell was prosecuted under the Coercion acts for making a speech calculated to cause social disorder, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. Slattery died, and a collection is now being made for the support of his wife.

In another part of Mayo a tenant owing £4 17s. of rent was evicted. The landlord's son and agent admitted that the rent had been punctually paid as long as he could remember. One Paden took the evicted farm. At a meeting held to denounce the eviction, two members of Parliament, J. O'Dowd and Conor O'Kelly, and a local magistrate named Mills, recommended that Paden should be boycotted; but they appealed to him in the interests of peace and good feeling to give up the farm. He consented to do so on payment of £26, which he claimed to have laid out on the farm. This was agreed to, but, before payment was made, the police charged Messrs. O'Dowd, O'Kelly and Mills before two "removable" magistrates with inciting to boycotting, and they will be tried under the Coercion acts at the next Assizes before a specially selected jury.

I will give one more example from the same county: Two small farmers, McAndrew and McHugh, were evicted on the same estate. McHugh's rent had been raised by the landlord from £4 to £14, and afterwards fixed at £9 by the Land Commission. After eviction, like a hunted rabbit, McHugh, a feeble old man, crept back into the house he had built. He was put in the dock, charged that "with force and arms and a strong hand, he had unlawfully interfered with the landlord's property." He and his wife were sent to jail, and the landlord had demolished the house, to prevent the family seeking shelter there again. McAndrew was sent to prison for a like offence. He is seventy-two years old, and, till a year or two ago, when he became crippled with rheumatism, he went year by year to England, earned the rack rent, and remitted it punctually to the landlord.

An example from a different sphere may be given of the tendency of the anti-popular minority to look for the aid of the Government to suppress exhibitions of popular feeling and to magnify trivial expressions of discontent into the crimes of sedition and disloyalty. The Royal University is an examining body with power to grant degrees to persons, both men and women, who qualify at the University examinations. There are no resident students. At the ceremony of conferring degrees, a number of students prevented the playing of "God Save the King." The Chancellor of the University, Lord Meath, a pompous philanthropist, convened the Senate and enjoined them to take steps for the discovery and punishment of the offenders. He intimated that Parliament would withhold its vote of £20,000 a year if such disloyalty went unpunished. This was a most unwarrantable and misleading suggestion, as the funds for the University are not voted by Parliament, but are derived from the funds of the disestablished Episcopalian Church. Parliament has nothing to do with giving or withholding the grant. The students replied by a manifesto published over their names, avowing their participation in the concerted demonstration, and stating that their protest was directed not against the King, but against the King's present Government, whose prime minister has several times publicly acknowledged the educational injustice under which Catholic students in Ireland labor, but has done nothing to redress it. The students further pointed out that the Senate possessed no disciplinary powers over them; that its functions were limited by its charter to holding examinations and conferring degrees upon those who qualified.

The Senate met, having summoned a few of the recognized offenders to attend. The students held a meeting outside the Senate House, passed resolutions affirming their grievances, and protesting against the misgovernment to which the country is subjected in the matter of university education. The attention of the police, a strong force of whom attended, was called to the illegality of the court which the Senate was holding, and its summonses; the holding of similar courts by the Land League having been held contrary to law. The speakers promised a renewal of their protest for next year. Lord Meath, the chancellor, did not attend; the vice-chancellor suggested that, as the University was not invested with powers to try or punish the graduates or undergraduates, and as the charges were very vague, it would be best to leave them to be dealt with by the legal tribunals of the country. The law adviser of the Senate concurred that it had no power to try or punish, and so the storm foolishly raised by Lord Meath might have ended. However, a majority of the Senate carried a resolution that a case should be submitted to the law officers of the Crown, and so the foundation is being laid for a State trial of over one hundred young men and women for riot, sedition, disloyalty, and such like crimes.

Cobden described the government of Ireland as alternately "patching and bayonets." It is so still. The short period of conciliation at the commencement of Chief Secretary Wyndham's reign was marked by profuse promises. Ireland was to be governed according to Irish ideas; political prisoners were released; an acceptable university scheme was to be established; coercion prosecutions ceased; grants for teaching Gaelic in primary schools were authorized; evicted tenants were to be reinstated; police expenditure was to be reduced and their mischievous activity curbed. This did not last long. Wyndham threw over Sir Antony MacDonnell, who had been engaged as conciliation agent; secret instructions paralyzed the action of the Land Commissioners. Under Chief Secre-

tary Long administration runs in the old groove. Local governing bodies are worried and harassed about matters of little moment; police interference in trifling matters is stimulated; members of Parliament visiting their constituencies are dogged and prosecuted. The present English Government is near its end. Will the Liberals do any better? At the beginning of last session the whole Liberal party supported John Redmond's resolution, declaring that

"the government of Ireland is in opposition to the will of the Irish people, gives them no voice in the management of their affairs, is ineffective and extravagantly costly, does not enjoy the confidence of any secton, is productive of universal discontent and unrest, and has been proved incapable of promoting the material and intellectual progress of the people."

Campbell-Bannerman, leader of the Liberal party, then said: "I defy the wit of man to give Irishmen any control, any effective voice, any management of their own affairs, unless there is an executive responsible to a body in which the elective element shall have the decisive voice." Within the last month John Morley, referring to the Liberal vote on Redmond's resolution, said: "I cannot believe that the new Parliament will run its course without any attempt to remedy so monstrous a state of things." Some of the Liberal leaders have, however, spoken in less satisfactory terms, and have shown an inclination to turn their backs on the resolution they supported, to treat it as a pious opinion, a question that may be postponed to a more convenient season. The Irish party and the Irish electors in England are not likely to tolerate such shuffling. At the approaching general election candidates in English constituencies, where there is any body of Irish voters, will be required to state specifically their views on the subject of Home Rule.

A general impression exists that, in view of the coming general election, the Government is seeking to evoke expressions of popular discontent, and even disorder, in Ireland on which to base an Anti-Irish and Anti-Home Rule appeal to the English electors.

AN IRISHMAN.

THE RUSSIAN PEASANT.—II.

SEVASTOPOL, October 16, 1905.

In Moscow there are something over twenty thousand droshky drivers, a large number of whom own their equipment, while many of them own several. The business has not yet been monopolized in the Russian cities as in most other countries. One result of this is that the droshky drivers favor themselves in stormy weather, so that those who depend upon them are likely, when needing them most, to be put to serious inconvenience. As yet there are no electric tramways in St. Petersburg, while in Moscow the electric system has been only partially inaugurated. In St. Petersburg one will find the regulation price for droshky service considerably less in winter than it is in summer and autumn, owing to the fact that so many peasants come into the city with their equipment after the crops are secured.

Not only is the agricultural population organized into Mirs, but artisans and fishermen also are generally organized, in their way. While it is true that labor unions such as dominate Western Europe and the United States have not come to prevail in Russia, it has long been the case that small organizations, known as "Artels," including from ten to twenty workmen each, have been generally prevalent. These, like the Mirs, are democratic organizations, electing their own foreman, who bargains for them, and with whom the employer finds it for his interest to deal. The recent great enlargement of manufacturing industries has brought about conditions to which the Artels have not become fully adjusted. The lack of the more comprehensive organizations is the cause to which many attribute the disastrous excesses of the recent labor troubles in Russia. In the fisheries of the Don and Ural rivers the smaller labor organizations have, however, been for a long time combined to secure the rights of all. For long distances up these rivers the fishing is begun simultaneously upon the firing of signal guns. The small organizations are operated upon a mutual policy, each individual receiving an equitable share of the results, and giving to the owners of the nets a proportionate share agreed upon at the outset. These various democratic survivals among the Russian people must be reckoned with in any scheme for promoting the progress of the people according to modern ideas. The Government at St. Petersburg is far from being omnipotent. The statesmen at the helm, even of an autocratic government, are compelled to consider carefully the nature of the element through which they are guiding their bark, and the fierceness of the storms which may be aroused by their own temerity. The Russian peasant is extremely conservative and very tenacious of his opinions.

Curiously enough, the Russian Dissenters from the Established Church (the so-called Raskolniks) do not furnish a progressive element, but, on the contrary, are most violently opposed to all progress. They are the champions of the *status quo* as it existed in the time of Peter the Great. They glory in the name of Old Believers, refusing to accept the least change in the Liturgy or in their personal habits. Notwithstanding frequent severe persecutions and the constant imposition of heavy disabilities, they have continued to increase until they number, according to the best authorities, more than twelve millions. The Raskolniks form a most peculiar element in the Russian population. They hold themselves entirely aloof from the Established Church, and maintain their own places of worship by voluntary contributions. Most of them, however, are orderly in their conduct, except in religious matters, and are extremely industrious and frugal, so that they have accumulated property to a far greater extent than the ordinary Russian has done. In some of the provinces they are the principal property-owners, while wealthy Raskolniks abound in the mining districts of the Ural Mountains and among the mercantile classes of the large cities. A large share of the steamboats on the Siberian rivers are owned by them. Their prosperity is partially, if not largely, due to their extreme opposition to the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. Their savings, due to their temperate habits, amount in the aggregate to a fortune. There are thousands of village communities in Russia and Siberia where the extreme Prohibitionists of America would find things after their own heart, since it would be impossible to purchase a drop of intoxicating liquor for love or money.

In the regular Russian Church service one will witness a marvellous spectacle of democracy, illustrating how susceptible the common people may be to the influence of truth when presented in æsthetic forms. Aesthetically, the Russian Church service has reached the height of perfection. The Liturgy, which has come down from the days of the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom, is the most beautiful presentation of the sublime truths of Christianity which has ever been made. The symbolism accompanying it has been carefully studied to meet the wants of the most highly cultivated classes, while the music has reached a stage of absolute perfection. If one enters a Russian church anywhere, from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, he will witness the service in the same perfection, and he will find himself in a crowded congregation, three-fourths of whom are men, and the majority of them of the working class, all of them suffused with tender emotion, under the combined influence of the music, the symbolism, the associations, and the Liturgy itself. There is no more democratic assembly in the world than one finds in the Russian Church. There are no seats. High and low, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, men, women, and children, all stand for hours at a time to share in the stream of emotion which is the natural result. This partly accounts for the remarkable musical development of the Russian people. From earliest childhood, the poorest peasant hears in the church the highest and best class of sacred music, prepared for him by the greatest musical masters. I was often struck with this elevation of musical taste among the common people while travelling through Siberia, on meeting the regiments, and on stopping over in the smaller cities. In Blagovestchensk, for instance, there was a local musical society which could with ease render the choruses of Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah."

For all these things the Russian peasant loves his Church. It furnishes him what he wants. It adds to his life an element of idealism which most gratefully breaks the dull monotony of his daily life. It is a mistake to speak of the Russian peasant as priest-ridden. The Church is the object of his choice. The priest and his family are his companions and servants, carrying into the remotest settlements elements of culture which it would be impossible for him to obtain in any other way. It is affecting, in travelling on the Siberian Railroad, to see the people gather about a Church car, which stops upon a siding to furnish temporary provision for the religious wants of the settlers. This devotion of the Russian to his Church must be reckoned with in any effort to remodel the social and political character of the empire. The Russian Church has ever been the servant of the State and a main influence in promoting patriotism among the people.

Some other prejudices must also be reckoned with in all practical schemes for the remodelling of Russian society. Among the most important of these is that which is felt towards the Jew. Indeed, the Jewish

problem in Russia is more serious and more difficult to deal with than in any other country. It is in many respects much like that which faces the United States in its negro population. There are twice as many Jews in Russia as in all the rest of the world. They have mostly come into the empire by annexation of western provinces. In Russia, as everywhere else, the Jews are especially sharp in business bargains, and easily take advantage of the more simple-minded peasants. It is therefore almost impossible to avoid frequent collisions, which take the authorities unawares and lead to deplorable results. Until in the United States we can more completely put into effect our laws for the protection of the negro, it is in poor taste to blame the Russian Government excessively for its failure to anticipate and suppress all racial troubles which arise among its varied peoples.

Another prejudice not to be neglected in dealing with the Russian peasant is that which he entertains against any system of education which is forced upon him from the outside. In his attachment to his communal system he resents any interference with his affairs except so far as it may seem directly necessary for the preservation of the honor of the empire to which he belongs, and loyalty to which is summarized in his devotion to the Czar, its lawful head. It seems to many outside theorists a very simple matter for an autocratic Government to promote the education of the masses. But so long as the Czar recognizes the Mir with its long-established local authority, educational reforms can make but slow progress, since the medium through which they are carried into effect consists so largely of local influences. We have in America a somewhat similar condition of things in the Appalachian Mountain districts of the Southern States, where there are two million illiterate mountain whites who have been scarcely affected at all by the best-made State educational laws. The Russian peasant even more than the Southern white resents the interference of the general Government with what he considers his private affairs. He is strongly attached to the principle of local option. The Czar finds it hazardous to interfere with these local prejudices lest it diminish the loyalty of his subjects. In short, the Russian empire has an unwritten constitution which is as effective in its way as is the English.

In travelling from one end of Russia to the other, we have seen no indications of disorder or discontent. When in the centre of the empire, the disorders have been as far from us as were those in Colorado last year from Ohio. The disorders during the last four months have not appreciably affected the great peasant population upon which the stability of the empire depends. Nor do the peasants seem to interest themselves deeply in the elections to the approaching Duma. It it well known that interest in the Zemstvos fell off rapidly, owing to the peasants' fear that they would favor additional interference with the life of the village commune. They would rather trust the Czar than a parliament. When one takes into consideration this conservatism of the peasant of the great central provinces, and the heterogeneous character of the populations which have been brought under Russian rule by annexation, he will not be disappointed if parliamentary government makes slow progress for a while, Yet it is something that in the Duma it will really begin. The Anglo-Saxon, however, need not expect it to be wholly after his pattern.

G. Frederick Wright.

JEHOL.

Jehol, China, September 29, 1905.

In 1860, when the Emperor Hien Fung fled from Peking before the advance of the allied French and English armies, he took refuge beyond the mountains in his summer hunting-palace at Jehol. Here he died not long afterwards, since which time this place has not been visited by its imperial masters. Nor have many European or American travellers had the curiosity to make the trip, which, nevertheless, well repays whatever slight trouble it may cost. The distance from Peking can be comfortably covered on horseback in five days, and by harder riding in four. The country traversed is for the most part mountainous and picturesque, the road is good enough as Chinese roads go, and the accommodations on the route are those of the usual Chinese inn. For the return journey one does well to take boats from Jehol down the Lan River till one reaches the railway line from Shan-hai-kwan back to Peking. This also is an affair of four to five days, and few experiences are more lazily agreeable than gliding with the stream in a flat-bottomed craft, propelled by the steady rowing of two men in the bow and one paddling in the stern, or every now and then hurried along by a rapid. The sights on the way are full of interest, for the Lan passes through some very fine gorges, where the crags beetle over the bubbling water below, and the hundreds of boats comfortably descending with the current or painfully being hauled up against it lend continual animation to the scene. In particular, the view through the river gate of the Great Wall is a thing to be remembered.

Jehol itself is a commonplace Chinese town nestling at the foot of a line of hills occupied by the park that contains the various imperial dwelling-places, kiosks, storehouses, and the like. Although the retreat was already used by the Mongol emperors, the wall of the enclosure was not built till the time of the present dynasty, with whom the palace is especially connected. It was here that in 1793 Lord McCartney, the first envoy sent by England to China, after following the Emperor K'ien Lung up from Peking, was graciously entertained by him at a feast in the garden. However, almost the only result of the embassy was an arrogant letter in which the Son of Heaven told George III.:

"As the requests made by your ambassador militate against the laws and usages of this our Empire, and are at the same time wholly useless for the end proposed, I cannot acquiesce in them. I again admonish you, O King, to act conformably to my instructions, that we may preserve peace and amity on each side, and thereby contribute to our reciprocal happiness."

Much has changed in China, as elsewhere, since these words were first written, and now Jehol has not been visited by a sovereign since the one who died there a fugitive nearly half a century ago; but, on the other hand, it is open to any tourist with a permission from the Foreign Office in Peking.

As might be expected, almost every portion of the buildings and grounds shows obvious signs of neglect and decay. The total effect, of old, must have been far more brilliant than at present, for most of the once yellow tiles have preserved hardly a trace of their imperial color which once made the roofs so bright; and the woodwork, too, although remarkably little affected itself, has usually lost its coat of paint long ago. In like manner, several of the short massive stone bridges are only passable, if at all, owing to the planks thrown loosely over the gaps in the middle; but still, when we remember the out-at-elbows condition of much in the actual abodes of Chinese royalty and of the shrines where they worship in state, like the Temple of Heaven, we are ready for anything in places deserted by them. What remains here is, first and foremost, the landscape architecture, with its combination of hill and dale, shady walks and grassy banks, lake, island, and grotto, graceful kiosks and charmingly shaped houses. The ten-storied pagoda, too, is architecturally pleasing, besides commanding an excellent view of the grounds; and in every direction the grass is alive with spotted deer, who, free from danger, are almost as tame as sheep. The Imperial storehouses excite the longest attention, for here are kept the household furnishings of the Palace, until they shall next be called into use. To be sure, the closed doors of these houses are sealed with mystically inscribed strips of paper; and as the windows also have paper panes, nothing in the interior would be visible were it not that everywhere many of these same panes are badly torn. All we have to do is to follow the example of the eunuch officials who are guiding us, and peep in at the piles of porcelain, blue, red, yellow, what not; the cloisonné work, the splendid screens, the lacquered tables, the chairs, the thrones, etc., etc., enough to make the collector's mouth water. All of these articles are covered with dust, and such as can fall to pieces of themselves are doing so; but still the great majority only need to be brought forth and cleaned to resume their proper place in the world. It makes one long for another imperial visit, when perforce the whole mass of this finery would have to be furbished up.

On the other side of the Palace Park from the city are the Lama Temples, the second great "sight" of Jehol. They are in charge of monks—in this case, Mongols—who, in their faded yellow dresses, loiter about them; and each has its own special attractions. The buildings are in an unequal state of preservation, although, of course, all are in the more or less advanced stages of the usual Chinese decomposition; Some of them are only curious, but others are really fine architecturally, and the internal decoration is often particularly good. In the Ta Fo S'Su (Great Buddha Temple) there is a colossal wooden statue of Buddha, said to be exactly the same height as the one in the Lama Temple in Peking; in the Lo Han Tang are five hundred and eight Buddhist worthies, gilt wooden statues of heroic size and of very considerable artistic merit; indeed, many of them have a great deal of expression, and as a lot they are far superior to those in the Temple of the 33,333 Buddhas

in Kioto, of which one is reminded. In the Hsing Kung (Imperial Travelling Palace) the distinguishing feature is the number of little figures of the Buddha in brass or clay. Just how many of these there are it would be hard to guess, but there must be several thousand. Undoubtedly, the most interesting of all the temples is the Potala, whose exterior is a reproduction on a smaller scale of its namesake, the residence of the Dalai Lama in Lasa. As one gazes from below at its great bare rectangular shape, familiar to us from the pictures of its model, for a moment one has the illusion of actually being in the sacred city itself. The interior of the structure is unfortunately in a particularly dilapidated condition, but there is a fine inner shrine with a profusion of interesting offerings and ornaments, and a gorgeous gilt ceiling.

Such are the "monuments" of Jehol. Old without being venerable, all of them in neglect, many of them in ruin, they somehow retain a magnificence which appeals to the imagination, and charm the stranger for their very decay. Truly, this is a strange land, with many things in it that are strange—especially to us Anglo-Saxons; but the traveller who has once been to China, even if the merest globe-trotter, will return again with a fresher, livelier interest and more fascination at each succeeding visit.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Correspondence.

THE ANGLO-JAPANESE TREATY AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I, please, make a few remarks concerning the new Anglo-Japanese treaty? The first treaty was concluded and faithfully observed by both parties, because it served their mutual interests. Japan was anxious to be secured, in her attack upon Russia, against the intervention of European Powers. England, on the other hand, was, after her South African experience, more than eager to gain an ally in a possible conflict with Russia; or, rather, England desired to have Japan attack and cripple Russia before the latter Power could think of attacking England in India.

The question arises: Has England's policy been successful? It seems that it has not. The English appear to be more uneasy than ever about their position in India, as is evident, for instance, from recent papers like that on "National Defence" in the *Edinburgh Review* of last October. Their misgivings are not without foundation. In the first place, Russia knows well enough whom she has to thank for her war with the Japanese. The morale of the Russian army has not suffered to any extent. Russia is bound to come triumphantly out of the throes of internal disorders which render her weak and helpless for the present. The greater liberties granted to her people cannot fail to make the Russians stronger, more capable of developing the as yet hardly-touched rich natural resources of their vast dominions, and, last but not least, more patriotic. The want and need of a suitable seaport as an outlet for their Asiatic possessions remains unchanged and unsatisfied. Having found resistance too strong in the Far East, why should they not try whether resistance is not less in a southern direction? Why should they not undertake to restore their weakened prestige by avenging themselves upon an adversary whose land forces have always proved to be a "quantité négligeable," and whose ships can neither fight on land nor pour reinforcements into India as quickly as the two Russian strategical railroads can?

But has not England concluded for that very reason a new ten-year treaty with Japan? That is indeed true. Japan has bound herself to assist England in maintaining general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and India. She has even promised to come to the assistance of her ally, if the latter is threatened "by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, *wherever* arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers." Between a promise made and a promise kept, there is, however, a vast deal of difference. Will Japan be able, and, if able, will Japan be willing, to come to England's assistance, in case Russia should invade India? Lord Roberts demands an army of 500,000 British soldiers to defend India against a possible Russian attack. England, however, unless it introduces the "conscript system," cannot maintain a European army of much more than 100,000 men in that distant country. The Russians, as has been proved in the Japanese war, may easily hurl over 600,000 men against India, while leaving an army of 500,000 men in Eastern Siberia and Mantchuria; for the Russian army, even on a peace footing, amounts to almost 1,500,000 men, and the distance from Russia to India is only half as great as that from Russia to Mantchuria, while at the same time instead of one there are two railroads at the disposal of the Russian forces.

A Russian army of 500,000, threatening the frontiers of Korea and the other regions held by the Japanese on the mainland of Asia, will undoubtedly prevent the latter from sending any reinforcements to their English allies in India. They will even compel the Japanese to keep peace. Japan is no longer as strong for attacks as she was before the war. By laying her hands upon Korea and a part of Mantchuria, she has given the strongest possible pledges for her future good behavior to the Powers of the world. She must keep out of all foreign entanglements, because in any such complication she is bound to find Russia and Russia's allies siding with her enemy.

England, on her part, is no longer in a position to offer Japan any real help. There is no sea-power, or combination of sea-powers, that does or might threaten Japan, as long as the foreign policy of that country keeps within proper bounds. Under these circumstances, it is extremely improbable that Japan would dare risk the fruits of her late victory over Russia by actually attacking that Power again, even if it should enter upon an aggressive policy against the English possessions in Asia.

There is, moreover, another point to be considered in this connection. Who should bear the expense for the sending of, let us say, 300,000 Japanese soldiers to India, in order to meet a Russian invasion of that country? The present war has left the Japanese without any war indemnity. They certainly cannot pay the war debts incurred in the course of the next ten years. Will they be able and willing to incur a doubling of their war debts by entering upon another war with Russia merely for friendship's sake, because of the blue eyes of Albion? I don't think anybody in England expects that much from the little brown fellows in the Japanese seas. There surely are agreements which are and will be kept secret, promising the necessary cash to Japan in case she has to mobilize her army for England's use. That fact admits of no doubt.

But will history repeat itself? Will proud Japan stoop to do what petty German princes did in our Revolutionary war? Is it not queer that English diplomacy, at the beginning of the twentieth century, can still conceive the idea of defending its possessions across the seas by hiring the soldiers of some foreign potentate? It seems to me that the new Anglo-Japanese treaty is not worth the ink it is signed with. It illustrates nothing but the difficulties which beset statesmen who have to defend territories grown so large that the governing race cannot or will not defend them with its own blood.—Yours truly,

WM. WEBER.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., November 20, 1905.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Atlantic Monthly* for October I saw the announcement of the publication, early in the autumn, of 'A Summary of Investigations conducted by the Committee of Fifty into the Liquor Problem.' I sent at once for the book, in the hope of acquiring thereby some new and effective weapon, derived from American experience, for combating the all but universal use of alcoholic beverages in Germany, where a movement for total abstinence has but just fairly begun, and is struggling against prejudice and long-established habit.

But I was sorely disappointed, especially in the first portion of the book, which treats of the physiological aspect of the drink question. The fact is, that the most important evidence for the harm done by the habitual use of alcoholic beverages is not as much as mentioned. Assuredly the question whether or not, and to what extent, the moderate habitual use of beer is injurious to health, is a question of *statistics*, and we are in possession of such statistics on a grand scale, collected with the utmost care, inasmuch as large amounts of money were involved. I refer to the experience of several great English life-insurance companies, notably the "United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution," which has accumulated experience for more than sixty years, and has kept strictly separate accounts of its Abstinence Division and its Non-Abstinence Division. The mere fact that this company grants to abstainers a *rebate of fifteen per cent.* on their annual premiums, whereas non-abstainers are required to pay in full, is proof abundant of the greater longevity of the abstainers.

This subject, with extensive tables, is treated lucidly in an article by T. T. Whitaker, M. P., in the March number, 1904, of the *Contemporary Review*. From this article I quote a single sentence: "It will be observed that, during the strenuous working years of manhood, from twenty-

five to sixty years of age, the annual mortality rates among abstainers were, on the average, *forty per cent.* lower than among non-abstainers."

Now, I submit that since non-abstainers do not in general die of well-known alcohol-diseases, such as *delirium tremens*, but are taken away by the most various diseases, be it consumption, typhoid fever, or what not, there is no escaping the conclusion that he who habitually indulges in the use of alcoholic beverages thereby greatly weakens his constitution, diminishes his power of resistance to diseases, and shortens his life.

These facts are not surprising when it is remembered that physicians possess only very crude and inefficient means of examining the health of the organs of circulation and digestion, especially the kidneys and the liver; and that, in case of death, say by pulmonary consumption, the physician cannot possibly say whether and to what extent the patient had injured his heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, by the habitual use of alcoholic beverages before the inception of the fatal disease.

Another very important physiological effect is not even hinted at in the report of the Committee of Fifty, namely, the gradual, but grave, dulling effect upon the intellect and the ethical nature of man by the habitual use of beer.

Very respectfully,

WERNER A. STILLE.

HANOVER, GERMANY, November 2, 1905.

"THE SWEET ROMAN HAND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My friend Mr. Edward H. Whorf calls my attention to a phrase in "Twelfth Night" which I do not find noted in Dyce's Glossary, O'Connor's Index, Furness's Variorum Edition, the Century Dictionary; in fact, I find it in no usual place of search. The phrase is as follows: "I think we do know the sweet Roman hand" (Act iii., scene 4, line 28). The meaning of "Roman hand" may be so obvious to the learned critics and commentators that they have not thought it worthy of explanation. It is possible, but not likely, however, that it has baffled their knowledge. Be all this as it may, I submit my evidence with due hesitation, for I have never before written a word concerning Shakspere, and probably shall never write another.

In 'The Pens' Excellencie or the Secretaries Delight, Written by Martin Billingsley (Io: Sudbury & George Humble in Popeshead Alley, London, 1618)' occurs this engaging passage:

"The third is *Roman*, which hath his denomination from the place where (it seemes) it was first written, viz: *Rome*. A hand of great account, and of much vse in this Realme, especially in the Vniuersities; and it is conceiued to be the easiest hand that is written with Pen, and to be taught in the shortest time: Therefore it is vsually taught to women, for as much as they (hauing not the patience to take any great paines, besides phantasticall and humorsome) must be taught that which they may instantly learne? otherwise they are vncertaine of their proceedings, because their minds are (vpon light occasion) easily drawne from the first resolution."

Billingsley dedicates his book to King Charles I., then Prince Charles, to whom he was writing-master at the time of the publication of his excellent little treatise. His depreciation of the capacity of women was clearly within his right, for a writing-master as well as a college president may safely stigmatize a whole sex as not being so well equipped as he in his special craft. I find that Miss Jennett Humphreys, in her article on Billingsley in the Dictionary of National Biography (vol. 5, p. 36), has already come upon this passage with evident relish.

The only definition I have found of "Roman hand" states that it is the "Italian hand"—a wholly different style, as the excellent Billingsley points out. I am strengthened in my hopes that the meaning of "Roman hand" is caviare not to the general alone, for Mr. Albert Matthews, to whom I have timorously shown this "find," and who encourages me to send it to you, points out that Schmidt, in his 'Shakespeare-Lexicon,' compares the passage with that one in "Titus Andronicus" (v., 1, 139) which reads as follows:

"And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.' "

Here we have one distinguished commentator who is distinctly wrong, if Billingsley, a contemporary of Shakspere, is right; for Schmidt means only that the letters are Roman, not Italic, and that is not much of an elucidation of either passage. If Schmidt is in the dark, he may perchance have learned company. But if this meaning was common knowledge to the glossary makers and commentators, they surely ought to have imparted it to those for whose benefit glosses are made.

LINDSAY SWIFT.

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY, November 15, 1905.

THE OLD GAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter enclosed will perhaps sufficiently speak for itself; but if it really runs as close to impropriety as it strikes me as doing, the promptest of reprobation is due at the hands of some journal not just now interested in a stock of books for sale. In point of fact, university men are coming to receive over-many propositions of this kind, and the best time to balk is possibly when one doesn't much care for the particular set of books in question. Cases of this sort invoke the general principle that the especially needy have especial claim to be delivered from temptation.

Yours respectfully,

H. J. DAVENPORT.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, November 20, 1905.

HERBERT DAVENPORT, Esq.,
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:

The *Outlook*, acting in conjunction with The History Association of London, desires to place in your hands a set of The Historians' History of the World, with the view of gaining your endorsement and coöperation in the general sale of the work which will shortly begin.

Our proposition is in the nature of compensation for the time required by you to intelligently examine and pass an opinion on the books.

The enclosed booklet will give you a general idea of the scope and character of the twenty-five volumes. The fact that not since 1779 has there been published an adequate world history, gives an added interest to the present announcement.

If you are in position to consider the offer referred to above we shall be glad, on receipt of the enclosed post card, to send you full particulars, also a description of and illustrations from the work itself.

THE OUTLOOK,
per R. S. T.

NEW YORK, November 18, 1905.

THE INVERSION OF "GRAFT."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was interested in your correspondent's quotation from Governor Folk's definition of Graft. Strange as it may seem, this good West of England word means *hard work: work: a job: a livelihood.* It has become ill assorted by base usage. Murray points out that, among men who gain their living on the highway, "the roadster proper is distinguished from the tramp by having a 'Graft,' or, in other terms, a visible means of support!"

Sincerely yours, WM. S. BOOTH.

BOSTON, November 25, 1905.

HIM AND HER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this strenuous town even the little girls play football. Passing a group of them yesterday I was surprised to hear one, as she fell on the ball, exclaim, "I've got him!" Have we not here the solution of that linguistic curiosity, the tendency of the male controller (engineer, sailor, etc.) of an object to allude to the object under control as "her"—an instinctive expression of a fundamental duality? The girl was about twelve years old. Would any boy have called a ball "him?"—Yours,

AN OBSERVER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., November 22, 1905.

Notes.

Messrs. Putnam have in preparation 'The Connecticut River,' by Edwin M. Bacon, and 'Episcopal Reminiscences,' by Bishop Henry C. Potter.

Mr. William J. Hay, Edinburgh (John Knox's House), whose 'Old Houses in Edinburgh' we have lately noticed, will publish next month 'The Hammermen of Edinburgh and their Altar,' extracts from the records of this incorporated trade, A. D. 1494-1558, with introductory notes by John Smith.

Velhagen & Klasing, of Bielefeld and Leipzig, announce a new, fifth and "Jubilee" edition of Andree's 'Grosser Handatlas,' which is being edited by A. Scobel. It is just twenty-five years ago since the first edition of this excellent work was issued. The number of maps has been increased from 186 sheets in the fourth edition to 207 in the fifth, the new additions being chiefly of countries which have come into prominence in recent years. The size of the page is 16 by 9½ inches. Statistical trade and economic geography especially is made prominent in the new Atlas, which is to appear in 56 *Lieferungen*. The first has just been issued.

It is a far cry (a quarter century) to the first edition of Andrew Lang's 'Oxford,' one of his earliest books, indeed. It is now revived (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) very handsomely in brightly stamped covers, with fifty illustrations, the first in

color. But whereas only three designers were originally called in, now there are nine at least. Happily the later drawings or etchings have been made to correspond with the earlier by MM. Brunet-Debaines, Toussaint, and Thomas; if "process" is not wholly excluded, there is no intrusion of plain photography. In other words, the pictures still harmonize with the text, not as real appearances, but as "impressions." This is proper treatment of a good book.

The "popular edition" of Sir Walter Armstrong's masterly Life of 'Sir Joshua Reynolds' (London: Heinemann; New York: Scribners) is separated from its more sumptuous predecessor by but five years. It is itself elegantly made, and its visible "popularity" (apart from the reduced cost) lies in its having been converted from a folio into a royal octavo. It can, in other words, be now read with at least four times as much ease and convenience, and possession of it will imply that it has been purchased to be read. The public is to be congratulated on having so authoritative a work thus brought within reasonable reach while maintaining a high standard of manufacture.

Within three years Mr. Ernest W. Clement's laudable 'Handbook of Modern Japan' (Chicago: McClurg) has reached a sixth edition, showing that the sale has profited by the great war come and gone during that interval. In proper return, the author has added a chapter on the struggle with Russia, supplying a useful chronology of the leading events, and a summary—of losses, cost, etc.—which will need much overhauling when the respective combatants write their official histories—if they ever do!

Among the noticeable reissues of the week or fortnight are 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' Oxford Edition (H. Frowde), with Barham's portrait and twenty-five illustrations by Leech, Cruikshank, and others—the text somewhat condensed, typographically, but legible enough; still another form, for the hand or pocket, of Stevenson's 'A Child's Garden of Verses' (Boston: Herbert B. Turner & Co.), very tasteful in all its appointments; and a revised edition of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's well-known manual, 'The Choice of Books' (Putnams). Th's author depends much on quotation from others to fill out his chapters. The two related ones on "Remembering What One Reads" and "The Use of Note-books" omit two practical methods—one, to think over what has been read immediately on shutting the book; the other, a particularly useful discipline for the young, to *write down* the impression of every work perused. This edition has been somewhat overhauled. It has helpful suggestions for household libraries.

We receive for the second time the bulky, rather undigested English monograph on 'St. Helena, the Historic Island; from its Discovery to the Present Date,' by E. L. Jackson (New York: Thomas Whittaker). For a book of reference, in spite of its lack of an index, it has its utility, and the photographic illustrations have a curious worth. Some of these were taken shortly after the Boer war, and show the Boers yet interned in the island.

A British business man's views of economic conditions in Japan, Korea, and China, during a journey made three years ago, are entertainingly set forth in the well-illustrated and indexed book, 'Far Eastern Impressions,' by Ernest F. G. Hatch, M. P. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.). The outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war suggested to Mr. Hatch the idea of making a record of his notes, with revision and additions, which was done some time before the treaty of Portsmouth. The half-tone reproductions from photographs, numbering over four-score, are unusually good, and these, with the excellent maps showing at a glance railway development in the three countries, make this an attractive and timely volume. The illustrations seem about as valuable as the text, for little of purely original matter of any great importance enters into the book, which is rather too rich in quotations. Mr. Hatch crossed the Pacific Ocean to Japan with Kang Yu Wei, the radical Chinese reformer, and then had interviews with such opposite characters as Li Hung Chang and Sir Robert Hart. The author calls attention to the resources of the Shansi coal field, which has an area of 13,470 English square miles, with a probable minimum quantity for the whole area of 630,000,000,000 tons of coal. This is anthracite, with a thickness of 12 metres and a specific weight of 1.5, and is calculated to cover the coal consumption of the world at its present rate (300,000,000 tons annually) for a period of 2,100 years. Besides the deposits of coal and iron, the cheapness and abundance of labor in the mining region have enabled practical iron manufacturers to demonstrate that a ton of pig iron could be produced in Shansi at three dollars a ton. Other titbits of economic information are scattered throughout this interesting book.

'China's Intercourse with Korea from the XVth Century to 1895,' by William Woodville Rockhill (London: Luzac & Co.), though but a pamphlet of sixty pages, is as a nugget of purest metal in the heap of ore of gold, fool's and otherwise, which interest in Korea has made visible in the market. This scholarly writer, in treating of the political status of the peninsular kingdom, shows why and how men of Occidental mind, looking only at forms of European diplomacy, have been so befuddled; for the term in Chinese and Korean official documents usually translated "vassal kingdoms," or "fiefs," really means relationship, which furnishes at once the key to the problem. The Ming emperors of China were "fathers to Korea," and the Mantchu emperors of the reigning dynasty have been "elder brothers"; the present Chinese Emperor, in an edict of 1882, referring to the Korean royal family as his "near kindred." "Tribute," brought to Peking by such so-called vassal states, was really at the expense of China, and was solely a *quid pro quo* for the privilege of trading with the Chinese under extraordinarily favorable conditions; the merchants and merchandise being brought to the market and returned home free of all charges. The chapter on the Mantchu Invasions of Korea is very full and rich in detail, as the author has availed himself of the fruits of recent research by American and other scholars in Korea. An additional chapter on certain laws and customs of the land is interesting. A fondness for alcohol and tobacco is a national weakness, and sauntering a fixed habit; the *kukyeng* (picnic) being part and parcel of the life of the inhabitants. Apart from Japanese political interference, the real Korean problem seems to be how 6,000,000 able-bodied males can, during daylight hours, support in their mouths a tobacco pipe from three to five feet long while doing work enough to get food and clothes. After this, the next question before a possible progressive Korea is the elimination of the mob of female sorcerers that have so long existed as blood-sucking parasites on the body economic and social, while fully equal in their power of wastefulness to the predatory nobility that lives at the expense of the common people.

As correct information about the details of Japan's policy in Korea will be of continuous and increasing interest, it is well to note that in addition to the monthly magazine, the *Korea Review*, which is perhaps not anti-Japanese, while yet severely critical of Japanese methods, the Seul *Press* is issued daily, with a weekly edition. This paper contains news of happenings in the country itself as well as in lands adjoining, with comment and correspondence, all indicating general approval of Japanese policy, with explanation and defence of methods. Perhaps the Koreans, who, for the most part, at present are utterly indifferent to the world at large, may, like the Japanese, profit by the steady streams of criticism which play upon them from both periodicals.

Part 2 of Prof. Angelo De Gubernatis's 'Dictionnaire International des Écrivains du Monde Latin' carries the work from Carretto to Evelyn. One notices the same sprinkling of non-Italian scholars and writers who have come in touch, in one way or another, with the "Latin World." Several Italians of international reputation turn up for treatment—notably, Gabriele D'Annunzio, of whom it is candidly said: "If, as he possesses an exceptional talent, he had had any conscience whatsoever, his literary work would have been beneficent; . . . one admires his natural gifts, but all his motions of a fallen angel disgust us much oftener than they attract. . . . For the moment, one regards him as a phenomenon which terrifies." Of Edmondo De Amicis, on the other hand, only good is spoken. He is placed next to Manzoni and D'Azeglio, as the writer who has handled Italian prose with most ease and geniality; he is said to excel all others in descriptive talent, in sentiment and in revealing pity for the great and small miseries to which mankind is heir. The Dictionary justifies expectations. In future editions it will be possible to give a larger representation to foreigners. The work is published by the author at Rome.

The *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the oldest and most influential general scientific journal in Germany, contains in its No. 233 a vigorous editorial from the pen of Dr. Oskar Bulle, entitled "Kongresse und Ueberproduction," in which the writer rather sharply criticises the endless number of congresses, conventions, and other meetings that nowadays seem to be regarded as indispensable for every phase of research or public life. It is pointed out, among other things, that, as commonly conducted, these conventions do not ensure a thorough discussion of the subjects concerned, but that a large proportion of their deliberations is practically "playing to the galleries." The writer declares that the best interests of modern progress demand that the number of such assemblies be materially curtailed, and limited to lines of

work in which public discussion rather than private research is profitable; and, further, that when conventions are actually held, the committees of arrangements should make it their chief business to cut down the programme to what is absolutely necessary or really beneficial. Dr. Bulle thinks that, as at present conducted, the average congress is "too much of a good thing," and that the best interests of science and of the public problems of the day require a thoroughgoing reform in these popular but generally superficial meetings.

The Government of Egypt has agreed that the international Archæological Congress, which convened this year in Athens, shall hold its next convention in Cairo in 1907. The Khedive has consented to appoint a local committee of arrangements; the Athenian committee, however, to retain the general management. It is also announced that the Transactions of the convention held in Athens are to appear within the next few weeks, and are to be sold through the trade at an exceptionally low price.

The surplus of physicians over and above the demand is so great in France that strange consequences have resulted. A correspondent of the London *Lancet* reports that the medical men of the town of Cholet, in Anjou, have united in signing a document which has appeared in the leading medical journals of France, warning all outside physicians against settling in Cholet. A charitable association in another town has decided that the members of their medical staff may receive only 45 centimes for office consultation and 70 centimes for visiting a patient, even if this happens to be a night call or includes a minor operation. The staff has struck, and refused to render its services for such trifles.

The report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Administration of the Congo State, consisting of the Advocate-General of the Brussels Court of Appeals, the President of the Court of Appeals at Boma, and a Swiss jurist added for the purpose of introducing a non-Belgian element, has been published, and from a summary in the London *Times* it would appear to substantiate the charge of grievous cruelties and abuses. There has been a great delegation of power to persons utterly unfit to exercise it, and an almost complete absence of the supervision by which such persons should have been controlled. The report condemns the theory that all untilled land belongs to the State, which has been made the warrant for forbidding the native to change his residence or pass over this land without a special permit. The question of freedom of trade is not discussed, as being outside the competence of the commission, which yet acknowledges that there is virtually no trade among the natives, and native industry is non-existent. In regard to forced labor, the statement is made that "it is on this basis alone that the Congo can enter into the pathway of modern civilization, and that the population can be reclaimed from its natural state of barbarism"; but the principle should be applied in an equitable and paternal manner, and the enforcements limited to the strict necessities of the State. This is not the case in regions exploited by the commercial societies, more particularly in that controlled by the Abir Company, where the imprisonment of women as hostages, flogging to excess, and various acts of cruelty are not contested. In one village there were in recent years, on native testimony, 120 murders. The commissioners recommend that the right to use force in the collection of the labor tax should be taken away from the companies and vested in the supreme authority.

We note the formation of a Pennsylvania History Club, consisting at present of about forty members, and restricted to historical writers of consequence upon themes Pennsylvanian. It is an openly avowed adjunct to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and will hold its meetings in that society's building. We cite a few of the leading names: John B. McMaster, Isaac Sharpless, Sydney George Fisher, Samuel W. Pennypacker, Joseph G. Rosengarten, William B. Rawle, John W. Jordan, Burton N. Konkle, Ellis P. Oberholtzer.

—In his 'Washington and the West' (The Century Co.), Mr. A. B. Hulbert prints the diary of Washington's journey to his lands on the Ohio, in 1784, and accompanies it with a running commentary based upon personal visits to the localities and research among historical records. The result is an interesting and valuable book, somewhat too strongly colored by certain prejudices which affected the editor from the beginning of his task. Washington can hardly be held up as an "expansionist" in the modern sense of the word, and no one would have sooner shrunk from such a piece of folly as the Philippine purchase. He was content with the responsibilities entailed by the territory defined by the treaty of 1783, and he looked upon the Mississippi as the true western boundary of the United States. His interest lay in developing the Western territory in such a way as to give it commercial connection with the East. This he desired as a national policy, and incidentally because it would make his large holdings of lands in the Ohio basin profitable to himself. The journey was primarily to view those lands and settle disputes with settlers who had refused to recognize his title. Secondarily, he wished to see the possibilities of connecting the Virginia rivers with the Ohio, so as to tap the growing commerce of the West, and enable Virginia to compete successfully with Pennsylvania and New York.

—The diary was printed by Sparks, but not in full, and Mr. Hulbert claims to give an exact reproduction of its text. Unfortunately, his copyist has played him some tricks, and especially in the spelling of proper names. Washington's writing is very clear after a few twists have been mastered, and it showed carelessness to print *Casson* more than once for *Cannon*, or *Snearenger* for *Swearengen*, or *Hd'sten* for *Holston*, or *hewis* for *Lewis*, especially as the editor gives the correct spelling in his commentary. Nor was it *Trickett* (p. 28) but *Snickers* of whom Washington wrote. A glance at the manuscript would have prevented such errors, as in each case the words are clearly and correctly written. Nor is the editor himself careful in his references. He writes *Luzerene* for *Luzerne*, and places the Braddock march in 1775. His notes are full to diffuseness, but he has made a very readable book, and the diary deserved to be printed in such an admirable form. Mr. Hulbert could have found additional information as to Washington's land ventures and his interest in the navigation of Virginia rivers. This interest was awakened and fostered by his half-brother Laurence, and the summary of the results of this journey of 1784 make an essential chapter in the history of the internal commerce of the Middle and Southern States. That the expectations of Washington were never realized takes away nothing from his excellent judgments upon the situation in his day and what the interests of Virginia demanded.

—Miss Anna B. McMahan has carried out satisfactorily her excellent plan of collecting from Shelley's diaries, letters and printed works all local references to his stay in Italy. This material, to which she gives the title 'With Shelley in Italy,' (Chicago: McClurg), has a two-fold interest, for it appeals to the lovers of Shelley and to the lovers of Italy. With the evidence thus concentrated, the student of Shelley's genius can realize, what he may have only dimly felt, that Italy, whither Shelley went in April, 1818, was a vital inspiration for him. The poems which he wrote from that date till his death in July, 1822, so obviously transcend all his previous work that we hardly exaggerate in saying that they are the real Shelley, that the earlier work hardly counts, and that but for Italy he might never have developed. In Italy, he found the spiritual climate indispensable to his genius, and he throve and blossomed and bore fruit in prodigal luxuriance. There he found also the material conditions without which he had been irritated and checked. There, too, was the landscape which, etherealized in his imagination, made the scenery of his masterpieces. There was the land

"Where music and moonlight and feeling are one."

Miss McMahan has followed him from place to place, and, besides quoting his descriptions and poems, she supplies admirable summaries of his life year by year. She illustrates her book with three score or more views of buildings and scenes mentioned by Shelley, and of his various dwellings. The whole forms a delightful sort of poetic itinerary, whether for persons who are actually in Italy, or for those who travel in imagination only.

—The charm of French rural and provincial life, closed to the casual tourist, Mme. Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson) once again brings before us in the republication (London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: Lippincott) of 'The Fields of France,' a beautiful quarto with twenty reproductions of water-color sketches by W. B. Macdougall, chiefly in illustration of French dwellings from farm-houses to châteaux. These pictures, done in light tints and with great suggestive deftness in simple handling, are wonderfully accurate in conveying the feeling of French landscape, except that in the Loire country sketches we miss something of the subduing grays and glowing yellows of that lovely region. Of the writer's part, a reviewer fortunate enough to have enjoyed informal French hospitality, to have chatted with farmer or peasant in field and vineyard, can but speak in terms of eager pleasure. The seven divisions of her book carry one from Normandy to Provence with apparently equal sympathy and shrewd observation, in the same spirit as Miss Betham-Edwards's kindred work dealt with

other aspects of French social life. What a contrast with corresponding books of a few generations ago! We would draw special attention to the first study, "A Farm in the Cantal," which covers the annual rural pursuits of a modest establishment—Mme. Duclaux's own—in the mountains of Auvergne; also, to the admirable exposition, "The French Peasant," in which the author traces the vicissitudes of the rural population in general through the developing changes of legislation, old or new. Her contention is that the peasant is relatively worse off to-day than in the Middle Ages. The account of a country day at "A Manor in Touraine" is absolutely exact (p. 72), and could be matched in any department of France, save the very poorest. Altogether, this is a delightful book.

—Through an excellent and inexpensive reprint (Lane) the 'Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe' are once more rendered accessible. This work, which holds a high place in the biographical literature of the Stuart era, is specially serviceable as helping to correct a vulgar error. Because the Cavaliers of the pre-Regicide period were gay and to a certain extent dissipated, it is still thought by many that the strife between them and the Roundheads was a contest between irreligion and religion. Such an idea, as a sweeping generalization, is ill-grounded. Nowadays few people read Sir Robert Filmer's 'Patriarcha,' but the arguments there advanced in support of absolute monarchy are strictly Biblical, and the serious-minded cavalier who fell at Edgehill deemed that he was giving up his life no less for the faith than for the crown. Lady Fanshawe in her youth was a very sprightly person who, before her marriage, was among the gayest of the gay when the King kept court at Oxford. Yet even then her mirth was not of the kind which brings repentance, while, under the influence of her husband, she gained dignity and seriousness without losing her original verve. The most famous passage in the 'Memoirs,' the account of her parting with the King, is instinct with that kind of piety which was as native to the Cavaliers as the watchwords of Puritanism were to the Roundheads. "He stroked me on the cheek and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth, it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am.' . . . Thus did we part from that glorious sun, that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God." The hero of these 'Memoirs,' however, is not Charles I., but the writer's husband, Sir Richard Fanshawe. Composed for the edification of her son, Lady Fanshawe's pages recite, though with tact and good taste, the virtues of his father. Fanshawe, who was an excellent scholar and a thoroughly honorable man, returned to England at the Restoration in the King's immediate train, and was soon rewarded with the post of ambassador at Madrid. Toward his memory his wife is able to maintain an attitude of true devotion without falling into what has been styled the "door-mat" posture of adoration. The standard of comparison which one naturally thinks of in this case is set by Mrs. Hutchinson's volume on the virtues of her husband; but, as Beatrice Marshall points out in an introduction to this reprint, "the Royalist Ambassador's wife is incomparably more sparkling and anecdotic than the Puritan Colonel's." Speaking broadly and with reference to sheer historical value, Mrs. Hutchinson must, we think, be placed before Lady Fanshawe; but, considered intrinsically, the present volume is a record of very considerable value.

—Dr. George Bryce's 'Mackenzie, Selkirk, Simpson,' in the "Makers of Canada" series (Toronto: Morang), is occupied with the commercial rivalry which made the Northwest of Canada a battleground between two great companies. The volume includes, it is true, an account of Mackenzie's travels and the subsequent explorations of Simpson, but the main motive is furnished by that bitter struggle for trade between the Hudson Bay Company and the Montreal merchants who ventured to enter the field against them, under the name of the Northwest Company. Lord Selkirk's experiments in colonization were affected by this rivalry no less than the routine traffic in beaver skins, and though his attempts to establish a Scottish settlement in the valley of the Red River is a self-contained episode, it fits in well with Dr. Bryce's narrative of the great commercial war. Selkirk, for example, antagonized the members of the Northwest Company, was assailed by them in lawsuits and sentenced at their instance to pay considerable damages. Few incidents in the history of modern philanthropy are more tragic than the efforts of this Scottish peer to relieve distress by enabling the more wretched of his countrymen to make homes for themselves upon the virgin soil of the prairie. One important paper, as yet unpublished, Dr. Bryce has procured in the memorial that Selkirk addressed in 1802 to Lord Pelham, then Home Secretary. That is to say, nearly ten years before his first emigration project was matured, he had made up his mind regarding the objective point. "At the western extremity of Canada, upon the waters which fall into Lake Winnipeg, and, uniting with the great river of Port Nelson, discharge themselves into Hudson Bay, is a country which the Indian traders represent as fertile, and of a climate far more temperate than the shores of the Atlantic under the same parallel, and not more severe than that of Germany and Poland. Here, therefore, the colonists may, with a moderate exertion of industry, be certain of a comfortable subsistence, and they may also raise some valuable objects of exportation." This passage contains, perhaps, the earliest forecast of agricultural resources in Western Canada to be exploited on a large scale for the indigent classes of Great Britain. Dr. Bryce, who is one of the first authorities on the annals of the Canadian Northwest, gives us here an interesting sketch of Mackenzie and Simpson, but his account of Selkirk is, we think, the most striking thing in the present volume.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH, AND OTHER NOVELS.

The House of Mirth. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jules of the Great Heart. By Lawrence Mott. The Century Co.

The Deep Sea's Toll. By James B. Connolly. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Professor's Legacy. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Henry Holt & Co.

The Toll of the Bush. By William Satchell. Macmillan.

The Mountain of Fears. By Henry Rowland. A. S. Barnes & Co.

At least two serious and authoritative writers have expressed a view of Mirth in memorable words. The Preacher, whose wisdom is enshrined in the Book of Ecclesiastes, was a man of moods; in a dreary moment he turned a gloomy eye on Mirth, and described her house as the house of fools. Milton, a less impetuous poet than the Preacher, and, we are inclined to think, a man of greater discernment, of more sedate habits, gazed genially at Mirth, hailing her as a "Goddess fair and free," begging her to "admit him of her crew." In great literature, therefore, the character of Mirth and of the habitués of her house remains undetermined, and (for most of us) to consider any subject that has been inconclusively discussed in great literature is to dwell forever in the shadow of doubt. Mrs. Wharton, who is a serious writer and is already hailed in some quarters as an authoritative one, appears to have escaped the blight of indecision. Perhaps, while meditating Mirth, she overlooked Milton, and could therefore the more easily, with a clear conscience and earnest conviction, range herself beside the Preacher. At all events she has written a long book in support of his dictum, a tale of American society, which assures us that the Preacher was a prophet, and that a bitter epigram may incorporate literal truth.

In order to do justice to Mrs. Wharton's book, a disposition to challenge her attitude towards her subject should be repressed. Having made up her mind, she seldom wavers or falters. Her weak moments are few. She is "thorough." The main prop of her argument is perspicaciously chosen. A woman, young, beautiful, and poor, whose only object in life is to make a great match (as American slang appropriately has it, "to marry rich"), is a pillar of strength for the purpose of delineating a society that has neither mind, morals, nor manners—a destitute society rolling in money. Many novelists have described the social career of this ill-fated young person, generally representing her as a victim of circumstance, herself possessing intrinsic virtues which either conquer superficial and accidental attributes or at least make a good enough showing to engage the reader's sympathy. Not in this lenient fashion has Mrs. Wharton seen and judged Miss Lily Bart. The image most consistently and consistently before her, most vividly presented, is not that of a naturally good girl, of an essentially nice girl, hurt, hardened, degraded by contact with a wicked world, but that of a girl born at the wicked world's level, who, failing to get a firm footing therein, is driven by bitter and repeated disappointment to take her leave by the agency of an over-dose of choral. Miss Bart never willingly faces life beyond the precincts of the House of Mirth, but outstays her welcome there, resorting to ignominious shifts, pocketing rather deadly insults, until she is pushed out of doors and down, step by step, to the common highway.

Occasionally Mrs. Wharton's clear, severe vision wavers. She intimates that her Lily

Bart is superior to her world, that she chafes in chains, and has intermittent attacks of soft and even sanctifying emotions. Mrs. Wharton is weakest when she is merciful. Miss Bart does seem to throw up her game at a critical moment and to let coveted prizes slip through her fingers; but such misfortunes strike us as unforeseen results of her folly or of an unexpected checkmate. There is no evidence of instinctive recoil from an intention recognized as ignoble. Even her final rejection of the monstrous conditions on fulfilment of which Mr. Rosedale has expressed a willingness to marry her, fails to establish any moral worth.

Blackmail is a resort of the infamous. A decent girl, one not necessarily clever or kind or well-bred, would have sent Mrs. Dorset's compromising letters back to her as soon as they fell into her hands. It is by the temptations that Miss Bart permitted to visit her that her character finally fails to commend itself for sympathetic judgment or compassion. "Dingy" is her favorite appellation for those who do not live in splendor on their own or other people's incomes. She had a mortal horror of dinginess, external dinginess, but lived and moved delightedly among souls of a dinginess incomparable, beyond furbishing. The poor girl's inward eye was a feeble organ not susceptible of cultivation.

A hasty mental comparison between Miss Bart and famous heroines of society fiction, both English and French, suggests many points of resemblance, though in one respect she stands alone in dreary isolation. She has not a particle of genuine, fundamental, good human feeling, and has very little bad. Her assumed tender emotion for the cautious, not to say canny, Mr. Selden (a cold prig), never convinces any one, not even him. She cherishes no affectionate sentiments towards the mother who did her poor best for her, the aunt who supported her, the rich women who dressed her, or the poor friend who adored her. In no society could such a being exist except in that where the dismal and (to the reader) often tedious drama of her life goes on. The denizens of her 'House of Mirth' are revolting. They eat and drink, expensively and often, but are never merry. They never think, and their talk is as the crackling of thorns. They break the seventh commandment without the excuse of passion, apparently playing with adultery and divorce (as they seem to play bridge for high stakes and drive motor-cars) in order to assert privilege, to earn the absurd epithet, "smart." They have no ideas, no intellectual interests, neither wit nor humor nor tact nor grace.

If this is American society, the American House of Mirth, it is utterly unsuitable for conversion into literature. Literature demands all that such society has not—ideas, intellectual interests, sentiment, passion, humor, wit, tact, and grace; it can get along perfectly well without money, which is the only desire or possession of such society, its only claim for recognition even by the newspapers. A feeling for fair play obliges us to protest Mrs. Wharton's picture as a prejudiced one, yet it is not consciously unveracious. Though depressing, it is not wholly unprofitable. A perusal of Miss Bart's melancholy history will hardly incite those who are in society to pause and examine themselves, but it may cause those who are outside the ring to praise God for that he has been pleased to make them "dingy."

'Jules of the Great Heart' is a story of the life of trappers in the Hudson Bay region in early days. The hero is a "free" trapper—a poacher, that is to say, on the recognized hunting-ground of the Hudson Bay Company. He set few traps of his own and lived by stealing from the traps of the Company. This was, of course, enough to make him an outlaw with a price on his head, but Jules throve and easily outwitted the Indian trappers of the Company. What proved the greatness of his heart was the fact that he was always ready to help a man in distress, and he gradually won over the friendship of nearly all the trappers who had vowed to take his head back to the trading-post. The sentimental character of certain of the episodes would make Jules a suitable figure in Sunday-school literature if it were not for his irreconcilable enmity with the Indian Tritou, whom he kills in a manner that leaves no doubt of the savage disposition beneath. The book offers interesting reading for boys, and even older readers may enjoy the vivid descriptions of the hard life of the trapper in those wildernesses of snow where the bodies of the trapped furry animals are quickly frozen stiff, and a man's life often depends on his skill in making himself the right kind of snow shelter for the night.

Since Mr. Kipling's 'Captains Courageous,' the New England fishing fleets have been promoted to a high place in the fiction of seafaring. This is no more than their due in these days when the field of the romance of sailing-ships is necessarily limited, and the novelist is driven to make the engine-room the centre of interest in typhoons. The storm-swept deck of a trawler off Georges Shoals on a bad night, or the north-east bar of Sable Island, the Graveyard of the Atlantic, will furnish all the old sensations, and there are few adventures more perilous than being lost in a dory in a snowstorm, a hundred miles from the coast. Mr. Connolly, in 'The Deep Sea's Toll,' continues the series of stories of deep-sea fishing begun in 'Out of Gloucester.' They are admirably drawn pictures of the hardest life a man can choose. The constant facing of death as part of the day's work begets characters of the most simplified type, and, whatever may be the reaction on shore, there is no such school of heroism and unselfishness as the Atlantic trawler. It is to be hoped that some English writer of short stories will be inspired by Mr. Connolly's success to describe the no less interesting existence of the English North Sea fishermen, where the conditions are, however, somewhat different; the absences from home on the Dogger are longer, and, since the fish are collected from the trawlers by a steamer, and the fleet is less scattered, there is more coöperation and, in the absence of Russian battleships, less danger.

In 'The Professor's Legacy,' Mrs. Sidgwick has revived a situation that had a great vogue in the eighties. In England it was the theme of 'Agatha's Husband,' a novel which, in the familiar old yellow cover of those days, thrilled every English reader of sentimental fiction. The German version of a similar plot was 'The Second Wife,' and perhaps the most successful variation of all was Ohnet's 'Ironmaster.' The young wife, who confides to her husband, within a few hours of their wedding, that she loves another, or that she is, at any rate, indifferent to himself, regularly, in this type of fiction, fares better than she deserves. Her statement is always received with becoming dignity, and a week has seldom elapsed before she finds that her husband is the real hero of her dreams. After this there is very slight variation in the course of the plot. The repentant wife is treated with the greatest consideration in all externals by her husband, whose complete skepticism as to the state of her affections the lady novelist depicts as almost brutal. His coldness naturally precipitates the crisis, the wife's declaration. It is at last discovered that, under that exterior of icy politeness, is disguised an ardor that matches her own. We have observed that the bridegroom in the early stages is never so thoroughly disillusioned by his bride's declaration of independence as to be permanently cured of his own passion. Yet that state of things would lead to a far more complicated and interesting and perhaps more probable situation. The scene of Mrs. Sidgwick's novel is partly Germany, where her heroine is brought up, partly the north of England, where her husband brings her to live. The scenes of English life are well done, and the tale as a whole is quite as entertaining as any one of the earlier romances of the same type.

William Satchell's 'The Toll of the Bush' is a New Zealand story full of life and swing. The title is derived from the native superstition thus stated in chapter x.: "Every bushman knows the toll of blood demanded by the virgin forest. It is fixed and inexorable." This is an appropriate term for the tragic if slightly theatrical denouements whereby the treacherous bridegroom breaks his neck on his wedding day. There are two courses of true love pursued by the two brothers Hernshaw, and the smoothness of both is obstructed. Robert, the younger one, has only to overcome his bride's scruples at the idea of saddling him with her drunken father and a mother who has thrown moral conventions to the winds. In the end the mother is perfectly happy in her unlawful home, and the drunken father dies saving his own children from a fire he has himself kindled. In contrast to this rather startling picture of poetic justice, Robert and his young wife are the best drawn characters in the book. We ought, perhaps, to except the delightful "Bush Oracle," a woodman's wife, whose maxims are so shrewd and quaint that we forget their often unnaturally fine English. The other love story, of Geoffrey Hernshaw and Eve Milward, has too many of the customary complications to be altogether convincing. There is the successful rival, criminally unscrupulous for all his holy orders; there is the unfounded suspicion which Geoffrey is too proud to refute and Eve too jealous to ignore; finally, there is the exonerating letter discovered too late, and the revulsion of feeling which drives the newly married bride out into the Bush, to be found and sheltered by her true lover. Yet even these incidents are so well told as to keep us in pleasing uncertainty to the very end, and there is about the whole book a freshness and a flavor of the wilds that gives it a most welcome individuality.

In 'The Mountain of Fears' we have some of the most unpleasant short stories it was ever the fate of an author to invent. As they deal with strange and exotic regions such as Papua, the Orinoco, Borneo, Curaçao, Sulu, the South Sea Islands, Hayti, and the Malay peninsula, the ordinary reader cannot be a judge of their verisimilitude; but, if the writer is to be trusted, man in those spots "where every prospect pleases" must be "vile" indeed. Drinking, murder, abduction, fraud, brutality, cowardice—such are the contents of the book. There is no denying that, in spite of some exaggeration and tall talk, the stories are exceedingly well told, but why tell them? Or, to quote the query of the hero, Dr. Leyden, whose adventures as a collector form the connecting thread of the volume, why must the writer rake the lockers of his recollection for the morbid and anomalous? There is, however, just one story, "Rosenthal, the Jew," which shines out as a bright spot; its characters are not wholly detestable, it has humor and real pathos, and arouses our breathless interest. Perhaps in his next volume Mr. Rowland may employ his undeniable gifts on something more of the same kind.

PICTURE BOOKS.

The two latest issues of the Newnes Art Library (Scribners) are devoted to Filippino Lippi and to the early work of Titian. They have the value of other volumes of the series in giving a larger number of reproductions of the works of the artists dealt with than are readily to be found elsewhere, and the quality of the reproductions is improving; but they are much less useful than they might be made if the works were ranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, or if all ascertainable facts as to date and place of execution were given in a note to each picture. The text of the volume on Filippino, by P. G. Konody, is a more serious performance than most of the contributors to this series have offered us.

The same publishers add to their series of books of "Drawings of the Masters" a volume of the drawings of J. M. Swan, one of the most vigorous of British artists and one of the best painters of animals anywhere. Not but what Mr. Swan paints the figure also, but the few figure studies here given, while far better than those of Mr. Poynter lately published in the same series, are scarcely first-rate. It is in his studies of animals, particularly of the great cats, that the artist is quite at the head of living practitioners, and has scarcely been surpassed even by Barye. The quality of the reproductions is quite wonderful, giving the very look of the materials employed, even to the shine of black lead pencil, as well as more important things; and, in the absence of the originals, the possession of this volume will be a delight to the real art-lover.

The importers of this volume are the publishers of a book of drawings by a master of a very different kind—a master whose drawings, hitherto, have been an end in themselves, not a means to the production of other works of art. We are informed that Mr. Gibson's tenth book, 'Our Neighbors,' is to be his last; and while it is impossible not to sympathize with the ambition of the brilliant illustrator to become a painter, we feel that the immediate result of that ambition must be our loss, whatever may be the ultimate gain. A much wider public than the American will miss what has heretofore been the greatest attraction of more than one of our foremost periodicals. He leaves us quite at his best, and his humor has never been keener or his technical ability more astonishing than in the present collection.

It is perhaps unjust to Mr. E. V. Lucas to rank his book, 'A Wanderer in Holland' (Macmillan), among the picture books, for the text has an interest of its own; its pleasant mingling of personal narrative with compilation from various sources providing considerable mild entertainment. Still, it is doubtful if the twenty illustrations in color by Herbert Marshall and the thirty-four reproductions from paintings by the Dutch masters must not be considered the real *raison d'être* of the publication. Mr. Marshall's drawings, if in no wise great, are yet distinctly clever, and succeed in conveying some idea of the picturesqueness and the abiding charm of Holland; while the Dutch masters, though the examples selected are not always of the first importance, are always welcome. Mr. Lucas makes no pretension to connoisseurship, but his untechnical remarks on pictures are nearly always interesting, and, to one reader at least, prove the most attractive part of his writing.

No apology is necessary for rating Gustave Geffroy's 'The National Gallery' (Frederick Warne & Co.) as a picture book, for one cannot imagine the text, not incompetent but quite perfunctory, existing without the illustrations. The National Gallery, which Sir Walter Armstrong calls, in his introduction, "on the whole the completest collection of pictures in the world," is so rich in masterpieces that the book, with any text or none, would be supremely welcome if only the plates were well executed. Unfortunately, many of the photogravures are but mediocre, and most of the process cuts are wretched, so that what should have been a feast of art is little more than an aid to memory. It is a pity that a fine scheme should have been so mangled in the execution, a fine opportunity so misused.

Miss Singleton's 'Great Portraits as Seen and Described by Great Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) hardly answers to the title. Some of the portraits figured are great, some are good, and some are neither the one nor the other; while such authors as Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Carl Justi, Woltmann, and others, whatever their value as critics or historians of art, have slight claim to be called great writers. On the whole, the compilation has little to recommend it, and some of its faults are inexcusable; the worst of these being the appearance of entirely different works under the titles and appended to the descriptions of Hals's "Maria Voogt" and Raphaels's "Maddalena Doni."

There are very few pictures in the last of our picture-books, but then there is so little of anything else! Under the title of 'Womanhood in Art' (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), plates of the Venus of Milo, Dagonet's Eve, Mona Lisa, Beatrice Cenci, the Madonna of the Chair and the Sistine Madonna are printed in a thin volume and tied together by some pages of gushing sentiment by Phebe Estelle Spalding, for the benefit of what public it is difficult to imagine.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

In his new book, 'The Champions of the Round Table' (Charles Scribner's Sons), Howard Pyle continues the work begun two years ago in his 'Story of King Arthur and his Knights.' It is evident that this writer brings to his task wide knowledge and great enthusiasm; we could wish that he did not in large measure spoil the good effects of both by diffuseness, affectation of style, and prosy sermonizings. The volume deals with Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram, whose stories we may, in spite of many interpolations, trace more or less distinctly to books vi., viii., ix., and x., of the 'Morte d'Arthur'; the book of Sir Percival is not drawn from Malory, whether in his book xiv. or elsewhere. The names of the heroes are well known to all, but, as Mr. Pyle practically ignores the Guinevere affair, omits the marriage of Sir Tristram with the second Isoud (La Blanche Mains), and tells us nothing about the Quest of the Sangreal, we find few of the familiar landmarks to help us on a somewhat weary course through 329 pages. The illustrations, even, do not cheer our way, being stiff and black imitations of fifteenth-century woodcuts. It must, however, be remembered that children do not mind long narratives, and do like constant fighting; so for their sakes Mr. Pyle may be congratulated on having produced a *ne plus ultra* in both directions.

Mr. F. Jameson Rowbotham has given us, in his 'Tales from Plutarch' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.), a pleasant glimpse into the famous Parallel Lives. It is true that he omits the parallelism, and that his four stories, Theseus, Romulus, Fabius, and Alcibiades, are Nos. 1, 2, 10, and 11, so that the two last appear without their corresponding mates. But it is to be hoped that this pretty little volume is only the prelude to a more comprehensive series. It is, indeed, doubtful whether the illustrations will add to the pleasure of any reader however young, and it is certain that the moralizing, especially obtrusive in the mythological stories, might be omitted to very good purpose. Again, an excision of such inaccurate or peculiar expressions as "who laid in wait," "Straits of Peloponnesus," "lithesome," "valiancy," "you have reason, my son," "Delphes" and "Cannes" for Delphi and Cannæ, would be very advantageous, as also a closer adherence to the text. Thus, Plutarch says that the Athenians sent Minos their living tribute every nine years, but Mr. Rowbotham prefers to make it every year. In the original, Theseus merely protects the new laws, while in this version he retains the power of framing them. In one place the word Tribune is used as a generic term for any magistrate, and in another a farmer of the taxes is confused with an ordinary farmer. Again, the title of the third story, "Hannibal's Schoolmaster," shows an unfortunate misconception of the jest contained in the word Pædagogus as applied to Fabius and his cautious attendance on Hannibal's every movement. Such instances might be multiplied, but it would be an ungracious task. In spite of its defects, this little book is a

welcome addition to the children's library of classics.

'Adventures in Pondland,' by Frank Stevens (McClurg & Co.), is a minute but generally entertaining study of the plant and animal life of a little fresh-water pond or pool. Two children, whom the fairy of the pond made free of her realm under the water, paid frequent visits thither from March till September, and watched the development and interaction of many forms of life—frogs, toads, dragon-flies, newts, water-spiders, May-flies, and a multitude of other creatures—that lived in the cool green forests of water-weeds at the bottom or among the rank tangles on the margin, or skimmed the surface in their gay but brief term of aerial life. The book ought to give young readers new interest in humble orders of life, and some idea of nature's adaptation of means to end.

'The Family on Wheels,' adapted from the French by J. MacDonald Oxley (Crowell & Co.), is an odd and attractive story of four orphan children, who, with a sagacious trick elephant, an intelligent old horse, and a clever poodle, travel from one French village to another in a showman's van, and, before rustic spectators, earn a poor living by the mountebank's trade inherited from their father. The children are modest, brave, and self-reliant through many hardships, and the three animals, which play an important part in the story, are well worth knowing.

The story of a Spanish child, daughter of an impoverished nobleman who cast his lot with Columbus in the first voyage to the New World, comes to us in 'Lady Dear,' by Millicent E. Mann (McClurg & Co.). Little Juanita falls into the hands of a wicked kinsman, who covets the ancient castle where poverty had forced her father to leave her unguarded in his absence. A faithful nurse, a devoted and adroit jester, a secret stairway, and a perilous journey to the court of Isabella, who proves herself generous and just, are features that suggest the outline of the story. The writer has succeeded better than many others who undertake work of this romantic type in making her heroine, if not lifelike, at least conceivable and winning.

'The Menehunes: Their Adventures with the Fisherman and How They Built the Canoe,' by Emily Foster Day (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.), introduces us to the tiny wood-people of Hawaiian folk-lore who plant and tend the trees, ferns, and shrubs. "The ancient folk-lore of the islands is full of tales of their wonderful works; and if any one wants more proof—why, there is the great water-course of Kauai, cut through the solid rock—no man knows by whom else." The little book is attractively illustrated by Spencer Wright.

Katherine Chandler has gathered from many sources a collection of interesting little stories from folklore of the Pacific Coast. It is called 'In the Reign of Coyote' (Ginn & Co.), because for many of the tales the coyote is the *deus ex machina*. "How the Animals Secured Fire," "Why the Snakes Change their Skins," "Why the Coyote is so Cunning," are titles that suggest the character of the book. A little Spanish brother and sister and three Indian raconteurs bind the legends together with a pretty thread of story.

'Pleasant Tragedies of Childhood' (Harpers) is a series of twenty-nine delightful full-page drawings, by F. Y. Cory, set to appropriate rhymes by Burges Johnson—a felicitous combination for both young and old. The twelve that delineate trials of a first baby are the best part of the book.

'The Adventures of Tommy Post-Office,' by Gabrielle E. Jackson (McClurg & Co.), tells the story of the pet cat of the Hartford (Conn.) post-office—a real cat, the writer says, that is now flourishing to a green old age among the mailbags, ready to be interviewed,

"To witness if I lie."

The story is a record of moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes, but it also has its seasons of serenity and even of romance. It is brightly told, and will interest children, and their elders who like cats.

This is the centennial year, not only of Schiller and Trafalgar and Mazzini and Garrison, but of Hans Christian Andersen; hence a "centenary edition" of the genial Dane's 'The Ugly Duckling' (New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.). It is a small quarto in boards, printed on a sort of buff paper, with the added distinction of illustrations by M. H. Squire, four colored plates and some pen-drawings; the last of these the best. Any child will like this book.

The more decorative and fanciful the pen-drawings of Willard Bonte in Mr. Clifton Johnson's collection of favorite fairy tales, 'The Oak-Tree Fairy Book' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.), the more successful they are, and generally on the small scale rather than on the large. Such a tail-piece as that at page 33 is a good example. The favorite tales are a rather individual assortment, handsomely printed in clear type.

Even more elegant in this respect is the edition of 'Æsop's Fables' to which Miss Cary furnishes an introduction, for adults (Moffat, Yard & Co.). Here the accompanying designs are by J. M. Condé, both in color and in black and white. All the animals are dressed up, and on the whole we find the spirit of the artist too burlesque, especially for an edition in which the moral is carefully preserved and printed in boldface type.

McLoughlin Bros. send us 'Wee Pieces for Wee Speakers' at home and school entertainments, and a grave fault is that it has no table or index. All the contents is in verse, and is a medley. Coleridge's Christmas Carol has been so docked as to be incoherent.

The Upton sisters pursue their absurd creation with 'The Golliwogg's Fox-Hunt,' in which the antics of the wooden dollies and their attendant blackmore are as amusing as ever, and the verse as smooth (Longmans).

In 'Occupations for Little Fingers' (Scribners), Elizabeth Sage and Anna M. Cooley have given a plain answer to the question of grade teachers, mothers, and settlement workers, What can we give the children to *do*? This little manual illustrates and describes simple forms of handwork; including cord and raffia-work, coarse sewing, paper-cutting and folding, clay modelling, furniture and upholstery for a doll's house, and crocheting and knitting. The writers are teachers, who have worked out with their classes the things of which they write. Their models are simple and useful articles that will interest the child and give his work practical connection with the world about him. They also make valuable suggestions about materials, including a chapter on "How to Use Nature's Materials," and they give with each lesson the necessary cost.

The Confessions of Lord Byron. Compiled by W. A. Lewis Bettany. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

The above suggestive title may disappoint persons interested in ancient scandals, if any such persons still exist. Mr. Bettany's book is more correctly described in the sub-title as a collection of Byron's "private opinions of men and of matters," and contains few references to incidents and relations of his private life which, in his own day and long after, excited as much public interest and criticism as did his poetry. The compilation of letters and extracts from journals is made from the elaborate Murray edition, only recently completed, an edition that includes over a hundred letters not previously printed. Mr. Bettany has not followed the chronological order of the Murray edition, but has arranged his matter under headings—"Byron's Reflections on Himself," "Religious Views," "Opinions of the Literary Life, of Friends, Contemporary Poets," etc. The advantage of his method lies in the facility offered for reference, but it presents the matter with a formality which detracts somewhat from the energy and spontaneity of opinions and reflections flung out haphazard to the poet's intimate correspondents. It is a very deterring and unsatisfactory method for a reader who wishes to observe the growth of Byron's mind, or to form a substantial estimate of his character from his own careless, casual, voluminous revelations to his sister, his friends, his solicitor, and especially to his long-suffering publisher, John Murray. Mr. Bettany's selections are, however, judicious, and, in spite of frequent detachment from illuminating context, do the writer no injustice.

Byron had a fine, an inexhaustible store of grievances against the world at large, particularly against his own English world; and one most bitterly felt was a popular tendency to identify him with his poetry—that is, to construct out of 'Childe Harold,' 'Cain,' 'Manfred,' 'Don Juan,' a monster, hight Byron, whose existence was a menace to the homes and Constitution of England. Poetry, he frequently protested, is an expression of exalted passion; a man cannot live from hour to hour in a state of exalted passion. Perhaps not; nevertheless, an inference from Byron's letters is that he almost could. They confirm many of the hints of character derivable from the poems, but at the same time demolish the monster of Early Victorian legend. Byron the poet was a supreme incarnation of the Romantic ideals of his period, born to concentrate in immortal verse the great emotions then agitating mankind. Therefore, however vulnerable to criticism in detail, his rank as a great poet, a world poet, is unassailable. The poetry declares a man of strong, disordered passions, of aggressive intellectual independence, vain, extravagant, profligate, witty, insolent, with all good qualities enhanced, and even gross defects transmuted into something fine and inspiring, by the constant presence in him of the will to be free, and

of an irrepressible ardor to goad the slave to rise up and claim his birthright. His letters declare the same man at relaxed tension, dropped to the prose level. He seldom treats his correspondents to imagery or verbal decoration, but quotes classical and English literature very freely, not always correctly. Mr. Bettany has been enough interested in his author's easy command of literary allusion to count the quotations from Shakspere, and give most of a long preface to discussing Byron's indebtedness to Dr. Johnson. His argument strikes us as a little strained, and we feel that Dr. Johnson could have made a memorable comment on his conclusion that "the leading man of letters of the eighteenth century and the leading man of letters of the early years of the nineteenth century are never found in such dire antagonism as precludes their meeting one another on a common platform of love of humanity and love of truth."

In his estimate of Byron, Mr. Bettany perhaps insists too much on the "taint of the histrionic spirit." He says that this histrionic spirit is the natural birthright of a man of aristocratic race and temper—a theory that prompts speculation and would bear elucidation. He also thinks that it provoked Byron to make "Italy the centre of his stage, and to let the lime-light play quite impartially on all his qualities, good, bad, and indifferent." Excitable people, plebeian as well as aristocratic, often appear histrionic; and if Byron had desired to dwell in the glare of the lime-light he would surely have stayed at home. Several more probable reasons for his self-imposed exile easily suggest themselves. To possess the Romantic spirit is equivalent to possessing a poignant distaste for the conditions to which one is born, and a burning contempt for the thing that is. The true Romantic has always been a vagabond and a dissenter. Aristocratic England has never, on the whole, been dissatisfied with itself, critical of its conditions, eager to breathe a rarer ether. Byron simply stifled in the England of his day. From his boyhood he kicked against the pricks. He wanted the remote, the ideal, the fabled blue flower, the moon. And if more prosaic reasons should be required to relieve him from the imputation of prolonged, rather vulgar insincerity, is it not enough to say that he was poor and loved splendor—a taste that could be gratified more cheaply in Italy than in England; that he delighted in political revolutions, conspiracies, and even casual street fights, for all of which Southern Europe afforded more opportunities than did the British Isles; and that, finally, after his separation from his wife, he really could not live in the same kingdom with his mother-in-law, and hope to retain his sanity?

The Reconstruction of Religious Belief. By W. H. Mallock. Harper & Brothers. 1905.

For the last four hundred years there has been a continuous series of attempts to adjust religious belief to the discoveries of science in astronomy, geology, ethnology, and biology. The defenders of the current orthodoxy (largely clergymen) have usually begun by denying the conclusions of science; later, forced to accept them, they have undertaken to bring them into harmony with religion, commonly by some modification of theological dogma. There are exceptions, but this has been the rule. In one respect Mr. Mallock differs from most of his predecessors in the task of reconstruction: instead of denying or trying to minimize scientific results, he accepts them all fully and unreservedly, giving attention mainly, however, to the most recent discoveries in physics, chemistry, and biology. There is no essential difference, he holds, between living organisms and what is commonly called dead matter—all matter is alive. Mental activity is part of the universe, having its seat in the thought-organs of the brain, which associate and combine the impressions prepared by the sense-organs, and every act of man is conditioned by preceding events that reach back in a causal chain to the remotest conceivable aspect of the universe. Having thus frankly stated his position, he is free to express his contempt for those champions of theology who, in his opinion, misunderstand or dodge the questions at issue, and particularly for the method of arguing which, but that it is practised in good faith, he would call "theological card-sharping"—that is, the demonstration of some obviously true proposition, and then the adroit substitution, in its place, of the proposition to be proved, examples of which procedure he adduces from Romanes and Lloyd Morgan (pp. 208 ff.) For himself, boldly accepting and adopting all that science has proved, he undertakes to show that science in part forces on us the acceptance of the fundamentals of religion, in part offers no obstacles to the acceptance of them. These fundamentals he makes God, freedom, immortality—other elements of orthodox dogma he rejects as untenable or ignores as unessential. He argues not for any one system of religion, but simply for religion.

Mr. Mallock offers nothing really new in his argument, but it derives a novel coloring from its relation to recent scientific views, and piquancy from his wit and humor. To summon Spencer (his representative of agnosticism) and Haeckel (his representative of atheism) as witnesses for religion, this is to turn the tables to some purpose. But his reasoning is serious and impressive, if not always convincing. After pointing out the value of belief as a factor in human conduct, he goes on to insist on the part played in higher civilization by the belief in human freedom, a conscious Deity, and human immortality. It is true, as he says, that belief in these things has been a concomitant of civilization. Obviously, however, this means merely that up to the present time such belief has been found to be the best working theory of life; we cannot be sure that this theory will hold in the future—the *semper ubique et ab omnibus* represents but a fragment of human experience, and is not a final argument. To say that the recognition of the supreme Principle as good "results in what by all is recognized as human development" (p. 232), is to confound cause and concomitant. As soon as society became organized, the necessities of life led men to enter into friendly relations with the higher Powers; this kindly, quasi-constitutional form of divine government (like the similar form in human political government) is not the cause of human progress, but one of its elements.

Two points Mr. Mallock brings out forcibly. He cites scientific authority for the proposition that all that is, is implicit in all that was, that the universe, as a connected whole, must always have contained in itself every one of its evolved products, not only molecules, but also instincts, aptitudes, combinations, and arrangements. The inclination or emotion that leads one atom of oxygen to unite with two of hydrogen to form one molecule of water, and the inclination that leads the brain to form thoughts—these two are essentially one, and must have existed in the original structure of the universe. And so, he adds, Spencer's primeval homogeneity of matter is, from the point of view of science, impossible; matter must always have been highly differentiated, and must always have contained life, with its elements of thought and emotion. He concludes that, for such a universe, instinct from the beginning with all that is highest in man, the only explanation is a theistic one.

As to the crucial points of human freedom and divine goodness, Mr. Mallock frankly abandons all attempts at explanation, and falls back on the fact that there is no difficulty in religious belief that does not exist in all other belief. Our conceptions of space, time, the constitution of matter, motion, consciousness, all involve insoluble contradictions—they are logically unthinkable, yet men accept and act on them. These belong to ordinary, every-day life. In the higher life the ideas of goodness and freedom as constituent parts of the universe, equally unthinkable, are equally necessary. As to whether they have their source in a conscious and good divine being, some conclusion must be arrived at, for mere negation, the utterance of despair, is fatal to life. Science, Mr. Mallock holds, forces on us the conviction that man's conscious, moral nature, with its freedom and purposive character, belongs to the essence of the universe. Religion is thus firmly established in the nature of things, but, to retain its ascendancy, it must accept all the ideals of knowledge, culture, mundane progress, and enjoyment which hitherto it has barely tolerated.

Mr. Mallock may be said to show that there is nothing in the recent results of physical science (he does not deal seriously with philosophy) that forbids religious belief, and much that accords with and leads to it—that religion, in a word, if not absolutely demonstrable, is, from the point of view of physical science, not irrational. The book is brightly written and the thought is throughout interesting. The proof-reading leaves something to be desired.

Greatness in Literature, and Other Papers. By William P. Trent. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1905.

This volume contains, besides the titular essay, seven papers on related subjects: "A Word for the Smaller Authors and for Popular Judgment," "The Aims and Methods of Literary Study," "Criticism and Faith," "Literature and Science," "Teaching Literature," "Some Remarks on Modern Book-Burning," and "The Love of

Poetry." All of these are papers or addresses rather than essays, for though Professor Trent is a very clear and fluent writer, there is a certain lack of savor, of closeness of grain, in his style. His fluency is a little the fluency of the journalist who throws in a stock word rather than run the risk of clogging his vein in the search for the right one. Thus, in an attempt at a heightened passage about the purity and charm of the sixth book of the Odyssey, Mr. Trent allows himself to write "pristine purity," "paradisaical charm"; but the hacneyed adjective and the ambitious one alike are off the key. This is a slight matter, but the case is typical of the quality that makes Mr. Trent's writing stop just short of distinction.

Nevertheless, this collection of papers is uncommonly readable; it is full of a thorough love of the best in literature; it is marked by a considerable shrewdness of judgment in matters whereupon it is both easy and popular to go astray into the emotional; and it is guided by a native bias toward the best academic authority, which, if not of the profoundest doctrinal grounding, yet finds lucid, sincere, coherent expression. There is, too, a good deal of piquancy in Mr. Trent's humor, as, for example, where he remarks with feeling that "it is not easy to teach the delights of poetry to superior young persons who, with the wide knowledge of human life derived from afternoon teas or the football field, think of one as merely a harmless old fool."

To the professional mind, at least, the most interesting and provocative of Mr. Trent's papers is that on "The Question of Greatness in Literature," in which he adventures that most delightful occupation of the human understanding, and draws up a scheme for a graded hierarchy of literary masters. The grouping is as follows:

Class One: "The Universal Geniuses": Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, Dante, Shakspere, Milton, Cervantes, Goethe, Molière, and, possibly, Scott, Hugo, Balzac.

Class Two: "The Very Great Writers": Such poets as Pindar, Lucretius, Petrarch, Tasso and Ariosto, Chaucer and Spenser, Schiller and Heine; such prose writers as Rabelais and Montaigne, Swift and Gibbon.

Class Three: "Great Writers": Such writers as Catullus and Horace, Leopardi, Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Burns, Coleridge, Keats, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Byron, Shelley, and Browning.

There is material here to occupy all the critics of the earth in joyous debate until they are outdinned, whether by the sounding lyre of a new "universal" poet, or by the thunder of the trumpets of the night. We can do no more than quote Mr. Trent's five suggestive tests for the detection of a universal genius in case any one should have need of them. In the first place, the art, the technique, of the universal genius is "always high and uniform." In the second place, "the genius of none of these supreme writers seems cramped; their power is sovereign and sustained; their range is either universal or very lofty." In the third place, "each of these supreme masters has achieved a long, sustained masterpiece, or a number of masterpieces." In the fourth place, "the world writer, as his name implies, has conquered the civilized world. Whether he is read or not, his name is widely known, and his place is yielded him ungrudgingly." In the fifth place, the fame of the universal genius endures.

Wolfe and Montcalm. By the late Abbé Casgrain. Toronto: Morang.

This contribution to "The Makers of Canada" series has at length been published. To close students of Canadian history it presents nothing new since its author's views regarding such leading actors in the campaign of 1759 as Wolfe and Montcalm, Vaudreuil and Lévis, Bougainville and Bourlamaque were set forth during his lifetime in numerous volumes and essays. But those who have not devoted special attention to Canadian affairs may be surprised to find that the most voluminous French Canadian writer of recent years deems Lévis to have been a greater general than Montcalm.

"Montcalm and Lévis had in common," says the Abbé Casgrain, "great military qualities, unflinching bravery and a consummate knowledge and experience of the art of war; the latter had the better judgment, more broad-mindedness, greater coolness, and even superior intrepidity in action. It was Wolfe's good fortune not to meet Lévis on the Plains of Abraham; otherwise, while the engagement at Montmorency was only a temporary check to his plans, that of September 13 might have meant to him only disaster and ruin."

Since he was writing a volume in the popular series, the Abbé Casgrain may have felt absolved from the duty of waging warfare against the most determined of his opponents in the historical field, M. Kerallain. He simply affirms, although the balance of opinion at present makes against this view, that Bougainville was completely outwitted by Wolfe, and through culpable negligence made his general lose the decisive battle.

At what date the Abbé Casgrain completed his manuscript we are not told, but the publishers, in issuing the book, have thought it necessary to furnish a special introduction dealing with the more debatable points, and also a set of notes wherein matters growing out of recent literature are discussed. "We are assured," runs the introduction, "that the readers of this book will find their interest in the narrative deepened by very reason of the strength of the author's convictions, and it is in order that these strong convictions may not give the book an undue tincture of prejudice that we have thought it proper to embody in the introduction views that are not infrequently at variance with those which the Abbé Casgrain has so ably expressed." There follows a review of evidence on the various points at issue between Casgrain and Doughty, and it should be possible for the discriminating reader to see where the Abbé went rather farther in defending his favorite positions than he ought to have gone. At the same time we must acquit him of having, in this his latest volume, been blinded by patriotic prepossessions to the faults of Vaudreuil. In our opinion, it is true, the Governor of New France receives less condemnation than his action deserved. However, Casgrain was showing considerable candour when he wrote: "His character was feeble, and he was irresolute, unenlightened, jealous of his authority, and was taken advantage of by a corrupt *entourage* which he was incapable of dominating." These words could not have been written without a certain pang, and in closing our notice of Casgrain's final work we would think of him as one who strove to secure from Laval University a recognition of Parkman's eminence, and as a widely read historian who has done something to adjust the perspective by placing in high relief the cause and ideals of New France.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Ebenezer, and Henry Shaw. The Descendants of Polly and Ebenezer Alden. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Aldin, Cecil. A Gay Dog. Dutton, $1.50.
Antrim, Minna Thomas. Knocks: Witty, Wise, and ——. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
Bevan, Arthur H. Fishes I Have Known. A. Wessels Co. $1.25.
Bourne, Henry E. A History of Mediæval and Modern Europe. Longmans. $1.50.
Bunyan's Life and Death of Mr. Badman, and The Holy War. Edited by John Brown. Cambridge English Classics. Macmillan Co.
Cesaresco, Evelyn Martinengo. The Madonna of the Scales. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.
Chamberlain, Charles J. Methods in Plant Histology. The University of Chicago Press. $1.25 net.
Changed Cross, The, and Other Religious Poems. (Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Chatterton, A. L. The Strange Story of the Quillmores. Stitt Publishing Co.
Daudet's L'Arlésienne. Boston: H. M. Caldwell Co.
Denby, Charles. China and her People. 2 vols. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Deutsche Reden. Edited by Rudolf Tombo. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 90 cents.
Farce of Master Pierre Patelin, The. Translated by Richard Holbrook. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00 net.
Filippino Lippi. (Newnes's Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
Geffroy, Gustave. The National Gallery. Frederick Warne & Co. $10 net.
Grinnell, William Morton. Social Theories and Social Facts. Putnams. $1 net.
Hasse, Ernst. Das Deutsche Reich als Nationalstaat. Munich: J. F. Lehmann.
Hirst, Francis W. Monopolies, Trusts, and Kartells. London: Methuen & Co.
Isham, Samuel. The History of American Painting. Macmillan Co.
Julian, Charles. The Last of the Stuarts. Denver: The Reinert Publishing Co.
Kelly, R. Talbot. Burma: Painted and Described. Macmillan Co. $6.
Knowles, Frederic Lawrence. On Life's Stairway. Boston: Dana Estes & Co. $1.
Latrobe, Benjamin Henry. The Journal of Latrobe. Appleton. $3.50 net.
Lever, Charles. Charles O'Malley: The Irish Dragoon.—The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer. Macmillan Co. $1.25 each.
Lodge, Oliver. Easy Mathematics. Macmillan Co. $1.10.
Lodge, Oliver. Life and Matter. Putnams. $1 net.
Lucas, E. V. The Friendly Town. London: Methuen & Co.
Madan, A. C. Swahile Grammar. Henry Frowde.
Marlowe, Christopher. The Plays and Poems of. (Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
McVickar, Henry W. Reptiles. Appleton. $1.50.
Meakin, Budgett. Model Factories and Villages. A. Wessels Co. $1.90.
Mercier, Charles. Criminal Responsibility. Henry Frowde. 7s. 6d.
Minogue, Anna C. Cardome. P. F. Collier & Son. $1.10.
Negri, Gaetano. Julian the Apostate. Translated by the Duchess Litta-Visconti-Arese. 2 vols. Imported by Scribners, $5 net.
Platonis Opera. Vol. 4. Henry Frowde.
Prevost, E. W. A Supplement to the Glossary of the Dialect of Cumberland. Henry Frowde.
Pullen-Burry, B. Ethiopia in Exile. A. Wessels Co. $1.50.
Putnam, James Jackson. A Memoir of Dr. James Jackson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Rawson, Susanna Haswell. Charlotte Temple. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25.
Reid, Forest. The Garden God. London: David Nutt.
Reid, Sir Wemyss. Memoirs of. Edited by Stuart J. Reid. Cassell & Co.
Sainte-Beuve. C. A. Portraits of the Eighteenth Century. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. 2 vols. Putnams. $5 net.
Schiaparelli, G. Astronomy in the Old Testament. Henry Frowde.
Sheldon, Anna R. Pistoja. Brentano's.
Shuckburgh, E. S. Augustus: The Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire. New ed. A. Wessels Co. $1.50 net.
Soltau, George. Four Portraits of the Lord Jesus Christ. Charles C. Cook.
Thackeray's Henry Esmond. Introduction by Austin Dobson. Macmillan Co. $2.
That Reminds Me. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.
Titian, The Early Work of. (Newnes's Art Library.) Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
War in the Far East, The. Dutton. $5 net.
Wildman, Murray Shipley. Money Inflation in the United States. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Williams, C. F. Abdy. The Story of Organ Music. Imported by Scribners, $1.25 net.
Wilson, Calvin Dill. Making the Most of Ourselves. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Wolff, Julius. The Wild Huntsman. Translated by Ralph Davidson. Putnams. $1.50 net.
Wright, Joseph. The English Dialect Grammar. Henry Frowde.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1905.

The Week.

The greatest possible defect of a book, declared the Port Royal logicians, is not to be read. The same is true of Presidential messages; and Mr. Roosevelt has made his of such inordinate length that it will be little read. Advocating severe cutting down of Government publications which "no human being" can read, he unhappily produces one of that sort himself. His portentous message, breaking all records and all backs, might have been boiled down to five columns, with appended note: "For the rest, see my speeches and previous messages *passim*." Yet there is one set of his speeches to which he could not refer. We mean his tariff-revision speeches of 1902. All that zeal has cooled. To judge by this message, President Roosevelt has become the weakest of stand-patters—one without real convictions, that is, and swayed only by political expediency. He masses the futilities for doing nothing with the tariff in the most approved manner—in a manner, we add, that will be applauded by those life-insurance officials and others who paid money to the Republican committee last year on the distinct understanding that the tariff plunder was to be let alone. This suggests another part of his message which is disappointingly feeble. His references to political corruption, and especially to contributions to campaign committees by corporations, are not what was expected of Theodore Roosevelt. He perfunctorily renews his recommendation that there be publication of campaign expenditures, and would have all contributions by corporations forbidden by law; but he makes no allusion to the scandalous diversion of trust funds to aid in his own election—has no word of indignant repudiation of his own agents who sought and received such unlawful contributions. To this, then, his reported Oyster Bay indignation has simmered down.

The President's battle-horse is, of course, his project of railway-rate regulation. As he distinctly refuses to indicate "the exact terms" of the law he desires, it is at present possible to note only his general ideas. These are well known. He wishes Congress to give some "administrative" body power to fix railway rates, which shall go into effect "within a reasonable time and subject to review by the courts." Yet he has discovered that "it is not possible adequately to secure the enforcement of any law of this kind by incessant appeal to the courts." Still, the courts are open! A sharper sense of that fact has apparently led the President to doubt if the millennium will be ushered in even by the adoption of his suggestions. "It is a complicated and delicate problem, and all kinds of difficulties are sure to arise in connection with any plan, while no plan will bring all the benefits hoped for by its more optimistic adherents." At one moment Mr. Roosevelt seems to think that rebates and the abuses of private-car lines and terminals and switches and icing charges are the main things to strike at—which, of course, can be done without recourse to Government rate-making; at another, he says that unless the rate-making power is granted "there is little use in touching the subject at all." The President also appears to be ready to offer the railroads legalized pooling if they will consent to his plan; at least, we do not know what else he can mean by his proposal to "permit . . . agreements clearly in the interest of the public," provided the Interstate Commerce Commission first be given the power to "fix a maximum rate." This whole subject, obviously, will be only too much with us all the coming winter; and we must be content to-day with remarking that the President is plainly less sure of his ground and of himself.

The Administration finds itself in a singularly humiliating position in relation to Germany. That country has denounced the reciprocity agreement in effect with us since 1900, because of the rearrangement of its tariff legislation, and is now ready to negotiate anew. So are the President and Secretary Root, and so are the merchants and manufacturers whose business is going to suffer by the higher tariff which will be in force after March 1. But apparently nothing can be done to alter the situation. Secretary Root, after much difficulty, has succeeded in discovering one lone Senator who is in favor of a new reciprocity agreement with Germany, but even he admits that there is no chance whatever of inducing Congress to act. There is no possibility of finding sixty Senators who will vote as he feels, and a two-thirds vote is necessary to ratify a treaty. The long list of rejected reciprocity treaties, the failure of Congress to do justice to the Filipinos, all confirm this view. So, in effect, Mr. Root has to say to Baron Sternburg: "The President wants to join you in enacting a new treaty, and so does his Secretary of State and all the business interests concerned. But the 'stand-patters' control this Government, and decline to allow any tinkering with the tariff lest the whole structure come tumbling down. Hence we of the executive branch can only twiddle our thumbs, though admitting the justice of your request and acknowledging that a new reciprocity treaty would add considerably to our material prosperity."

That paragraph in a report of Col. Edwards, chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, in which he recommends that the application of the coastwise shipping laws to Philippine trade be deferred until April 11, 1909, though short, is of great importance. It can have only one meaning: that, in the opinion of the American authorities most concerned with the welfare of the islands, American ship owners, in spite of nearly three years given them for preparation, have not yet made such arrangements as will furnish inexpensive transportation in American bottoms. This falls in with the testimony of Mr. Barber, who, after a visit to the Philippines some months ago, declared that American shipping was no better prepared then to carry all the island commerce with this country than it had been when the Philippine shipping bill was passed, and that he did not believe it would be much better prepared after another year. Recent bids of American and foreign carriers on coal for the islands are said to have been $7.00 and $4.87½ per ton, respectively. The difference is the tax which will be imposed by the operation of the coastwise laws. As this and the provision for subsidized railroads are the only important pieces of Philippine legislation enacted since the "pacification" of the islands, the demand for a delay of three years more is a poor compliment to the wisdom of the National Legislature.

Among the other labors of the Commissioner of Corporations, it is stated that he is "working hard" on a "report on the steel industry" which is to furnish the President "forceful arguments" when he "decides that the time has come to recommend a scaling of certain tariff schedules." It is not, however, lack of arguments that troubles the President. He had them and produced them in 1901. He was as hot then to revise the tariff as he is now to make railway rates. But that was before the stand-patters had got him down. As for arguments for scaling down the steel duties, they meet him wherever he turns. If he takes up the report of the subsidy committee, for example, he will find even its hardened protectionists revolting at the fact that our steel-makers were charging our shipbuilders $32 a ton for plates, at the same time that they were selling them to the Belfast builders for $22. This, said the Repub-

licans of the committee, "calls for some plain speaking," since "these steel mills simply heap an unjust and intolerable burden upon an interest now well-nigh prostrate." But woe be to the man who touches the tariff making such outrages possible!

Representative Payne, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, informs the artists of America that they cannot have the tariff taxes on paintings and statuary removed. The time, he says without a blush—at least, with none visible from this distance—is not "opportune" to revise the tariff, and, of course, the "whole tariff question" would be "opened" if any rash Congressman should introduce a bill to make art free. Besides, he explains, the artists do not know their own business. But does Payne know his own business? He says that he once "befriended" the artists by getting inserted in the McKinley tariff "a clause removing the duty on works of art imported from abroad." But, veracious Payne, Section 465 of the McKinley bill levied a duty of 15 per cent. on "paintings in oil or water-colors, and statuary." Pursuing his muddled reminiscences, Mr. Payne says that it was the Wilson tariff, "if I am not mistaken," which "placed the tariff in operation again." Well, you are mistaken, Congressman. The tariff on art was already, as we have seen, in "operation," and the Wilson bill removed it—see Section 575 of the tariff act of 1894. Sereno E. Payne was a member of the Ways and Means Committee at the time; but, of course, he was too busy denouncing the Wilson bill to know what was in it. Thus it was the ignorant and wicked Democratic party that really "befriended" the artists of America; as soon as the party of intelligence returned to power, it proceeded to clap on the tax again, to the tune of 20 per cent.

Embarrassing as is the resignation of the United States Minister to Cuba just at this time, Mr. Squiers was clear-eyed enough to perceive that his usefulness had come to an end. Secretary Root's admirable letter, quashing the hopes of the Isle of Pines annexationists, contained, also, an implied rebuke of the Minister, and his withdrawal promptly followed. The situation with regard to Cuba is difficult enough. There are plenty of American annexationists in Cuba who will seek every opportunity to embroil its Government with the United States in order to achieve their ends. There are others who will demand American interference for sanitary reasons, or because of the increasing unrest in the interior; and the vicious Platt Amendment will play into their hands. It is in every way necessary, therefore, that the scales should be held evenly at Washington, and that the State Department should be influenced neither by prejudiced representations nor by men with axes to grind. Hence, Mr. Root's evident desire to do the right thing by Cuba, as manifested in his Isle of Pines letter, is a welcome augury of future justice to the Republic.

With Mr. Odell's reported desire to have Postmaster-General Cortelyou and Cornelius N. Bliss questioned by the Insurance Committee as to the political contributions they received from the insurance companies, we are in hearty accord. Mr. Odell's motive is obviously to discredit those pure Washingtonians who are now bent on reading him out of the party. To our mind, justice to Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cortelyou calls for a clearing-up of this whole question of the methods of the Republican National Committee. The Insurance Committee has already performed an inestimable service in demonstrating the alliance between corrupt politicians and the corrupting corporations; we want the picture complete, bringing out the national aspect of the matter, lest people notice its unfinished condition, and lay it to tenderness for President Roosevelt. We heartily welcome the report that he had declared that both Platt and Odell must go. That would be in line with his best traditions, and should be the kind of warfare in which he could most delight. Platt and Odell —and Depew. These three must be retired forthwith unless the party desires to be pulled down by them to defeat as well as disgrace.

George W. Perkins will retire from the vice-presidency and the chairmanship of the finance committee of the New York Life. When he attempted to be both vice-president of the life-insurance company and partner of J. Pierpont Morgan, the latter gravely doubted whether it was possible, even for a man of Mr. Perkins's energy and vivacity, to hold the two positions. The event has amply justified Mr. Morgan's misgivings. Among the most unpleasant revelations of the insurance investigation have beeen those in regard to Mr. Perkins's performances in his dual rôle. As officer of the insurance company he had to drive hard bargains with the partner of Morgan; and as partner of Morgan he had to see that the officer of the insurance company ("the trustee for widows and orphans," as the beautiful phrase is) did not overreach him. The plain statement of facts on the witness stand made it obvious to everybody that Mr. Perkins could not try to serve two masters without damaging both them and himself. His retirement from the insurance business is the first open step toward house-cleaning in the New York Life; but it cannot be the last. The McCall management and President John A. McCall himself no longer command public confidence. To blink this fact is useless. The juggling of the annual statement of the company, the secret ownership of stocks which were presumably sold, the dabbling in the Steel stock syndicate through an intermediary, the elaborate and costly machinery for the corruption of legislatures—all these things have served to write down the name of McCall in that black-list of insurance officials who must resign.

All the speeches at the City Club's "Political-Independence" Dinner last week were forward-looking. The great victories already won were less dwelt upon than the battles yet to be fought. Reform has evidently put its hand to the plough and will not look back. To improve the weapons with which debased politicians are to be continuously attacked; to obtain a simpler, surer ballot; to make the laws against corrupt practices more thoroughgoing and to enforce them; to drag political manipulators out of the cellerage where they lurk and compel them to publicity; to give the people through better primary laws a better opportunity to work their will—these were the themes discussed with vigor and hope. Mr. Jerome, as usual, excelled all in terrific plainness of speech. His bold and indignant words about the degradation of the bench in New York city should cause much searching of hearts. He spoke but the truth, yet it is a truth which our easy-going Bar Association, with the profession in general and a careless public, has been too slow to admit or act upon. Judges in our highest courts boss-made, or on their knees to political machines; judges practically buying their positions and expecting to recoup themselves by mixing up justice with gain; incompetent and pliable judges in charge of such vast interests in this city—that was the fearful picture of disgrace which Mr. Jerome drew with his customary startling frankness.

No candidate for the Speakership of the Assembly approaching J. Mayhew Wainwright in fitness and independence has thus far made his appearance. He has not only followed the welcome fashion of announcing his own candidacy without consulting any boss or leader or organization, but has promulgated a platform beyond criticism. In brief, he pledges himself to do his utmost to make the Assembly a legislative body instead of a machine for registering the decrees of bosses and the corrupt corporations which create them. He will, for instance, set himself against the domination of the Rules Committee, which controls the Assembly for the last ten days of the session. During this time the worst bills are generally passed.

Like Mr. Parsons, Mr. Wainwright has raised a standard to which all who favor the reofficering of the Republican party by honest men should repair. During his five years at Albany, Mr. Wainwright has shown commendable independence, and has opposed every "strike" bill and steal which came up, and this despite the fact that he owed his election to one of the worst bosses in this State—Ward of Westchester County. In his notable fight against the Mortgage Tax bill he rendered a public service which should now stand him in good stead.

The representatives of Columbia University have promptly put an end to the football "obsession" at their institution. They displayed a courage more often wanting in scholastic circles. President Butler, too, rose above questions of expediency; was not misled by talk of "waiting until the excitement should cool down," and was quite ready to face the august disapproval of the student body which has terrorized so many college executives. Columbia has blazed the way, and other colleges are bound to fall in behind her. New York University will, we hope, come next to complete this city's leadership in the reform. Harvard seems destined to lag behind.

The introduction in the Boston Board of Aldermen of an ordinance prohibiting football within the city limits—which include the Harvard Stadium—directs attention to the possibility of reforming the game from without if reform from within should fail. For a good many years anti-football bills have been among the "freak" measures annually introduced in Western legislatures, and occasionally—in South Dakota, we believe, was the latest instance—one of these has been enacted and enforced for a short time. It is hardly to be doubted that, when the law steps in to suppress any form of public "amusement," it stops. Football, at least, cannot, like pugilism or cock-fighting, be indulged in in secret. As for public sentiment, it is true that football games in this city have drawn at least twice as large crowds as prize-fights ever did under the Horton law, yet what has been done in the one case could assuredly be done in the other. We are not prepared to argue that it should be, under existing conditions. A certain sense of academic immunities, an inheritance from the benefit of clergy, has often operated in the past to stay the hand of the public authorities.

Mr. Balfour's abrupt resignation in a recess of Parliament is not wholly unprecedented, though few Prime Ministers have had to make his humiliating confession that the Government was so tumbling about his ears that he could not go on and face the Commons. It was Mr. Chamberlain who forced the crisis. His bitter and contemptuous speech at Bristol, in which he declared that "no army was ever led successfully to battle on the principle that the lamest man should govern the march," was practically a notice to Mr. Balfour to quit. What a long series of defeats in bye-elections, with the Ministry's steady loss of prestige and even respect, could not induce the Prime Minister to do, a single utterance of his too powerful subordinate in the party compelled precipitately. Of course, if Mr. Balfour had to acknowledge that his Cabinet and his party are reduced to such impotence that they cannot carry on the Government a week longer, there was nothing for the Liberals to do but step into the breach. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has earned the Liberal leadership by his pluck and dour persistence through the dark days of the party, rather than risen to it by commanding qualities, will doubtless form a Ministry. But its first step will be to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. The general election, which even Chamberlain admits can result only in a Liberal victory, will probably take place early in the year—after the Christmas festivities are over and the new registry of voters comes into effect in January.

Even England finds that she has now reached a point where she can put limits on her naval expansion. Last year she made a reduction in her navy estimates of $17,500,000; this year she expects to cut them down $7,500,000 more. The Admiralty is, moreover, to be content with four large armored ships every year, which practically means merely a replacement of obsolete or worn-out ships, or at most a slight annual increase. Undoubtedly, the total collapse of the Russian navy—far more obvious to-day than when Togo won his great victory in May—has had something to do with this decision. Still another reason is the financial one; the English rate-payer is burdened enough now for armaments. Only the United States, France, and Germany are to-day naval rivals of Great Britain, since Japan is allied to England by a treaty which is an additional reason why the Admiralty can now afford to stop the increase of the fleet. Japan's battleships may be counted as England's for many practical purposes. Moreover, as Lord Cawdor points out, England's shipbuilding resources are so great that she can always overtake a rival naval programme by reason of her unsurpassed power of rapid construction. Now if England can cry, "Hold, enough!" in this matter, it is long past time for the United States to do likewise—unless we plan the hopeless game of attempting to outdo the queen of the seas.

The agitation for universal suffrage injected into Austrian politics by Fejervary's programme for Hungary may seriously affect the position of the German element. Liberal Germans, both within and without the ranks of the Socialists, fear that with universal suffrage their numerical representation in the local diets and the Vienna Reichsrath would be considerably diminished. Experience has shown that clerical and reactionary Germans are willing to make common cause with the Slavs against the Liberals, and, notably in Bohemia, powerful aristocrats and landed proprietors, such as Prince Schwarzenberg, have openly allied themselves with the Czechs. The outlook of the Germans is still worse in Moravia, where the Czechs outnumber them nearly three to one. In Carniola, Istria, and southern Styria the Slovens are in an overwhelming majority. But even in northern Styria and Carinthia, which are preponderatingly German, a few seats may be lost by the Germans in an election based on universal suffrage. Tyrol, where the line of demarcation between Germans and Italians is clearly fixed, is in no danger of being similarly affected, while in the purely German provinces of Lower and Upper Austria and Salzburg the race question has never been acute.

The birth-throes of the new Russia continue with increasing violence and destructiveness. The deep of the naval mutiny at Cronstadt has been answered by one greater at Sevastopol, involving the loss of ships, but equally ineffective in the end. Over all is thrown a vast confusion and paralysis by railroad strikes, postmen's strikes, and telegraphers' strikes, isolating the parts of the Empire from one another, and the whole from the outside world. No such extraordinary phenomenon has ever been seen as this constraint of an absolute monarch to redress ordinary grievances which he alone has the power to redress, to grant constitutional reforms which he alone has the power to initiate, and to abdicate altogether in favor of the wild and anarchical contentions of all shades of revolutionists. If any other nation is complacently looking on at this torture, and its accompanying hell-broth of incendiarism, pillage, and slaughter, we venture to remind it that the *industrial* screws applied in Russia are all ready to be turned on in the freest country on earth, with the criminal mob as a reserve ally and terror. We saw it in the cutthroat railroad strike of 1877; we saw it in the cutthroat coal strike of 1903. We shall see it again, and yet again, till our mushy morality regarding labor disturbances gives way to saner views of what man, however dissatisfied with his lot, owes to his fellow-man.

THE SENATE'S ROLL OF DISHONOR.

When the Senate of the United States convened on Monday, two of its members were absent by reason of their conviction for crime. Senator John H. Mitchell of Oregon and Senator Joseph R. Burton of Kansas have each been sentenced to six months in prison and to pay fines of $1,000 and $2,500, respectively. Both have appealed from the decisions against them; and both are nearing the end of their terms. Their effort plainly is to stave off final decision just as long as possible. Reëlection, like rehabilitation, is out of the question in Burton's case, even if he should obtain a setting aside of the verdict against him; while Mitchell, who is broken down physically as well as morally, is desperately clinging to his salary as his only means of livelihood. Their empty chairs should be a solemn notice to their fellow-Senators that the prestige of the "most august assembly on earth" has suffered a terrible blow.

But even worse for the Senate than the shameful absence of Burton and Mitchell is the presence of three others whose names figure also on the Senate's roll of dishonor. Thomas C. Platt, Chauncey M. Depew, and Boies Penrose will be pointed out more often than others, and always as disgraced Senators. The name of Depew has become a byword. Within a year of his reëlection for a second term, he has fallen so low in public estimation that a clergyman has called for his expulsion from a social club, and he himself is practically ostracized. Not a vote would be cast for him were he a candidate for reëlection, and the demands for his resignation will grow in volume. Indeed, it will be surprising if there is not an effort made in the Legislature to pass a resolution asking for it. Against his colleague, the feeling is not so bitter, perhaps because he is physically feeble, perhaps because his character has been better known. For years past, Platt's sale of legislation has been understood and his personal reputation has been pretty clearly fixed. Yet his recent testimony before the Insurance Committee has branded him more deeply than ever. He stands self-revealed as blackmailer and corruptionist. But he and Depew will, as the *Independent* says, "continue to misrepresent New York at Washington"—unless they resign, and this, it thinks, cannot be expected.

The tide of indignation is running against them more strongly than ever. It is impossible to believe that they can expect anything more than the most frigid reception at the White House. Even in the Senate they cannot look for condonation. There are, it is true, other Senators who are by no means angels of light; but there are many like Spooner of Wisconsin, Crane of Massachusetts, and Nelson of Minnesota, to mention only a few of their party associates, who must feel themselves humiliated by association with the Senatorial representatives of New York. Of course, it will ill become men like Dick of Ohio and Alger of Michigan to throw stones. Senator Fulton of Oregon will not desire to figure as a great purist. Senator Dryden might be excused for a little of that feeling which makes us wondrous kind, and the silver and gold Senators of the West will doubtless not be over-interested in the presence or absence of Messrs. Platt and Depew. Such men as these will not be found to have very much more sympathy for Boies Penrose, the Harvard graduate, the man of family and means, who has chosen for his political bedfellows the basest of the Philadelphia ring, with the result of being repudiated by Roosevelt, Root, and all the national leaders. Penrose has sinned against the light. His political extinction is clearly foreshadowed and cannot be delayed much longer. Even in the Senate there should be possible at least a measure of social ostracism. Influence on pending matters? Platt, Depew, and Penrose will be without any. But it is none the less desirable that they should be made to realize how obnoxious is their personal presence.

In this way the Senate can not only help to raise its own tone, but be of service to both Pennsylvania and New York. That the time has come for a change, the elections have made quite plain. The people have emphatically proclaimed their desire for better men in public life. Moreover, the Senate at its present session welcomes for the first time several members who give every promise of honorable service and marked usefulness. Senator Brandegee of Connecticut is expected to reflect credit on his *alma mater*, Yale, and his State. William Warner of Missouri comes with the hearty endorsement of Gov. Folk and his friends and neighbors. Reëntering public life after a long retirement, he is free from entangling alliances, and may be counted on to help uplift the Senate. Another man who should contrast markedly with the oil-and-sugar Senators is Burkett of Nebraska. His endorsement by popular vote was a notable tribute to his character. Isidor Rayner of Maryland, too, has won his spurs before taking his seat. His denunciation of the Gorman constitutional amendment to limit the suffrage not only helped to defeat that infamous proposal, but stamped him a man of ability, courage, and convictions. From La Follette of Wisconsin his admirers expect great things—even an assault upon the Presidency—provided he can decide whether to be lecturer, Senator, or Governor. In short, the new recruits are a promising body—in the main, men of force and individuality, and are not to be written down merely as representatives of railroads, the protected interests, or the Trusts. The outlook, therefore, is distinctly encouraging. But this should only stimulate effort to free the Senate from those whose corruption or surrender to corporate interests has too long stained the reputation of a great legislative body.

MR. JEROME AND THE JUDGES.

"For casting a disdainful glance at the judge of the Supreme Court of Darmstadt, the public executioner has been fined £4." That minor news item of the day has its resemblances to what has been said in this city since Mr. Jerome's speech about our Supreme Court judges. He has not been fined for his disdainful glance, but he has been well lectured. He has been accused of vague railing. "Name names!" is the demand made upon him by those who profess sudden ignorance of what judges he really means. Mr. Jerome has been taken aside by kind but firm mentors of the press and told that he has been reckless, has grossly exaggerated, and has done more harm than good. Judge Parker, in a gallant sortie *pro domo suâ*, comes forward to pay a compliment to the existing judges, which he immediately makes left-handed by expressing the hope that "bold and vigorous effort" will be made to "strengthen the bench."

Really, the surprising thing about all this is that there should be any surprise. The facts which were alluded to by Mr. Jerome are known to all. They have been set forth in sworn testimony. True, the District Attorney violated a comfortable precedent by blurting out in public what thousands of lawyers have whispered in club-corners. He does not keep his indignation purely for private consumption. Seeing where the body politic is ailing, he rudely and openly strikes his hand upon the spot. Now, this very abandon of honesty and fearlessness is one of the things that make Mr. Jerome strong. But he would be the last man to imagine that his assertions disclose a great discovery. It is an old and twice-told tale. Go back no further than the report of the Committee on the Law's Delays last year, and you will find the thing set down in cold type—"the aggression of politicians upon the courts, and the baleful practice of political contributions by judicial candidates."

Memories are getting to be, we know, as evanescent as last year's snow, but even so we are amazed at the forgetfulness of Mr. Jerome's critics. Is the report of the Mazet Committee of 1899 so soon swallowed in oblivion? In that public document, hundreds of pages are taken up with an exposure of the methods of nominating and electing judges in this city. The system there revealed is precisely that which provokes Mr. Jerome to wrath. It is a compound of

commercialism and political corruption. Supreme Court judges have been, as a rule, put in nomination, not by their brethren of the bar, not by representatives of the vast commercial interests of New York, but by ignorant and venal politicians, to whom, as Mr. Jerome averred, judges themselves have had to go with bated breath and whispered humbleness. And with this disgrace has gone the added disgrace and danger of "campaign assessments"—to put it baldly, payment for a nomination—long averaging $10,000 for each judicial candidate. The whole shameful and perilous system was fully laid bare, yet Mr. Jerome is a loose-tongued fellow to cry out against it!

Mr. Croker was the blunt exponent, before the Mazet Committee, of the Tammany theory of judicial office, and there can be no doubt that it is Murphy's, too. Here is Croker's true account of the fitness of a judge—he must be "acceptable" to the inner ring of Tammany:

"Q. The organization also discusses the candidates for judicial positions, does it not? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. And for judicial positions in all the courts, whenever there is an election? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. And the gentlemen who are selected to run on the Democratic ticket for judicial offices are gentlemen who are acceptable to the executive committee and the advisers of the Tammany organization, are they not? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. Naturally so? A. Yes, sir."

This was entirely borne out by Judge Barrett's frank and illuminating testimony. He was asked if he thought Croker had any qualification whatever to make him the arbiter of judicial character, and replied, with significant evasion: "I should say, if the Constitution and laws and customs permitted it, I should prefer to leave it to Mr. James C. Carter." The contrast between brutal dictation with venality and the free choice of the bar could not well be made more pointed.

We must quote also Croker's testimony about judicial assessments, confirmed as it was by the examination of judge after judge:

"Q. And have not judicial candidates paid contributions to the organization or to its representatives, amounting to $10,000, $15,000, $18,000 sometimes? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. How much have they paid? A. I could not tell you that. Nothing like what you say.
"Q. Never? A. Well, they might fifteen or twenty years ago.
"Q. But how about recent times? A. In recent times they have not.
"Q. Have they paid as much as $8,000? A. Probably they have, seven or eight."

Probably Mr. Croker would have fully agreed with Judge Truax, who elegantly expressed the opinion that if a judicial candidate gave $5,000 to a politician, "he ought not to squeal." But, in addition to the monetary consideration, Tammany expects a further *quid pro quo*. What it is, Mr. Croker explained:

"Q. They [its judges] must appoint their subordinates, as a true member of the party should? A. They should do it, yes, sir. They do not always do it, but they should do it.
"Q. And Tammany Hall expects them to do it? A. Expects them.
"Q. (Continuing). If they take her nomination, does it not? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. In all matters of patronage, they should consider the organization, should they not? A. First, yes, sir.
"Q. Even in the appointment of referees? A. Yes, sir.
"Q. And you think that the judges should appoint as referees men who are in line with the Tammany organization? A. All things being equal they should, yes, sir. They should give them the preference."

Yet Mr. Fox has been blamed for saying that he would not have felt safe in taking his motion to open the ballot-boxes before certain Tammany judges!

Mr. Jerome, then, accurately described existing conditions. The question simply is whether we are to be indignant at the conditions, or at him for portraying them. It is not a mere arraignment of present evils that he made; he is looking forward to the future, is anxious to stir up a sentiment which will make impossible the sale or bargaining of judgeships next year. As he said, the politicians are getting their judicial "slates" ready; would-be candidates are doubtless grovelling before powerful district leaders; many an unfit man is, in the expressive Western phrase, "out for the ermine." But to stop this nefarious and threatening business, Mr. Jerome appeals to the Bar Association, to lawyers everywhere, and to decent citizens in general. That is the real point, and we must not lose sight of it. Jerome is at one with Judge Parker in that. Having done well to be angry, New York must see to it that the causes of her wrath at incompetent and suspected judges are removed.

MAMMONIACAL POSSESSION.

As we learn more from the failures of a great man than from the successes of a little one, so the letter of Col. Mann's which was put in evidence on Saturday is rich in reproof and instruction. In fact, we have not met with a more illuminating philosophy of great wealth. The Colonel, our readers may know, is prosecuting *Collier's Weekly* for criminal libel, that periodical having charged him with blackmailing, in *Town Topics*, various rich and vulnerable notabilities. By way of justification, the *Weekly's* counsel produced a letter from Col. Mann to the gentleman in charge of 'Fads and Fancies,' instructing him minutely how to approach a succession of millionaire "victims," who were to be wheedled, flattered, bamboozled, or frightened into paying $1,500 or so for inclusion in that delectable publication.

The list of names was long and laughable; many of our richest and proudest have had the pleasure of seeing themselves reckoned in with this Blackmailable Four Hundred. For it is the underlying idea of the precious letter that great riches necessarily mean great gullibility. Col. Mann and his allies seem to have acted upon that presumption with the utmost confidence. As practised miners in the under-world of millionairedom, they had not the slightest doubt that, wherever they could manage to sink a shaft, they would strike pay dirt—dirt, in this conception, making pay certain. Their philosophy of action was apparently something like this: "Very rich, therefore easily fooled. A financial magnate, hence vain and silly. Having great possessions, consequently a prey to toadies, sponges, and blackmailers. *Richesse oblige*—which means that it obliges the rich man to surrender to every impudent cozener that comes along."

To what financial results Col. Mann might be able to point as a practical demonstration of his theory, we naturally do not know. He wrote of a gratifying "contract" with Senator Dryden, which shows that he knew how to play upon opulent vanity in at least that case. Others, we read, were trying to "creep out" of their agreements to join the collection of sensitive plants in 'Fads and Fancies'; no mercy was to be shown them, and we hope none was. But the significant thing is the assurance with which the Colonel passed in review name after name of the most expensive, and calmly assumed that they were all "easy marks." There were our hardest-headed men of business, our keenest speculators, our grimmest promoters, our coolest brokers, our most matter-of-fact railroad and insurance men—all classed as ready dupes of a transparent bunko game.

How can such things be? Does the shrewdness which goes to the amassing of money inevitably become folly in its spending? Why could Col. Mann count so safely upon finding so large a proportion of gulls among the men of great wealth? Well, we cannot profess to have penetrated the mystery. There is evidently a world of folly behind Col. Mann's letter, but only those privileged to live in it can realize it. Lord Derby said at dinner one day: "One never knows what a lot of fools there are in England until one becomes Prime Minister." Thereupon up spake his private secretary, Sir Patrick Talbot: "Yes, and one never knows what a fool a Prime Minister may be until one becomes his private secretary." "Thank you, Pat," said Lord Derby. It is this kind of mutual knowledge from the inside which animates the Mann letter, and to which those unhappily far from the emerged tenth cannot pretend. Still, in our outside and envious way, we seem to be able to make out certain human motives which help to explain the conduct of such people as those whose names Col. Mann handled so freely.

Many of them, obviously, are new to gilded society, and at a loss how to bear themselves therein. Hence the chance of

the sharper who offers himself as their mentor. They feel that their wealth compels them to a certain ostentation, and, knowing little of rational methods of expenditure, not being collectors of books or paintings, which only bore them, they fall easily into the hands of a guide to showy publicity. He has only to tell them that "all the parvenus" are going into his little game, and their gregarious instinct does the rest. "We fought in 'Fads and Fancies,' and you were not there!"—so would they render King Henry's reproachful message, doubtless with his added, "Go hang yourself!" They think that they must be important, having so much money; and interesting, with so many to fawn upon them; and so they readily give ear to an insinuating tongue which suggests a way of informing the public that they are important and interesting. Hence the whole vast array of books about 'Successful Men,' etc., of which 'Fads and Fancies' was only the daring climax. What the schemers have to play upon is a sort of huge delusion in this class of wealthy people—mammoniacal possession, it might be called. It makes its victims subject to all kinds of strange attack and seizure, enormously inflaming their vanity, exaggerating their native silliness, and blinding them to the snares openly spread at their feet.

We know of no Society for Improving the Condition of the Helplessly Rich. Satirists have proposed such a thing, but satire has never been able to bring to earth very much rich folly as it flies. It has been said that no number of stripes laid soundly upon a donkey's back will turn him into a zebra. Concrete exposure of our martyrs to Mammon, a sudden consciousness on their part that every man of sense is laughing at them, will do them more good than all the preachers and satirists; and Col. Mann's letter will be for many of them like a nail fastened in a sure place.

"GOOD-WILL" AS AN ASSET.

The strictness with which the courts of New Jersey interpret and enforce the "liberal" corporation laws of that State is illustrated by the recent decision of Vice-Chancellor Pitney in the case of See *v.* Heppenheimer *et al.* (61 Atlantic Reporter, 843). To the economist and the practical financier, as well as to the lawyer, the opinion of the court is of great interest.

About Christmas, 1892, certain gentlemen, one of them a savings-bank official, and another a prominent lawyer of this city, organized in New Jersey the Columbia Straw Paper Company, to take over a number of paper mills upon which options had already been secured. These options were to cost the promoters some $750,000 in cash and $2,250,000 in stock of the newly formed company, which had an authorized share capital of $4,000,000. This plan would seem to have left a comfortable margin for promoters' profits, but it had the drawback of calling for $750,000 of cash, a commodity in which promoters dislike to deal. It was deemed advisable, therefore, to issue $1,000,000 of mortgage bonds, which furnished the cash needed to purchase the plants, provided a working capital of $200,000, and left a balance of $50,000 as compensation for the eminent counsel—also a promoter—who conceived the brilliant plan. Of the surplus stock not needed to purchase the mills, some $600,000 was given away as a bonus with the bonds; and the remainder, doubtless, went to that bourne from which no stock returns after the dummy directors conclude their session. It was a small affair, of course, when compared with t companies of straw and paper organized in the palmy days of 1900 and 1901. But a fairly neat job had been pulled off, nevertheless; for the promoters had bought a large part of the bonds, a now held a first mortgage on the property of those mill owners who had taken their pay in stock.

The history of this company is briefly told. Having secured control of most of the straw-paper mills, it proceeded to raise the price of the product from $20 to $28 per ton; and thereby stimulated competition, which, together with bad management, brought the organization into bankruptcy in the space of two years. Then came a receivership, and a foreclosure sale which did not yield enough to cover the debts of the company. Thereupon the receiver brought suit against the promoters, alleging that they had received stock without having made payment therefor, in either money or property; and contending that they were liable for such a proportion of their unpaid stock-subscriptions as might be needed to satisfy the debts of the company.

In defending the suit, the promoters argued that the stock of the Columbia Straw Paper Company had been issued in payment for property taken at an honest and reasonable valuation; and that the difference between the sums paid for the mills and the $5,000,000 of stock and bonds issued by the combination represented the "good-will" of the company as a going concern. Good-will, we all know, has long been held to be "property" within the meaning of the law; and what could be more reasonable, at a time when Christmas bells were proclaiming "good-will to men," than that New Jersey promoters should have injected copious supplies of good-will into the capitalization of a business corporation?

But Chancellor Pitney was unable to take this view of the case. In a review of the proceedings which must have made "eminent counsel" wince, he declared that the good-will argument had been sadly overdone. He found that the cash and stock paid to the owners of the paper mills had fully covered the good-will of those mills as going concerns; and that the newly organized corporation, not yet being a going concern, had not acquired any good-will for which stock could be issued. The promoters, to be sure, argued that the combination expected to make large profits by raising the price of its product from $20 to $28 per ton; but the Chancellor ruled against them. Prospective profits, he said, expected to arise from one's ability to suppress competition, are like the chickens the milkmaid expected to hatch from the eggs bought with the proceeds of the milk she was carrying upon her head. Equally unfeeling was his reply to the argument that similar methods of capitalizing corporations are commonly employed. Very true, said the Chancellor, but such practices have "brought obloquy upon our State," and are not warranted "by anything in our statutes or the decisions of our courts."

Best of all is the Chancellor's reply to the pitiful plea that the valuation, whether erroneous or not, had been made "in good faith." He showed that properties worth not more than $1,500,000 were capitalized at $5,000,000 by men who manifested their confidence in the future of the concern by taking first-mortgage bonds in payment for all the actual money which they put in, and accepted the stock merely as a bonus which might later be sold to the public for what it would bring. Here again the ears of "eminent counsel" and others must have tingled, as they heard or read the words of the Court. It was the desire and intention, the judge declared, to sell the shares "for more than they were really worth," and herein "lies the intrinsically fraudulent character of these transactions." He even observed that the matter was in no wise bettered by sending a board of dummy directors, consisting mostly of the employees and partners of the "eminent counsel," over to Hoboken to approve the fraudulent valuation in formal meeting. Corporations, he declared, should have "competent and independent" boards of directors to act in the interest of the future stockholders, and not of the interested promoters. In fact, he pronounced the entire contract by which the promoters sold the mills to a board of dummy directors, "a palpable fraud on the act of the Legislature."

This decision leaves one with mingled feelings of delight and consternation. If promoters cannot, under the New Jersey law, capitalize the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow or the gold brick described in the confidential circular, what, in Heaven's name, is to become of the promoting business? Furthermore, if the judgment of a dummy director is not to be accepted as final, how

are eminent financiers, as buyers, to make valid contracts with themselves, as sellers? And finally, if fraudulent capitalization approved by bogus directors can involve a five-million-dollar concern in so much trouble, what would happen if a billion-dollar corporation should ever get into difficulty? But these, after all, are questions of to-morrow; to-day it is enough to rejoice in the good sense and sterling honesty of Judge Pitney's decision in See *v.* Heppenheimer *et pals.*

A DYING RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

The abolition of close communion in the Baptist denomination was announced in the New York papers a few days ago. People who are familiar with the polity of the Baptists are aware that this statement in unqualified form is far too sweeping. At a recent meeting of representatives of three national organizations—the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, the American Baptist Missionary Union, and the Baptist Publication Society—resolutions were passed which in effect declared that the doctrinal difference between the "Free" and the "Strict" Communionists was no bar to united action. Such a declaration, however, is binding only upon those who accept it. The Baptists are locally independent in the most rigid acceptation of the term; and those congregations which choose to hold to close communion may do so in spite of all resolutions and conventions. The incident, however, has its significance, not merely for Baptists, but for all who watch the dying controversies over dogma; for the bitter disputes between the "Strict" and the "Free" Communionists are typical of the quarrels which have rent Christendom into hundreds of warring sects.

Baptists differ from other Protestants—broadly speaking—in rejecting the validity of infant baptism and in holding to the doctrine of immersion. No organized body holding Baptist principles can be found before the first half of the sixteenth century—the Reformation period, in which the discussion of minute distinctions of creed raged so furiously. The Baptists, like other major divisions of the Protestant Church, have split and split again, until in this country we have, or have had, eight or ten minor organizations, such as the Six-Principle Baptists, the Seventh-Day Baptists, the Anti-Mission Baptists, and the Free-Will Baptists. The question of admitting to the communion of the Church Christians who do not subscribe to the strict doctrine of the sect, is an old one. John Bunyan himself, the greatest man whom the denomination has produced, was inclined to be lenient on this point, and in consequence he was acrimoniously attacked by more thoroughgoing Baptists. It was an age in which billingsgate was regarded as a legitimate weapon in religious argument. Not until the eighteenth century, however, was there a formal organization of Free-Communion Baptists—made up partly of persons who had been converted by the preaching of Whitefield. In 1841 the Free-Will and the Free-Communion Baptists coalesced. The main body of the denomination, from which these two offshoots sprang, has nominally adhered to Strict Communion, though in recent years the topic has been but little agitated, especially in the North, and individual churches have tacitly abandoned the old policy. These facts would be hardly worth chronicling here and now, were it not that this movement within the limits of the sect itself is a sort of epitome of the whole movement of Protestantism. First, separation; then realization that the disagreements relate to non-essentials; then coöperation in religious work; and finally union. Of course, we do not mean to say that the Protestant sects have actually united, but the conference in this city last month—in spite of the bar against Unitarians and Universalists—is a public declaration that differences of creed are small matters.

The long debate between the Strict and the Free Communionists was carried on according to the most approved methods of theologians, whether Calvinists, Arminians, Antinomians, or Erastians. Here also was the eternal conflict writ small. We have to begin with the marshalling of all the Scripture texts which can by any possibility be interpreted as bearing directly or indirectly upon the point; next, a series of deductions from these premises, each of which is treated as an inspired statement of exact truth, from which the logical inference should be as unvarying and inevitable as in mathematics; thirdly, the appeal to precedent and the practices of the apostles and the fathers; and finally the appeal to passion and denominational prejudice. There has been abundant heat, and, as is usual in these contests, too little light. Of sweetness, none. For example, the Strict Communionists used to assert roundly that all they were asking was a rigid adherence to the commission of Christ; that deviation from it was an ignorant and craven yielding to modern error, not—as the misguided and sometimes malignant Free Communionists maintained—an act of charity and Christian wisdom. One of the great champions of open communion was that eloquent English divine, Robert Hall, who is said to have preached when eleven, and who died in 1831. His writings on the subject served as an armory for half a century. He, it is true, rose above the low level of partisan rancor and the *odium theologicum.* Nothing could be better in tone than the solemn words with which he closes his 'Reply to the Rev. Joseph Kinghorn':

> "When the Spirit is poured down from on high, he will effectually teach us that God is Love, and that we never please him more than when we embrace with open arms, without distinction of sect or party, all who bear his image."

But such passages in this, as in all other religious controversies, are pathetically rare. Fruitless wrangling over the meaning of the original Hebrew and Greek, savage assaults upon character, the imputation of base motives, shocking exhibitions of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness—these have been the stigma by which for centuries men have instantly recognized the utterances of professed followers of the Prince of Peace. That a change is coming, none can doubt. One reason is the growth of toleration in all matters of opinion; another is that thousands of Christians do not care enough about their theology to offer in behalf of it even the feeblest and most amiable defence.

ERNESTO MASI'S LATEST BOOK.

ROME, October 27, 1905.

The reputation of Ernesto Masi as an historical essayist has been so long established that the Italian reading-public is by this time well habituated to regarding the appearance of a work from his pen as a noteworthy event. Masi is old enough to have a vivid personal recollection of men who took part in the Italian *Risorgimento,* while on the other hand his literary activity is sufficiently distant from those scenes to enable him to view them in historical perspective. In addition to these accidental advantages, he has acquired by his own industry an erudition which his art does not always conceal, and has been gifted by nature not only with sympathetic insight into human motives and character, but also with fineness of tact and soundness of judgment in estimating their development and influence in the world of events and action. In fact, it is not often that one sees an historical writer maintaining his course so warily and securely, equally remote from partisanship and apathy, through such a devious maze of intrigue and conspiracy, of dark and violent deeds and passions, as mark the long struggle for Italian independence. His warm Italian patriotism does not prevent his seeing some right and reason in the Congress of Vienna; and his just contempt for clerical government in the Roman States leaves him quite willing, and even anxious, to lift a part of the load of infamy under which historians have oppressed the name of Gaetano Moroni, the upstart minister of Gregory the Sixteenth.

Following previous studies by Masi of the period of the *Risorgimento,* such as 'La Monarchia di Savoia' and 'Il Segreto del Re Carlo Alberto,' besides charming treatises on other epochs of Italian literary and political history, there has recently appeared his latest book entitled 'Nell' Ottocento: Idee e Figure del Secolo XIX.' This consists partly of long and elaborate historical essays, such as those on the Revolution of 1848 and on Count Cavour and Italian Unity, and partly of short personal

and critical sketches, such as those of Gregorovius, Tolstoy, and Leo the Thirteenth. These various tractates, though of necessity disunited, are not without historical continuity—a fact which encourages me to write the present connected review.

Beginning with an essay which bears the title of "Epigoni e Precursori," Masi observes that the Italian literature of the old style finished in the eighteenth century with Metastasio, although during his lifetime the new literature of the national revival in Italy had already begun with Goldoni, Parini, and Alfieri. Only Alfieri, however, was completely representative of the new era.

"In 1769, at Vienna, in the imperial gardens of Schoenbrunn, he had seen Metastasio bow to the Empress Maria Theresa with the slight genuflexion then in vogue. This was enough. Alfieri, a youthful enthusiast of the school of Plutarch, disdainfully refused the acquaintance of the elder poet. If this had ever come to the ears of Metastasio, he would probably have pitied him for an idiot."

And so, although the reformer, the "new man," already appears in Parini, the *uomo nuovissimo* is first to be seen in Vittorio Alfieri.

"Nor will it profit us," continues our author, "in studying Alfieri and his work, to distinguish, and even to make separate, in his personality, the man, the thinker, and the poet, after the fashion of the most recent and authoritative critics. Man, thinker, and poet fulfil each other in Alfieri, and, in my opinion, explain each other in turn. A whole political and revolutionary literature—the literature, namely, of our national revival—dates back to him, precisely because he reëmbodied in himself that unity which had for centuries been broken, the unity of man, thinker, and poet, of individual, patriot, and man of letters."

In the chapter entitled "The Congress of Vienna and Italy," Masi contends that, in spite of the scandalous lives they led at the Austrian Court, and in spite of their apparent cupidity and utter disregard of national feelings, the members of that famous convention were really actuated by a profound moral purpose, the purpose of securing for distracted Europe a lasting peace and stability of tenure. And Europe, as a whole, did, as a matter of fact, enjoy substantial peace for fifty years after their deliberations. He also points out that this congress made the first attempt to determine the actual rights of ownership of the various European States, and to place these rights under the guaranty of the greater Powers. In other words, we have here the first appearance of the European Concert, although this term was first officially used in the Treaty of Paris of 1856. Dispatching with reluctance so important a study in so brief a résumé, I must also content myself with one citation from the admirable account of "The Secret Societies in Romagna and the Revolution of 1831." Masi first expresses his regret that, having in his youth known intimately a number of political conspirators, he did not take some notes of their conversation, though he retains a vivid recollection of a kind of sadness which they showed even in their cheerful moods; of their fixed, vigilant, and suspicious looks, and of their stories, which always left something in the dark; of their anxious scrutiny of every new person they met, their constant finding of hidden meanings even in apparently the most indifferent utterances; and, above all, of the hatreds and loves, alike unquenchable, which they entertained of persons and things long past.

"But," he asks himself, "although this type has now disappeared, have the moral habits and inclinations which vicissitudes of a certain kind sometimes impress on the character of a people, also disappeared? I think not. Moreover, it seems to me that the manner in which liberty is understood and employed by many Italians to-day, that close adherence to parties, which are now rather personal than political, that feeble readiness to abdicate the free exercise of one's own judgment in the face of any bold personification of vanity, are in great measure the product and final putrefactions of habits engendered by conspiracy; with this bad difference to be added, however, that the grand patriotic ideal by which the intrinsic vices of conspiracy were ennobled and condoned, that disinterestedness and self-abnegation—that constancy under suffering, that spirit of sacrifice which sometimes rose to heroism—have yielded place to egoism, to vulgar ambition, and to the most ignoble self-seeking."

The caption "The Revolution of 1848" covers a series of five essays, of which the longest and most important have for their subjects "Pius IX. and the Beginning of the Revolution," and "Pius IX. and Pellegrino Rossi." Of these fascinating studies I shall find it hard indeed to convey to the reader any adequate conception. But herein I shall make my task easier by emphasizing at the outset two lines of argument that run through both of them, and give them unity of conception and treatment in all the devious paths they are compelled to follow. First, Pius IX. was, unwillingly indeed, but necessarily in consequence of his peculiar character and position, the man who finally started the Italian *Risorgimento*, after many aberrations and vicissitudes, upon a consistent and uniform course. Secondly, Pius IX., after his flight to Gaeta, was essentially the same man as Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, the "liberal" bishop of Imola. There is nothing in the apparently violent contradictions in his career that cannot be explained by the constantly changing coefficient of the conditions in which he found himself. I do not mean to say that these ideas are entirely new, but I believe that they are given an entirely new force and value by Masi's masterly treatment.

Pius IX., was, as Gioberti said, a mediocre man in every respect—in intellect, in culture, and even in goodness. It is plain that he never foresaw the results, remote or proximate, of his actions. Having out of mere kindness of heart pronounced the word of pardon to all political offenders, he was carried away on a wave of popularity, which, for its suddenness and widespread intensity, is perhaps unexampled in history; and for his charity and benevolence let him receive all honor. But that his act was dictated no more by heroic virtue than by far-sighted statesmanship is abundantly proved by the fear and distrust with which he soon began to regard the revolutionary ruin that his weak hand had precipitated. These strange and moving events are illustrated by Signor Masi with a great wealth of historical learning and reflection. But modern historians should, much more than is their habit, seek their guiding maxims in Aristotelian writ. Sufficient to our present purpose comes one of the great philosopher's universal utterances, Γίνονται αἱ στάσεις διὰ μεγάλων ἀλλ' ἐκ μικρῶν: "Revolutions are brought about through great causes, but by small incidents."

Most readers of the story of Italy in the nineteenth century are, I suspect, made to see in the person of Pius IX. too violent an antithesis. Nor can it be denied that his career presents opportunities for contrasts of the most Macaulayese and tempting variety. He first appears prominently as the Bishop of Imola, of whom Gregory XVI. said that the very cats in his house were Carbonari; as the intimate friend of the humane and enlightened Count Pasolini, and so profoundly impressed by reading Gioberti's 'Primato,' Balbo's 'Speranze d'Italia,' and D'Azeglio's 'Casi di Romagna,' that, on setting out for Rome to attend the conclave of 1846, he put these books in his trunk to give to the new Pope, little dreaming that he had thus destined them for himself. His single word of pardon aroused that cry of "Viva Pio Nono!" with which the Two Sicilies rose against the Bourbons, Milan and Venice against the Austrians, and which was heard even on the barricades of Paris; with which the soldiers of Charles Albert crossed the Ticino, and the Swiss revolted against the Sonderbund. The Turk sends him ambassadors, heretical England sends a minister, Lord Minto, and Richard Cobden, the apostle of commercial liberalism; Daniel O'Connell, going on a pilgrimage to see him, dies on the way, and Jews kiss the hem of his garment as if he were their expected Messiah. In two years' time comes the allocution of April 29, which proclaimed to the world his desertion of the nationalist cause. For that this was Pius's own act cannot be doubted. It is true that he prepared a proclamation intended to soften the statements of the allocution, the proofs of which, if we are to believe Pasolini, were surreptitiously garbled by Cardinal Antonelli. But the retraction which thus failed of its object was due to fright at the enraged Roman populace and to the pressure of liberal friends. After making all due allowance for the influence of Jesuits and of obscurantist cardinals, we are forced to the conviction that when once he had perceived the trend of the revolution he had set in motion, he regarded it with horror and aversion. Even the best historians of that time, however, like Mr. Bolton King in his 'History of Italian Unity,' and more recently Mr. R. M. Johnston in his 'Roman Theocracy and the Republic,' deem it necessary to devote many pages to emphasizing the constitutional weakness of Pius and the malign power of the Jesuits, in order that the sudden transformation of a liberal into a reactionary Pope may seem less startling and violent.

But, in the sense of this term as commonly understood, Mastai-Ferretti was never a liberal at all. All through the discussions of his period there runs the same old fallacy of the ambiguous middle term, a source of error as continuous and insistent as if the Stagirite had never given his formal logic to the world. What do you mean by liberal? From the point of view of the Gregorian Curia, Cardinal Mastai was a liberal because he could see no harm in railroads, illuminating gas, and scientific conventions; and because he was horrified at the excesses committed by the Centurioni in Romagna. But he never made the first step towards the liberalism of Cobden and Bright, although, not unnaturally, the world was deceived into supposing that he was in full cry after them. One circumstance of the utmost importance,

which Masi says he has never seen mentioned in but one history, and that one but little known, is that, whereas on the 16th of July, 1846, Pius proclaimed amnesty and pardon to all political prisoners, on the 18th of the same month he gave prizes and decorations to those who had distinguished themselves in putting down the liberal uprising at Rimini in 1845. As our author well puts it, Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti, the liberal of long standing, is a fiction on the one hand of the revolutionary partisans of his early papacy, who intended it as praise, and on the other of the Gregorian Sanfedists and Centurions, who intended it as a calumny.

The last half of Masi's volume contains, among others, essays on "Count Cavour and Italian Unity," and on "Newspapers and Contemporary History." But I must pause here. H. EDMISTON.

MLLE. DE L'ESPINASSE.

PARIS, November 11, 1905.

The relations of Madame du Deffand and of Mlle. de Lespinasse have been for a century an unfailing source of interest and a subject of discussion. Madame du Deffand has been severely blamed by many, and absolved only by a few. If we turn to her correspondence, we find proof that she engaged the services of Mlle. de Lespinasse on very definite terms, which were not adhered to by the latter. We know, besides, but only recently, the revelations made by M. de Ségur, that Mlle. de Lespinasse was the illegitimate child of a brother of Madame du Deffand, to whom she owed everything.

M. de Ségur has taken the subject again in hand, and has published several articles on it which will soon appear in a volume. He begins at the time when the rupture took place; when Madame du Deffand was justly angered, in our opinion, on finding that her protégée was slyly taking advantage of her blindness to draw away from her all her best friends and to make a salon in her own house. When Mlle. de Lespinasse was turned out (we can use no other expression) of the house of Madame du Deffand, she immediately started her rival salon in the near neighborhood of her protectress, and opened, in the language of a contemporary, a "boutique de bel esprit." We may judge of the difference of times by the price she paid for two stories in a house in the Rue St. Dominique—950 livres, besides 42 livres for the porter. It was, however, a considerable sum for her, as she had in all an income of but 3,592 livres. Her friends helped her to get some furniture—Hénault, Turgot, Madame de Châtillon, the Maréchale de Luxembourg, Madame Geoffrin. The last, who hated Madame du Deffand, her "bête noire," procured for her a pension, which was paid to her through Joseph de la Borde, the wealthy banker. M. de Ségur calculates that, thanks to the liberality of her friends, she had about 8,500 livres a year to spend.

She had hardly entered her new apartment when she fell ill with the smallpox. She was for a moment in peril, and David Hume wrote to his friend Madame de Boufflers: "Mlle. de Lespinasse is dangerously ill with the smallpox. I am happy to see that D'Alembert, in these circumstances, forgets his philosophy." The great mathematician took incessant care of her; he fatigued himself so much that he fell ill with a putrid fever, from which he was long in recovering. Julie de Lespinasse took care of him in her turn, and Marmontel wrote: "Whatever people may think or say, she constituted herself his nurse. Nobody thought or said anything but what was right about it." She persuaded him to take rooms in the upper part of her house, and from that moment, in the autumn of 1765, we find him comfortably settled in the house in the Rue St. Dominique, taking his meals with the person who for many years had held possession of his heart. Julie de Lespinasse said in a letter: "Nothing is of any importance when you are thirty years old and marked with the smallpox."

D'Alembert suffered with less patience the allusions and pleasantries of the world; he wrote to Voltaire: "I apprehend who has written you this impertinence [meaning Madame du Deffand]. It is better that people should write to you that I am in love than more atrocious falsehoods, of which they are entirely capable. They wished to make me ridiculous, but ridicule does not hurt me much." It was perfectly well understood after a time that the relation between D'Alembert and Julie de Lespinasse was purely platonic. Their communion was complete.

"They consult each other," says M. de Ségur, "about everything, and never act except in unison. All the affairs in which Julie is interested come under the eyes of D'Alembert, and are managed by him with jealous devotion; he receives her interest and invests her savings. Almost always, at least during the first years, they visit together; nobody thinks of inviting one without the other. When her eyes ache, which is only too often, she uses the hand of this sure confidant, and dictates from her bed, even sometimes from her bathroom."

M. J. Bertrand, the mathematician, points out in his 'D'Alembert' the importance of this collaboration.

Julie de Lespinasse was soon admitted to the famous Monday and Wednesday dinners of Madame Geoffrin, the "mother of the Philosophers," and became one of the principal stars at those reunions. She made friendships with Condorcet, Suard, the Chevalier de Chastellux, the Countess de Boufflers ("the idol of the Temple," as she was called, since her lover, the Prince de Conti, lived in the Temple), Madame de Châtillon, Hume. She was mixed up in the great quarrel between Hume and Rousseau, the details of which convulsed the whole society of Paris. She knew many foreigners of distinction, the Abbé Galiani, Creutz, Gleichen, the Marquis of Mora. Regarding the last personage, who inspired a violent passion in Julie de Lespinasse, M. de Ségur obtained unpublished documents from the Duchess de Villa-Hermosa, who inherited his papers. He belonged to the old and illustrious family of the Pignatelli of Aragon. Mora was only twelve years old when he received a brevet of officer in the Spanish army. He was married to a daughter of the Count of Aranda. The young woman died in 1764, after having given birth to two children. Mora was a widower at the age of twenty. He came to Paris and was attached to the Spanish Embassy. He made the acquaintance of Julie de Lespinasse in November, 1766; she paints his portrait in a letter to D'Holbach in these terms: "I must speak to you of what affects me at this moment, a new acquaintance of whom my head is full, and I would say my heart too, if you did not deny me a heart. . . . A face full of goodness and of *agrément*, which inspires confidence and friendship—a mild character, etc." She becomes very lyrical as she proceeds, and seems to have felt what the novelists call "le coup de foudre."

Mora was very shortly after recalled to Spain, where his parents offered him a second marriage with a Pignatelli, rich, handsome, a cousin of the Fuentés, He refused this tempting offer, intending to remain free. There is no evidence that he thought of Julie de Lespinasse at that time. After an absence of twenty months he returned to Paris; he was ill, and bore the germs of tuberculosis. When he found Julie de Lespinasse he fell in love with her, and she returned his affection with the most ardent passion. After a whole winter and the spring of 1768, Mora was obliged to return to Spain, but he would first pay a visit to Voltaire at Ferney, and he took with him a letter of introduction from D'Alembert. "His adieux to Julie were sad," writes M. de Ségur; "each of them knew that he was loved, each kept secretly the promise of absolute fidelity, each felt assured of a near meeting, even if the young colonel had to abandon his career." Mora seems, from that moment, to have entered into a formal engagement.

He did not remain long in Spain, but took advantage of the first opportunity to return to Paris. His sister was to be married to the Duke of Villa-Hermosa, who was detained in Paris by his functions at the Spanish Embassy. Mora conducted his sister to Paris; the marriage was celebrated in great pomp and lasted eighteen days. Mora and Julie de Lespinasse entered into the "lumincus phase" of their life, to use an expression of M. de Ségur's. Julie de Lespinasse wrote, several years after, to Guibert that Mora "alone had made her know what happiness was," that "he had taught her for a few moments all the worth that life can have." "I was beloved to a degree to which imagination cannot rise. All I had read before was feeble and cold in comparison with M. de Mora's sentiments." She spoke to all her friends of her own sentiments, and did not try to conceal them; she saw familiarly the relatives of Mora, with the exception of his sister, the Duchess of Villa-Hermosa. This exception was probably due to the fact that the Duchess did not consider Julie's passion for her brother purely platonic. M. de Ségur, however, is of opinion that it was, and draws some arguments from the correspondence which Mlle. de Lespinasse had with M. de Guibert, the man who, after the death of Mora, became her recognized lover. I confess that these letters have not made on me the impression they did on M. de Ségur. "It seems to me," she writes to M. de Guibert, "that I was uselessly *honnête* till I knew you. Never mind what I have been. I know that I have failed, that I have been untrue to virtue, to myself, and have lost my own esteem." And in another place: "I have become despicable only because I have loved you; you have doubted of my heart only because I have given it to you; and you have ceased to esteem me only because I have sacrificed my virtue for you."

Marmontel speaks in his memoirs of the relations between Julie de Lespinasse and Mora, and insinuates that she played the comedy of love in order to be married to him; a younger brother of Mora afterwards told Madame Guibert that "they were engaged, and that the marriage would have taken place but for the infidelity of Mlle. de Lespinasse, followed by the death of my brother." It seems clear that Mora's family was afraid of the marriage. He received an order to join his regiment in Catalonia, and on his return to Spain was appointed General at the early age of twenty-two. He was ill; the doctors sent him to Valencia; his malady progressed rapidly; he suddenly took a resolution to go to Paris, and made the journey without stopping anywhere. He fell so ill that the doctors sent him to Bagnères, and he set out on the 7th of August, 1772. Julie de Lespinasse was to see him no more.

If Mora had been the only passion of Julie de Lespinasse, she would be a more interesting figure among the "grandes amoureuses"; but there is a second chapter in her history which follows the first in alarming proximity. She met, at the home of Watelet, a financier, a friend of D'Alembert, namely, M. de Guibert, a young colonel, a man of fashion, who was also a writer. She saw him for the first time on the 21st of June, 1772. Mora at this date was convalescent, and seemed out of danger. There was much talk at the time of a new book of Guibert's, 'General Essay on Tactics.' Julie de Lespinasse was of an enthusiastic turn of mind. "I have made the acquaintance of M. de Guibert," she writes to Condorcet; "he pleases me much; he has force and elevation; he resembles nobody." After Mora's departure, Guibert and Julie became more and more intimate; the story of their relations may be summarized in the headings of M. de Ségur's two closing chapters: "The Fault," "The Expiation." The absence of Mora, his painful malady, and finally his death, throw a dark veil over the new passion of Julie de Lespinasse. The eloquence of some of her love letters do not diminish the repulsion which must be felt for her character. Guibert was light, she was jealous, and suffered all the tortures of wounded affection. She died, after a painful illness, on the 22d of May, 1776. D'Alembert, her faithful friend, put her papers in order, and fell on the manuscript in which she told almost day by day the story of her love for Mora. Among the letters which he was charged to destroy, he did not find a single one from himself. He stood in the lowest rank of her affections, after "ten or twelve others," so he wrote to Guibert; adding that he had lost "sixteen years of his life" in her company.

Correspondence.

GLADSTONE AND THE CONFEDERATE COTTON LOAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I see that the charge against Mr. Gladstone of subscribing to the Confederate Cotton Loan is being revived. Mr. Gladstone most positively denied that charge, declaring that "it was not only untrue, but so entirely devoid of support in any imaginable incident of the case that he was hardly able to ascribe it to mere error, and was painfully perplexed as to the motives which could have prompted so mischievous a forgery." To revive the charge, therefore, is to assert that Gladstone deliberately lied.

Can any facts corroborative of the charge be produced? Is there anything to show that Mr. Gladstone directed the purchase of the stock to be made, or knew that it had been made for him and accepted it? That, like many good friends of the Republic, he doubted the policy of re-annexing the South, deeming union with Canada a wiser course, or that he did not think it clear that damages were due for the depredations of Confederate cruisers, will hardly be considered proof, even presumptive, of his having held Confederate stock.

The motive for the forgery I suppose was obvious enough.—Yours faithfully,

Goldwin Smith.

Toronto, November 28, 1905.

THE INTELLIGENT VOTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As an illustration of how our admirable system of universal suffrage works, let me relate what lately came to my notice.

In the recent election for mayor in Chicago the question largely turned on municipal ownership of street-car lines. The candidate who seemed mostly heartily in favor of the proposition was elected. The next morning a considerable number of lawful voters boarded street cars under the impression that thenceforth no fares need be paid, as all existing franchises and legal rights had been wiped out overnight. A few months later these same duly qualified voters selected judges. One of the candidates for the bench probably gauged correctly the intelligence of some of these duly qualified legal voters when he publicly promised that, if elected, he would issue no more injunctions under any circumstances.

The marvellous feature of it all is that everybody knows that similar instances are occurring daily in this country, and that everybody admits that any private business conducted on the principles of universal suffrage would go to smash within a week. And if such a private business were thus conducted and went to smash, every sane American could put his finger on the weak spot at once—in a private business, but not in public business.

This keenness and accuracy of the man in the street in reasoning about private business, coupled with his inability to reason sanely about public business, is the most curious psychological phenomenon in this country to-day. Our great-grandchildren will undoubtedly have some very interesting chapters to read when the future historian comes to treat of the present political obsessions of the people of the United States.

M.

THE NATIONAL DRAMA AND UNIVERSITY TOWNS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the much talking of late about the need of an endowed theatre for the encouragement of the higher drama, no mention has been made of one aspect of the question that is of special importance—the dearth of legitimate drama of any kind in our small university towns. And yet these communities, with their representation from different parts of the country of the student class, offer splendid opportunities for the adequate performance of standard plays This has always been recognized in Germany, where special rates are given to students, but to our American managers a university town is simply a "one-night stand" of so many thousand inhabitants, and, as a rule, the cheapest performances are considered good enough for it.

No branch of English work has shown more marked advance in recent years than the study of the drama. Not only the classical works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are studied in all our larger institutions, but increased attention is being paid to the contemporary drama; and what is true of English is true in no less degree of French and German. In many cases, courses in the foreign drama are offered in English. Further proof of the active interest in the drama as a distinctive literary type is shown by the number of revivals of early English plays at different places.

Whether or not we are to realize the ideal of a national theatre, with annual provincial tours for the further spread of dramatic light, it is not unreasonable to hope that some of our leading managers may be induced to consider the claims of the university towns, thus providing the laboratory work in the drama that is essential to its proper study. A university population of three thousand ought to be able to satisfy the demands of the most exacting manager, and in the English department of each university will be found not one, but a dozen, advance agents, with an enthusiasm all the more convincing because of its sincerity.

Daniel Kilham Dodge.

University of Illinois.

Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish directly 'My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions,' by Alfred Russel Wallace.

Among the newer attractive reprints are Charles Lever's 'Charles O'Malley' and 'The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer,' both sightly volumes in emerald green, with Phiz's illustrations reproduced (Macmillan). The letterpress is condensed, but clear. More ornate, in dark green and gold covers, proceeding from the same firm, is Thackeray's 'Henry Esmond,' with an introduction by Austin Dobson and illustrations by Hugh Thomson. The work of these associates needs no fresh appraisal for the public that buys and enjoys books. Mr. Dobson discusses briefly the impeccability of Thackeray's Queen Anne English. His reference to Lowell's criticism of it is not quite exact. It was, we think, the construction "different *to*" which was held anachronistic. Trollope's Autobiography is neatly reissued in handy form by Dodd, Mead & Co., with an etched portrait of the novelist.

Very tempting externally are the five flexibly bound volumes for the side pocket of George Borrow's "Bible in Spain,' 'The Zincali,' 'Lavengro,' 'The Romany Rye,'

and 'Wild Wales.' The paper is thinnish and the impression sometimes a little faint, but not to repel. The frontispieces include Borrow's portrait and some characteristic scenery of the several countries.

The "Red Letter Library" of H. M. Caldwell & Co., Boston, adds 'Stories by William Carleton,' and Bacon's 'Essays,' each portraited and prettily made. A smaller series with the same imprint and some daintinesses of its own gives us Daudet's 'L'Arlésienne' and Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl' in English.

Fourteen years ago Prof. William K. Brooks made a rational appeal to Marylanders on the subject of oyster culture, in the hope of reviving a decaying and contentious industry. His tract, 'The Oyster: A Popular Summary of a Scientific Study' (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press), failed, as he sorrowfully admits in his preface to a second and revised edition, to penetrate the ignorant conservatism of a State ruled hitherto by Gorman. However, in returning to the fray, he adds a chapter on the peril of the oyster as a vehicle of collection for cholera and typhoid germs, and perhaps this aspect will do something to help the economic reform.

The Vassar Brothers' Institute (Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) has reprinted in facsimile the Debates and Proceedings of the convention of New York on the Federal Constitution. The form and style of types are those used in the original issue of 1788, and the paper is of a brown tint, to counterfeit the effect of time. So far as the mechanical effects are concerned, the pamphlet could not be improved. But in such a matter much more is required to make it really useful. The position of New York was of such importance, so much depended upon its decision and so able were the discussions aroused by the proposed form of government, that the convention itself was only a small part of the contest. The newspaper controversies called out some of the best writers and statesmen, and the Institute would have performed a worthy task in collecting these discussions and in bringing together the many letters of those who were engaged in the fight, and who measured and expressed the views of the different factions. What McMaster and Stone did for Pennsylvania should be done for New York, Massachusetts, and Virginia; not until then can the real history of the adoption of the Constitution be seized. As a reissue of a somewhat rare pamphlet, and as a contribution to the history of the Constitution, this reprint has its uses.

The feeling of surprise awakened by the general appearance of a volume entitled 'Tour of the Interparliamentary Union,' through the United States in 1904, is not diminished when it is seen to be an issue of the Government Printing-Office. Mr. Samuel J. Barrows is responsible for the compilation; there is no mention of the body or department responsible for the publication. As a subscription work, it might have had a large sale in the country districts; but as a serious production it is much below what might have been expected, and it is to be condemned on the score of good taste. The dignity of the Congress will be expressed in the Proceedings of the meetings of the Union; nothing is added to that dignity by this lengthy account of the rapid journey across the continent, plentifully padded with portraits of the guides and accompanying officials, the pictures of streets and buildings in various cities, and the trivial illustrations of "A Jolly Ride," "Ten Minutes at Topeka," or "Mr. Bartholdt backed by Niagara." The mere cost of printing such a volume, at an office where waste is notorious, is of public interest, for it represents an abuse in the appliion of the public money that has become so great as to call for drastic reform. No good excuse for the publication can be given; and the issue of such books as this and Michael's 'Declaration of Independence' brings discredit upon the Government publications, and hinders the appropriation of money for really useful and scholarly works.

Sixty-three colored reproductions of paintings made in southern Spain, Morocco, Algeria, and Tunis, divers small drawings in black and white, and a text consisting of lucubrations on the Spanish and Moorish races, religions, histories, and destinies make up 'In the Track of the Moors,' by Sybil Fitzgerald (E. P. Dutton & Co.). The illustrations are by Augustine Fitzgerald. These two parts have only a geographical connection. The pictures, much the more satisfactory element, are often charming, although also at times very trivial in subject. Mr. Fitzgerald appears to have shrunk from attempting to render broad vistas, and to have felt his strength in corners of interiors and even collections of plants in gaudy pots. The accompanying pages contain some happy scraps on present-day Spain, showing real insight and appreciation. But in great part they are unsatisfactory meditations on Spaniards, Moors, gypsies, Berbers, their fates, types, and futures, their art, architecture, literature and sciences, their effects on one another and of the desert upon them—the problem, in fact, of East and West. There is much therein of interest and undoubted power of æsthetic and psychological discernment, but the basis of absolute fact is too much of the kind furnished by Sir Richard Burton and his like—reconstructions rather than history.

'Metrical Rhythm,' by T. S. Omond (Tunbridge Wells, Eng.: R. Pelton), a small pamphlet of 27 pages, is a criticism of William Thomson's 'Basis of English Rhythm,' reviewed in No. 2091 of the *Nation*. Its generalized flavor of approbation is liberally seasoned with particularized dissent. Embedded in it are not a few originalities, expressed in Mr. Omond's forcefully gentle manner of mild fairness. The most modest brochure is worth attention when it contains expressions such as: "In unfamiliar measures, syllables and time-beats must correspond closely, else we fail to catch the swing; in familiar ones there is no such necessity. It is a crude view of verse which supposes that word-accents must always synchronize with rhythm-accents, or syllables with time-beats." Or, "It cannot be too often repeated that in prosody we start from no fixed rules. We start with a large body of practice, the work of our best poets. We examine this, trying to discover the principles on which they worked. . . . If we can discover and truly state such principles, they may fairly be called laws of verse. . . . But if, after formulating a law, we find it habitually infringed by our best poets, no middle course is open. We must withdraw our formula, confess it erroneous, probably because modified by some other principle which we have omitted to take into account. If we are slow to do this for ourselves, others will do it for us."

We add to the series of Tamil textbooks already noticed in these columns the reprint of the Rev. Dr. G. U. Pope's 'Catechism of Tamil Grammar,' No. II. Its continued use for fifty years has proved its practical value as a manual of instruction. The 'Catechism' is intended to accompany the same author's 'Handbook' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde).

The Fifth Financial and Economical Annual of Japan, 1905, issued by the Department of Finance, and excellently printed at the Government Printing-Office in Tokio, is unusually rich in maps and diagrams ingeniously constructed and neatly colored. On a sheet 30x20 inches, representing the Japanese and adjoining Russian and Chinese Empires, we see at a glance the public and private railways, both proposed or completed, the routes of the steamship lines and the national boundaries. At the end is a folder giving a synoptical statement respecting the assignment of official business under the control of the Minister of Finance, with the details of executive, accountant, revenue and finance bureaus, and also of customhouses, revenue inspection, and the monopolies of tobacco, camphor, salt, coinage, and experimental brewery. Ten full-page plates of colored diagrams show the relative proportion of revenue and expenditure, the national debt, and sources of revenue for the extraordinary expenses connected with the war; these last items occupying two-thirds of the space in the circles. The various loans, extraordinary special taxes and old sources of debt are also exhibited. Parallel bars of various tinting show strikingly the commercial, agricultural, manufacturing, and financial details of revenue and progress. There is a table of weights, measures and coins, with English and French equivalents. The text and tables, covering more than 200 pages, will richly reward the student of finance and economics. With Russia, Japan's late belligerent, trade relations have always been very slight. Despite warlike operations, the uninterrupted victories of Japan's naval forces, giving them control of the sea, changed the disastrous depression at the beginning of 1904 to unprecedentedly good results in Japan's foreign trade, especially with China and Korea, the increase in exports being over 10 per cent. and the imports about 17 per cent. Manufactured articles showed the greatest increase; silk alone to the amount of over $11,000,000, as compared with the preceding year, being exported. The unusually large amount of raw material imported in preparation for the war, and the large purchase from abroad of petroleum and sugar, in anticipation of the imposition of a consumption tax on those articles, explain the excess of imports. The historical and descriptive notes on the banking system, coinage, shipping and navigation are all eloquent of Japan's progress, founded as it is on sound economic principles and national industry.

The Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, without any preliminary announcement of his intentions, has started on a second expedition to Tibet and India. In this case

his purpose is chiefly to investigate the headwaters of the Indus and the Bramaputra, also the great lake districts in Central Tibet. The total cost of the expedition will be at least 100,000 crowns, and this has been secured from King Oscar, a number of prominent merchants in Stockholm, and especially from the Dickson family in that city. The purposes of the journey are, however, not merely hydrographic, but also geological, meteorological and ethnographical. The English authorities in India have been instructed by the home authorities to aid the savant, and the King of Sweden has written to the Shah for safe conduct through the dangerous deserts of Eastern Persia. It is expected that fully a year and a half will be devoted to the work in hand, so that Hedin will again risk the rigors of a Tibetan winter in the interest of scientific research.

Dr. Walter von Knebel has just returned to Berlin from a four months' journey devoted to the investigation of the geology of Iceland, especially of the volcanoes, active and extinct. Notwithstanding the exceptionally inclement weather during the past summer in Iceland, his preliminary reports in the Berlin journals show that his investigations were very fruitful. Among other things, he has been able to prove various ice ages for Iceland. How disagreeable his journey was may be judged from the fact that on the 25th of July he was overtaken by a severe frost, and, with the temperature below freezing, was compelled to camp in the open. Dr. von Knebel brought with him a large number of photographs and some aquarelle sketches made by himself. The full reports of his researches will appear in the near future through the Stuttgart house of E. Schweizerbart.

The next great Arctic discovery, accordingt to Sir Clements Markham, in an address before the Royal Geographical Society, is in what is termed the Beaufort Sea, that part of the Arctic Ocean to the north of Alaska. The problem to be solved is whether it is part of the deep polar ocean or the continental shelf which borders it. In the latter case the existence of islands is more than probable. Sir Clements advocates the sending out of an expedition in the *Discovery*, the ship which did such good work in Antarctica, to be stationed for two winters at the mouth of the Mackenzie or on Melville Island, with a sufficient complement of men for three extended sledge and three depot parties. Their object should be to explore this unknown section of the continental shelf over the Beaufort Sea, as far as the edge of the Polar Ocean. Admiral Markham, in heartily commending the plan, called attention to the fact that it is thirty years since the last English Arctic expedition.

The latest development of the educational awakening in England is the proposal to establish an Oriental School in London. In four of the universities, instruction in the Indian vernaculars is given to candidates for the civil service, but no provision is made to meet the needs of the merchant, the barrister, the physician, or the engineer going out to the East. The case is very different in Germany, France, and Russia. In Berlin the Orientalisches Seminar, with an annual grant of $40,000, has the necessary buildings, a fine library, an admirably conducted journal and 228 regular and special students. The École Spéciale des Langues Orientales Vivantes in Paris has an income nearly as great, publishes a journal and a series of text-books, and has a well-selected library. But Oriental study is most fostered in St. Petersburg, being the fourth faculty at the University, with 27 professors and teachers of Eastern languages. An auxiliary college has been established at Vladivostok. The failure in Great Britain to meet the demands of its own empire is shown in the fact that, out of the 150 ancient and modern languages of India, there are professed teachers of only nine in the universities.

A correspondent writes from Paris: "Apropos of a statement at page 341 of the *Nation* for October 26, the Nobel peace prize has *always* been awarded by Norway, and the literature and science prizes *always* by Sweden. In fact, during the recent discussions between the two countries concerning the razing of the frontier fortresses on the Norwegian side of the border, Sweden twitted Norway with awarding the peace prize, and yet standing out for the preservation of these forts."

—The December *Harper's* opens with an account of the sack of Carthagena by M. de Pointis and his forces, in 1697, text and illustrations both by Howard Pyle. Edmund Gosse contributes a study of the epigrams of the early seventeenth century, necessarily barren, since an epigram to be successful must possess just what it cannot possibly receive from a period whose ear was "curiously little affected by neatness of finish and sharpness of sound." Professor Lounsbury pursues the question of authority in the use of English still further, considering in this number the linguistic authority of great writers. If people generally were in the habit of acquiring their morals from their magazine fiction, one might object strongly to Mary R. S. Andrews's story of "The Diamond Brooches," the natural effect of which is to make the reader feel like excusing such a little matter as the theft of five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, when the ultimate object is a trip to Florida in order to restore the health of a sick mother. Ex-President Cleveland writes on the integrity of the American character, rebuking the lapses now most in evidence with his usual force, but maintaining that the wounds which they have inflicted on our social and political life are not at all beyond hope of cure.

—Aside from its fiction, the Christmas *Scribner's* is marked chiefly by studies of Holbein and Bouguereau, contributed by Kenyon Cox and Frank Fowler, respectively. Of Holbein's portraits of the English period, Mr. Cox says: "The ablest painter out of Italy has deliberately set back the clock, and has reduced the art of painting, which he has been at so much pains to master, almost to the condition of mediæval illumination." The explanation, we are told, is to be found in the demands of his royal patron, Henry VIII. The taste of the court had been formed by certain Flemish miniaturists, and this unfortunate condition Holbein was powerless to alter. But, "even with his hands tied, he could still paint better than any one else." The art that conceals art, the skill that hides itself in its result, the mysterious perfection of surface, the inevitableness of the Greek gem seen in each composition—these are among the qualities that make him "one of the greatest—in some ways *the* greatest—of portrait painters." With Bouguereau, Mr. Fowler's aim is to show just why a seat among the greatest cannot be assigned to one who in evenness of performance, in entire mastery of himself and his technique throughout his career, has not his equal in the whole range of painting. Mr. Fowler is inclined to accept the theory often maintained in the field of literature, that too facile a mode of expression tends to beget paucity of thought. The artist's "fixed and stereotyped suavity of touch for all subjects and all textures" leads one to feel that "nowhere has this painter been stirred by one subject more than by another"; but truly great art comes only with deep feeling.

—Anybody interested in the theatre will find two articles of value in the *Atlantic*—an appreciation of Sir Henry Irving, by Talcott Williams, and a discussion of the question whether the theatre is worth while, by James S. Metcalfe. The answer to this question is, that the theatre might be made distinctly better worth the while if people were not so ready to patronize it entirely regardless of its desert. Bad entertainments are supported about as well as the good, and it requires much less brains and effort to provide them. "A judicious denial to it of the favors which have pampered it into an exaggerated idea of its importance in our lives, would be the best thing that could happen to the theatre to-day." Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Williams tells us, started with audiences educated in the conception of an actor as a man of physical presence and comeliness, given to the sonorous recitation of effective speeches, and by long effort taught them that the highest work of an actor is intellectual interpretation, not elocution and gesture. Through his work the time when people thought of a play as "a series of dramatic situations in which some one gifted actor, or at most an actor and an actress joined to him, presented characters conceived, acted, and admired, apart from their setting," is gone never to return. Prof. Kuno Francke writes of "German Ideals of To-day." The "Brotherhood of Nations" no longer appeals to the German, we are told, since he has had too many reasons to doubt the sincerity of those who talk most about humanity and the peace of the world. The word "Enlightenment," too, has no charm. Priceless as it is to the elect, it easily leads the masses to materialism and moral indifference. Freedom is good in its place, but the German Constitution already allows more of it, he thinks, than the great majority of individuals are capable of carrying. Nor will industrial progress and supremacy do, often "a fetish to which thousands of living beings are sacrificed, a cancerous growth preying upon the nation's health." Instead of any or all of these, he puts "social justice" forward as the political ideal of contemporary Germany, with social efficiency as the fundamental demand of the new education.

—Literature has certainly gained in bulk, if in nothing else, by the modern discovery that a great man's biography has never been really written, so long as there remains even one plausible point of view from which the subject has not been treated. Easy of abuse as this tendency is,

however, we must not conclude too hastily that the *Century* has not something of genuine value in its study of "Lincoln the Lawyer," begun by Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill in the December issue. Mr. Hill's aim is to show the bearing of Lincoln's legal training and practice on his later career as a statesman. He admits that his legal career is without any antecedent explanation, since the only legal talent in the Lincoln family for generations back belonged wholly to a collateral branch. It may be the final conclusion that Lincoln's achievements are to be explained fully as much from the negative as from the positive elements involved. Positive advantages are good in their way, but, granting the right type of character to start with, there is no better sharpener of human wit than the necessity of securing ends without special advantages. Mr. Hill contemptuously discards that traditional copy of "the Revised Statutes of Indiana" as the immediate source of young Lincoln's legal aspirations, putting in its place the Boonville court, a fine example of our early Western judiciary in its fascinating excitement, its easy unconventionality, and its earnest and effective, if unpolished, oratory. Florence Brooks contributes a very interesting account of Paul Orleneff and his company of Russian players, who came to New York for the spring season, and have been so far successful as to warrant a more systematic campaign for the present season. Half-tones of Orleneff and Madame Nasimoff accompany the paper. Those who read Frank M. Chapman's account of "A Flamingo City," a year ago, will be pleased to find an equally intimate study of the Pelican in this issue, from material gathered at the noted pelican breeding place on Indian River, Florida. The brown pelican is, of course, referred to, since not even Mr. Chapman has as yet succeeded in breaking through the seclusiveness of the white variety.

—In the December *Popular Science Monthly*, Prof. John J. Stevenson again takes up the question of the status of American college professors, maintaining that the present tendency to subordinate them to the trustees and to the president is contrary to the real interests of educational progress. The trustees are successful men of business or professional life for the most part, with neither the time nor the expert knowledge necessary to administer wisely the internal affairs of an institution of learning. The president, once a good professor as well, must now be a successful business manager and money-getter, teaching little if at all, and, like the trustees, possessing neither the time nor the knowledge requisite to the sagacious exercise of the powers which are generally either sought by him or thrust into his hands under existing conditions. The trustees, then, should confine themselves strictly to the management of the property and the task of securing funds for the carrying out of such educational policies as the teaching force may advise. Even in filling vacancies in their own number, their action, he is inclined to think, should be subject to veto by two-thirds of the full professors. Vacancies in the faculty should be filled by the faculty itself, subject to confirmation of the trustees merely *pro forma*, or to rejection in case there are not funds available for the required salary. The presidency should be abolished altogether, each faculty selecting its own executive head, who should be simply *primus inter pares*, and the mouthpiece of the faculty in its relations with the trustees. It is noticeable that the editor of the *Monthly*, in a paragraph relating to the recent conference of college and university trustees held at the installation of the president of the University of Illinois, questions the theory that the recent rapid growth in the material endowment of colleges is the work of the presidency, and also suggests that, even if were, institutions are not always such centres of education, scholarship and research as their liberal endowments would lead one to suppose. It is only the great teacher and investigator, after all, who can impart anything but mere material greatness to an institution of learning.

—"Bibliography in Canada" is the title of a short paper contributed to the October number of *the Library*, by Mr. Laurence J. Burpee of Ottawa, in which he gives a varied survey of the bibliographical records of Canadian literature. The most important of these are M. Philéas Gagnon's 'Essai de Bibliographie Canadienne,' a catalogue of the compiler's own library; Dr. Henry J. Morgan's 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' of which a new edition is in preparation, and Mr. W. R. Haight's 'Catalogue of Books, 1791-1895,' with its annual supplements, of which, however, only two have been published, the one for 1897 not until this year! As a specimen of what an annual Canadian book catalogue should be, Mr. Burpee himself prepared one for 1901 for the Royal Society of Canada. The Transactions of that society contain not a little bibliographical material of value, such as the several lists of the yearly output in the subjects covered by its various sections, and an exhaustive bibliography of the publications of its members, in 1894, prepared by the late Sir J. Bourinot.

—The same number contains a short account of the meeting of the Library Association in Cambridge, by Mr. John Ballinger. Twenty-three years have lapsed since the previous meeeting there under the presidency of the late Henry Bradshaw. His successor as university librarian, Dr. Jenkinson, presided over this year's meeting, which had especial local significance, owing to the double half-century jubilee of the Cambridge Public Library and its librarian, Mr. John Pink. The most important matter before the Association was the report which was presented by Mr. Tedder, on behalf of the Committee on Public Education and Public Libraries. The report took the form of a series of resolutions which were adopted by the Association, with the addition of two paragraphs, proposed by Dr. Hill, the Master of Downing and President of the Home Reading Union. The resolutions as adopted contained such recommendations as, "that the public librarian should keep in touch with the chief educational work in his area; that conferences between teachers and librarians should be held from time to time; that there should be some interchange of representation between the Library and Education Committees."

—As an authority on Charles Lamb, M. Jules Derocquigny of the University of Lille caught our attention some time ago by his able though brief contributions to the new *Revue Germanique*. We now observe that he is responsible for an original study of real magnitude (pp. 415), entitled 'Charles Lamb, sa Vie et ses Œuvres' (in the new series of "Travaux et Mémoires de l'Université de Lille," 1904), which has gained him from the French Academy a share of the Prix Marcelin Guérin, and which must be adjudged a commanding position henceforth among critical interpretations of "Elia" and his period. It belongs, in fact, in the same high class as a number of other monographs on English men of letters produced within recent years in the universities of France, and testifying to the abundant success of scientific methods as there applied to problems of modern literature. In solidity, vigor, interest, and grace, and for the most part in sureness of touch, it is hardly surpassed even by a masterpiece like M. Legouis's 'La Jeunesse de William Wordsworth,' which it resembles in being a thorough and scholarly research moulded into the form of a popular introduction, and in having for its subject a foreign author presumably little known to the French laity. In France, we remark, the learned seem to regard popularization of scholarship as a function that concerns the social welfare; at all events, they do not relinquish it entirely to their second-hand dealers and dilettanteish literary jobbers, nor is their sense of responsibility satisfied by the preparation of annotated editions of an author's works. Accordingly, M. Derocquigny's book is in its way a nobler effort than either of the fine editions of Lamb, by Mr. Lucas and Mr. Macdonald, which are still agitating the reviewers here and abroad; and it represents perhaps an amount of labor equivalent to that of any commentator.

—Apparently M. Derocquigny has read everything available on Lamb, and he knows his Coleridge and his Wordsworth well. If he is a little less accurate in detail, and decidedly less careful about giving his references, than M. Legouis in the work mentioned above, that is rather to the credit of M. Legouis. M. Derocquigny's slips after all weigh light in the balance. On page 31 and elsewhere he adopts Lamb's spelling "Bowyer,' instead of the preferable *Boyer*. An English proofreader might have saved the book a good many petty disfigurements, such as "Soulb Sea" on page 40. The absence of an index, a similar indication of French origin, is a much more serious drawback to the use of the book. An occasional gratuitous inference, wholly unsupported by external authority, is likewise not uncharacteristic. Thus, on page 77, we learn that on Lamb's visit at Stowey in the summer of 1797, "Coleridge n'avait sans doute d'oreilles que pour Wordsworth, ne parlait que pour lui," and that "Wordsworth, dans son orgueil naïf, prenait son rôle de grand homme très au sérieux." Without some objective proof of this we remain *not* "sans doute" before so unsympathetic a picture. The positive merits of an important work like this would require an extended rehearsal. In every sentence M. Derocquigny has something to say. His estimate of Lamb ought to attract the most languid reader. Let us hope that his book will be translated into English as happily as M. Legouis's has been, with the illustra-

tive passages from Lamb, Coleridge, Bowles, and the rest restored to their original form—in spite of all, they look a trifle odd in French—and with an adequate index.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW OF ENGLAND.

The Constitutional Law of England., By Edward W. Ridges. London: Stevens & Sons; Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1905. Pp. xxxii., 459.

This book, if it had appeared some twenty-five years ago, before Anson and other writers had emphasized the vital difference between the law and the conventions of the British Constitution, would have been a noteworthy production. But in the year 1905 Mr. Ridges cannot claim to be more than at best an intelligent follower of authors of wider knowledge and considerably more speculative ability than he possesses. His book, we believe, may have a large sale; it may occasionally be useful to examiners, and will delight those examiners whose laudable ambition it is to have a little to say about every topic connected with the British Constitution. Whether to this estimable, though not very intelligent, class of persons the book will in truth be beneficial, is a question on which teachers who have seen much of examinations and of the victims thereof may entertain different opinions. A manual, however, which touches upon a large number of points belonging to, or at any rate connected with, the Constitutional law of England, suggests a few reflections which, if not novel, may still be worth making on a wellworn but inexhaustible topic.

First. No one who has not been a Cabinet Minister can conjecture what may be the actual authority of the Crown; and even a Prime Minister can form but a very doubtful guess as to what are the potential powers of an English King. That no outside observer knows how small or how great may be the real influence of an English monarch, is a doctrine insisted upon some forty years ago by Bagehot with such force that what seemed then a paradox has now become an accepted and important truism. Every year has illustrated the soundness of Bagehot's doctrine. The passing of the Crown from a Queen to a King has made a marked difference, though it is a change excessively hard to define, in the tone of public life. Whether Edward VII. exerts greater or less authority than his mother, is what no man who is not most intimately acquainted with the working of English politics can tell. The one thing which is clear is, that a habit is growing up of ascribing to the King political activity and diplomatic triumphs which no one ever dreamed of attributing to Victoria. Note, too, that this habit is fostered by the cheap press, which is supposed most accurately to represent popular sentiment. All the statements made about the King and his activity in the field of politics may be untrue, but it is the existence of this tendency to glorify the crowned head of the nation which is the phenomenon that merits notice. We see in the state of public opinion an intimation that, under conceivable circumstances, the potential authority of the Crown might unexpectedly be turned into a genuine power such as assuredly has not been exercised in England by any sovereign since the time of George III. Many of the resources at the disposal of George III. have ceased to exist, and can never be recovered by any of his descendants; but there are signs not of the probability, but of the bare possibility, that within the next fifty years the course of events may, instead of lessening, increase the strength of an English King.

Parliaments and Cabinets can never in the long run excite personal enthusiasm; allegiance must be given to a man, not to an assembly. It is the great Minister, the Pitt, the Palmerston, or the Gladstone of his day, who can, for a time at least, kindle more fervent admiration than any ordinary King. But then the King, just because his power depends upon his office, is always with us; the great Minister passes away and is forgotten. The Premier must, under the English party system, be the leader of a party; he cannot be the leader of the nation. A King may be and indeed must appear to be the head of the nation, even though he in reality be devoted to a party. Nor is there any reason why a King of sagacity should connect himself very closely with a particular body of statesmen. Add to all this, that it is the crown and not the Parliament of the United Kingdom which appears, at least, to be the representative of the Empire. In politics appearances are themselves important facts.

Secondly, The growth of Imperialism, then, whatever its other effects, adds new prestige and power to Royalty. This was an idea seized by Disraeli. His love of show and pageantry, no less than his keen insight into the weaknesses of human nature, made it far easier for him than for premiers such as Lord John Russell or Sir Robert Peel to perceive how easily the occupant of the throne might obtain the admiration and, in the long run it may be, the support of the various peoples and races who, outside England, add to the prestige, if not always to the strength, of the British Empire. The visits made by the King and his son before ascending the throne to distant parts of the royal dominions show that the Royal Family at least has learned how much loyalty may be excited by the presence of a man destined to be King. In this matter Parliament or great Parliamentarians cannot compete with the Crown. The House of Commons cannot appear as a House in India, in Canada or in Australia; and if by some strange arrangement the House of Commons were to travel bodily, say to Canada or to the Cape, it would, we all feel, excite no favor or veneration in these colonies; it would be a far less attractive and a far less impressive body than the British Association. And who can doubt that if the Prince of Wales had landed in South Africa while the most conspicuous British men of science were there assembled, the inhabitants of the country, to whatever race they belonged, would have deserted the British Association in order to catch a glimpse of the Prince?

The realization, further, of Imperialist ideas will give to an English King opportunities, of which he may likely enough avail himself, to pose as arbiter between different parts of the Empire. Nor is it at all inconceivable that a time may come when a wealthy colony, by making a grant to the Crown which was in truth and not in form only a gift to the King, might change the whole position of the Crown in relation to the Parliament of the United Kingdom. This thought, it will be said, is a wild one. So be it. It is an idea which has no reference to the practical politics of to-day. It is thrown out simply as a mode of bringing home to the minds of our readers the possibility that the so-called expansion of England, which is nothing else than the transformation of the United Kingdom into the British Empire, might produce quite incalculable changes in the position of an English King.

Thirdly. Writers who have analyzed the nature and the working of the English Constitution have paid too little attention to the special characteristics of the English civil service. The very defects of the party system bring into view all that is changeable, all that is unscientific, all which is noisy—if the expression may be allowed—in the administration of English public affairs. A premier depends for his official existence on the will of the House of Commons. Members of Parliament owe their seats to the goodwill of the electors. The parliamentary constituencies, composed for the most part of men ignorant of history, of economics, or of law, may be the victims of passion or prejudice; they may find their guides in those modern sophists, the anonymous writers in the daily press. The English scheme of government looks, in short, as if it rested upon sand. This view is far from entirely true, but it is constantly forced upon public observation. English constitutionalism, in appearance at least, ignores all claims of special capacity or of scientific knowledge. In England every man, to quote words sometimes attributed to George III., "is fit to fill any post to which he can get himself appointed." And this notion is expressed with more dignity in a well-known passage in the works of Macaulay.

"When," he writes, "parliamentary government is established, a Charles Townshend or a Windham will almost always exercise much greater influence than such men as the great Protector of England or as the founder of the Batavian commonwealth. In such a government, parliamentary talent, though quite distinct from the talents of a good executive or judicial officer, will be a chief qualification for executive and judicial office. From the Book of Dignities a curious list might be made out of Chancellors ignorant of the principles of equity, and First Lords of the Admiralty ignorant of the principles of navigation, of Colonial Ministers who could not repeat the names of the colonies, of Lords of the Treasury who did not know the difference between funded and unfunded debt, and of Secretaries of the India Board who did not know whether the Mahrattas were Mahometans or Hindoos."

This passage, too, expresses, and in a very exaggerated form, the belief that oratorical skill is the art which in England leads to parliamentary success. Nor can one forget that the oratory of the days of Macaulay and of the hundred years that preceded him was rhetoric addressed to a select body of educated English gentlemen. The orations which now bring a statesman into office, or keep him there, are addressed to the crowd. There is not a minister or any would-be minister who, in 1905, is ashamed of—to use an expression of Palmerston's—"starring it in the provinces." Sydney Smith may possibly have been mistaken in the opinion that there is no more connection between mod-

esty and merit than the fact that they each begin with the same letter. But it is assuredly true that modest merit is not the virtue which brings a man to the front and gives him authority under a system of popular government. Now the point which has not often been noticed is, that the English civil service in modern days has, with many defects, exactly the merits which do not in general distinguish parliamentary statesmen. English civil servants enjoy a secure tenure of office. They are all, or nearly all, appointed for their real or supposed merit. The best of them have from long experience and practice gained skill in the management of their special business. They are many of them men of the highest character, and in some instances of marked genius. Tradition and etiquette forbid every attempt to court popular notice. Silence, as far as the public are concerned, is in the civil service a recognized duty, and this duty is fulfilled by men several of whom are, as every one knows, most admirable speakers. Two facts are worth the most careful attention. It is under almost all circumstances deemed an act deserving of censure to attack the permanent official, who often, in reality, guides the parliamentary official who is his superior. In a book which is now attracting well-deserved notice, a son goes near to apologizing for publishing a life of his distinguished father because his father gained his distinction among the silent ranks of the civil service.

The Circumlocution Office has its defects. Red tape, though a useful article, may be used far too freely in the Government offices. But, for all this, it is the civil service of England which supplies the permanence of tenure, the consistency of action, the scientific knowledge, the devotion to work unrecognized by the public —all those virtues, in short, which would otherwise not be fostered under a parliamentary and democratic constitution.

FRESH MUSIC BOOKS.

Mr. Ffrangcon Davies's 'Singing of the Future' (John Lane) is a vigorous protest against the notion that the *bel canto*, or the true art of song, is practically a lost art. He combats the idea that *bel canto* means merely an agile, pretty voice, insisting that it really implies a complete mastery of all the vocal resources, and that Wagner, instead of being a voice-destroyer, is, properly understood, the final restorer of *bel canto* aims. His ideals and methods will be the ideals and methods of all singing of the future, not only in operas, but in song and in oratorio. When the author went to the greatest of oratorio singers, Sims Reeves, some years ago, to seek his aid in regard to the singing of "Elijah," there was "no word of thoracic, crico-thyroideal or epiglottic matters"; the first question asked was, "What do you think about the prophet—what sort of man was he?" "It was his *mind* that made him," says Mr. Davies of Sims Reeves, and the object of his book is to emphasize the rôle of the mind in singing. "The great tenor realized, *e. g.*, Samson's (a strong man's) blindness, so that when he reached his climax in the words 'Sun, moon, and stars, all dark to me,' there was a horror of darkness about his pronunciation which lives yet, somewhere, in this most laryngeal world of ours."

Mr. Davies gives many striking illustrations of how Emma Calvé, Jean de Reszke, and other great artists of our time, have anticipated the singing of the future by using their brains as well as their vocal cords. He discusses the means whereby the singer may not only reach the actor's level in distinct enunciation, but even improve upon it. He gives hints on tone production and breathing, of great value not only to singers and teachers, but to clergymen and other speakers; he shows how nervousness may be overcome, and gives useful advice in a discursive manner on nearly every phase of the art. Some of the aphorisms may be cited: "Genius will always discover its own technique." "There may be more geniuses among us than we imagine." "The texture of the voice must be slowly woven in the loom of time." "A great violinist is a great singer." "Cultivate brain, and voice will improve." "A student's aim should be to sing a word, rather than to make a tone." In this last sentence alone there is wisdom enough to atone for the author's ludicrously British ideas regarding the ultimate absorption of opera in oratorio.

"The singer who has mastered English may well laugh at him who can sing only in a simpler language like Italian." So says Mr. L. A. Russell, in his 'English Diction' (Oliver Ditson Co.); and he is quite right. His excellent little book also may be considered a contribution to the question of the singing of the future. Distinct enunciation is more and more coming to be regarded as of even greater importance than tonal beauty, and Mr. Russell shows how to acquire it in the English language. He holds that the singer's study of language should be even more thorough than the orator's; and he endorses Dr. Funk's opinion that "Pronunciation is really a work of art, one of the Fine Arts."

Mr. Gustav Kobbé contributes two tempting volumes of the lighter kind to the Christmas market. 'The Loves of the Great Composers' (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.) includes seven chapters entitled "Mozart and his Constance," "Beethoven and his 'Immortal Beloved,'" "Mendelssohn and his Cécile," "Chopin and the Countess Potocka," "The Schumanns: Robert and Clara," "Franz Liszt and his Carolyne," "Wagner and Cosima." In collecting the material for these biographic love-stories, Mr. Kobbé has evidently been at pains to discard traditional legends and to embody the results of the latest German researches. The chapters on Liszt, Schumann, and Wagner, in particular, contain much that has not heretofore been accessible to readers of English only. In the case of his other volume, 'Wagner and his Isolde' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mr. Kobbé's version was made in advance of, and without any knowledge of, Mr. Ellis's translation of the letters to Frau Wesendonck. Those who wish a complete translation of the letters will get, of course, Ellis's version, while those who have time or inclination for merely the most entertaining parts, connected with explanatory remarks by the translator, will find in Mr. Kobbé's volume just what they want.

A book on the harp is quite a new thing in literature. There is one by Bruce Armstrong; but, apart from that, the only historic sketches of this venerable instrument preceding Mr. Flood's 'The Story of the Harp' (Scribners) appear to be those in the 'Britannica' and 'Grove.' The harp had its vogue before the days of much making of music-books. Its history dates back three thousand years, and there was a time in England when, apparently, every man at a banquet was expected to accompany his song on a simple harp. In our day the household harp has nearly disappeared, but at the same time it has become more and more at home in the orchestra. Mr. Flood devotes what may seem a disproportionate amount of space to the harp and harpists in Ireland; but that is pardonable, perhaps, as he is the author of a 'History of Irish Music.' There are sections on the leading harpists, ending with John Cheshire of Brooklyn. The chapter on the harp in the orchestra gives a good summary of the increasing use of this instrument in the scores of Spohr, Meyerbeer, Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner, culminating in the six-harp rainbow music of "Rheingold." There are appendices on "The Æolian Harp," "Epochs in the History of Harp-Making," and bibliographic sources.

It was to be expected that, after the deservedly favorable reception of his 'Tonal Counterpoint,' Professor Spalding of Harvard would also issue a text-book on 'Modern Harmony' (Arthur P. Schmidt). In this case he has associated with himself the well-known American composer, Mr. Arthur Foote. Their joint product is a model of clearness and utility. The keynote to the work may be found in this assertion: "When we find a rule constantly broken by one great composer after another, it is probable that the rule ought to be modified or given up, and not that the composers are wrong." The book is in every way remarkably up to date. In these days of harmonic daring and searching for new paths, the chapters on the chords of the ninth, eleventh, and thirteenth, and on the old ecclesiastic modes, are of special interest. The examples chosen are on the whole more modern than those in German textbooks. Grieg, Dvorák, Tchaikovsky, Franck, Debussy, Elgar, are cited; nay, even the American composer is not ignored, illustrations being taken from works by Paine, Chadwick, even Mrs. Beach; but why was the richest and most original of all the American sources of harmony—that to be found in Edward MacDowell's works—entirely ignored? It is passing strange. Mr. Foote, however, has kept himself modestly in the background; unlike Richard Strauss, who, in bringing Berlioz's work on Orchestration up to date, has taken most of the examples from his own works.

The Oliver Ditson Company could not have chosen a better editor for their collection of Schumann's pianoforte compositions than Xaver Scharwenka. While every amateur may miss this or that pet piece, the editor has succeeded remarkably in his choice of the half-hundred most precious nuggets. Here are 188 pages of music never excelled for inspiration, except in the same number of pages by Chopin. Mr. Scharwenka's introductory essay is printed in German as well as in English, and contains much in a short space. As regards Helen Hopekirk's 'Seventy Scotch Songs,' in the

same series, opinions may be divided. Those who care only for popular tunes with any serviceable accompaniment will find this collection acceptable; whereas the epicure who likes his folk-music pure and unadulterated will be likely to object to many passages in which the arranger has exercised her faculty of harmonizing with too little regard for the racial essence of the tunes. The preface dwells largely on the Celtic music of Scotland; and attention is called to the fact that "numbers of the more modern melodies owe their birth to the bagpipe, which superseded the harp within three hundred years."

Old Provence. By Theodore Andrea Cook, M.A., F.S.A., Sometime Scholar of Wadham College, Oxford, Author of 'Old Touraine: The Life and History of the Châteaux of the Loire.' In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Whoever else is pleased with this book, which has a comely appearance and excellent illustrations, mainly architectural, the womankind of Arles and thereabout is certain to be. The author finds that the women of Arles have continued the purest types of classic Greek beauty. He lays this to the fact that Arles was an early Greek (Phocæan) colony. In volume ii. he even claims them, associating with them this time those of San Rémy, as a sufficient consolation for all the wreck and havoc his old Provence has been subjected to in the course of the numerous historic strata deposited therein by the ages. This circumstance is certainly important if true. It is not held that it extends to the other Greek colonies or is found in Greece itself, or that it extends to the men; and it may be added that it is not within the observation of at least all previous travellers, and, furthermore, that Arles, in the delta of the Rhone, is not very far from the great district of marshes below, so afflicted with mosquitoes and malarial fevers, which would not seem at all a favorable environment for the production and persistence of an exceptional form of beauty. If this book should be widely read, and if many of his fellow-Englishmen should be drawn to Provence, as the author hopes, because it used to be a fief of Richard Cœur de Lion, may it not be that a too earnest curiosity or zeal of verification on this subject may cause the fair objects of the panegyric some embarrassment?

Mr. Cook's Provence extends from Carcassonne, in Dauphiny, to Fréjus in the French Riviera. But he does not propose to cover all this ground; he indicates with a diagram—which would have been clearer with more names attached—that his subject is chiefly the lower course and delta of the Rhone, the limits being at Montpellier on the one side and Marseilles on the other. Even within this district he does not try to tell all; having "determined to write a book and not a library," as he states, he has very properly adopted restrictions which might have resulted, but unfortunately did not, in a desirable thoroughness. Sentimentally it is the usual Provence of good King René and adventurous Queen Jeanne, and the book is a special tribute of enthusiasm to the strong influence of the new school of literary men, the Félibres. The pages are liberally sprinkled with ample quotations, carefully translated in foot-notes, from Mistral's 'Mirèio,' 'Calendal' and those other pastoral epics in which he celebrates the genial home feeling, and seedtime and harvest, and the traditions of the past told round the winter fire; and the graceful story of 'Clémence' is given in full, as is that of 'Aucassin and Nicolette' elsewhere. It is true that complete versions of all these in French, where not in English, can now be found. On the other hand, the story of Petrarch and Laura would have been better more consecutively told, instead of being treated controversially, and a sense of humor would have saved it, as here presented, from considerable risk of affording amusement for the scoffer.

The tone of the book is very serious, the style strenuous, as, for example, in the account of the plague of 1640, "in the seething caldron of close-packed and poverty-stricken humanity which the amphitheatre [at Arles] had become." "They caught a glimpse of the hell-mouth beneath them. From its pestiferous recesses rose the noisome exhalations of a crowded, airless pit. The smoke of fires swirled fitfully from every corner [in spite of the lack of air as noted], and cooking-pots hung heavily above them. . . . Men moved to and fro about their hideous business. A stir of indescribable ferocity, of smothered vice, echoed from the cavernous vault," etc. Metaphors often come very close to being mixed, as where, again, Old Provence, like the great Rhone dissipating itself among the marshes, never reached the *zenith* of its prefigured destiny.

Mr. Cook, F.S.A., is evidently an architect, and he informs us that he means to "say as little as possible of the history that cannot in some degree be traced in stone"; an excellent programme this, which, if adhered to, would, despite the many books, give him a place of his own. The architectural point of view is always a capital one, and, indeed, what with the rapid unification of all manners and customs, dress, and products of industry, will soon be the only one for the seeker for picturesque interest; but the writer of this book feels himself much more called towards deliverances on history than on his fine old architecture. He leads us to Carcassonne, and, giving but a casual touch or two to the great fortress—restored by Viollet-le-Duc to be a thorough example of the stronghold of the Middle Ages—leaves us sitting down before it, as it were, while he goes off for a twenty-seven-page excursion on the Albigensian heresy. At Avignon, besides eliminating the quite fascinating old Villeneuve, across the river (for want of space, he frankly confesses), he hastens very summarily through that capital itself, to devote some sixty pages to the history of the popes that once ruled it. At the Abbey of Montmajour he has "deliberately said nothing of the inextricable mixture of eighteenth-century work on the hill," in order to discuss the relations of Church and State and the division of Charlemagne's empire; and at Aigues-Mortes we hear about the Sicilian Vespers because Charles of Anjou, to whom it happened, was a brother of Saint Louis, who sailed from there with two thousand vessels for the Crusade. It is an interesting touch, by the way, a striking reminder of the absolute distinctness of Provence and France, which have for so many centuries been one, that Saint Louis had to buy this harbor, Narbonne being silted up even then, and France having no southern port whatever. Aigues-Mortes has followed the fate of Narbonne in its turn, and so have Arles and Fréjus. Once most important maritime places, they are now miles away from the sea. Swamps, dykes, lagoons, quicksands, and changing shoals and bars are the characteristic of the region, due to the alluvial deposit by the rivers; not less than four distinct coast lines can be traced at Aigues-Mortes, and the Mediterranean retreats farther every year.

It is not claimed that this history is from any new sources; it is collected, and, naturally, it cannot be very complete; indeed, our knowledge of all sorts of historical matters, some of them pretty abstruse, is continually taken for granted. Hence the book cannot serve as a monograph even in that way; if we were going in for history, we should have to read a good deal more. The topographical situation and influence of the powerful Rhone are well presented, and there are good pages and paragraphs: the way the early mariners traded along the Mediterranean, hauling up their boats at night, and fast wearing them out in the process, may be mentioned, and the tribute to Aix, "a pleasant town of fountains and front doors and shady boulevards . . . and an excellent library," and the approach, up its fine flight of steps to the lovely portal of the Church of St. Trophimé at Arles, and that to the village of St. Gilles, where there is another portal, in the same captivating style, yet more splendid, though less elaborate. There is room for many books about a region so replete with interest, and it can do nobody any harm to read this one; but, while it will not spare the traveller abroad the need of his guide-books, it has not the light and graceful touch and the gift of vivid presentation that will satisfy the reader who stays at home—the ultimate test. It is a baffling book, and not very clear.

The author advises going to Provence in spring or autumn. The memory of the deadly chill of a night at the inn at Orange when stopping there to see the amphitheatre, in winter, prompts the present writer to endorse this advice; and, recollecting the dire experiences, what with snow, rain, flood, and winds, of some friends who were aiming to visit it all in automobile, after mid-April, one year, he would suggest that, if it be spring, it be as well on into the spring as possible.

The Art of the National Gallery. By Julia de Wolf Addison. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1905.

This illustrated guide-book to the London National Gallery belongs to a series on the art galleries of Europe written, we note, entirely by women. The present authoress writes in a popular vein, giving a short critical survey of the different schools of painting, with biographical details of the artists and all current information as to the provenance of the pictures. The book, in its portable form with plentiful photographic illustrations, is obviously intended rather for the traveller who desires to be told in brief all that is salient and amusing

about the pictures than for the serious art student with aspirations towards what is termed "the higher criticism." No suggestions or opinions are offered as to attributions; our authoress keeps very much to the official catalogue on such points. She quotes from Cennino Cennini as to ancient methods, and naturally goes to Vasari for her stories about old Italian masters and the evolution of Italian art. She is often not up to date—for instance, in saying that the authenticity of the "Assumption of the Virgin," at one time attributed to Botticelli, is questioned; it has long been decided on all sides that he had nothing to do with that picture. The story told by Sir William Fraser as to the purchase *by Disraeli's orders* of the "Nativity" of Piero della Francesca at the Barker sale to a "Mr. C." is merely idle gossip. Sir Frederick Barton was known to be bidding for the nation at that memorable sale, and was determined to secure certain pictures at any price; the question came up later on account of this as to whether it was expedient on economical principles for the Director of the National Gallery to bid himself on such occasions, as it caused prices to run up so high.

Early Italian pictures are described with sympathy and understanding of their sincerity and naïveté of feeling, but it is in the chapters on the British school that the book is most readable as embodying so many characteristic anecdotes of the painters nearer to us; their lives and their times being better known. The beginnings of the Royal Academy are especially good reading, with the record of the tiffs of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough and the numerous jealousies and rivalries that, from the earliest days, disturbed the harmonious action of that body of artists. One characteristic story about Turner we must quote:

"When he sent a picture to the Academy, it was frequently unfinished; he waited until varnishing day to put in the last touches, sometimes planning these according to the requirements of the hanging and its proximity to other paintings. On one occasion Jones had a very vividly colored picture which was hung close to Turner's. Turner mounted on his flight of steps, palette in hand, murmuring with a chuckle, 'I'll out-blue you, Joney!' and painted in a brilliant sky. Jones, to baffle him, then changed his own picture to a low tone, which made Turner's look absurd. When the little artist arrived the next day, he quite appreciated the joke, and admitted that Jones had got the better of him this time."

In the index we find this anecdote under the name "Sir Henry Burne-Jones," a most extraordinary blunder, while both index and authoress mention the present Director of the Gallery as Sir William Poynter on one occasion, although the latter gives him his own name the first time he is mentioned (p. 60). These are slight errors in a useful work. Almost all artists in the collection are mentioned, and their works described—no light task.

Life of Walt Whitman. By Henry Bryan Binns. With thirty-three illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1905.

The first biographies of an eminent man are wont to be all praise; then follow the sharp censures, and then those books which are or claim to be impartial. Mr. Binns's thick octavo volume belongs, or seeks to belong, in the third class. Its author apparently never saw Whitman, and gives no sure indication of having visited America, but the book is dedicated to the author's mother "and her mother, the republic," apparently implying that she is an American; and the long list of books about Whitman has evidently been consulted with care and is copiously quoted, with accurate citations. Reference, too, is often made to the Cambridge (England) volume on 'The United States' in the "Modern History" series.

It can hardly be said that out of this ample material Mr. Binns has woven an absolutely new view of his subject; but he exhibits with a frankness almost amounting to naïveté some aspects of Whitman which his predecessors have exhibited less freely. Thus, he bluntly suggests the entire possibility of Whitman's illegitimate sons having served in the civil war, pronouncing it to be "just possible that some young son of his own, known or unknown to him, may have served among the boys in the opposite ranks before the war was over" (p. 186). To this he elsewhere adds, still more obscurely, "When we remember his separation from the woman and the children of his love, and all the experiences of the war" (p. 252); this woman being unknown to previous biographies. Passing to another unheroic aspect of his subject's career, he admits freely Whitman's tendency—first mentioned, we believe, by Donaldson out of all his biographers—to write enthusiastic puffs of himself. He says, "Whitman decided upon a somewhat questionable method of advertisement: he contributed unsigned notices of his book to the Brooklyn *Times*, with which he appears to have been connected, and to a phrenological sheet issued by Fowler & Wells, his agents on Broadway." Such documents, only too familiar to those who have met them in manuscript collections, seemed to Mr. Binns "not a little astonishing" (p. 109). Again, Mr. Binns fully endorses that side of Whitman which he describes as "his gospel of health, as the message most needed in the world today" (p. 339), without the slightest reference to the fact that this apparently superb type of physical manhood could not bear, when on mere hospital service in the civil war, the changes of climate and other exposures through which so many weaker men lived safely while serving in the ranks; nor does he notice the curious aspect of Whitman's early prostration in health when compared to the robust old age of Bryant at eighty-three, of Whittier at eighty-five, and of Dana at ninety.

He notes, on the other side, the personally lovable qualities of Whitman, his fondness for children and "girl friends" (p. 304), and even mentions his taste for holding the hands of his friends and otherwise personally petting them. He also recognizes that Whitman "took a certain wilful pleasure in denial, for the quality of 'cussedness' was strong in him" (p. 306), adding: "But in other moods he was all generosity, and you knew in him a man who had given himself, body, mind, and spirit, to Love, never contented to give less than all." Mr. Binns further admits that, so far as Whitman's personal traits and habits were concerned, "average American opinion was then undisguisedly hostile, as, of course, it still remains" (p. 214); a statement which we might have supposed to be quite exaggerated but for the curious fact that Whitman did not receive so much as a single vote from among the hundred judges of the "Hall of Fame." Mr. Binns, however, adds that "a number of enthusiastic fools" (p. 335) have appeared as Whitman's admirers. It may or may not be in connection with this general statement that he mentions a file of the *Conservator* as being now accessible in the British Museum Library (p. 300).

When he comes to the consideration of Whitman as a poet, our biographer has little to offer, but thinks his highest flights "naturally impossible to the pedestrian faculties of the mind" (p. 333). He gives us, on the other hand, by far the finest collection ever made of portraits of Whitman at eight different periods of life, and these lend a unique value to the book. He quotes, too, more than once, the poet's ever delightful "Song of the Open Road," but he has not yet discovered, what is coming rapidly to be recognized, that Whitman's poetry at its loftiest takes us into an atmosphere far above his general range, if not above that attained by any American poet, as in this cheering glimpse at human life's last moment:

"Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry).
Our life is closed, our life begins;
The long, long anchorage we leave.
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
She swiftly courses from the shore.
Joy, shipmate, joy!"

L'Œuvre de James Mac Neill Whistler, Mai-Juin, 1905. Paris: Librairie Centrale des Beaux-Arts. 1905.

After the Whistler Memorial Exhibition in London, as our readers know, an *édition de luxe* of the catalogue was published for the International Society by Mr. Heinemann. The Whistler Exhibition in Paris has now been followed not by a catalogue, but by a disorderly collection of reproductions of forty of Whistler's paintings, the greater number of which were exhibited on that occasion. It is issued in portfolio form, in two parts, the second opening with a short biographical introduction by M. Léonce Bénédite, curator of the Musée National du Luxembourg, who was the chief organizer of the Paris show. This show, as it was announced at the time, and as M. Bénédite is careful to recall in his introduction, was undertaken at the initiative of Whistler's official representative, according to a desire, it was said, expressed by Whistler himself; and of the results, as they were seen last summer in the Palais de l'École Nationale des Beaux-Arts, the publication is a "souvenir." It seemed extraordinary then that Whistler, who was so fastidious about his own work during his life, should have wanted to be represented after his death not only by his masterpieces, but by so many slight and unfinished canvases.

There are minor mistakes of spelling in M. Bénédite's introduction—"The Fur *Jackett*," and "*Lymeregis*" as one word, for instance. There are also misunderstandings on his part, not surprising, perhaps, in a Frenchman knowing, apparently, nothing of American affairs. Thus, it certainly would amaze Americans to hear that Whistler was employed in the "Bureau de la Marine" at Washington, whatever that may be, while it is not quite correct to speak of his early

plates as if their title were "Coast Survey." There are, again, some critical opinions with which we find it impossible to agree. We see nothing of Millais in "The Little White Girl," and we might question other statements and conclusions if the introduction were not intended to be the merest sketch of Whistler's life, though there is no valid reason why that should not be absolutely above suspicion. The most interesting material at his command M. Bénédite reserved for his recent series of four articles on Whistler in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*.

The reproductions, in some sort of photogravure, are neither very well selected nor very well executed. Some works that are included might better, for Whistler's reputation, have been left out; others were not in the Paris show—"The Yellow Buskin" and the "Carlyle," for example. Nor are the plates satisfactory as a rule. Harmonies, like the lovely "Valparaiso," virtually disappear, and the subtlety of tone vanishes from portraits like the "Mother" and the "Miss Alexander." A vile greenish black ink is at times employed.

Imperfect as it is, of course, the publication is of some slight use for reference, if supplemented by the catalogue of the Exhibition; but, as the catalogue numbers do not appear in the portfolio, it is very difficult, at times almost impossible, to identify the reproductions. The Paris catalogue was modelled on that of the London Memorial Exhibition organized by the International Society, who were the first to attempt a descriptive catalogue of Whistler's pictures and drawings. But the Paris portfolio, if a pleasant souvenir, can hardly be looked upon as a serious record of value to the student and the artist. To collectors, however, it will have value, as it has been issued in an edition limited to five hundred copies. Of these, twenty-five only are printed on special Japanese paper.

Der Holzschnitt. Von Dr. Max Osborn. (Liebhaber-Ausgaben.) Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1905.

This is an agreeably written history of wood-engraving, embracing even a glimpse of the art of the Far East, and shows familiarity with the literature. The necessities of "process" have caused it to be printed on glossy paper trying to the eyes in any light. It is copiously illustrated in an unhackneyed manner, both in the text and by full-page examples, and even by folded inserts of larger cuts, which fare rather badly in the creasing. We shall test the matter at three crucial points, not by way of impugning the general excellence of this treatise, but for the sake of some helpful comment.

Of the technique of wood-engraving in the primitive day of facsimile, line-for-line cutting, comparatively little is to be said. The design is nearly everything. It is so in the case of Hans Holbein, the discourse about whom here relates almost wholly to his pencilled imaginings. Much, inevitably, is said of his Dance of Death, but Dr. Osborn does not make it clear that the best opinion confines Holbein's part in the Trechsel Lyons edition of 1538 to the compositions; nor does he refer back to these from the blocks, as has recently been done, with the probable conclusion that Holbein did not even redraw his studies upon the wood. A further check upon generalization lies in the fact that the originals are not all from one hand. Finally, they were not all in pure line, ready to be transferred. Some were wholly or in part in wash. The significance of this is that Lützelburger, or whoever may be settled upon as the engraver and perhaps the final draughtsman, had to interpret the tone in line. Now in 1789 the Englishman, John Bewick, upon outline tracings rather carelessly applied, recut the Dance of Death, but, profiting by the invention of his elder and more famous brother Thomas, cut his ground, his skies, etc., in tint; so that his work, crude as it is, stands at the parting of the ways between old style and new in wood-engraving—between black line for its own sake and the white line, or stroke, by which both form and color were to be attained. This was Thomas Bewick's deliberate intention as expressed in his autobiography; and all the triumphs of wood-engraving in our time have been in this direction, with no breach in continuity from the elder Bewick down.

Bewick's technique is cumbersomely described for want of a just understanding of it. It would be impossible for the Tyneside craftsman, could he now survey the masterpieces on wood which have carried the development of that art beyond any other in black and white, to unite with Dr. Osborn in pronouncing that wood-engraving, in affecting *Tonmalerei*, has gone beyond its sphere or province. Bewick would recognize them with pride as his own offspring, far surpassing his wildest dreams of perfection. Only a single example of Bewick's craftsmanship is given, and that both small and not specially characteristic, from the 'British Birds.' Dr. Osborn, relying upon bookish authorities, credits him afresh with special contrivance of tools and with the first employment of box, cutting upon the ends of the grain. Bewick himself sets up neither claim; and the last is demonstrably untrue. Box was used for initial letters now owned by the Clarendon Press a century before Bewick appeared, and was cut across the grain.

The American school is fairly treated, but without emphasizing the part in the revolution of tone-engraving played by photographing upon the block. From that moment all flights were possible, and mere book illustration was transcended. The sheet engraving, employing a shallower cut and a correspondingly increased pressure in the printing on Japan proof paper, became an end in itself, a work of art fit to shine beside the etching or the steel or copperplate engraving. What we have seen thus achieved on this side the water, by native and by naturalized German skill and genius, is evidently unknown to Dr. Osborn, though it keeps on winning gold medals at World's Fairs. Unconsciously he affords a glimpse of the progress of one artist where he gives two book-illustrations from the graver of Gustav Kruell—a Gambetta of 1883 and a Tennyson of 1889. Now let Dr. Osborn get hold of his Webster, his Sherman, his Beethoven, and his Franklin, and study his Protean technique under the loupe. It will teach him more than all the books, and help rid him of his antiquated notion of the limitations of wood-engraving.

The Old Colonial System. By G. B. Hertz. Manchester (Eng.) University Press. 1905.

This is a study of English public opinion on Colonial questions during the period that covers the Seven Years' War and the War of American Independence. The author has accumulated a considerable number of extracts from contemporary writers and pamphleteers, many of them curious and interesting. But he is unfortunately apt to lose himself in detail, and to accept at equal value the most flimsy with the most weighty opinions. He is also too much inclined to justify his title, and would have us believe that such English enthusiasm as there was for the American war was based on a conscious effort to save what he describes as the Old Colonial System. In the same way he declares that "the popularity of the American cause in Europe" was due to the "universal detestation of the British Imperial theory"—which is purely imaginary. Lafayette, Pulaski, and Steuben never worried their heads about the Old Colonial System.

Occasionally Mr. Hertz is misleading in his statements, as when, approaching the reasons for England's employment of German mercenaries, he reviews the effective strength of the British army (chap. ix.). Taking various dates between 1748 and 1775, he gives no higher total than 50,000 men; yet Chatham in 1763 had over 300,000 men under arms. Some of the judgments passed appear somewhat immature; for instance, Burgoyne is disposed of as incompetent, prolix, and pompous. There are also a few slips, such as that which makes Hillsborough Secretary of State for India instead of for the Colonies. On the whole, the book contains some interesting extracts and many useful references to pamphlets, but is deficient in other respects.

Life of Omar Al-Khayyami. By J. K. M. Shirazi. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Pages x., 107. 1905.

In a small but well-written book a Persian gentleman has essayed an evaluation of Omar Khayyam. As the result of a personal acquaintance with the city in which the poet lived and of national sympathy with his writings, his work appeals with justice to those who have fallen under the spell of the bard of Naishapur. After an opening chapter, perhaps the best, devoted to a history and to a description of the city, Mr. Shirazi discusses the birth and parentage of the poet. Here he reaches the interesting conclusion that Omar's epithet of al-Khayyami does not imply that either he or his father was a tent-maker, for which there is, indeed, little evidence; but that he was of Arab descent, or possibly came from Khuzistan or Laristan in southwestern Persia, where the patronymic was, Mr. Shirazi says, not uncommon. The chapter on Omar's scientific labors, on the other hand, is comparatively barren. His services to algebra are utterly ignored, and the leading rôle which he played in the computation of the era of Jalali, by which Persian chronology was definitely reformed, receives too slight a notice to make the impression which it deserves. The vexed question of Omar's Sufiism is decided by the author, perhaps rightly, in the negative;

and he is certainly correct in emphasizing the fact that the Rubáiyát was produced at different times and in varying moods, so that no single system of interpretation is altogether adequate. Mr. Shirazi well says, however, that "Agnosticism, not faith, is the keynote of his works. But it is always Agnosticism modified by Mohammedanism and a very human liking for the joys of life. When the perpetual negation of Agnosticism becomes intolerable, he seeks to forget it in the delights of the senses."

The concluding portion of the final chapter is especially interesting as being written by a Persian. In it the author attempts to explain the fact that Omar is by no means a popular poet in his native land, and he finds the reason in three factors: his lack of religious orthodoxy, which alienated the Mohammedans; jealousy of his rise to the friendship of the Vizier Nizam al-Mulk; and suspicion of his early acquaintanceship with Hassan ibn Sabbah, the notorious founder of the sect of the Assassins.

The only real blemish on the book is the author's anti-religious bias, which he doubtless regards as "smart." His transliteration of Persian names and book-titles shows little consistency. On the other hand, he has evidently read deeply in Persian sources for the material of his biography, and claims to have had access to rare manuscripts in his native land. His copious citations from early Iranian history regarding the life of Omar Khayyám form by all odds the most valuable part of his work, although these very quotations have been more critically discussed and much amplified by E. Denison Ross, now principal of the Calcutta Madrasah, in his introduction to an edition of the Rubáiyát which was published in 1900.

Territories and Dependencies of the United States: Their Government and Administration. By William Franklin Willoughby. The Century Co. 1905.

The American Judiciary. By Simeon E. Baldwin. The Century Co. 1905.

These two additions to the American State Series are very fair specimens of a species of book which seems to be coming more and more into fashion. They may be classified as politico-descriptive, and appear to be designed rather for the general public than for either students or specialists. Mr. W. F. Willoughby is treasurer of Porto Rico, and has, from his connection with the insular Government, a special knowledge of his subject. His book covers a vast field—that of the whole expansion of the United States beyond their original limits. Nearly two-thirds of it are devoted to Porto Rico and the Philippines; but Hawaii, Alaska, Samoa, and Guam are not neglected in a survey which embraces the Northwest Territory, the Louisiana Purchase (developed into integral States of the original system), and the expressly created political organism carved out of the United States as a site for the national capital. Mr. Willoughby's volume will repay careful study, and will force upon the reader the conviction that the United States has now confronting it, for better or worse, "problems" arising out of its expansion which compare favorably in magnitude and intricacy with those of any empire or monarchy of the Old World.

Mr. Willoughby devotes a great deal of space to the treatment of local government and internal administration. He reminds his readers of the fact, generally overlooked, that while the usual practice is to consider dependencies as if the only question involved were the political machinery of their central government, and the determination of the relations between that and the Government of the mother country, in point of fact the deep and sometimes overwhelming difficulty lies in working out a proper system of local government and administration of law, police, sanitation, and education. It is at these points that the annexation enters into, alters, and affects beneficially or otherwise the daily life of the colonist. Another point brought out clearly is that colonial questions must be handed over to experts if they are to be solved intelligently; they do not, as a rule, even present themselves to the minds of legislators or public at home. The author's conclusion is that a Colonial Bureau at Washington is needed. We very much doubt, however, whether a general colonial bureau would not speedily become a refuge for broken-down politicians, who would make a mess of the whole business by attempting some uniform system productive of more confusion than even now exists. The present permanent bureau of the War Department which has charge of the Philippines has less "politics" in it than a new one is likely to cause. Samoa is governed by a naval officer, and the Samoan code and local administration are left, as we understand it, to the Samoans. This simple system works well, although the Samoans are lower in civilization than the Filipinos. In the long run we shall probably find, as other nations have found, that simplicity of management on the part of the home Government and *laissez-faire* within the colony, so far as possible, is the true rule. Imperialists, unless highly educated, like neither.

Judge Baldwin's book deals with an old subject. So far as description goes, it is here and there loosely written—*e. g.*, he says (p. 55) that a decision on a point of law by the highest court in a State "does not, however, bind its *lower courts* as absolutely as would a statute," and adds that an inferior court may *disregard it* if fully satisfied that "the action taken" was "ill-considered and erroneous." Of course Judge Baldwin knows perfectly well that courts of last resort settle the law for inferior courts—this is the chief object and function of appeals. In the same way he allows himself to say (p. 59) that the thing which is "probably the most powerful" to *establish* a precedent is "general recognition by approved writers." If the author, as associate justice of the Supreme Court of Errors of Connecticut, had been told by a lawyer practising before him that a judgment of his court was not an established precedent, because it had not received the general recognition of approved writers, he would hardly have failed to be surprised; yet this is what the reader would gather as the result of his remarks. In discussing the present condition of bench and bar, the author seems carried away by his optimism, for he shows clearly enough that the facts of the case warrant the belief that the elective system and its accompaniment of political (and, frequently, purchased) nominations have lowered the character of the bench and, through it, of the bar. Speaking of Judge Barnard's remark that he had always succeeded in life by helping his friends, the author quotes a French critic of the elective judiciary as saying that his unpardonable crime was that "he proclaimed too frankly the doctrine of the elective judiciary": *il trahissait le secret professionnel.*

Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare. By Lewis Campbell. Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

Prof. Lewis Campbell is the Nestor among English classical scholars. He won his reputation in the early sixties by his editions of the more abstruse dialogues of Plato, though it is only within the last ten years or so that the Germans, who never quite understand the English habit of binding up one's researches in a college text-book, have fully recognized that he is one of the few Platonic scholars whose work is likely to be permanent. He has edited Sophocles and the 'Republic' of Plato and translated Æschylus, and is the promoter and chief editor of a new Platonic lexicon which, when published, will be of inestimable value to Platonic students. The present "Essay" is rather a recreation—*senectuti sepositum*—than a serious contribution to scholarship; but the recreations of so ripe and well-balanced a scholar are secure of respect and of attentive readers.

Mr. Campbell's purpose is to show the essential points of correspondence between the masterpieces of the Attic stage and of Elizabethan England. For any classical scholar the differences and the resemblances of the two schools of tragedy lie on the surface; but even he will find much that is suggestive in Mr. Campbell's informal chapters, while the English student who reads no Greek should, of course, not fail to grasp at an opportunity of this kind. The Athenian poet, like the Elizabethan, composed his dramas at a time of "great national triumphs, of world-wide interests, of great political crises, great attempts, great successes, great reverses; in which all the powers of humanity for good and evil were manifested with extraordinary energy. Both chose stories which had already taken hold of the popular imagination; both showed how some master-passion, developed to its highest power, might wreck the happiness of a group of human beings." The ancient *répertoire* is further restricted by the identity of motive in different legends; the story of Alcmæon is that of Orestes over again. "Thus there is a real analogy inherent in the fable between Oedipus the King and the tyranny of Macbeth, between Orestes and Hamlet, between the sons of Oedipus and the daughters of King Lear." What Mr. Campbell sets out to do is to show how differently Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakspere handled analogous subjects—Æschylus, for instance, his Orestes, Shakspere his Hamlet—"how far this has arisen from differences in the spirit of the age or of individual genius," and so on. What he does is to give us a series of rambling notes, all of more or less value, but forming a whole that should be called anything rather than an essay in the strict literary sense. The

greater part of the book is devoted to Shakspere; and in discussing both Shakspere and Sophocles, Mr. Campbell here and there abandons any attempt at consecutive thought in order to give us notes on readings and tragic diction in general. The book is, in fact, a collection of interesting points that have occurred to him in the course of a long life devoted in great part to reading the Greek and English tragedians.

We wish there were any chance of his altering current speech so as to give their proper meaning to two words constantly employed by writers on tragedy. These are "climax" and "catastrophe." The first of these is regularly misused to mean the acme of interest, whereas every Greek student knows that it merely means a gradual ascent. "Catastrophe" to the Greek did not mean, as it does for us, a great disaster or the critical moment of the play which marks the change of fortune. What it should stand for is the close of the action, the "turning down" of the thread that one has been weaving. Both Athenian and Elizabethan tragedy would, as Mr. Campbell maintains, be correctly divided into five parts, the "opening," the "climax" (or gradual ascent), the "acme" (or chief crisis), the "sequel," the "close" (or catastrophe). The acme of interest and the close of a Greek play seldom, of course, coincided. It is for the discussion of points such as these, and for the intelligent studies of the chief Sophoclean and Shaksperean characters, that the reader will find it worth his while to consult this book. Mr. Campbell writes with the sure touch of the scholar, but on page 222 he has fallen into an error that is due to a too keen sense of the appropriate. Horace ought to have said

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor"—

lines which Mr. Campbell refers to as "Horace's confession." But they were of course written, not by Horace, but by Ovid, who puts them into the mouth of his Medea when, in the 'Metamorphoses,' she is halting between desire and reason.

The Vegetable Garden: Illustrations, Descriptions, and Culture of the Garden Vegetables of Cold and Temperate Climates. By MM. Vilmorin-Andrieux of Paris. Published under the direction of W. Robinson. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1905.

The English sponsor for this work is the well-known author of 'The English Flower-Garden' and the 'Parks of Paris,' a man of sound judgment and wide experience in things horticultural. The work itself is the joint production of two eminent authorities in all matters relating to the origination and cultivation of vegetables. The horticultural establishments of Vilmorin-Andrieux are doubtless known to many of our readers who have seen the Paris seed-store fronting the Seine. The English translation of the French work has been recast into a convenient form, and, although better adapted to English gardening than to gardens here, will be found to be trustworthy in almost every case under our conditions. Mr. Robinson lays great stress upon the necessity of establishing district markets for local supplies, instead of depending upon the huge chaos of Covent Garden. Of course we do not have exactly the same problem here, even near our large cities, but there is a bad and growing tendency to turn the produce of our suburban gardens into the central markets for redistribution. Every one who has had occasion to live in our summer resorts, whether by the mountains or the sea, knows too well that his freshest vegetables come from the central markets of the nearest large city, instead of from the gardens near by. But these freshest vegetables have sometimes made the expensive and long journey to the city and back to the huckster at the very garden gate. It is like the scarcity of fresh fish at the shore: the fish first are carried to the city and back. This annoying state of things can be changed only by giving to the local gardener and tradesman a steady patronage instead of a capricious one. Perhaps it would be possible even to introduce the fine custom, so prevalent in Germany, of having some open space devoted for a few hours each day to the richly furnished market of all fresh things; thus we might be freed from the tyranny of the corner shop, with its stale produce which has not grown better by its travels.

Again, Mr. Robinson properly appeals to cultivators to select the best and to gather always at the very best stage—two things wofully neglected in our country. He urges the choice of the best before the large, although the latter may seem to give you more for your money. The selection of the best vegetables in every class is not a difficult matter, with this work in hand, provided one bears constantly in mind the difference between the climate of our gardens and that described in the book.

The treatise is characterized by one feature found in no other large work of its class, namely, the prominence given to the characters of the seed. We are told the results of long-continued trials in regard to the duration of the germinating power of all the sorts of seeds. The widest differences here exist, some sorts of seeds being *viable* for only a short period, while others are sound and of high yield after many years. In the French edition, the table summing up these data is full of interest, and it seems a pity that it has been left out of the present one. The facts are fully given, but not in so convenient a form. With Professor Bailey's valuable Cyclopædia, and with this minor cyclopædia supplementing that, our gardeners, professional and amateur, are well equipped.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainger, Alfred. Lectures and Essays. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. $5.
Aldrich, Richard. A Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.
Barine, Arvède. Louis XIV. and la Grande Mademoiselle. Putnams. $3 net.
Barrow, George. Wild Wales.—Lavengro.—The Zincali.—The Bible in Spain.—The Romany Rye. Putnams. $6.25.
Barton, George Edward. The Pipe of Desire, and Other Plays. Boston: The Old Corner Book Store.
Bradley, A. G. Captain John Smith. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Brandes, George. Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. Vol. VI. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
Browning's Poems. Henry Frowde.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by Charles S. Baldwin. Longmans.
Clay, Beatrice. Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table. Dutton. $2.50.
Clerke, Agnes M. The System of the Stars. Macmillan Co. $6.50.
Cowper's Poetical Works. Edited by H. S. Milford. Henry Frowde.
Crabbe's Poems. Edited by Adolphus W. Ward. Cambridge English Classics. Vol. I. Macmillan Co.
Crichton-Browne, James. The Prevention of Senility, and A Sanitary Outlook. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Cripper, Layton. Olympus and Fuji Yama. Grannis Press.
Crosby, Ernest. Garrison the Non-Resistant. Chicago: The Public Publishing Co. 50 cents.
Crowther, Samuel, and Arthur Ruhle. Rowing and Track Athletics. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
D'Arblay, Madame. Diary and Letters (1778-1840). Edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett, with preface and notes by Austin Dobson. In six volumes. Vol. VI. Macmillan Co.
Dauchy & Company's Newspaper Catalogue.
Dickens's Chimes.—Cricket on the Hearth.—Christmas Carol. Dutton. $3 per set.
Dickerson, Mary A. The Wonderful Wishes of Jack and Jean. A. Wessels Co.
Dickinson, G. Lowes. The Greek View of Life. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Dixon, Richard Watson. Last Poems. Edited by Robert Bridges. Henry Frowde.
Dunning, H. W. To-day on the Nile. James Pott & Co. $2.50 net.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Dutton. $2.
Erb, J. Lawrence. Brahms. Dutton. $1.25.
Fitch, Clyde. The Girl with the Green Eyes. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Flackner's Curieuse Nachricht von Pennsylvania. Edited by Julius F. Sachse. Printed for the Author.
Foolish Almanac, The, 1906. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.
Franklin, Benjamin, The Writings of. Edited by Albert H. Smyth. Vol. II.; 1722-1750. Macmillan Co. $3 net.
Frazer, J. G. Lectures on the Early History of the Kingship. Macmillan Co. $2.75.
Frenssen, Gustav. Hilligenlei. Lemcke & Buechner.
Garrison, Theresa Holmes. Songs. In four groups. Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt. 75c. each.
Giovanni, Edoardo. Maud Muller in Latin Verse. Privately printed.
Gladden, Washington. The New Idolatry. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.20 net.
Herodes and Mariamne. Edited by Edward S. Mayer. Henry Holt & Co. 60 cents net.
Homes of Tennyson, The. Painted by Helen Allingham. Described by Arthur Paterson. Macmillan Co. $2.
Hunter, Wm. C. Frozen Dog Tales. Boston: The Everett Press Co. $1.
Incidents Attending the Capture, Detention, and Ransom of Charles Johnston of Virginia. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co. $2.50 net.
James, George Wharton. In and Out of the Old Missions of California. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3 net.
Jastrow, Jr., Morris. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Joubert, Carl. The Truth about the Tsar. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Kimball, Alonzo Weston. Occasional Addresses. Privately Printed.
Lang, Andrew. The Secret of the Totem. Longmans. $3 net.
Lewis Carroll Birthday Book, The. Selected by Christine Terhune Herrick. A. Wessels Co. 75 cents.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Edited by Nott Flint. Longmans. 40 cents.
Machiavelli. The Art of War. Translation of 1560. The Prince. Translation of 1640.—The Florentine History. Translation of 1595. 2 vols. London: David Nutt.
Mayer, Alfred Goldsborough. Sea-Shore Life. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Menzel, A. von, Drawings of. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Minute Book of the Committee of Safety, The. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.
Morse, Jr., John T. Memoirs of Colonel Henry Lee Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Nugent, Meredith. New Games and Amusements. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
O'Brien, William. Recollections. Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.
Parrish, Randall. Historic Illinois. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Paul, Herbert. A History of Modern England. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Philippson, Martin. The Age of Louis XIV. (A History of All Nations, Vol. XIII.) Philadelphia: Lea Brothers & Co.
Prior, Edward S. The Cathedral Builders in England. Dutton. $2 net.
Prior: Poems on Several Occasions. Edited by A. R. Waller. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Reynolds, Joshua. Discourses. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Richards, Ellen H. The Cost of Shelter. John Wiley & Sons. $1.
Ross, Janet. Florentine Palaces and their Stories. Dutton. $2 net.
Royde-Smith, N. G. Una and the Red Cross Knight and Other Stories from Spenser's Faery Queene Dutton. $2.50.
Sauter, Edwin. The Faithless Favorite. Published by the Author.
Savage, Minot J. Religion. W. B. Perkins.
Schoonmaker, Edwin Davies. The Saxons. Chicago: The Hammersmark Publishing Co.
Shakespeare's Tragedie of King Lear. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.
Sharp, Evelyn. Micky. Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Smith, Goldwin. Irish History and the Irish Question. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50 net.
Tout, T. F. The Political History of England. Vol. III.; 1216-1377. Longmans. $2.60 net.
Van Rensselaer, Mrs. John King. Newport, Our Social Capital. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $30 net.
Verrall, A. W. Essays on Four Plays of Euripides. Macmillan Co. $2.25.
Wallace, Alfred Russel. My Life. 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co. $6 net.
Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration and Washington's Farewell Address. Edited by Fred N. Scott. Longmans.
Wee Folks Story Book. Edited by Alfred C. Playne. Dutton. $1.25.
Willson, Robert N. The American Boy and the Social Evil. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co.
Wittigschlager, Wilhelmina. Minna: Wife of the Young Rabbi. Consolidated Retail Booksellers. $1.50.
Wyllie, W. L. J. M. W. Turner. Macmillan Co. $3.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1905.

The Week.

Distinct notice was served upon the President, by the vote of the House on Thursday on the Panama Canal appropriation, that no more lump sums will be granted him to spend at discretion. Enough Republicans joined with the Democrats to cut some $5,000,000 off the estimates which the Administration submitted as a minimum. Moreover, an amendment was adopted demanding hereafter itemized estimates, especially for salaries. The latter have been, so think many Congressmen from the backwoods, not accustomed to our new and large Imperialistic ways, unduly lavish, and have fallen more freely upon the just (that is, the President's personal friends) than upon the unjust (whom we will not give pain by specifying). Secretary Taft is hurt that there should be even an intimation that graft may have crept into expenditures under his direction. So was Secretary Wilson, so was Postmaster-General Payne, until the facts in their departments were brought out. Nobody accused them of personal dishonesty, as no one would dream of accusing Mr. Taft; yet the system has been bad, wide open to abuse, even if abuses have not crept in. That is for Congress to determine in the investigation which even the Secretary now admits to be inevitable. Meanwhile, the House has called a halt. It has knocked one-third off the President's Panama emergency estimates, although he had carefully explained in his message that to do so would be a "great folly," if not actually a "crime"; and it has constrained the Senate to follow suit.

So far as regards its figures, which cover the fiscal year ending June 30, the Secretary of the Treasury's report to Congress tells little that is new. The year's Treasury deficit of $23,004,228 was known five months ago; it has also been plain enough that the estimate in last year's report of a $22,300,000 surplus for the present fiscal year could not be fulfilled. The Secretary himself now alters that cheerful forecast to prediction of an $8,000,000 deficit. He makes this change, notwithstanding the fact that his forecast of revenue for the fiscal year 1906 is increased $13,000,000 as compared with his estimate a year ago for the same period. The report is entirely frank on this phase of the situation. Secretary Shaw points out that the yield of customs and internal revenue is always uncertain, even with unchanged tax laws; that "conditions which cannot be anticipated are always reflected in revenues," and that "a very small cloud in the financial sky will cause marked fluctuation in customs receipts." This is perfectly true; and it is an excellent argument against the resting of the Treasury's fortunes on a protective tariff, whose revenue-producing power is always highest when revenue from that quarter is least needed, and always collapses utterly when income from other sources is declining. The Secretary's only conclusion is that the Treasury ought not to encroach on the present very large money surplus in its vaults and in depository banks. This advice would be more useful if Mr. Shaw would tell us what he would have the Treasury do when confronted with chronic deficits.

The most striking feature of the report of the Secretary of War is the omission of any mention of the beer canteen. Apparently, the authorities are willing to let the matter drop, or they feel, in view of the reports of the Inspector-General and Military Secretary, that the case for the sale of beer is not quite so clear as was thought. Another motive may be the natural desire to give the new post recreation buildings a longer trial. Secretary Taft does not yield any space to the advocacy of the President's plan of promotion by selection, but very wisely urges greater severity in the elimination of unfit officers as one way of aiding promotion. He is quite correct in saying that this is both "possible and practicable." He would dismiss all unfit or deficient lieutenants, and retire captains and field officers who fail in their professional work. The needed legislation to bring before a board any officer deficient in his studies he should have without loss of time. At the time of the reorganization of 1870, there were so-called "benzine boards" which did a lot of house-cleaning. But the army needs a purging as much to-day as it did then, unless it is to be loaded up with a set of drones and incompetents as a result of the reorganization of 1901. If Mr. Taft should devote himself to this subject, obtain the laws he needs, eliminate politics, and hold officers strictly responsible for their military progress, he will do the army an even greater service than Mr. Root.

Without other comment than italics, Secretary Hitchcock refers, in his annual report, to the punishment visited upon Bartlett Richards and William G. Comstock of Nebraska for illegally fencing and using some 250,000 acres of Government land: "*They pleaded guilty, and, after consideration of the matter, the court imposed a fine in each case of $300, and sentenced the defendants to the custody of the marshal for six hours.*" This terrible penalty was inflicted against the advice of a District Attorney who seems to have much the same tender feeling for land grafters as the child who always "kicked the stranded jellyfish back into the sea" had for dumb creatures. Richards has been one of the boldest and most successful of the tribe that has grown rich on the use of public land. He has been exceedingly active in the business of securing homestead claim assignments, but even this method of increasing his holdings has been too slow; the Government's surveyors found in one enclosure 77,000 acres of public land held without the shadow of a claim. "What are you going to do about it?" he asked when Secretary Hitchcock's agents first exposed the fraud. "Prosecute," ordered Mr. Hitchcock. Indictments against Richards and others were found, but when the District Attorney showed an inclination to push the cases, he was replaced. Then a special prosecutor was sent out who was not under the domination of Richards.

After Secretary Hitchcock's agent arrived, there followed an offer to confess the facts, and a promise to remove the fences. The District Attorney thereupon recommended the dismissal of the charges, but the special prosecutor refused. The only alternative left—a plea of guilty and appeal to the mercy of the court—was adopted by Richards. The District Attorney assured the judge that the man was acting in good faith, that the illegal fences were coming down, and that he was entitled to special consideration. The farcical sentence followed, though the law provided "a fine of not exceeding $1,000 and imprisonment for not exceeding one year for each offence," and Richards went back to the management of his "land and feeding company." So far, therefore, the Government has not been able to "do" anything practically, but in Nebraska it is beginning to be felt that Mr. Hitchcock means business. A number of other public-land pirates have actually broken up their pastures, and the crusade is extending to Kansas, where, a few days ago at Topeka, seven indictments were returned by the grand jury against the unlawful holders of 50,000 acres of Government pasture land.

The verdict of the court-martial in the case of Midshipman Meriwether is most disappointing. If he is to be excused because of the existence of prizefighting

in the past, he should have gone scot free. As it is, his serious offence is not condoned, but is penalized merely by a reprimand and confinement to the Academy for one year—a nominal sentence, when one considers that a similar case of manslaughter would be punished by a prison sentence in this State. Here is a case where the ends of justice would have been much better subserved by turning the offender over to a civilian court. We cannot but assume that the corps of midshipmen will look upon the outcome of Meriwether's trial as but a slight rebuke, and as indicating that the high officers of the navy are little opposed to the practice of prizefighting. Fortunately, the Secretary of the Navy has taken an admirable stand on this question, and, now that the Meriwether matter is settled, the public may look to him to end a disgraceful and barbaric custom, reflecting seriously on the standards and discipline of the Naval Academy.

However much or little reliance is to be placed upon the early reports of favorable prospects for the two-State bill in Congress, it is certain that the public attitude toward that measure has changed considerably. As regards the amalgamation of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, there is no longer any practical difference of opinion. Even a virtual referendum in Indian Territory went against separate Statehood, and the bill for the combined State would go through Congress in a day if presented by itself. As for Arizona and New Mexico, their reunion to form a sinble State will doubtless be opposed by the same interests and for the same reasons as heretofore. It can no longer be said, however, as it has been so often, that Arizona is "a unit" for independent Statehood. That side seemed to have everything its own way. Now the other is making itself heard. A number of newspapers are supporting joint Statehood, and mass meetings at several places have endorsed it. Moreover, some extremely good arguments are furnished by recent revelations about the men slated for Congress if two States are made on the Southwest border. If the State of New Mexico is to come into being primarily to make "Bull" Andrews a Senator, Congressmen otherwise friendly may well hesitate.

The various suits for rebating, to be instituted in the Federal Court at Philadelphia, ought to test thoroughly the efficacy of the present law. Attorney-General Moody is reported to entertain doubts whether convictions can be secured under existing statutes. Whatever may be the arguments for and against Federal rate regulation, rebating is an evil concerning which there can be no dispute. When a common carrier secretly builds up one shipper and destroys another, it is guilty of injustice for which the most skilled casuist of the Standard Oil Company can offer no defence. If the law does not provide a remedy, the law should be amended. To that every honest man will agree. But the only way to find the defects of the law is to test it, to carry the suits through to the bitter end. In open debate on Monday Senator Tillman said hotly, "I don't believe we shall ever get anywhere with this matter as long as the President of the United States, who has taken the lead in it, is willing to whitewash members of the Cabinet, as he did Paul Morton." The reference, of course, is to the Santa Fé case, in which Messrs. Judson and Harmon were called off so soon as it was evident that they were closing in on the President's friend Morton. That celebrated fiasco has left an unpleasant impression on the mind of people who, before trying a new device, want to see the old law enforced up to the hilt.

The movement against the issue of railway passes is evidently gaining headway. With such companies as the Pennsylvania, the Reading, the Lackawanna, and the New York Central suspending the privileges to politicians and newspaper men, the smaller roads can afford to pluck up courage and refuse to be bled. In this juncture, when there is so much searching of heart, no one comes forward to defend the system of pass-giving; for it is really indefensible. People must be vastly edified by the virtuous attitude of the newspapers, which are now ready to let judgment begin with the House of God. The pass for the employee of the railway is no concern of the public; but the pass for the favored shipper, the newspaper-writer, and the politician is. A railway is not a benevolent institution. It does not bestow favors without expecting something in return. When it sends free tickets to a heavy shipper, it in effect offers him a rebate on his freight-bills, thus evades the spirit of the law, and handicaps every one of his competitors. The editor receives passes, not because railway presidents esteem editors above the rest of mankind, admire their literary skill, their accomplishments in conversation, and their rugged independence of character. No; the explanation is less flattering. The railway president frankly wants kind treatment in the news and editorial columns. He gets it. And as for the politician—the railway pass distributor wants to lay him under "a moral obligation," as C. E. Hughes put it in examining Senator Platt. In fine, the pass is a petty bribe which purchases "influence" or a vote the right way. The sooner the corrupt practice is abolished, the better for all concerned.

It was over the "right" of a Representative to select postmasters within his district, it will be remembered, that the Hon. "Gussie" Gardner of the Sixth Massachusetts District entered upon his famous controversy with Secretary Moody last year. The President, who made short work of Congressional pretensions in that case, is now preparing, according to report, to extend a virtual merit system to all the Presidential postmasters. "Where the term of such an official has expired, he will be continued in the service if his record is reported to be 'good' or 'excellent' "—this is the outline of the plan. The "clean-sweep" idea recedes constantly further into the background. Definite terms, established either by law or by custom, have succeeded tenure solely dependent on politics. A change of the party in power does not displace a faithful postmaster until he has rounded out his four years. Of course, it is a much easier matter to say that he shall not be displaced even then, when, as at present, most of these officials already belong to the dominant party. The strain will come when a Democratic President is faced by the array of Republican postmasters. Whether the fourth-class postmasters are ever to be placed in the classified service is the next question.

South Carolina's dispensary system is once more in trouble with the Federal authorities. The United States Supreme Court has decided that when the State becomes a liquor-dealer, even for a high moral purpose, it must pay internal-revenue taxes like anybody else. The court reasons that if a State could, by taking over any line of business, relieve that business of its contribution to the Federal revenue, the several States could, by extending their own functions far enough, "practically destroy the efficiency of the National Government." The sum involved—which was originally paid and sued for by South Carolina—is $20,000; not a large tax for a business with annual profits of $400,000. Still, the decision will doubtless cause the same resentment as the original-package decisions rendered when Tillman had first started the dispensary. These two Federal decisions have first made the State liquor monopoly impossible by legalizing private importations in the original package, and now taxed the State into the bargain.

Robert M. La Follette was elected a Senator of the United States a few days more than eleven months ago, and it is now for the first time definitely known that he is preparing to accept the new post. The versatile Governor, throughout his career, has almost uniformly escaped from doing the particular thing people expected of him. In this case,

instead of going to Washington at the beginning of the session like an ordinary Senator-elect, and letting himself be sworn in, he will tarry a while longer to put his own house in order. Not only do the primary and railroad-commission laws passed last winter need some tinkering, but important litigation over railroad taxes is still in the courts. Hence the special session and the Governor's decision to see it through. This is the long session of Congress, and if the lawmakers at Madison are expeditious, he may still get to Washington in time to have a hand in the rate-bill debates.

When philanthropy is at the mercy of "eminent counsel," we get such unhappy spectacles as Mr. Ryan presented at the insurance inquiry on Friday. Conscious of having performed a great public service in snatching control of the Equitable from envious and angry financial rivals, he was eager to inform Mr. Hughes about the manœuvres and threats of his quondam competitor, Mr. Harriman, but was cruelly stopped by "advice of counsel." This was obviously a great surprise and disappointment to Mr. Ryan, and nothing but his respect for Mr. Cravath as an authority on the whole duty of a financier skating on thin ice induced him to obey that gentleman and commit a misdemeanor. For the statute is clear. If Mr. Hughes's questions were "material" and "proper," Mr. Ryan made himself liable to fine or imprisonment, or both. And there was no reasonable doubt that the questions were material and proper. They went straight to the heart of the matter the committee is investigating—that is, the corrupt alliance of insurance companies with great speculators and powerful politicians. If Mr. Harriman tried to frighten Mr. Ryan by threatening to turn Boss Odell loose on him, it was of the highest public importance that the fact should be known. A little persuasion from Mr Jerome loosened Mr. Ryan's tongue on Tuesday, and we now know that Mr. Harriman, on being refused a half-share in the Equitable, threatened to use his "legislative influence" against him.

In Mr. Edward Atkinson we lose a man who had to be called an old-fashioned American, though his type was once common. He had by study and reflection formed convictions about economics and government which he did not feel at liberty to alter while you waited. His reasoning powers and his conscience he thought of as something else than a mere register of passing popular feeling. What made him seem so singular in his later years was that his opinions did not ebb and flow with the majority in elections. He was of the school of democracy illustrated by John Stuart Mill, believing that liberty is a demonstrable good; that the force of argument is really of more weight than the decree of a caucus; that public policy ought to be settled by considerations of reason and justice rather than of profit. In an age when it was the fashion to meet all objections by saying, "Every one is doing it," or "The bill is sure to pass," Mr. Atkinson retained the awkward habit of insisting upon examination and discussion. This was what made him so often voted "a bore"—he had such a wearisome way of bringing new-fangled notions to the test of fact and logic, and proving them absurd and dangerous! One cannot imagine Senator Lodge being really patient with such a man. But his sturdy consistency, his holding fast to the proved good, his scorn for humbug and his love of sincerity, his stanch defence of true Americanism, with his large attainments and wide and fruitful studies, made him one to value living and to mourn when dead. As a business man, too, he revolutionized the methods of insuring cotton mils, and he warmly sympathized with the South in its efforts to develop its cotton industries and attain an independent economic growth. His voluminous writings have contributed little to economic thought, but are replete with practical suggestion.

What makes Capt. Roald Amundsen's achievement in sailing a small vessel from Greenland to the Alaskan shores the more remarkable is the small size of his vessel and crew. "We shall be eight men all told," he wrote on announcing his plans, "and our vessel, the *Gjoa*, is 47 tons register, 70 feet long between uprights, and twenty feet broad. It may seem that the vessel is small, and, indeed, it is one of the smallest which have set out for a long polar expedition, but the choice was made after full consideration." And evidently with wisdom. Yet strange is it that the most successful craft to encounter the Northwest ice-pack should be this cockleshell, in which few people would care to cross the Atlantic, even in calm weather, and which at best can make only four knots an hour by means of its gasolene motor. Practically, therefore, so far as his vessel was concerned, Amunsden was but little better off than Frobisher, whose two ships of 1576 measured 20 and 25 tons. Even Barents, whose discoveries along the coast of Nova Zembla in and after 1594 were so important, had a ship of 100 tons. But Amundsen's idea was "to trust to patience, and steal through when there is an opportunity." He made no effort to penetrate to the north. His main object was to locate the magnetic pole, the position of which was fixed for the first time in 1831 by Commander (afterward Sir) James Clark Ross on the western shore of Boothia Felix, in latitude 70° 5′ N., longitude 96° 47′ W. Whether he has actually done so is not clear from the dispatches.

It was argued over and again before the Immigration Conference here last week that the questions of Chinese exclusion and boycott of American goods were entirely unrelated, and each should be considered solely on its own merits. It will be hard to find support for this view, however, in the "agreement" reached on Sunday between the American merchants at Hong Kong, the Chinese guilds, and the boycott committees. The means by which the boycott can be ended turn out to be almost ludicrously simple. Merely adopt a reasonable definition of "laborer," liberalize the certificate system, give the Chinese Government a veto on our administrative regulations, treat the Chinese within our borders like citizens of the most-favored nation, let them bring their families, abolish registration, admit coolies to the Philippines and Hawaii—and, presto! our cotton goods will again be worn in the Flowery Kingdom. If only our merchants across the Pacific had power to bind our Government to such a compact, we should smile that such a petty dispute was ever allowed to disturb this country at all. The trouble is, that these are negotiations in which the negotiators on the American side have even less power to speak with authority than if they were our plenipotentiaries drafting an arbitration treaty.

Bebel's affirmation that what is going on in Russia is stirring the German laboring population to its depths, is not to be laughed away by the Government benches. The Prussian Poles not only live alongside their Russian brothers, but speak the same tongue and have the same aspirations. They cannot but be affected by what is going on. Compared with Russia, Germany is, of course, a liberal country; yet the reactionary tendencies of the bureaucracy and the heavy military burdens the country bears, as well as the social unrest which drives so many to emigrate, create a condition of affairs which must make the Emperor watch Russian events most carefully. Some of the liberalizing seed is sure to be wafted across the borders and fall upon fertile ground. Hence it is very uncomfortable to have a truth-teller like Bebel declare that the proletariat, and not the Cabinets, will hereafter decide the questions of war and peace; and that if the country is not made what it should be, the workingmen will not fight to defend it. That is a whip which can be cracked most effectively; moreover, Bebel's prophecies and warnings have an unhappy way of coming true, as witness his utterances against the colonial policy a few years ago. And the worst of it is, he cannot be arrested for treason or be said to have exceeded his Constitutional rights in criticising the Emperor.

THE INCOMING ENGLISH LIBERALS

A comparison of the men with whom the new Liberal Premier replaces the outgoing Balfour Ministry, shows how absurd is the notion that wisdom will die with the latter. Yet this has been the tacit assumption, and sometimes the open assertion, of the Conservatives for several years back. They only were "fit to rule." Occasional mistakes they might, indeed, make—though mighty, they were mortal; but how could the country think with anything but horror of falling into the hands of the inept Liberals? Well, Balfour has at last resigned, and with him goes but one first-class man, Lord Lansdowne; the rest of his Cabinet, as it was left by the secession of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Chamberlain, were all mediocrities or nonentities. Man for man, they will not compare with the Ministers whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman now summons to his assistance. Sir Edward Grey is Lord Lansdowne's equal in charge of foreign affairs; while either John Morley, Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Bryce dwarfs any of the remaining men who went out with Balfour. And this is to say nothing of Sir Henry Fowler or Sir Robert Reid, Mr. Haldane, the Earl of Aberdeen, or Augustine Birrell. So much for the comfortable claim that the Conservative party is alone *capax imperii.*

It is true that the new Liberal Premier does not, in talents, measure up to his predecessors. Sir Henry is far from being the typical Liberal leader. Even five years ago, it was thought impossible that he should ever become Prime Minister. He has few dashing or popular qualities; is not eloquent, not fertile in Parliamentary initiative or party policy; is not eaten up of reforming zeal. Yet it is generally admitted that the Premiership, whether he holds it long or not, is fairly his. Why? Because he stuck by the Liberal party when its fortunes were at the lowest, and, as its leader in the House against a powerful and complacent Government, made a sturdy fight year in and year out. Sir William Harcourt had thrown up the job in disgust; Lord Rosebery would make a brilliant speech and then run away; other Liberals shunned the contest; but the cautious, good-natured, hard-headed, and indomitable Scotchman stood at his post, defending the party through good report and evil report, until at last this very doggedness and unconquerable hope awakened a kind of admiring enthusiasm. The English like a man who will go on taking punishment with smiles and fighting to the end. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's bull-dog tenacity at last began to give him a strong hold upon the British public. Some time last year, we are informed, the Harmsworth newspapers, which had been laughing immoderately at the idea of Sir Henry's ever becoming Premier, caused a quiet canvass of opinion to be made in various parts of the country. The net result was the warning: "It won't do to treat C. B. so disrespectfully. He is getting to be very popular."

Like Mr. Balfour the Liberal Prime Minister proposes to lead the House. For this difficult task he is well fitted by long experience, a good head for business, and, as well, a nice sense of what will and what will not "go" in the Commons. In this latter particular, Mr. Balfour was sometimes deficient. He did not always know how, as Burke said Charles Townshend did, to hit the sentiment of the House between wind and water. Bannerman will seldom fail in that respect; and he will doubtless be able, better than Mr. Balfour, to keep the public business in hand. But it is impossible to think of him as anything but a stop-gap Prime Minister. He may succeed in conciliating for a time the diverse elements of his party; but he is not the man to weld them into a powerful instrument for political reform and national progress. So it is not strange that we hear rumors of his going to the Lords, after a year or two, and turning over the Premiership to a younger man —Sir Edward Grey, it is thought.

These questions of Liberal personnel count for more just now than speculations about Liberal policy. That any party programme will be put forward until after the general election is highly improbable. The new Ministry is not expected to face the present Parliament at all. It will, therefore, have no King's Speech to write until after the new House is chosen. Election addresses will, of course, be made by Liberal candidates, but their burden will be: "Elect us to clear up the mess left by Balfour." Undoubtedly, there will be also a good deal of sharp attack on Mr. Chamberlain. He is now the real head of the Tory party. He has the Conservative organization largely within his control, and is doubtless correct in asserting that he has nine-tenths of the voters. His activity will be great in the canvass; his speeches most quoted; his tariff programme the chief issue. If the Liberals should be beaten, Chamberlain would be the next Prime Minister; the King would ask him to form a Ministry as inevitably as the Queen did Mr. Gladstone in 1880, though he then, like Mr. Chamberlain now, was not the titular leader of his party. And if the Liberals win, as in all human probability they will with ease, Chamberlain, not Balfour, will be the leader of the Opposition, notwithstanding the latter's advertisement to the contrary.

But the formulation of Liberal policy cannot long be delayed, and there are discordant voices. The everlasting Irish question will not down. The Liberals may have an independent majority; there are many indications that they will. Or the Irish may prove unexpectedly reasonable. They have no better or more tried friend than John Morley, and his advice to them is not to insist that Home Rule be the first item in the Liberal programme. Even if an Irish bill passed the House, it would be thrown out in the Lords; and to dissolve on that issue at once, or to break up the Ministry, would be to put off Ireland's hope still further. The Irish National Convention last week declared that Home Rule must be "cardinal" in the Liberal policy. That does not mean that it must come first. There is a difference between cardinals and ordinals. Moreover, the selection of Mr. Bryce as Chief Secretary of Ireland is such a propitiation as could hardly be offered in the person of any other statesman, and promises at least a cessation of the existing petty persecutions so startlingly exposed in these columns recently by our Dublin correspondent.

THE PRESIDENT AS STUDENT.

We learn from the *Sun's* correspondent in Rome that the Pope has ordered a translation of President Roosevelt's messages into Italian. His Holiness, it appears, following the example of Leo XIII., is preparing an encyclical on social problems, and craves the advantage of studying Mr. Roosevelt's authoritative utterances. This is a gratifying recognition of the labors of an American investigator, for the President's messages reveal clearly that he has been an assiduous student of economic and social problems. To review his recommendations to Congress, upon these subjects, since 1901, is to gain fresh admiration for the ardor with which he has pursued his researches in a field that was new to him.

In his first message as President, December 3, 1901, Mr. Roosevelt did little more than state his conviction that we were "face to face with very serious social problems." It is true that, in his usual way of balancing opposites—"there have been abuses, yet it remains true"; "all this is true, and yet it is also true," etc.—he filled a couple of columns with discussion of Trusts and of the regulation of corporations, but his single demand was for publicity of accounts. "Publicity is the only *sure* remedy which we can now invoke." He took notice of the outcry against the railways, and thought the Interstate Commerce act should be amended—though he did not say how—but added the warning: "It must not be forgotten that our railways are the arteries through which the commercial life-blood of this nation flows. Nothing could be more foolish than the enactment of legislation which would unnecessarily interfere with the development and oper-

ation of these commercial agencies." This shows how far a rate-bill was then from having risen upon his horizon.

In his message of 1902, the President was certain that "no more important subject" could come before Congress than "curbing and regulating combinations of capital." He generously left it to the wisdom of Congress to devise "a law reasonable in its provisions and effective in its operation." For himself, he asked only for a special appropriation "for the better enforcement of the anti-Trust law as it now stands." Congress, it will be remembered, promptly gave him that appropriation. It also, through the creation of the Bureau of Corporations, put his one "sure remedy" of publicity within his grasp. And with these steps the President in his message of 1903 appeared to be entirely content. He declared them a "real advance in the direction of doing all that is possible." "The progress has been by evolution, not by revolution. Nothing radical has been done; the action has been both moderate and resolute. Therefore the work will stand." Hence the surprise with which we discover in the message of 1905 that it is "increasingly evident that there will be very insufficient beneficial result" from enforcing anti-Trust legislation; while his "sure remedy" of publicity appears to have also broken in his hand.

Some had drawn the inference from Mr. Roosevelt's absolute silence about railway regulation throughout the Presidential campaign of 1904, that he had ceased to study that subject. But they were undeceived when his December message was published. Though his party platform had ignored the matter altogether, he informed Congress that a grant of power to the Interstate Commerce Commission to make railway rates was "the most important legislative act now needed." Every one knows how he strove to secure such an act last winter, agreeing to throw over tariff reform and suppress his special tariff message to obtain it, but in vain. For present purposes, however, we wish only to show how his study of the problem has been steadily pushed. Because his mind was fully made up in 1904, it does not follow that he is not ready to accept new light in 1905. The best way to mark the progress of his studies is to print the corresponding parts of his messages of 1904 and 1905 in parallel columns:

1904.	1905.
"In my judgment the most important legislative act now needed . . . is this act to confer on the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to revise rates and regulations, the revised rate to *at once* go into effect, and to stay in effect unless and until the court of review reverses it."	"In my judgment . . . some competent administrative body should have the power to decide . . . to prescribe the limit of rate beyond which it shall not be lawful to go—this decision to go into effect *within a reasonable time*, and to obtain from thence onwards, subject to review by the courts."

The President also lays great stress this year upon the point that what he recommends is "not to give the Commission power to initiate or originate rates generally, but to regulate a rate already fixed or originated by the roads." It may be, however, that in time his studies will extend to a decision of the Supreme Court touching upon this attempted distinction. That tribunal held, when passing upon it, that "if power existed, as is claimed, there would be no escape from the conclusion that it would be within the discretion of the Commission, of its own motion, to suggest that all the interstate rates on all the roads of the country were unjust and unreasonable, . . . direct a hearing, and upon such hearing make one general order reaching to every road and covering every rate." A quotation from one of the Commission's reports may also aid the President: "Every case before the Commission, however trivial it may appear, involves in its disposition the formulation of principles under the law which have important bearing upon the business and commerce not only of the immediate locality, but often of the entire country."

Mr. Roosevelt's open-mindedness as a student of economic problems is declared by the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent to have been demonstrated afresh. First, his Commission-made rate was to go into effect "at once"; next, "after a reasonable time"; now, it is stated, the President is ready to agree that it shall not go into effect until after the courts have said it should, provided the railways will give a bond to pay the difference in case the decision goes against them. All this is interesting as showing how eager the President is in quest of light. With other earnest students, he modifies his views from time to time, though they have not his privilege of urgently recommending that each fleeting conviction be enacted into law.

THAT CHASTITY OF HONOR.

Honor was the subject of Joseph H. Choate's story as he spoke at the bankers' dinner last week. The theme was timely, for the heads of two of the largest financial institutions in the world have just resigned in disgrace, and a third is likely to follow. The disclosures in regard to the looting of our great insurance companies have involved not merely the officers and directors of these concerns, not merely shady promoters and the venal politicians who have been leeches upon the bodies of the corporations, but bankers, financiers, and presidents of trust companies who have hitherto stood well in public esteem. This crash of supposedly solid reputations is due to an obvious cause. Men have been unable to resist the temptation to steal when they have seen before them a huge pile of money from which, as they argued, a few hundred thousands or a few millions would never be missed.

The effect of these revelations upon plain people who call "window-dressing" perjury, "legal expenses" bribery, and "adjustment of accounts" embezzlement, is not yet fully understood in Wall Street. Simple-minded farmers, workmen, shopkeepers, and professional men of limited income, in every part of the country, are sending their insurance proxies by the thousand to Thomas W. Lawson of Boston. They know very little about Lawson, but they are sure that he is not James W. Alexander, Richard A. McCurdy, or John A. McCall; and they hear that he professes to be fighting the "Wall Street system." Accordingly they take their chances with him. In fact, matters have come to such a pass that any man who denounces Wall Street loudly enough can summon a respectable following. "The trouble," says your average stock-broker, "is that the plain people are fools." Undeniably these plain people are ignorant of the career of Lawson and his vulnerability. But that is not the radical difficulty. Lawson is formidable because the men whom he attacks—Addicks, for example—have too often been indifferent to the principles of common honesty, and have defied the decencies of civilized life. Skill as financiers they have indubitably possessed. But they have played fast and loose with their own money and that of other people. They have been common gamblers. They have rioted in luxury in our gilded hostelries; they have bought women as recklessly as they have bought wine.

Ability and scrupulous honesty in the management of a fiduciary institution are such elementary requirements that we need not discuss them. But an officer in a trust company, a bank, an insurance company, or any such corporation; must be something more than keen and honest. He must show stability of character in all relations of life. This chastity of honor is the thing which Wall Street has too often made light of. When Charles M. Schwab plunged at Monte Carlo, the men who are used to speculating in stocks and to a hand of poker at the club thought nothing of the performance; but a shiver went down the spine of every small stockholder in Steel. The manager of that vast organization may have known more than any one else about manufacturing and marketing steel, but he lacked character. He was a gambler. That incident was the beginning of the end of Mr. Schwab's connection with the Steel Corporation. When he tossed a coin upon the green baize table he killed public faith in himself as a man.

A week ago Mr. Schwab's successor, William Ellis Corey, issued a statement admitting "irreconcilable differences"

with his wife, but defending the conduct of the other woman in the case, a much-advertised actress. Yet Judge Elbert Henry Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Corporation, is quoted as saying, "I see no reason why any one should think Mr. Corey will or ought to tender his resignation as president." No reason? If, under the circumstances commonly reported, Mr. Corey prefers another woman to his own wife, his usefulness in a high position of trust is at an end. He is marked as a man in whose character the possession of riches has developed the gravest defects.

"This," reply his defenders, "is a hard saying. You lay upon him a heavy burden. Men in many other walks of life are not cross-questioned as to their habits of eating and drinking, their indulgence in games of chance, their relations with women, their ways of spending their income. They can do as they like with their own money." It *is* a hard saying, but it is true. The private life of a lawyer or a merchant may be as lax as his conscience will allow, because he is answerable only for himself. But a man who takes a position of trust—from a minor clerkship in a bank to the presidency of a Steel Corporation—has deliberately assumed obligations, not only to keep his fingers out of the till, but to carry himself so upright in all his ways that no man can suspect his fidelity. He cannot do as he likes with his own money if he likes to affront the moral sense of the community. And in this point the wisdom of the world is not foolishness. Experience as old as humanity proves that the gambler, the drunkard, and the debauchee, however alert their intellectual faculties, are not in the long run trustworthy. If any fact is writ large in human nature, it is this. Men forget it while they are making money faster than they can spend it. Men forget it when they cut loose from former associates and escape from the social pressure of early environment. Our newly rich, in Wall Street and out, have signally forgotten it in the last decade. But the law is still immutable.

A LEGISLATIVE CLEARING-HOUSE.

It is related that once, when an important Congressional committee was giving hearings on some bill, an unknown man rose and asked the privilege of being heard. "What interest do you represent?" asked the chairman. "No interest at all," was the answer; "I want to speak for the public." The request was so extraordinary that it naturally elicited a roar of laughter, but the story illustrates the extent to which our legislative bodies are accustomed to rely for their information upon persons directly interested, one way or the other, in proposed legislation.

The lobbyist's power does not depend merely on the money he spends or the material favors he is able to bestow on members. His superior grasp of the questions up for consideration, his marshalling of the facts which support his own side when no one has ready those on the other, make his influence often strong over the best-intentioned legislator. When there are such interested experts opposed to each other, the resultant of their claims may be wise and moderate enactments; but when only an unorganized and unrepresented public is opposed to them, we have the great mass of special-privilege legislation. Meanwhile, the several States, which have the best opportunity in the world for watching each other's experiments, have, in fact, neither profited by successes, nor been warned by failures beyond their own borders.

How to remedy this condition of affairs has long been a practical question. In some respects New York has taken the lead in providing the material for intelligent legislation. The annual summaries of State enactments issued at Albany are known all over the country. But such a legislative library as ours is a thing of slow growth. In the *Review of Reviews* this month Prof. John R. Commons describes the simpler system which has been employed in Wisconsin during the past three years for supplying needed information to the Legislature while in session.

"A legislative clipping bureau" is what Professor Commons calls this adjunct. Its functions can best be described by quoting from the circular sent out to all Senators and Assemblymen in advance of the last session by Dr. Charles McCarthy, the "legislative reference librarian":

> "If you will inform us of any subjects you wish to investigate," it says, "as far as we have the material, time, and means, we will tell you—
>
> "(1.) What States have passed laws on any particular subject.
>
> "(2.) Where bills for similar laws are under discussion.
>
> "(3.) What bills on any subject have been recently introduced in our Legislature.
>
> "(4.) Where valuable discussions of any subject may be obtained.
>
> "As far as possible, with our limited force and means, we will send you abstracts of useful material, and answer any questions pertaining to legislative matters. It is not our province to convince members of the Legislature upon disputed points. We shall simply aid them to get material to study subjects in which they are interested as public officials."

The information furnished to members is timely, and it is already digested; in these two qualities lies its peculiar value. By arrangement with some of the State newspapers, "exchanges" from all parts of the country are placed at the disposal of the reference room. As the session advances, the telegraph is used extensively to obtain in the shortest possible time such specific facts as may be wanted by members—as, for instance, to verify statements contained in testimony given before committees. While the most effective service is necessarily given on questions which have long been pending, the authors of "brand-new" schemes of political regeneration can likewise be shown what other minds have worked out along the same lines. How far the plan has proved a discouragement of "freak" legislation we do not know, but this should be one of its important functions.

The average legislator, East or West, is not an habitual user of libraries. He is rather impatient of getting up a topic unless he has an accomplished secretary to do it for him. This is where the Wisconsin plan seems especially practical. The Senator's request for data on such and such a topic will bring him, say, a dozen newspaper clippings from various parts of the country, a report issued in Massachusetts, some legislative testimony from Oregon, typewritten extracts from the latest standard books on the subject—the books themselves he can read later if he is still interested—and, perhaps, some letters from unofficial sources describing the working of the statutes passed elsewhere. Not a sentence is included that is not strictly germane.

Doubtless the member who depends on this service alone, will never attain real mastery of the political questions before him, but the equipment which he does obtain is, in the majority of cases, a clear gain to the State. In Wisconsin the non-partisan character of the work has been secured by placing it under the unpaid and non-political Free Library Commission. The entire annual cost is but $4,500, and so little is the department burdened by outworn or unnecessary material that, although its entire equipment was destroyed by fire in 1903, it has already recovered its efficiency. The members of the Wisconsin Legislature declare they would not do without it on any terms, while several other States, California and Maryland among them, we believe, have already established bureaus on the same pattern. As these will be able to help each other, this should mean still more effective work in the future.

MARK TWAIN AT SEVENTY.

The most significant thing about the dinner to Mark Twain on December 5 was the greeting from forty of the leading men of letters of England. No other American author, we are confident, could receive such a tribute. In the opinion of foreigners, Mark Twain is the greatest of living American writers. An interesting side-light is thrown on his fame by an incident in Kipling's first visit to America, some fifteen years ago. Mark Twain was the man of whom Kipling had heard, and whom, above others, he wished to see. In the interval since then his reputation has grown,

both at home and abroad. Bret Harte, whose name was often coupled with his, is dead. No one is left to dispute his preëminence, or even to compare with him.

He did not, however, come into his own at once. People were suspicious of him because he was not born and bred to the literary traditions of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. Nor did he, when at last he had fairly started on his career, accept the conventions of his generation and conform to the standards of either of these three centres of culture. He was not reared with Hawthorne, Lowell, Longfellow, and Holmes; and consequently New England pitied him. He never attended the so-called "Knickerbocker School"; and New York saw at once that he suffered much from lack of early advantages. True, his essays and sketches used to appear in the staid pages of the *Atlantic*, but they were a horrible shock to the dowager duchesses of Boston. The *Atlantic*, however, was erratic. It not only tolerated Mark Twain, but for a time it was edited by a man named Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had not graduated from Harvard, indeed had never attended college, and who was therefore not a member of the Brahmin caste. These literary pariahs, however, occasionally get on in spite of deficiencies in taste and education. Mr. Aldrich, for example, managed to write some things that people have condescended to read. Indeed, one of his stories, "Marjorie Daw," so took the fancy of a budding author that, changing the name of the personages of the tale, he kindly offered to sell it to the *Evening Post*. What is worth stealing must have some merit. Mark Twain's success has been more dazzling than Mr. Aldrich's—and with good reason.

He knows America and knows it whole. Born in Missouri seventy years ago, he saw every type of man, woman, and child, white and black, that lived in the vast Mississippi Valley. As pilot on a Mississippi steamboat he made the acquaintance of the pioneers from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Western Reserve, who pushed across the prairies and filled the vacant lands of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas. He was scarcely less at home in the Gulf States, for which the Mississippi was the great highway. As Territorial secretary of Nevada and editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise*, he knew at first hand the mining camps of the Pacific Coast, the gamblers, the railway builders, and the politicians. He has dwelt for many years in the East. He has travelled extensively. He has read widely. With some native talent to start with, he has in the slow course of time picked up almost as good an equipment for literary work as a man will get in four years at Harvard or Columbia.

He has not devoted himself to carving cherry-stones according to academic rules, but to the best of his ability he has written books to read. Delicate questions of usage have not troubled him any more than they troubled Shakspere or Defoe; he has had larger problems on his mind. We do not, we trust, undervalue choice, exact, and even academic English. A careless, sloppy style is not virtue. Misusing words and taking the edge off their meaning is the favorite amusement of fools. But Mark Twain has had stories to tell—big ones and good ones. His swift, racy style—words of the people as the people understand them—smelling of the soil, is as excellent in its kind as the classic sentences of Hawthorne. In 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'Tom Sawyer' he had matter enough to last an ordinary novelist a lifetime. That, after all, is the essential. The manner, we admit, is not that of the late Walter Pater in 'Marius the Epicurean.' It is—if the two writers be at all commensurable—far better.

Yet it is the bulk of Mark Twain's work, rather than the admirable handling of details, that gives it power. To say nothing of his ventures into historical romance—he has shown us on an extensive scale surpassingly vivid pictures of many phases of our life. "Here," cry his European eulogists, "is America as it is or was." They are right. 'Huckleberry Finn" is a cross-section of Missouri and lower Illinois. You may rise from the perusal, feeling that you have actually lived there, that you know intimately a whole social stratum of antebellum days, and that you have enjoyed one of the most entertaining and moving tales in our language. The episode of that feud between the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons, with the men running along the river-bank, shooting at the swimming boys, and shouting "Kill them! kill them!" grips the memory like those stirring scenes where Crusoe came upon the footprints of the savages and the outlaws stormed the castle of Front de Bœuf.

In saying this we mean that Mark Twain is a much greater man than the humorist of 'The Jumping Frog.' That he is a humorist of the first rank no discriminating person has dreamed of denying for the last thirty years. But he is a humanist as well, if we accept the term in its broader sense—one versed in human affairs. His humor has served to keep clear and steady his vision of human relations, has helped him to pierce the sophistries of politicians, and to test the fleeting fashions of a day by eternal principles, has closed his ears to the passing cries of party, and enabled him to stand with courage, and to lift a voice that carries far, for justice and mercy to all men, of all colors, in all lands.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

The man who, by common consent, personifies the purely moral anti-slavery agitation leading up to the Civil War, and the centenary of whose birth was widely celebrated on Sunday last, is no subject for subtle analysis. His emotions, impulses, mental operations were direct, his action frank and open, his zeal absolutely unselfish and uncalculating, his persistence measured not by the hopefulness of his cause, but by the accomplished fact of emancipation. The arts of management and intrigue were foreign to him, the resort to any but peaceful and persuasive methods abhorrent. He opposed to the tender mercies of the slaveholder a world-wide benevolence and the non-resistant spirit of a martyr. He drew adherents to himself by the warmth and fire of his convictions, but also by the transparent ingenuousness of his moral nature. No more child-like reformer ever brought down upon his devoted head the mob cries of madman, fanatic, infidel, incendiary, insurrectionist, traitor to his country.

The positive traits which redeemed from obscurity a humanitarian youth of humble birth and needy circumstances, were first an almost haughty self-reliance.

"As to the political course of the [Newburyport] *Free Press*," his first venture, in his twenty-first year, he said in his salutatory, "it shall be, in the widest extent of the term, *independent*. . . . Its principles shall be open, magnanimous, and free. It shall be subservient to no party or body of men; and neither the craven fear of loss, nor the threats of the disappointed, nor the influence of power, shall ever awe one single opinion into silence. Honest and fair discussion it will court; and its columns will be open to all temperate and intelligent communications, emanating from whatever political source. In fine, he [the editor-publisher] will say with Cicero: 'Reason shall prevail with him more than public opinion.' "

This motto he placed at the head of the campaign *Journal of the Times*, edited in 1828-9 at Bennington, on behalf of the Vermont supporters of John Quincy Adams's reëlection. And again he declared: "In the first place, the *Journal* shall be INDEPENDENT, in the broadest and stoutest signification of the term; it shall be trammelled by no interest, biassed by no sect, awed by no power." In January, 1831, he thus gave notice in the salutatory to his *Liberator*—a standard of emancipation lifted up "within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty": "I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties." And a few months later: "The public shall not be imposed upon, and men and things shall be called by their right names. I retract nothing—I blot out nothing. My language is exactly such as suits me; it will displease many, I know—to displease them is my intention. Here I must advertise, that further advice will be considered intrusive. I do not want it." And again, at twenty-nine, still more eloquently, in a burst of impatience:

"There are many calling themselves anti-slavery men who, because they are only 'half-fledged' themselves, and have neither the strength nor the courage to soar, must needs flutter and scream because my spirit will not stoop in its flight heavenward, and come down to their filthy nest. It has gone, it is going, upward with a strong and steady

wing, and it shall neither sink nor rest until it reach an eternal dwelling-place."

In such glowing and erect passages stand out, as unmistakably as in any ever penned,

> "la schiva anima, e il retto
> Non domabile ingegno, e l'ira e il forte
> Spregio pe' vili, e la parola franca."

The next trait was marked originality in policy and methods. Garrison did not invent the doctrine of immediate emancipation, but he first breathed into it the breath of life. He founded the first militant journal under that sign, the first anti-slavery organizations, State and national, to plant the banner on the breastworks of the Slave Power. He was the first publicly to convene and address the despised free people of color with words of cheer and rallying; the first "with whom"—as his action was scornfully interpreted by a leading Northern divine of the day—"it seems an object worth ambition to lead the free people of color and to receive the homage of their applause." He was the author of the doctrine of "No Union with Slaveholders," which supplied the missing plate in the crusader's armor. It completed the antithesis to the Slave Power ever threatening disunion; it furnished a touchstone to every political organization pretending to find support of the existing Union compatible with pure anti-slavery professions; as a self-denying ordinance against voting or taking office under a pro-slavery Constitution, it demonstrated the disinterestedness of the Garrisonian abolitionists; above all, it divested that body of reformers of the last shred of responsibility for slavery. It was complemented by the as often misquoted as censured Scriptural definition of the ante-bellum Constitution as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"—Mr. Garrison's own selection from his favorite moral arsenal.

He was, if not the first to discern the Colonization Society's pro-slavery affinity and alliance—the free colored people of the North had anticipated him—the one who shattered it at a blow in a pamphlet deriving its chief weight from quotations from the Society's own reports: "Out of thine own mouth will I condemn thee." In keeping with this was the standing department in the *Liberator* known as "The Refuge of Oppression," into which he was satisfied to gather without other refutation than the damnatory label whatever the enemies of the cause uttered in their own behalf or in defamation of the abolitionists. "The establishment of that Museum," wrote Edmund Quincy, "we believe was a strictly original idea with Mr. Garrison. We apprehend that he was the first man who ever set up for show the caricatures which were made of himself, and the stones and dirt with which he had been pelted; and who kept on hand a gibbet on which anybody that pleased might hang him in effigy."

Power of expression was nature's genius gift to this graduate of the grammar school and the printing-office. As a writer, remarkable for his precocious maturity of style, and as a speaker, he had a vigor consonant with his leadership. He had a just sense of the weight of phraseology, and a scrupulous regard for fitness of epithet. His language was never unmeasured; in the salutatory to the *Liberator*, he disposed of the charge that it was harsh and was retarding his propaganda. "I *will be*," he maintained, "as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice." In an equally impassioned period, three years later, he sums up in self-justification the amazing progress of the agitation he had set in motion, concluding that "Greater success than I have had, no man could reasonably desire, or humbly expect. Greater success no man could obtain, peradventure, without endangering his reliance upon an almighty arm." Passing in felicitous review the manner of writing of his leading associates, from Whittier to Birney, he pertinently asks, "Of the foregoing list, who is viewed with complacency, or preferred over another, by slaveholders or their apologists? . . . As soon as any man becomes hostile to colonization and friendly to abolition, is he not at once recognized and stamped by the enemy as a *Garrisonite?*" And later he could ask what the sophistical whitewashing of the Constitution by the political anti-slavery wing availed them in propitiating the Slave Power more than his own blunt Old-Testament metaphoric "covenant with death and agreement with hell."

By the apposite choice of a word he differentiated from all preceding and succeeding peace societies the "Non-resistance Society," founded mainly by him in 1838. The adjective he insisted on was a creed, and allowed no room for half-way adjustment to a society resting on force. His originality was here again apparent, as was his independence in repelling attempted sectarian control of his movement. In this controversy, which split his ranks in two, he became quite unconsciously a pioneer in the cause of woman's equality, which he promoted to the fullest extent, memorably at the London World's Anti-Slavery Convention in 1840, when the exclusion (partly engineered from America) of his female co-delegates determined him to refuse a seat in that body, though after Clarkson he was the most distinguished member. It was his lot to link the philanthropy of Great Britain and the United States in the closest ties for the abolition of slavery, and to achieve a popular recognition across the water which was denied him in his native land. After the Civil War, in which the relations of England and the United States had been perilously strained, Garrison more naturally than any American could be received in England as a mediator. At the breakfast given to him in London in 1867, the Duke of Argyll so accepted him, in words which may properly close this necessarily restricted estimate:

> "Let us remember with joy and thankfulness that only a few years ago the present reception could not have been given to Mr. Garrison. He was not then the representative of a people, of a country, or of a government. He was the representative only of a party in the United States. . . . Now, thank God, Mr. Garrison appears before us as the representative of the United States; freedom is now the policy of the Government and the assured policy of the country, and we can to-day accept and welcome Mr. Garrison not merely as the liberator of the slaves, but as the representative also of the American Government. . . . On the ground of the Cause of which he was the great champion, of the peculiar service which he has rendered to that cause, and of the People whom he represents, we desire to give Mr. Garrison a hearty welcome."

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 28, 1905.

The present state of affairs is noteworthy. It presents one feature of immediate interest and another feature of permanent importance.

The immediate interest of the situation lies in the revelation to the whole world of a fact which has long been perceived by every careful observer. Each of the great political parties is a house divided against itself. The fiscal question has split Unionists into two opposed bodies, which, unless loyalty to the Union triumphs over every other sentiment, may any day become hostile camps. Mr. Balfour's well-meant attempt to minimize essential differences has, as such endeavors are apt to do, widened the breach which it was meant to close. Mr. Chamberlain has insisted upon the necessity of a policy which every Free Trader must identify with Protection. It is likely enough that the rumors of the Cabinet's intended resignation were not put in circulation by any Unionist leader. They may well be nothing else than the predictions of journalists whose prophecies take the form of assertion. But then, shrewd critics base their forecast of the future on the effects naturally to be expected from the known circumstances of the time. The Cabinet may either resign office or advise a dissolution of Parliament; but few observers doubt, or at any rate doubted till a day or two ago, that either course would terminate the existence of the present Government. The weakness of the Ministry is the more remarkable for two reasons. It has not been brought about by any personal hostility between the two men who at the present minute guide, in Parliament at least, the policy of the Unionists. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have on every suitable occasion used expressions of mutual esteem, not to say affection. It would be mere cynicism to suppose that these avowals of friendship were but expressions of diplomatic or political hypocrisy. English gentlemen, even when engaged in public affairs, generally speak the truth.

Personal ill-will has had little to do with bringing about a political crisis. Nor, again, is there any reason to suppose that the electors of Great Britain have become Home Rulers. The obvious and the undeniable cause of discord among Unionists is the existence of the fiscal question. The policy of Free Trade and the policy of Protection do not admit of reconciliation. Logic, in the long run, rules the world. The difficulty of combined action among large bodies of men is at bottom caused by fundamental differences of opinion. Free Traders attribute a great deal too much to the errors and the rashness, grave though they may be, of Mr. Chamberlain. The opponents of Protection would much strengthen their own cause if they freely admitted that Mr. Chamberlain is not wanting in a certain kind of insight. A policy which every Free Trader would call Protection does undoubtedly commend itself to a larger number of Englishmen than any one supposed ten years ago. Mr. Chamberlain has underrated the determination of the electors to adhere to the policy identified with the repeal of the Corn Laws; but critics who, like the present writer, do not share Mr. Cham-

berlain's economical ideas, ought to concede that he is justified in the belief that these ideas are in one shape or another popular among a considerable number of electors. However this may be, a distinct and very intelligible division of opinion among the supporters of the Ministry threatens to bring about the fall of the Government.

But then, the last few days have made patent a fact which intelligent critics have long suspected, that irreconcilable differences of opinion divide the Opposition. The question of Home Rule can no more be shirked in 1905 than in 1886. Men who seem prepared to assume at any moment the responsibilities of government, are at variance as to their Irish policy. They are less agreed as to the attitude to be taken up towards Home Rule than they were in 1893. The ostensible leader of the party has hoisted the Home Rule flag. Lord Rosebery, who was the last Liberal Prime Minister, has declared that this is a flag under which he will never serve. Attempts are made to explain away a vital difference. Though Lord Rosebery has contradicted Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, we are told, has not yet contradicted Lord Rosebery. The rash Earl—that *enfant terrible* of the Opposition—has raised a question, it is suggested, which need not be answered till the day after to-morrow—that is, we presume, till the end of the next Parliament, or, say, till 1912. All these apologies or explanations are futile. The issue between the two leaders of the Opposition is plainly joined: they may each or either of them try to withdraw their dispute from the verdict of the country. This will avail them nothing. The electors may be dullards, but they are not fools. They know, and will be reminded, that the greater part of the Opposition are bent not on the production of a Home Rule bill, but on a far more dangerous experiment, namely, the carrying through of a policy of Home Rule, and that to this policy a minority, but a minority containing the most influential members of the so-called Liberal party, is opposed.

The difference, moreover, between the followers of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and of Lord Rosebery does not concern any speculative inquiry; it touches a matter which, from the moment the Opposition enters into office, will become the question of the day. Is the law of the land, including in that term the provisions of the Crimes Act, to be enforced in Ireland as vigorously as the law of the land is enforced in Great Britain? On the answer to this inquiry depends the whole Irish policy of the Government, and the safety of every Irishman who is loyal to the Union. It is a question which will require an instant, a decided, and an unmistakable answer. Every one, moreover, knows that, in his denunciation of Home Rule, Lord Rosebery represents the will of the nation. The predominant partner has not turned Home Ruler, though he has remained a Free Trader.

Lord Rosebery's insight surpasses his firmness. He may conceivably explain away language which admits of but one interpretation; but retraction itself will, at the present moment, avail nothing. It may deeply injure his own reputation, it will not affect the public. His spoken words and the words of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will live. Unionists now know that a vote for a supporter of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman will be a vote for Home Rule. They know, too, that some of the ablest members of the Opposition will not fight for Home Rule. Many Unionists are convinced that neither the supporters of the existing Ministry nor the majority of the Opposition fairly represent the whole will of the nation. This is the fact which complicates and confuses the whole political situation. The matter of immediate interest is to observe the result of this confusion, and to ascertain whether there be any statesman or body of statesmen who, by putting an end to a false position, can save the country from grave and pressing dangers.

The permanent importance of a peculiar state of affairs lies in the proof that the system of government existing in modern England has for the moment broken down. Every one admits that one object of a popular government is that the policy and the legislation of the country shall in the main and in the long run be in conformity with the will or the judgment of the electors. But an impartial observer must admit the possibility, many would say the high probability, that the majority of the electors of the United Kingdom wish to maintain both a policy of Free Trade and the existing legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. Of course, Chamberlainites believe that the country has become wearied of "Free Trade," at any rate as that term was understood sixty years ago. Of course, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his followers believe that the country has come round, or is coming round, to the policy of Home Rule. A newspaper correspondent has no claim to infallibility. Either Mr. Chamberlain or the official leader of the Opposition may be right; one thing, however, is past dispute. If, as is possible, the true wish of the country is to support at once freedom of trade and the union with Ireland, it is absolutely impossible, as things now stand, for the electorate to give expression at the next general election to the true wishes of the country. A vote for the Opposition may secure Free Trade, but it will endanger the Union, and sanction, at any rate, a policy leading towards Home Rule. A vote in favor of the Government—or, for that matter, in favor of Mr. Chamberlain—will be the condemnation of any tampering with the Act of Union, but may sanction a policy of Protection.

Nor is this all. The ambiguity of the situation may prevent the result of a general election from having any decisive effect or any conclusive moral authority. Assume that the vote of the people goes in favor of the Opposition. Who will dare to give to this vote a clear interpretation? There is at least the risk that a vote in favor of Free Trade may be misinterpreted as a vote in favor of a policy leading to Home Rule. The perplexities of the time are increased by an effect of our present mode of voting, which, if my memory does not deceive me, was anticipated neither by the opponents nor by the advocates of vote by ballot. Secret voting has taken from a general election more than half its instructiveness. No one can now say for certain who are the men whose votes have brought about a change of government. No one, therefore, can assert with confidence what were the motives by which the voters were influenced. When, in 1841, Peel returned to office, every one could tell the extent to which Whigs had been converted to Conservatism. If the present Opposition obtains a majority, no one can tell with any accuracy to what extent, if at all, Unionists have been converted to Home Rule.

Every form of government has its own peculiar weaknesses. The special defects of democracy are increased tenfold when the desires of the sovereign people are pronounced in a form which renders it uncertain what it is that the sovereign desires. If the *vox populi* has to be treated as the *vox Dei*, it is common prudence to arrange that the political deity shall utter its will not in dubious oracles, but in unmistakably plain language. In public affairs, and especially in the present state of the world, hesitation and uncertainty may well lead a great nation to ruin. England is suffering from what has been called the paralysis of the Constitution, which may equally well be termed the breakdown of party government. This malady of popular government is not confined to England. One of the difficulties of the day is that neither men of thought nor men of action have yet discovered the cure for a dangerous disease.

AN OBSERVER.

AN EPISODE IN THE LONDON THEATRE.

LONDON, November 24, 1905.

Whatever else in London may languish, interest in the theatre never dies. The theatre itself may be at the last ebb, bound, financially, to the bankruptcy court, but the hold the subject has upon the public mind, apparently, never relaxes. The papers, especially the dull Sunday papers, fill pages with it and its affairs, when they can spare only a column or so for literature, and less for art. Speculators keep on building new theatres when the old ones are said not to pay their way. Excitements come and go, the fad of yesterday is forgotten to-day, but some one has only to whisper a suggestion as to the necessity of a national theatre, and the floodgates of debating-club and newspaper correspondence eloquence are opened upon a defenceless world. In a word, in England, the influence of the drama is to make every one connected with it, no matter how remotely, as hysterical as its average interpreter on the English stage.

I suppose it is a result of all this unnatural and exaggerated interest that so much unnecessary and uninterrupted attention has been bestowed upon the question of reform in the theatre. It is true the Englishman is never so happy as when he is ostentatiously reforming something—anything so long as it is not himself. He can, however, at intervals leave art to work out its own salvation. He can even loosen his reforming grasp on politics for a while. But nothing would persuade him to retreat from the burning deck of the theatre as long as there is a chance of loud and exemplary talk about the ennobling of the stage and the elevation of its ethics. And so in London, within not so many years, we have seen Independent Theatres and Elizabethan Stage Societies;

we have had little noisily-advertised groups of the Illuminated busy with Ibsen and with Maeterlinck, and soaring Stage Societies, and puffed Dramatic Schools; we have been edified by self-appointed and ponderously-conscious-of-the-fact missionaries offering their morals to the mummer. And all the time, as a ceaseless refrain to the outbursts of irresponsible chatter about the seriousness of the drama and the duty of the dramatist, we have had to listen to the same old sermon upon the importance of a national theatre. And what has come of all this? Nothing, absolutely nothing—or worse than nothing. For the tendency has been to make of the theatre a Temple of Moralists, and of the stage their pulpit. And the curious thing is—though, as yet, the fact has not been sufficiently recognized—that the most hopeful sign of reform there has been comes, as it should, from a purely business enterprise—a theatre run on business lines, not for the ethical conversion or elevation of mankind, but for honest money-making. I mean, the little Court Theatre, the home of farce, as I first knew it, in Sloane Square. For the work it has done and is doing, I think it deserves recognition, especially at the present moment, before it is too late. For, even as I write my word of praise, I seem to see, slowly forcing itself in, the thin end of the wedge, the kind of popularity that in England leads to artistic ruin if to financial success. But let me explain.

I began to go to the Court Theatre after one of my regular seasons of not going to the theatre in London at all. I was delighted. I saw plays that had the rare charm of being interesting, and the rarer merit of being well done. I thought, Perhaps I am prejudiced; perhaps it is because I have seen nothing for so long that anything would please me. Therefore, conscientiously, I have made the rounds of the principal London theatres. I have learned for myself, and not from the official critics, what is going on in them. And what have I found all London crowding to applaud? I leave out the musical comedies that have no relation to the drama whatever. I do not know whether I should not leave out also the triumph at His Majesty's of Mr. Tree, in one of the make-ups the ingenuity of which is the secret of his reputation, turning 'Oliver Twist' into melodrama; and the triumph at Drury Lane of Mr. George Alexander, with the help of a flock of sheep, some odd ponies, and a dog, turning the tiresome melodrama of Mr. Hall Caine into the manner of spectacle expected of Drury Lane. But if I do omit these things, there seems to me uncommonly little to write about: English actors struggling with German sentiment over a German problem in 'Lights Out'; pit and gallery being initiated into the doings of the "Smart Set"—odious and silly term—into their dancing of cake-walks, their playing of bridge, their toadying to millionaires, in a comedy of old conventions in new dress, supposed to be a comedy of manners like "The Walls of Jericho," so successful as to be just coming to an end after a run of over a year; light farces, of which the best that can be said is that they do not pretend to do more than raise a laugh, and, even if the laugh does not come easily, one is grateful for the kindness and good sense of the intention. When the attraction is not in the spectacle, in the glitter of German uniform, in the glamour of polite ball- and drawing-rooms, it is in the names of one or two special favorites in the list of actors and actresses. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones may, for the time, have retired in favor of Mr. Barrie and Mr. Sutro. It makes small difference. The play, whoever the author, is usually a peg to hang the essentials on—the essentials, that is, with the British public; and the art of the actors, the art of actors acting together, is evidently looked upon as old-fashioned, as out of date, like the Mouth of Hell in the mystery play or the use of masks on the Greek stage.

At the Court Theatre, however, under the present management of Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker, himself an actor and a playwright, there is, in the first place, the effort to present plays that are interesting as plays, not as spectacles or marvels of mechanical stage-setting, not as excuses for ingenious costumes and Paris fashion models, not for the parading and posing of actor-managers and notorious beauties. The one appeal made is dramatic. I do not say that this appeal is always successful; only that it is always legitimate. And it is made with a variety unusual, as it is refreshing, in these days of long runs. The venture was begun not much more than a year ago; for a time, the performances were limited to a few afternoons in the week. And yet there have been presented Greek tragedies and mediæval moralities, Ibsen's plays, Mr. George Bernard Shaw's plays, plays by new and untried authors. Already, this autumn, Mr. Hankin, hitherto unknown to me, certainly has made the beginning of his reputation with "The Return of the Prodigal," and Mr. Granville Barker has shown real dramatic insight in "The Voysey Inheritance," which, for all its echoes of Ibsen and Shaw, has the right stuff in it, and is the freshest and most interesting English play I have seen for years. This, surely, if the theatre were to close, or degenerate, to-morrow, would be an admirable record.

But what strikes me still more is the excellence of the stage management. No dramatic school can do for the actor what is being done for him here in the way of experience and practice. It is a stage on which the "star" would not have a chance. It is extraordinary, things being as they are in London, how few of the actors and actresses who appear, or have appeared, are actors and actresses with names already made or already popular. You cast your eye down the playbill, and, unless you are at home at the Court, you recognize hardly one of the performers. But they have all, down to the most insignificant, been drilled into the truth, so cheerfully ignored on the ordinary London stage, that the business of the actor is to act, not to strut and rant and pose and shriek; that in the action and relation of a group of actors on the stage unity is as indispensable as in the various parts that make up the whole in the painter's composition. In London, the cry of the reformers has always been—The play, the good play, is what we need! But the best play, when trusted to incompetent players, is sure to fail—artistically anyway; while the poor play may be transformed into a masterpiece by competent performers. Actors, good actors, are what are needed, above all, on the London stage; and the performances at the Court have impressed me with this truth more than ever. I have not so far seen there a man, or a woman, whom I thought a supreme artist, a genius. But most of the company are extremely able, and they have learned how to present a play as if they belonged to it, as if they were all in the picture.

Of the difference this makes, I can give a practical instance. In the old days—some ten or fifteen years ago—like most people, I went through my Ibsen phase. A play by Ibsen could not be put on the stage by the little esoteric companies then vowed to the production of Ibsen in the United Kingdom, that I did not go to see it. "Ghosts," "Rosmersholm," "The Doll's House," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "The Lady from the Sea," I saw them all; with the result that I developed such a distaste for Ibsen that I never wanted to see him again. For his interpreters, one after the other, forgot that he was a dramatist, remembered only that he was a preacher, and looked upon themselves as missionaries sent out to spread his gospel. No matter what the part they played, they were filled with a sense of their own virtue, which they proceeded to force upon their audience, to ram down that audience's throat, until I, for one, could stand it no longer. Ibsen, in their hands, became a bore, and, moreover, a bore one could not forgive for the havoc he was playing with the career of so many promising actors and actresses. The fact is, Ibsen has done more harm in his day to the English stage than all the trashiest writers of trashy melodrama and trashy farce who were his contemporaries. It was therefore with reluctance I was induced to go and see last month "The Wild Duck" at the Court Theatre. It is one of the plays that offer the best opportunity to the Ibsenite—full of a mysticism that does not enter into the scheme of everyday life, I should say, out of Norway, and therefore full of possibilities as a text for the real Ibsen sermon as preached by the English Ibsenite. But the actors at the Court played it, as they play any other drama that comes their way, intelligently, simply, and I should like to add earnestly, if that were not a word so horribly misused and abused by the Ibsenite. They were neither overpowered by the sanctity of their mission, nor overawed by their own virtue. On the contrary, they appeared to be not in the least conscious of mission, or virtue, or themselves, and so helped the audience to forget they were anything save the characters they were there to represent. And, for the first time on the English stage, I saw a play by Ibsen when I could feel, as I do in reading him, that he is essentially a dramatist.

The play is too well known for me to undertake to explain the plot. But what its presentment on this stage showed me was the commonplace family of Ibsen's imagining, going about their commonplace life; tinged with sentiment, indulging in fancies, it may be, that are not of the same quality as our sentiments and fancies, but quite comprehensible; and of a sudden, a tragedy made of it all by the meddling of a madman—the dangerous madman not mad enough

to be locked up. And the commonplace had just the right touch of romance in the handling of it, and the tragedy was the more poignant because of the very ordinary everyday men and women involved in it. There was no more suggestion of a sermon, of a lesson, of a moral, than in one's own commonplace affairs and tragedies. If the same company would give the whole series of Ibsen's plays, I think it would leave the British public—or as much of it as cares—with a very different idea of Ibsen as a maker of plays.

After saying so much in praise, I must point out the danger that I think threatens the enterprise—a danger more serious in this country than anywhere else. What the real Briton truly loves is something he knows, something he is accustomed to, something he has been repeatedly assured is correct. He is a conservative by nature, and is as shy of a new joke as of wearing a straw hat with his frock coat. Once, however, he gets used to the joke, he does not want to hear any other. It is the same with him in the theatre. He hates a play on unfamiliar lines; but, once he has endured it long enough for the unfamiliar to grow familiar, then he wants nothing else. Now it happened that one of the first great successes made by Mr. Vedrenne and Mr. Barker was in their presentment of a play by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, "John Bull's Other Island." Mr. Shaw's plays had been tried on the English stage before, they had been published, they had been much written about, especially by himself. Of recent years, two or three had had a run, if a very short one. But it was only with the performance of "John Bull's Other Island" that he was really successful as success goes in the theatre. And he deserved to be successful. The play is immensely clever, as everybody by this time knows; there is as little necessity to tell its story as in the case of Ibsen's "Wild Duck." Its plot anyway, if it may be said to have one, amounts to nothing; dramatically it is weak, it even condescends to the expected concessions to what is supposed to be the Celtic temperament now so much heard of. But it is brilliant in dialogue, it has humor, it is gay and irresponsible, it is full of shrewd observation and criticism of the political problems and relations of the moment. It was this political side of it that carried the whole play, a good deal of which otherwise is unintelligible to an English audience. But people interested in politics came to see it. Politicians came, and returned. There was a rumor that Mr. Balfour had been seen there several times and had laughed. Royalty, too, patronized it, and royalty, too, managed to laugh. And Mr. Shaw, of a sudden, became the popular dramatist there is no earthly reason why he should not have been ten or twelve years ago.

And the consequence? The Court Theatre now cannot have too much of Mr. Shaw. His old plays have been revived, his new plays are being brought out one after the other. And here is the danger. For, because "John Bull's Other Island" is a fine, humorous piece of work, it does not follow that everything Mr. Shaw does is good, though by this time the public is more than ready to take him at his own valuation. But his "Candida," for example, to-day seems little more than a feeble imitation of Ibsen—Ibsen as understood and rendered by the early Ibsenites. His "Man and Superman," the run of which has had to be extended, is the tiresome exercise in egotism of a man who likes to fool and mystify the public, and see just how much the public will stand from him. Mr. Shaw has never hesitated to talk about himself, in print, on the platform, or on the stage; he would be—he has been—the last man to deny the uses of self-advertisement. And so it is in keeping that he should now figure as the hero of his own play, and that Mr. Granville Barker, who takes the part, has what seems to me the bad taste to get himself to look like Mr. Shaw. This savors of farce rather than comedy; it is a jest that may pall when one does not happen to be Mr. Shaw.

Worse than this. Now he is taken seriously, he begins to exert the evil influence of Ibsen over his admirers and followers. As he makes himself appear as his own hero, he is a rather tedious person, who goes through life shocking the bourgeois by turning morals and conventions topsy-turvy, very much as Oscar Wilde and his school manufactured epigrams. The character must become infinitely tedious unless taken quite naturally. But Mr. Barker, who has trained his company to the point of playing even Ibsen naturally, undoes all his good work as manager, by preaching and proclaiming as actor from beginning to end of "Man and Superman," until he has converted the play into the sort of edifying lesson that "Ghosts" or "The Doll's House" used to be. Mr. Shaw on politics may be amusing; but Mr. Shaw on himself is, to be honest, a trifle dull, for every one cannot be as interested in him as he is in himself. But the public, having accepted Mr. Shaw, only like him the better for his dulness. His success is complete. He is on the high road to become as established a convention as the top-hat, the roast beef, and the other things he deplores as fetishes of British respectability. And the disappointing part of it all is, that the future of the little theatre, at first so hopeful, now lies trembling in the balance. Will it remain a theatre, or will it, too, degenerate into a temple of moralists, with Shaw for its prophet-in-chief? N. N.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, in conjunction with John Murray, London, will bring out Molmenti's 'Venice: Its Individual Growth from the Earliest Beginnings to the Fall of the Republic,' now appearing in Italy. The translator is, as should be the case, Mr. Horatio F. Brown. Six volumes will combine in three sections, "Venice in the Middle Ages," "Venice in the Golden Age," and "The Decadence of Venice." Each volume will contain forty full-page plates and a Venetian-made colored frontispiece. There will be ordinary and large-paper editions.

'Trade-Unionism in America,' edited by Professors Hollander and Barnett of Johns Hopkins University, is in the press of Henry Holt & Co.

Henry Frowde is about to publish a 'History of the Post-Reformation Catholic Missions in Oxfordshire,' with an account of the families connected with them, by Mrs. Bryan Stapleton. Near at hand is the concluding (16th) volume of Mrs. Paget Toynbee's edition of Horace Walpole's Letters, consisting of the indexes of persons, places, and subjects, including matters of art and art criticism.

F. X. Garneau's History of Canada is to appear in a fifth edition, supervised by his grandson, M. Hector Garneau, who also intends to publish his grandfather's correspondence with eminent French scholars and writers during the preparation of his work. Finally, M. H. Garneau will bring out the correspondence of his father, M. Alfred Garneau, with the literary men of his time, together with one of his careful studies on the French families that came to Canada in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The City of Ravenna, Italy, has planned a worthy monument to Dante, who died and was buried there. It is to take the form of a museum, in which are to be collected books, statues, relics, and memorabilia of Guido da Polenta's immortal guest. A committee, consisting of the Mayor of Ravenna, of Professor Rava, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, of Count Pier Desiderio Pasolini and other men of similar standing and responsibility, has been organized, and has issued an appeal for subscriptions to establish the museum. By a happy coincidence, one of the richest Dante libraries in Italy, belonging to Leo Olschkj of Florence, is offered for sale, and three experts—Signori Guido Biagi, Del Lungo, and Bacci—have appraised its value at twenty thousand *lire*. This collection will make the best possible foundation for the proposed museum. It is hoped that in America, which has produced many eminent Dante scholars, and where at the present time there is much effective study of Dante, there may be persons who will be glad to join in this undertaking. Subscriptions should be sent to Count P. D. Pasolini, Ravenna, Italy, whose patronage of the project is a guarantee that it will be successfully carried out.

We have received from the Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., an Index to its Historical Collections for the first forty volumes (1859-1905). It has been well executed by the secretary, Mr. George Francis Dow, and as it confines itself to subject and author in a broad way, it makes a thin volume of 91 pages. The typography is clear, and the figure-references distinctly differentiated. The range of topics is very extensive. Some of the family names illustrated or contributory are Abbott, Adams, Brown, Choate, Crowninshield, Derby, Endicott, Gardner, Gray, Higginson, Peabody, Phillips, Rantoul, Waters, and Upham.

The Dent-Dutton edition of George Eliot's 'Silas Marner' is one of the daintiest books of the season, for which Charles E. Brock's charming designs, all in color, have been freely called in. The title-page vignette might stand for a classic interpretation of "A little child shall lead them." Print and binding are in the established good taste of the London house. Annie Matheson's introduction, we think, adds not much to the intellectual adornment.

The same combination of firms gives us in three volumes Dickens's 'Christmas Carol,' 'Cricket on the Hearth,' and 'The Chimes,' and here Mr. Brock reappears

closes with a brief reference to the devastations wrought by the Abyssinian raids.

We cannot presume on our readers' lively interest in the discussion over the right and wrong of the removal of Prof. Ettore Pais from the directorship of the Naples Museum. We have ourselves taken no sides in the matter, and do not intend to. "T. D. R." returns to the charge *contra*, citing a private letter from Prof. B. Croce in comment on Mr. Wm. R. Thayer's recent communication *pro*. We do not feel called upon to yield our space to it.

—"In Our Convent Days" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is in Miss Agnes Repplier's happiest style. It is a vivid and humorous picture of life in an American convent school, where the discipline was severe and salutary, the luxuries and freedoms of the modern schoolgirl unknown, and the young inmates were thrown on their imaginations for all the excitements and amusements of life. The humors of the convent stage (for amateur theatricals were taken very seriously in that austere little community, and Miss Repplier and her friends, all aged about eleven, seem to have been constantly rehearsing something or other), the exhausting joys of a *congé sous clocle*, or a visit from the Archbishop, the small mutinies and jealousies and devotions of schoolgirls, are actually made amusing by Miss Repplier's light touch and caustic comments. Few people who write autobiography have the art of taking their childhood so lightly. Miss Repplier spares neither herself nor her contemporaries, in one of whom we are invited by the dedication to recognize Mrs. Joseph Pennell. But revelations so neatly and humorously made need leave no sting. Miss Repplier shows in such studies as these a sympathy and imagination that in her more serious essays are too often obscured by the habit of quotation. Unsupported by Sir Thomas Browne or other reflective authors of an antiquarian bent, she is one of the most agreeable of writers. Especially happy is the description of the genial Archbishop, a lover of children, who tries in vain to make friends with the frigid and embarrassed squadrons of little girls, and at last wins their confidence by singing a song about the devil. "Then the Archbishop stepped out of the boat, and there was a timid little scramble to his side. The barriers were down. . . . When he bade us good-by, we shouted and waved our handkerchiefs until he was out of sight. . . . I trust that in Paradise the Holy Innocents are now hearing him company, for I truly believe his soul would weary of the society of grown-up saints."

—"In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies," by Mr. James Outram (Macmillan), has a special claim upon the notice of climbers and geographers, since the author has to his credit more "first ascents," for the region here dealt with, than can be claimed by any other Alpinist. When writing of his adventures, Mr. Outram's enthusiasm often leads him into a strain of picturesqueness, which many of the mountaineers are at great pains to avoid. For example, Chapter XIV. opens thus: "Darkness was gathering apace. The sun had set nearly an hour ago. A piercing wind from a world of glaciers was whistling by on its wild course; and the rising moon, shining feebly athwart a mist of clouds, revealed two shivering human forms silhouetted upon the skyline of a rocky ridge 10,000 feet above the sea. One, perched on the apex of a cliff some seventy feet in height, a precipice on either hand, watches intently the painful progress of his companion in adversity, who, in the dim, shadowy distance, is clinging with chilled fingers to the vertical face of rock by handholds of the tiniest dimension, and wildly waving first one leg and then the other in a blind search for some small, broken ledge or scant projection which may bear his weight, and form another step in the slow, difficult descent." The conservative climber either avoids getting himself into such a plight, or, if night overtakes him on a sheer rock face, says as little about the incident as possible. Mr. Outram certainly has had some unusual adventures amid the Selkirks and Rockies, which he describes with animation and a genuine command of professional terminology. Among his first ascents the most remarkable, perhaps, are those of Mt. Assiniboine (the Canadian Matterhorn), and Mt. Columbia, which, with an altitude of 12,500 feet, is as yet the loftiest of the Canadian Rockies to be mastered. Certainly the present volume will give Mr. Outram a position side by side with Wilcox and Collie, among the explorers and mountaineers of the region between Mt. Assiniboine and Diadem Peak.

—While a genuine love of sport has prompted the pioneers of mountain climbing in the Canadian Rockies, there is one thing which we observe with regret. According to the suggestion of the Royal Geographical Society, peaks when first named should take their name from some physical feature, or, better still, should go down on the map under the title local usage has given them. Now, the climbers in the Canadian Rockies have shown an undue fondness for calling the mountains after themselves or their friends. In many individual cases, there would seem to be an excellent excuse for such procedure. The names Mt. Collie, Mt. Bryce, Mt. Freshfield, ought certainly not to disappear, if we are to have Mt. Stephen, Mt. Sir Donald and Mt. Dupper. But it really does seem a pity to sprinkle the names of railway magnates, climbers and Swiss guides over the whole district from the frontier to the Wapta Pass, without giving local terms or physical features any chance at all. We have it on very good authority that one of the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway declined to have a mountain named after him for the reasons just indicated. Mr. Outram has interspersed his text with numerous illustrations, which, though far less beautifully executed than those of Mr. Wilcox, serve the present purpose quite well. He also gives a sketch-map, which is founded chiefly upon Collie's work and the charts of the Dominion Land Survey.

—Whenever the library of some European scholar is purchased for an American institution, there is a great outcry in the press against the selfishness of his heirs who let money considerations count for more than the "honor" of their country, and against the laxity of the Government that permits such treasures to be lost to German or English institutions. It is all the more refreshing, therefore, to find a man like Prof. Richard Frenchmann, the University Librarian at Göttingen, taking a stand against such narrowness, particularly against the claim that the Government should step in and buy such private libraries as may be in danger of being exported. In an article on "Scientific Working Libraries," contributed to a recent number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, he points out that these libraries usually do not contain, alongside or other particularly rare books, but of the ordinary working tools of the scholar, which, if purchased for a German university library, would duplicate much material already on its shelves, while the purchase for an American library is a direct contribution to the extension of scientific culture and research. "If the German language and literature is to be studied at the Leland Stanford Junior University in Palo Alto in California, which was founded in 1891, it is absolutely necessary that at least a part of the literary apparatus of our university libraries be made available there. The 4,500 volumes of Romanistic literature from the library of the late Prof. Rudolf Hildebrandt in Leipzig, which were secured for the Stanford University, will, of course, be of much greater value in Palo Alto than they would be if they had been kept in Leipzig." In the course of his expostulations Professor Frenchmann makes some notes on the libraries which he visited last year as delegate to the Congress of Librarians in St. Louis.

—In entering upon the duties of his office the new annual Rector Magnificus of the University of Berlin, Prof. Dr. H. Diels, delivered an address on the subject of the traditions of the universities, and the reforms that had been made towards unification in one great institution for Germany. The address naturally attracted a good deal of attention, and was reported in full by leading journals. The speaker declared that the University of Berlin had been fortunate enough to overcome the two theories so potent at its foundation, namely, towards organizing an "allgemeine Lehrstalt." In the widest sense of the term combining the purely scientific work of research with the "useful" branches that had generally been assigned to the polytechnic institutes. These subjects Diels regards as the "children of the polytechnic Douglas of the seventeenth century," who were advocated, too, during the nineteenth. More recently, again, two university rectors, those of Würzburg and Leipzig, have advocated the organization of an "Einheitsuniversität," but Diels maintains that many years will elapse before the Berlin University will consent to such an organization, because this would cause an estrangement of the schools from the real purpose of their establishment. Even as matters now stand, the different parts of the school hang loosely together without the proper internal connection. The chief disadvantage would be that the university would cease to be a purely scientific institution. In conclusion, the speaker emphasized the fact that the development of university studies had gone through a "spiral," developing general culture was in the twelfth and this was followed by a period of intensive specialization. Now the endeavor again is to unite the different members of the whole of research, and this movement is attracting the interest of the students as well as of the teachers. It is not at all desir-

that this tendency be hemmed in by adding to the university curriculum practical studies not in harmony with these ideals. The last sentence of this notable address is a warm appeal to raise on high "the golden sceptre of Idealism."

—The *Petersburger Zeitung*, the leading German journal of the Russian capital, reports some interesting details in connection with the autonomy recently granted to the Russian universities. The Government was anxious to have the work at these institutions resumed, and for this reason granted far-reaching concessions. Practically full self-government was given them. The beginnings of the new régime were auspicious, as the election of the new rectors by the university councils passed off smoothly. To a certain extent the student body, too, showed a proper appreciation of their unwonted liberty, and at once entered upon their duties again. Others, however, especially those of the St. Petersburg University, largely influenced by socialistic agitators, demanded further and some very radical concessions. They agreed upon the following: (1) That the attendance of Jewish students in the universities should no longer be limited to a certain percentage of the total enrolment; (2) that women should at once be admitted to all the departments of the institution; (3) that all the graduates of the secondary schools, even those of the inferior four-year course in the church seminaries, and also all persons without special preparation, but who "were seeking enlightenment," should be admitted to the universities; (4) that certain unpopular professors should be removed, and those who had suffered on account of their political views or activity, should be at once reinstated. At a meeting of the Polish students, the demand was made for the complete autonomy of Poland, for the equality of Russian and Polish in the courts, and the introduction of the Polish language in the schools of Poland. In Dorpat the members of the corps (mostly Germans) outvoted the revolutionary Russians, and work has been resumed in the entire institution. The same is true also of the Polytechnic Institute in Riga and the University of Moscow.

GOSSE'S SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne. By Edmund Gosse. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan. 1905. 8vo. Pp. 207.

No other English writer, unless one of the sublime few or one linguistically important, has received the lifelong devotion of two such editors as has the author of the 'Religio Medici' in the labors of Simon Wilkin and of Dr. W. A. Greenhill. You may not care for Sir Thomas Browne; it is conceivable enough that you should find his meandering stream to be tiresome; but if you do like him, you must personally love him. The warmth of affection one feels is his just due would be ill-bestowed upon Montaigne and uncalled-for toward Charles Lamb or toward Horace. How unlike one another these four writers are, and yet how strikingly set apart from others by the personal feeling they inspire! Browne tells us he never read above three pages of Montaigne; and nobody can wonder that the most extreme of believers, who held that Divine Omnipotence could override the principle of contradiction, should not be attracted to the extremest of skeptics.

Any lover of Browne carries a pass-key to the heart of any other; and if Mr. Gosse should only display such a badge, he may be sure that any mistakes he may commit will be lightly dealt with by the present reviewer. But, after a first perusal of his volume in the kindest spirit, attention having been focussed on the questions he revives, we re-read the whole of Browne, together with sufficient proportions of the five or six writers who seem most comparable with him—Boyle, Digby, Henry More, Charleton, Gui Patin, and Samuel Parker; and now, returning to a more deliberate study of what Mr. Gosse has to say, find our general impression to be that, instead of striving to put himself into his subject's shoes, as we, for example, conceive ourselves obliged to put ourselves into his, he rather struggles to squeeze Browne's Alcidian foot into his own pump. You will find examples of this wherever you open his volume. Here is one. Imagine, if you please, Edmund Gosse rapping the author of 'Christian Morals' over the knuckles for not bearing in mind his Vaugelas (p. 197)! The 'Remarques' of that purist did not appear until Browne had already published everything of importance that he was to publish. But the incongruity of the anachronism is nothing compared to that of tying down an English writer whose style was formed before the Great Rebellion, to the rules of French rhetoric! Expunge from Milton's epic whatever would have been out of place in Voltaire's, or even, if you will, whatever Shakspere wrote that Racine would not have written even if he could; but do not tell Browne to write according to Vaugelas!

On the page opposite to this, a sentence from the metaphysical part of the 'Religio Medici' is brought up for censure. This portion of Browne's masterpiece which, be it not forgotten, was written before the publication of any work in historical continuity with modern philosophy, is not a little curious—curious, and something more than that—but has never received the attention it deserves. More than one passage sounds almost like an anticipation of Hegel, but was really inspired, we must surmise, by dialogues of Giordano Bruno (which were published in England), whether Browne read them in Oxford, or, perhaps more probably, caught some reverberation of them in Padua. The sentence in question is this: "God, being all things, is contrary unto Nothing, out of which were made all things; and so Nothing became Something, and Omneity informed Nullity into Essence." Mr. Gosse's blame falls upon the word "omneity," which is somewhat rare, it is true, yet too clear to arrest attention. But when Gosse says that "*oneness* would have been better and simpler," the nonsense this proposes at once convinces us that no better word than "omneity" could be found to take its place. Besides, it had, after all, been long in use, and nothing short of an English Vaugelas (which, thank Heaven, never existed) could make it taboo. There is a school résumé of the 26th chapter of Metaphysics Δ in the form of an equation: "Unity+Omneity= Totality." Mr. Gosse would naturally first try substituting "totality," and it was perhaps on finding that that word would not do at all, that he inconsiderately set down "oneness."

Yet we must acknowledge that "oneness" would indeed have been "better and simpler" if Mr. Gosse's apparent theory of Browne's prose had been correct, namely, that it consists in "wrapping the trite in the coronation robes of fine language" (p. 197). In another place, he finds its secret in the use of "extraordinary words to heighten the effect of ordinary thought" (p. 180), or, as we may probably add, to conceal its vacuity. In short, he makes the last section of the 'Garden of Cyrus' the type of Browne's style. Unquestionably, it was a habit of Browne's to throw out now and then a somewhat unusual word. The infallible effect of such a word is to stimulate the reader's attention; but, whether it be desirable or not for a writer to employ this device, depends upon what he has to say. If the expenditure of energy will be repaid to the reader, and the word be not in itself distasteful to him, which would seldom happen in the generation of Browne, the unusual word will serve its purpose. But there are writers whose unerring instinct counsels them to shun a word whose effect would be the last they ought to desire. These writers wish others would do as they do. Browne's device, as he handles it, is of excellent effect with a reader who has acquaintance with pre-Rebellion English; for Browne, living in remote Norwich, continued all his life to write very nearly the language of his youth. Moreover, he has, more than most writers, a vocabulary peculiar to himself.

Mr. Gosse, as a student of our older literature, must know better than the rest of us how greatly the current vocabulary of books has changed since 1635, when the 'Religio Medici' was written. He certainly knows, too, that, so far as good usage can sanction any peculiarity of style, the usage of that day justified the filling out of the English vocabulary with new words drawn from the Latin. We are therefore puzzled to understand most of his verbal criticisms. Thus, he finds fault with the following from the second paragraph of the 'Christian Morals':

> "Consider whereabout thou art in Cebes's Table, or that old Philosophical Pinax of the Life of Man; whether thou art yet in the Road of uncertainties; whether thou hast yet entred the narrow gate, got up the Hill and asperous way, which leadeth unto the House of Sanity, or taken that purifying Potion from the hand of sincere Erudition, which may send thee clear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy Life."

He pitches upon the use of the word "asperous" instead of what he does not tell us, but it meant *rough*, and *harsh*, or *severe;* and seems to reckon it as "one of Browne's clumsy audacities." But it was a common enough word. Dr. John Fitch asked a blind man who could distinguish colors how he did it. Boyle gives the answer "in the doctor's own [oral] words," beginning: "Black and white are the most *asperous* and uneven of all colors." Archbishop Parker, whose English enters into the Book of Common Prayer, employs the word in his psalter. The Oxford Dictionary, among nine examples of it ranging from 1547 to 1880, has one dated a year or two before Browne wrote, in the phrase "a craggy and *asperous* ascent"; and

an elder contemporary of our doctor, Montague by name (but whether that one whom Mr. Gosse deems a far better writer than Browne, we do not know), has "the *asperous* and narrow way of the cross." In short, "asperous" applied to a road or path seems to have been as familiar a phrase in Browne's day as "asper" in the same connection had been a century earlier. The majority of Mr. Gosse's strictures upon single words used by Browne are as unlucky as this.

Mistaken as such criticisms are, they contain nothing at which any lover of Browne need take offence; for we are bound to say that each rude expression is accompanied by some indication that it is meant to be understood as somewhat exaggerated. For example, Mr. Gosse does not flatly assert that Browne *does* wrap commonplace in coronation robes. He says that that is his "rock ahead"—which is the phrase of a teacher of rhetoric correcting his pupil. Such qualifications bring odious comparison within bounds. To our mind their effect remains substantially as strong as if the qualifications had not been appended.

But remarks there are in the book, and many of them, which inflict a sensible wound upon the heart of a lover of Browne. Such a person believes in him so unreservedly that the good doctor's belief in his religion alone outdoes it. He knows the learned knight, just as one might know a neighbor, for a gentleman in whom was no trace of snobbery, and who, with an innocent satisfaction in his own acquirements, never showed any concern as to what strangers might think of them, and was quite untempted to bolster up pretension with deceit:

> "Not tied unto the world with care
> Of publick fame or private breath."

Here again Mr. Gosse fails to stand in Browne's shoes. He seems to belong to that numerous class of persons, many of them active church members, who no sooner learn that a man is devoted to physical science or to modern learning, or has a trained reason, than they straightway become immotibly rooted in the conviction that, whatever he may profess, that man is not a Christian. As long as theologians had the whiphand, a certain weak presumption to that effect there was. Browne, however, was *not* a genuine scientific man; for though he admitted the circulation of the blood, but not the *unguentum armarium* and the like, and was neither a medical obscurantist, like Gui Patin, nor a medical phantast, like Charleton, yet he was an anti-Copernican, which, in regard to his relations to the world of science, meant everything. Of modern learning he had little or no conception. Nor was he by any means a dialectician. He probably relied in his practice of medicine, as in that of religion, upon what in the latter field he termed "faith"—that is, an intellectual habit which it seemed to him absurd to call upon to justify itself, which seemed to him an evident cognition of things not seen; and experience shows that, in practical matters, men in whom such instincts are robust can lean on nothing less likely to betray their trust.

Of all innuendoes, none are so hard to meet as those of insincerity in religious faith. None are more relished by lovers of innuendo, none more detested by haters thereof. A man so simple and straightforward in all his life and dealings, so universally beloved by his fellow-citizens, the ransacking of whose papers has brought not the smallest double-dealing to light, would be secure against this species of attack if any man were secure; but no man is. Mr. Gosse simply interchanges Browne's chief characteristic with one we can but seem to discover in himself, when he says (p. 28): "We detect a cunning in his apparent innocency," and when he says (p. 31), "Whenever Browne is particularly chatty, we shall find that he is concealing something," and in other passages to similar effect. When he asserts (p. 25) that "the mind of [Browne] had a curious mixture of directness and tortuousness, which disguises" no matter what "from all but the most careful reader," the directness alone is a real character of Browne; the tortuousness and mixed nature seem to be accounted for only as reflections of Mr. Gosse's own mental physiognomy. Although he has admitted that the 'Religio Medici' was written by Browne for his own eye alone, as he was obliged to admit it, this does not prevent him from saying (p. 27) that Browne opens the book "with series of statements which are intended to ward off discussion and to rout suspicion"; and (p. 29) "he makes his confession rather glibly in order that, under the shelter of it, he may insinuate some more subtle reservations," and (p. 31) "under cover of . . . he now insinuates . . ." —with a dozen more such innuendoes. In short, Mr. Gosse intimates that the 'Religio Medici' is one long and cunning lie—not a very heinous lie in his own eyes, but one that should have been seen by Browne to be ignoble and contaminating.

Mr. Gosse penetrates very little into Sir Thomas's works, or we may as well say into the 'Religio Medici,' his one immortal procreation; for we should not very warmly protest against his other works being described, in the phrase of Mr. Gosse, as "pellets of sun-dried pedantry," having carbuncles sparsely scattered among them. But when we think of Browne as a writer, it is the author of the 'Religio Medici' we mean. At the time he put pen to paper, the 'Consolations of Philosophy' was a popular book; and doubtless the heart-bleedings of Boëthius helped to suggest the 'Religio Medici.' But Browne, being moderately wealthy at that time, thought of religion, in its consolatory aspect, less as a buckler against the adversity of which he never had any experience, than as unveiling the sweetness of Death. He is the poet of Death; and the melody of his minor-key prose is adapted to expressing the secret to which he continually recurs, as the jig of verse and rhyme never could be bent to doing. To him religion meant, above all, the gospel of a future life. Of those three topics which Kant says most concern us, God, Liberty, and Immortality mere philosophy, to Brown's mind, guaranteed the first, while ethics postulated the second. His profession incessantly pressed the third problem upon him; and hence, as Mr. Gosse well notes, he seldom smiles and never laughs. The phenomena of death-beds suggested that the great change was as accidental as any other stupor; the anatomy of the cerebrum, even before the days of microscopes, seemed to put before him an amazing multitude of similar elements, ungrouped into differentiated organs, and thus suggested that the soul was "inorganical." That was as far as his controlled and critical reasoning could carry him. But the iatric profession, as exercised by the country practitioner, who has time, like Dr. Browne, to breathe a prayer for all in the sick house when first he crosses its threshold, is calculated to make him aware of the irresistible force of the instinctive belief that seems to give him the grand entry to the presence of the truth that binds human life to eternity. Thus we have proposed a different solution of the problem of the 'Religio Medici' from that proposed by Mr. Gosse, which it would be a shame to allow to go untraversed.

The first chapter of Mr. Gosse's book, concerning "Early Years," sheds some light upon the subject. We will jot down a few points. As to the enigma of how Browne could have spent three years in Continental travel if his fortune was only the lesser part of £1,500, the bearing of the opening sentence of § 77 of Part II. of the 'Religio Medici' has been overlooked in this connection. It is plain that money came to him in some wholly unexpected way; possibly, for example, in a legacy from an Oxfordshire patient. Such a fact may yet be discovered. When Browne says he was born in the eighth climate, Gosse explains (p. 8 *n*) that this means in 8° of latitude. But it is the first climate added to Ptolemy's seven, called *ultra Mœotidis paludes*, extending from 50° N. to 56° N., and therefore covering England. The general tone of the account of Montpellier is somewhat too favorable, and Gosse's laudation of the severity of the examinations for the doctorate should be confronted with the third *intermède* of the "Malade Imaginaire," where the bit of examination given must be supposed to have the degree of resemblance required in a burlesque. That it really had far more truth than that, is shown by its agreement with Locke's account of his visit to Montpellier. Sir Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder is called an anodyne. It consisted of calcined blue vitriol. It was specified that it should be *Romans* vitriol; but Boyle, in his 'History of Mineral Waters' (sect. iv., art. 9), says that this was pure or nearly pure sulphate of copper, or, in his own terms, vitriol of copper.

Although it is the melody of Browne's prose which constitutes his entire value in Mr. Gosse's judgment, yet he makes no attempt to analyze its mechanism; and perhaps he may be excused, seeing that we are not yet so much as agreed upon the nature of the accent of English words, though it is easy to see that this is not a mere affair of stress. The somewhat nonsensical ending of the 'Garden of Cyrus' it is easy to see is composed of irregular quantitative verses; but this is not the whole story.

> Though Somnus in Homer ‖ be sent to rouse up Agamemnon,
> I find no such effects ‖ in those drowsy approaches of sleep.
> To keep our eyes open longer ‖ were but to act our Antipodes.
> The huntsmen are up in America‖
> And they are already past their first sleep in Persia.

But who can be drowsy at that hour ‖ that freed us from everlasting sleep?

And so on. In the 'Christian Morals,' the imitation of the balance of the Psalms is obvious.

MORE NOVELS.

The Fair Maid of Graystones. By Beulah Marie Dix. The Macmillan Company.

Rose o' the River. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. A. S. Barnes & Co.

Paradise. By Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Debtor. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Harper & Brothers.

The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' Scribners.

To tell the story of Jock Hetherington, Mistress Dix has compounded a little history, a spice of mystery, mistaken identity, and a lost will; much adventure and foray, cudgelling, buffeting, wall-climbing, skull-cracking, pistol-shooting, torrent-swimming; glimpses of old-fashioned gardens, old Puritan house-keeping; figures of a Puritan family and its Roundhead foes; of a bold beauty and a poor relation, who carries off the honors of the game. It is not betraying confidence to say this, for, from the moment Althæa appears upon the staircase with "a mop of brown hair falling about her shoulders," and is called by her aunt "a shameless hussy," one is sure of her. Into all this bravery of accessory comes tumbling Master Jock, bringing firebrands and stratagems in his wake, yet maintaining always his position as a person, not a mere vehicle for the slings and arrows of fiction. The interest of these is subordinated to the portraits of Jock and Althaea; a spice-pink she, a bundle of very human contradictions he. Well presented are his mingled boyishness and capacity. He is a soldier, yet he can be afraid. He likes his own life mightily, yet he can risk it with no self-admiration. He bristles with pugnacity, yet he can think and resolve with the steadfastness of a parson. He is boyish, manly, and mannish—a strong figure for a young woman to have delineated. The story reads agreeably, and adds another leaf to its author's wreath of laurel.

'Rose o' the River' is as slender a tale as ever walked into print on the merits of an author's name. The heroine, as might be predicted from her poetical label, has stepped forth from a valentine. She had neither brooch nor earrings, "but any ordinary gems would have looked rather dull and trivial when compelled to undergo comparison with her bright eyes." Out of the mouths of a "fool-family" and a professional braggart comes a certain amount of substance, and in the vivid scenes of log-jamming on the Saco there is balm. It is worthy of notice that in York County hepatica and partridge-berries come together as—yes, of course—"sweet harbingers of spring."

Yet another story of Maine is 'Squire Phin.' His office was over Asa Brickett's village store, and there and thereunder goes forward the chorus in this rustic melodrama. The protagonists, meanwhile, are variously occupied in practising law, making love, adjusting quarrels, and preventing scandals, while over all is cast the limelight of burlesque by the return to his native town of the showman. With chariots, a parrot and an elephant, he makes a bulky and a sounding entrance, and with chariots, parrot and elephant he shrieks and plunges and crashes through the story till, tired of his unchartered freedom, he sinks into the repose of wedlock. Squire Phin is a variant upon the lawyer of bucolic fiction. He remains, equally with his prototypes, the *deus ex machina* who disentangles the threads of the Fates, but he differs interestingly from them. He has all their benevolence, and rather more than their high temper; their hard-headedness and his own soft-heartedness, not to say sentimentality. He is a lovable old fellow, in spite of rough manners and a dubious rectitude which led him to compound a felony in order to shield a fellow-citizen and safeguard the ideals of a town. The dialect of this book touches deeper depths than even the usual New England coast story. The incidents bear the same enlarged relation as the dialect to the average village chronicle, as may be proved by the mere mention of a plotted elopement, an embezzling town treasurer, a packed political meeting, a scheming circus widow whose specialties were bareback riding and the paper hoop. Surveying the whole picture and its dashing whitewash-brush work, a creepy suspicion arises that it is destined to be turned loose upon the stage, with a practicable balcony and a real elephant.

There is something about portions of 'Paradise' that recalls George Eliot's 'Scenes from Clerical Life.' It is assuredly not the New England setting, nor the Yankee twang, nor the conjuror, nor the girl palmist. It is the touch and the outlook upon the attitude with which human souls confront their problems and each other—the touch of an artist, that is to say, and the outlook of deep feeling and wide understanding; as in the immortal 'Scenes,' so here there is no evasion of tragedy, but the alleviations are as natural as the pain. Kindness, mercy, and duty lighten the loads and heal the scars—and all without a sermon! Barbara is an exquisite creation; her kindness keeps her thoughts far away from herself; her tender fancifulness teaches her constantly new ways of being serviceable. A good figure is Malory, generous and obtuse, finding yesterday's rapture converted into to-day's burden, and accepting it with matter-of-fact contentedness. The dying Clary lights her pages with her own radiant vitality. Nick, a woodland creature, is touched to fine issues by fine feeling. Uncle Timmie, persisting in an unwilling righteousness for forty years to avoid meeting his undesirable wife in the place of punishment, is unique yet life-like. Jotham, the *malade imaginaire* transformed into a troublesomely officious watchdog to his patient wife by her illness, is another well-sketched minor character. The drunkenness of the doctor seems purposeless, and certainly is not its own excuse for being. In the middle of the book there falls upon the story a certain lassitude of motive and a corresponding fidgetiness of action. The end rallies to a justification of the beginning, and stamps the whole as a little human document of fine quality.

It is difficult not to prepare one's self for a village tale on opening a book by Mrs. Freeman; and indeed it is probable—at least it is to be hoped—that her villaginous manner will always hang about her work whether she be describing a New England town or, as in 'The Debtor,' a New Jersey suburb of New York. If mute, inglorious Miltons and bloodguiltless Hampdens flourish in obscure hamlets, why should not the reverse be true? A special gift is required to deal with all sorts and conditions of men and yet to disclose the village trait that lies at the back of the brain of each—his little ways, his little interests; her bonnets and lace frills; their gossip, their curiosity, their ham and eggs.

'The Debtor' is the story of a man who lost his moral poise through being ruined at the hands of a friend, and who regained it in ways more harrowing to his proud Southern temperament than fire and the stake would have been. The first interest of the book lies in its fidelity to the small things that make up manners and customs. From enjoyment of the fine, miniature-like technique of the opening chapters one mounts to absorption in a broad canvas full of human portraits, and one ends by gazing at a great fresco depicting moral conflict, the deep issues of life, the exaltation of character by self-abasement. Or, to put it differently, one starts on a walk in a commonplace country with commonplace companions, content with sweet air and homely surroundings, but in no wise exhilarated. Wider, greener open the pastures, as the road goes always mounting, till at last one stands on a noble height looking over a noble landscape by a golden light, and the heart stirs within. If, as Mr. Henry James has said, the view from Vallombrosa is "a warm shimmer of history," this view may be called a warm shimmer of human nature—the trivial and even the dusty touched to radiance.

There is a great variety of portraits in 'The Debtor,' from fine, sharp pen-pictures of the rank and file, foreign and domestic, to richly colored paintings of the principals. Delicious in their solemnly humorous irresponsibility is the Kentucky family to whom belong the beguiling little heroine and her father, the charming man of "wrong courses, but right instincts." Their fascination and their weakness are wonderfully conveyed. The barber shop congregation is a group well painted in, as one might see it in a Flemish picture. The toilers in the city, though only sketches, are exceedingly vivid, minute to the last feather and the sly roll of the eye. It would be easy, if it were worth while, to point out little flaws. It is a better use of space to hope that Mrs. Freeman may give us many volumes of State differences and American likenesses with human effort and victory crowning all. "When comedy becomes tragedy," she says, "when the ignominious becomes victorious, he who brings it about becomes majestic in spite of fate itself."

The authoress of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden' is a philosopher who believes in the Right Man as the solution of every feminine problem. He is to be found in all her books, though he does not always play *deus ex machina* so conveniently as in her new story, 'The Princess Priscilla's Fort-

night.' This volume is highly characteristic of its writer. We get the usual epigrammatic humor, not without cynicism; the usual liveliness of narration and dialogue; and, it must be confessed, the usual absurdities and exaggerations. Even granting that a German princess might run away from court trammels to try a country existence in England under the care of her father's old librarian, the subsequent course of events is such as to tax our credulity too highly for our own comfort. We do not for a moment believe that the runaways could have forgotten to agree upon a name, or that the clergyman's son would have betrayed the princess's secret to her maid. And even a radiantly beautiful princess could hardly have such power for good and evil in one fortnight as to make two young men in love with her, all but cause the death of one, throw two mothers into unhappiness, buy and furnish two cottages, demolish the Sabbatarianism and self-respect of a whole village, corrupt a dying saint, and finally bring about a theft and a murder. Yet the characters, though overdrawn, are full of interest, especially the librarian, the princess, the hopelessly adoring squire and his mother, and the rescuing prince, while the description of the kind old vicar is the best passage in the book. As a travesty of the Simple Life the story is amusing and timely, and no one will quarrel with the moral as expressed towards the close: "I feel bound to set [Priscilla's story] down from beginning to end for the use and warning of all persons, princesses and others, who think that by searching, by going far afield, they will find happiness, and do not see that it is lying all the while at their feet."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

Mrs. Edgar Lucas's new translation of 'Fairy Tales of the Brothers Grimm' (Philadelphia: Lippincott) furnishes fresh testimony to the undying popularity of these folk-stories, originally printed in 1812. In his introduction to a version published in 1894, Mr. S. Baring-Gould gives us the reason for this popularity, as compared with the evanescence of most of the tales invented by seventeenth and eighteenth-century writers. "Instead of the phantasmagoria conjured up by counts and princesses, came the fresher, more original folk-tales gathered from the mouths of old nurses and shepherds." The 'Kinder- und Hausmärchen' comprise 200 tales, but translators nearly always see fit to curtail this number. Thus, in the English version spoken of above, we have 46 tales; in the present volume of Mrs. Lucas we have 65 condensed into 63. One noteworthy feature of this collection is the omission of many old favorites, such as the "Six Swans," the "Iron Stove," "Snow-white and Rose-red," and the preference for many stories of the Hans Andersen type. Mr. Baring-Gould speaks of fairy tales as divisible into three main groups subdivided into forty classes; but, without going to these lengths, we have probably all differentiated in our own minds the stories of romance and the stories of homely life. In the former there figure princes, princesses, giants, witches, and dwarfs. In the latter we find ordinary peasants and their animals, who are often endowed with speech and reason. This second class of story clearly appeals to Mrs. Lucas, as it does to Andersen, for it fills nearly half the volume. As to the translation itself, though not coming up to the terse humor of the original, it is well-written, clear and usually of great accuracy, which makes it all the more strange to read "dish" for "Schlüssel," "toad" for "Frosch," and "maize" for "Waizen." It is a pleasure to see that Mrs. Lucas adheres to the familiar forms "Red Riding-hood" and "Tom Thumb," rather than the "Red-Cap" and "Thumbling" of some modern versions. We could wish that she had also replaced "Ashenputtel" by "Cinderella," although, indeed, a Cinderella who has no fairy godmother and whose slipper is of gold is hardly the friend of our nursery days. In one point Mrs. Lucas's edition cannot compare with the English version already mentioned. Where Gordon Browne's illustrations are charmingly fantastic, Arthur Rackham's are merely grotesque. They are also so much too dark that the only wholly satisfactory drawings are the silhouettes in two of the tales. But the print is good, the book is easy to hold, and the cover is attractive—all points likely to ensure a well-deserved success.

Eva March Tappan's 'Golden Goose, and Other Fairy Tales, Translated from the Swedish' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is a good addition to the useful work she has done for children in other fields. History, the Gospels, and old ballads have all afforded her material. Now she turns to folk-lore and produces a pleasant, readable little book. It is interesting to see how similar many of the stories are to Grimm's Household Tales. "The Little Wild Man" is a more elaborate version of "Iron Hans," and so is "The Black Box and the Red" of "Frau Holle." The "Roof of Sausages" denotes the Swedish equivalent for the cake roof on the bread house in "Hänsel and Grethel," and the "Simple-minded Giant" is a story compounded of Grimm's "Valiant Little Tailor" and our English "Jack the Giant-Killer." The illustrations are excellent, especially those signed Jenny Nystrom.

If it is ever advisable to invent new fairy stories or adventures of chivalry, then we can but congratulate J. Allen St. John on 'The Face in the Pool' (Chicago: McClurg & Co.). It is interesting, well written, and well illustrated. In fact, nothing can be said against it except that it is not as good as Grimm or Spenser, while challenging comparison with both.

Anna Alice Chapin's 'True Story of Humpty Dumpty' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) marks an advance in matter and manner over her last year's 'Babes in Toyland.' There is more life in the story and more sprightliness in the way of telling it. Furthermore, there are some really charming passages, especially the description of the Fairy of Fancy with her many names. The tasks meted out as punishment to three children who "did not believe in elves or goblins or giants or brownies or anything really important and sensible," recall to us the spirit of the 'Water Babies,' and Make-Believe-Land becomes very real as we read. The type and paper are excellent, and the illustrations, by Ethel Franklin Betts, are pretty, though not up to the artist's level of last year.

May Baldwin's 'The Girls of St. Gabriel's' (Lippincott) is a sprightly story of the experiences of an English girl of fourteen, who spent two years at a convent school in the north of France, on the Belgian frontier. Like most English people, she expected to find no athletics, and was agreeably surprised by the well-equipped gymnasium of St. Gabriel's. The discipline imposed by the Sisters, and the manners of the girls, were a great improvement on the English high school, and made up in the end for the absence of hockey. The heroine's interests were varied by the neighborhood of a French uncle with a haunted château, and the tale has incident enough to make it good reading for any girl under eighteen. There are illustrations, and a good deal of minor detail of the life of a French country house.

The idea of 'Child Characters from Dickens,' retold by L. L. Weedon (Dutton), seems to have been taken from a book called 'Child Pictures from Dickens,' issued anonymously in 1883 by the same publishers. The differences between the two are to the disadvantage of the volume now before us. Its predecessor had fewer stories, it is true, but those selected were told as far as they went in the author's words, with the compiler's additions put in brackets. L. L. Weedon has preferred to condense into a sort of pemmican eighteen of Dickens's stories, with only spasmodic attempts at retaining the language of the original. Dickens reduced to a triturate and retold without his quaint choice of expressions, without his peculiar humor, and with all the minor sub-stories omitted, becomes tedious enough to justify all that his enemies could say about him. Even Andrew Lang could hardly defend such an emasculated Dickens, and certainly the choice of stories, comprising every possible piece of pathos "of the too facile sort which plays round children's deathbeds," would have angered him as much as it will probably depress young readers. When we think how children delight in a Dickens story pure and unadulterated, how the digressions never seem to them too long, the characters too absurd, nor the fun too uproarious, it is surely a pity to let them make their first acquaintance with the author in this stunted and lifeless form.

The same objection can hardly be urged against 'The Shakespeare Story Book,' by Mary Macleod, published in 1902 by Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. (London), and now reissued by A. S. Barnes & Co. Sidney Lee, in his preface, points out the necessity of becoming well acquainted with Shakspere's plots before we can appreciate his character-drawing; furthermore, no one will deny, first, that any play not seen on the stage is difficult for a child to follow, and, secondly, that the Bard of Avon, even when Bowdlerized, is not always suitable for young readers. The only objection that may arise in our minds is a prejudice against any attempt to supersede the "Lamb's Tales" of our childhood. If they have held sway since 1807, in spite of pretenders, young and old, are we to see their throne usurped now? After a careful comparison we shall probably admit with reluctance that Mary Macleod is a better story-teller than Mary Lamb, and comfort ourselves by remembering what Mr. Lee tells us, that Charles Lamb "was responsible for no more than . . . the six tragedies" in the book bearing his name. In the present volume the stories are clearly put forth, with a consistent and successful retention of the original

words whenever possible, and without that omission of secondary characters and subplots which renders Lamb's Tales so little of a help towards knowing our Shakspere. As Mr. Lee points out, what is "Twelfth Night" without Malvolio, "As You Like It" without Jaques and Touchstone, or "Midsummer Night's Dream" without Bottom and his fellow-actors? In Miss Macleod's version we find all the familiar names skilfully introduced; and wherever a literary or historical explanation is needed, it is well and clearly made. The five plays given in Lamb's Tales and omitted in this volume only prove Miss Macleod's discretion, though we could wish that she had followed her predecessor in giving a Life of Shakspere. The illustrations by Gordon Browne are charming, though moderately reproduced; in short, this book would make an ideal Christmas present.

The collection of 'Myths Every Child Should Know,' edited by H. W. Mabie (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is formed on an entirely haphazard plan, or rather on no plan at all. There are ten disconnected stories from Greek mythology, five from Norse, and one from Indian, extracted from various authors. The somewhat aggressive title rouses us to wonder why a child "should know" the Indian legend of the water-lily, and apparently need not know the story of Penelope's web, the slaying of the Minotaur, or many others equally famous. In a book as small as this, it would undoubtedly have been easier for children if one mythology only had been laid under requisition. If ten chapters give but meagre pickings from the storehouse of Greek legend, the five Norse tales are even more inadequate, and the result of the whole is a confused impression of a great many gods and heroes with difficult names, and too little individual action to remember. One point presents much interest to older readers—the widely differing styles of the writers selected. Hawthorne is evidently Mr. Mabie's favorite, though many people might consider his diffuseness, his facetious or colloquial touches, and his tendency to "talk down" to children, less suited to the dignity of Greek mythology than Kingsley's stateliness, or Church's plain, straightforward narrative. The anonymous Norse stories are very simply told, and Miss Emerson's Indian myth is almost bald in its brevity. We could wish that Mr. Mabie had put his interesting preface before a more consecutive and less heterogeneous collection.

'Micky,' by Evelyn Sharp (Macmillan), is an engaging little story, with an improbable plot, but very probable characters. If it is unnatural that the wrong little boy should be carried off by a travelling juggler to be trained as an acrobat, it is eminently natural that such an imaginative child as he was should wander off in a half-sleepy state to look for the fairy princess spoken of by a kind old lady. The writer evidently regards such imaginative powers with admiration, but it is possible that the book may set parents thinking whether fairy tales are, after all, the best food for the young. H. M. Brock's pretty illustrations give just the finishing touch to the whole.

'The Lay of the Wee Brown Wren,' by H. W. Shepheard-Walwyn (Longmans), on the other hand, may be said to begin and end in its fifty-five illustrations, from photographs by the author. Neither the story nor the verse is of any real merit, but the portraits of the white hen and the wee brown wren itself are simply delightful, not to mention the thievish rat who steals the hen's eggs. The moral that a hen does best as wife and mother in her own yard is admirably suited to the "Little Ones" for whom the tale is so attractively set forth.

'The Garden God,' by Forrest Reid (London: David Nutt), is called "A Tale of Two Boys," but it is singularly unsuited to children. On the whole, we prefer to read platonic speculations in the pages of Plato himself rather than in a so-called tale, and Pan has been dead so long that for two English boys to kneel in prayer to classical gods strikes us as absurd, not to say maudlin. Only the great beauty of the descriptions can divert us in some measure from our prevailing feeling of prosaic and Philistine irritation with the book.

'The Lewis Carroll Birthday Book,' selected by Christine Terhune Herrick (A. Wessels & Co.), is a beautifully got up little volume, with a dainty cover, well chosen illustrations from the original books, and a pretty margin to each page. But as a birthday book it is hardly a success, and the selections do more credit to the compiler's familiarity with her author than to her sense of appropriateness. What, for instance, could be the fun of having a friend inscribe his name opposite such a quotation as this?—"The other messenger's called Hatta. I must have *two*, you know—to come and go. One to come, one to go." Probably there are not 365 suitable passages in the dear old books.

London Films. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers. 1905.

For the title of his book Mr. Howells has borrowed a term of photography. He carries with him a mental kodak; he suspects that he did so long before he knew it. In this book he develops the images received in the mental kodak. The simile is not wholly inapt, but, instead of the indiscriminate and brutal fidelity of the material film, Mr. Howells's mental kodak encloses films capable of receiving the choice impressions of a mind poetical and artistic. As here developed, we have a series of delicate and charming impressions of London in many of its aspects, social, civic, meteorological. These pictures, in themselves delightful, are made more brilliant by a store of sparkling epigram, and of an irony always good-natured, and generally half-sympathetic. "A woman," he says, "may be the queen of England, but she may not be one of its legislators. That must be because women like being queens and do not really care for being legislators." He reads in Poets' Corner the legend on the tomb of Ben Jonson, "Oh rare Ben Jonson," and remarks that "the good Ben was never so constantly rare in life as he has been in death, and that I knew well enough from having tried to read him in days when I was willing to try reading any one." He is astonished by the youth of the girls employed by the Post-Office, and tells us that the Government gets them cheaper than maturer women, and is thereby "helping to repay itself for the enormous expense of the Boer war." Again: "The cheaper restaurants are apt to be English; sincere in material, but heavy and unattractive in expression." He sees the statue of Disraeli, decorated with primroses, "the favorite flower of that peculiarly rustic and English statesman. He had the air of looking at the simple blossoms and forbearing an ironical smile." On an excursion to Greenwich in a vain quest for whitebait, he remarks on "the thin solution of dark mud which passes for water in the Thames." Some one presents him with a small porcelain bust of Washington: "I could only hope that it might be without a surprise too painful that our English Washington would look upon the American republic of his creation when we got home with him; I doubted whether he would find it altogether his ideal." He made it a rule to overpay—consciously—his cabman, and thus explains his rule: "I preferred to buy the cabman's goodwill, because I find this is a world in which I am constantly buying the goodwill of people whom I do not care the least for, and I did not see why I should make an exception of cabmen." It is hard to have to stop in the quotation of these epigrammatic pleasantries.

Mr. Howells had not, as we gather, visited London since 1861, when on his way to Venice to take up the consulship made forever memorable by 'A Foregone Conclusion.' He had the feeling which besets many travellers—the fear that to revisit some old scenes would destroy the first impressions, those treasures of the traveller's soul. And, indeed, his fear was once justified when he found the mounted giants at the Horse Guards giants still, but much shrunken. But resolves not to visit again this or that place were fortunately broken, and Mr. Howells seems to have "done" London as thoroughly as the tourist who places himself unreservedly in the hands of Baedeker. People great and small leave their impressions on the mental kodak, as he flits from the gallery of the House of Commons to Crosby Hall, where he notes with sympathy the demeanor of the neat-handed London Phyllis. At one time he watches a show of State, at another he wanders among the sordid crowds of Jewry. He mounts to the top of one of London's mediæval "buses," notes that marvel of London, a thronging crowd of vehicles obedient to the least motion of a policeman's hand, and records a tender dialogue between lovers. He basked in the sun—when it shone—and had the extreme good fortune, rarer than is supposed, to be utterly lost in a real, dense London fog.

Especially interesting to his own countrymen will be the two chapters, "American Origins—Mostly Northern," and "American Origins—Mostly Southern." In these Mr. Howells tells of pilgrimages to places illustrating "those springs or sources of the American nation which may be traced all over England, and which rather abound in London." So we hear of Penn and Hudson, of Captain Smith, and a host of worthies: "In fact, you can get away from New England no more in London than in America." Some of the illustrations—views of old churches and the like—are welcome; others, good enough of their kind, the ordinary product of the photographer, are hardly in keeping with the delicate products of the "mental kodak."

The Russian Empire and Czarism. By Victor Bérard. Translated by G. Fox-Davies and G. O. Pope. With introduction by Frederick Greenwood. London: David Nutt. 1905.

M. Bérard's work, which we recently reviewed at length and pronounced "timely, high-class, and valuable," now reaches us in an unusually competent and elegant translation, accompanied by one map showing the different agricultural zones of Russia proper, and another showing the general outlines of the various nationalities therein; also by an introduction which adds greatly to the worth of the volume because of its good sense and justice. If the writer's literary style had but equalled in clarity and effectiveness his logic and apparent prophetic gift, it would offer a perfect specimen of such work. It was written at a time when national and party spirit was running high—just after the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference last summer—and its fairness is, accordingly, the more noteworthy. It will well repay perusal for its appreciation of the attitude in England, and of the aims and principles involved in the contest over the question of indemnity, and the probable consequences of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, which was pending at the moment. As to the former, Mr. Greenwood says: "[Although] knowing . . . what consequences the precipitate ruin of Russia would bring upon the rest of Europe, there are many influential spirits among us who would loose rebellion over the whole country if a word could do it, so furious are they against Tsarism and the Tsar. Wishing for rain, they call down the flood." As for the latter, while freely admitting that the Japanese had as complete a right utterly to destroy Russian prestige throughout the East, and to replace it with respect and dread for Japan (by the exaction of an indemnity to secure peace), as they had to cripple or destroy the Russian army and fleet, he declares that the victory secured by Russia in excluding the indemnity from the Treaty was no small one, and that Japan's retreat from her demand was wise. In Russia, the payment of an indemnity would have ruptured the vital relation of the Tsar and his people and entailed anarchy, while resistance has braced up that relation, and will prove most serviceable to the work of transforming the government "by stages that will neither be illusive nor faithlessly slow."

Mr. Greenwood also clearly foresees that the Witte-Komura peace neither ends the new story of empire nor makes plain its future course, since it takes us but one step into the near future, and that the least dark. He realizes the fact that peace was the sole course for Japan, who could not have continued her dazzling victories beyond or even on the line she had already reached in Mantchuria. "As soon as this dilemma came into view, it was seen, therefore, that the Japanese would presently let it be known that they were willing to make peace—of course on suitable terms. In due time the Peace Conference was brought about accordingly, for sufficient reasons by the most expedient means." And the Treaty merely begins—does not complete—the process of "shifting the pivot of empire"—a process which must needs violently disturb other European and Asiatic Powers besides the two directly implicated. Mr. Greenwood foresees the necessity of putting Japan under "severe regulation," to keep her from pursuing her legitimate and unprecedentedly seductive ambitions, lest England speedily "be placed in the situation of the horse tethered to the tail-board of the cart"; and that the Continental Powers likewise must restrain their aspirations. The writer considers it incredible that the Powers other than England and Japan should remain content with playing no part in the shifting of the pivot, and having no share in managing the situation generally. He does not presage any good results to England from the inferences which the natives of India are likely to draw as to her lack of confidence in her unaided power to repel a possible invasion from Russia, and, though not stated in detail, his view as to the new Anglo-Japanese alliance (then unannounced as to details) is pessimistic in the extreme.

Home Life in France. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1905.

Miss Betham-Edwards is an *officier de l'instruction publique de France*, a position to which one may suppose Englishwomen are rarely appointed; and in the course of a long life spent in great part in France she has come nearer to living the French life and to catching the French point of view than is to be expected from the average Anglo-Saxon who discourses of Gallic manners and customs. Her work is far more exhaustive than Miss Hannah Lynch's, and it differs from Mr. W. C. Brownell's admirable 'French Traits' not so much in range of outline—for in his compact essays Mr. Brownell covered a great deal of ground—but as a woman's work is likely to differ from a man's. It is more diffuse, more detailed, with less of the historical manner, less generalization, and a nicer appreciation of the distinctions of race implied in the attitude towards curtains and afternoon tea and the absence of the old maid from society. The chapter devoted to housekeeping only a woman could have written, and it is not the least instructive. Few outsiders realize the cost of keeping house in Paris, and Miss Edwards's family budgets show a need for stringent economy, even in the case of moderately good incomes, which should comfort the soul of the American housekeeper. Traditions are all very well, but they are transformed into taxes for the Parisian dweller in a flat, who, from an income of $1,500 or less, must smilingly pay out every New Year's Day about $30 in *étrennes* to tradesmen and the greedy *concierge*, before he takes into account the numerous gifts that tradition forces him to offer to all his own and his wife's relatives.

The terrible cohesion of the French family and the real power of the clan system is brought out in more than one of these chapters. For instance, there is the power and the duties of the Family Council, which is a sort of private court of chancery, and is bound to constitute itself with proper legal ceremony and take in charge the affairs of any minor or imbecile among its remote branches. The *Conseil de Famille* was regulated by the Napoleonic *Code Civil*, and the Napoleonic attitude to women is illustrated by the fact that, in the matter of the Family Council, woman is relegated to the status of a minor, imbecile, or criminal; grandfathers, for instance, may be appointed guardians, grandmothers may not. The power of the family in France is evident in another institution, the most singular from the Anglo-Saxon point of view. This is *La Maison Paternelle*, the French equivalent for the private tutor who, in England or America, makes a specialty of managing the unruly sons of the rich. Instead of resorting to this mild method, or, as in England, packing his unmanageable son off to Canada or South Africa, the French father has the legal right to imprison him in what is nothing less than an industrial reformatory for the rich, the *Maison Paternelle*. Several photographs of one of these gilded prisons are given by Miss Edwards, and the mere vision of its barred windows and cells for solitary confinement might well reform the most hardened of spoiled or refractory sons. Here the French father may imprison a son under sixteen, for a period not exceeding one month. From his sixteenth year to his majority a son may be shut up for a period not exceeding six months. The father, of course, pays all expenses. In the year 1900 no less than forty-six youths were thus consigned to the prison of Mettray, which Miss Edwards visited. "An unremitting appeal to the reasoning faculty, persuasion, kindness, and solitude—such are the influences brought to bear upon insubordination, indolence, and vicious habits." All fathers will be interested to learn that this method is said to be a striking success. Only the director knows the names of the inmates, and from first to last the prisoners are so completely isolated that two brothers have been confined at the same time and neither has known of the other's presence in the institution. Incurable idleness seems to be the chief cause for this desperate remedy, and there are numerous cases cited by Miss Edwards of youths who have entered the prison cell firmly refusing to work and even threatening suicide if not instantly liberated, who on leaving the *Maison Paternelle* were able to pass their degree examinations and wrote grateful letters to the director. Some of them volunteer to return and pursue the treatment in case they should fail to pass the examination. "Many 'old boys' send donations towards improvements of the *Paternelle*, as they affectionately call their former prison, and one showed his attachment to the place by visiting it in later years accompanied by his wife." In such a case one hears of the successes rather than the failures. But the French nation is the most reasonable on earth, and the Byronic temperament is probably very rare among French youths. The Mettray *Paternelle* has been founded only forty-eight years, but already a son of a former inmate has been placed there by his father.

Miss Edwards is at her best in treating of social customs and the minor differences of French and English home life. Literature is apparently not her strong point, and the chapter on French fiction is rather thin and superficial. But she has succeeded, on the whole, in writing a very entertaining book, full of detailed information, with

statistics that here and there need slight correction, as when on page 26 she deducts £250 from £300 and leaves a balance of £70; on the following page she speaks of Dijon as "2,000 miles from Paris." On page 67 she speaks of "Hector Malot's popular novel 'En Famille.'" Her use, more than once, of the adjective "Chicagan"—or the substantive, as, for instance, "rich Chicagans"—must be painful to her American publishers. The numerous full-page illustrations from photographs are interesting and well reproduced.

Makers of Modern History. Three Types: Louis Napoleon—Cavour—Bismarck. By the Hon. Edward Cadogan. London: John Murray; New York: James Pott & Co. 1905.

Read in the spirit to which their author appeals, these essays may be commended, for they certainly "stimulate" if they do not "satisfy curiosity." They aim at presenting, in sketches which can each be read in an hour, both a skeleton of the historical career and a portrait of the personality of the three "typical" men who transformed Europe during the third quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Cadogan is neither profound nor subtle, and we do not observe that he suggests any new interpretations; but he has read pretty extensively, and he has skill in narration; so that his story is enriched by pregnant quotations as it runs on entertainingly.

The account of Louis Napoleon is on the whole satisfactory. It indicates sufficiently his complex character, although, following the fashion of recent writers, it creates the impression that the Emperor's decline was generally recognized early in the '60s. The truth is, however, that this point of view springs from the wisdom of retrospect. As late as 1867 Europe regarded Napoleon as firmly established, and France as the foremost power. Even when war broke out in 1870, public opinion, both in Europe and in America, expected a swift success for the Emperor. But to-day, as we look back, we see clearly enough that the Imperial régime was rotten ten years earlier; an historian, however, while describing the actual conditions as they have been revealed subsequently, ought never to neglect to paint in their true proportions the conditions as they appeared to contemporaries.

The paper on Cavour is evidently inspired by great admiration for that consummate statesman. Mr. Cadogan indicates the difficulties which beset his path, although one misses at times that keenness of insight needed for going to the heart of Cavour's policy. When he comes to judge the morality of some of the statesman's acts, he takes the practical view that they were justified by the results. To call Cavour a pupil of the Machiavellian school, however, does him an injustice; for such an expression implies that Cavour deliberately adopted Machiavellianism as his rule of conduct, whereas the truth is that his so-called "political immorality" was largely due to his environment. Cavour was really loyal to a higher standard than that of his rivals or predecessors; that he fell short of that standard should not make us forget that he tried to realize it. But perhaps this is a matter that Mr. Cadogan could not be expected to take up.

His treatment of Bismarck has a very uneven quality. Down to 1871 he shows us a fair sketch of the Prussian Titan; but from 1871 to 1898 he simply peters out. Bismarck's losing struggle with the Pope, his losing struggle with the Socialists, and his general work (other than fiscal) as a constructive statesman, are scarcely mentioned, while Mr. Cadogan, as if he were a Chamberlainite and wrote with an eye to influencing the current agitation in England, goes out of his way to applaud Bismarck's imposition of a high tariff in Germany. Nor can we accept his view that Bismarck's dismissal "by the high-spirited boy-Emperor"—is it not stretching a point to call William II. at *thirty-one* a *boy?*—and his last years in retirement were ignoble.

In general, however, these essays may safely be recommended to the unprofessional reader, who will be dull indeed if he does not discover in them the absorbing interest of the three dissimilar men whom they describe. Biographical epitomes are always useful, and they may be made, in the hands of an artist, as precious as portraits are in the hands of a master painter. Even a mediocre portrait is better than none.

Country Homes of Famous Americans. By Oliver Bronson Capen. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1905.

The photograph and the half-tone have brought into being many books that without their aid would not have been undertaken. Entertaining and well worth reading as is Mr. Capen's text, it is certain that without the profusion of pictures large and small with which the book is embellished, 'American Homes' would not have tempted a publisher. With them, it throws a welcome light upon the surroundings of many of our celebrated men, representing, as Mr. T. W. Higginson says in his introduction, "not merely the tastes and habits of the man's household, but the private background of his public life."

Not all the houses chosen are of equal interest, nor are their owners of equal celebrity. If there be little to show for Thoreau, whose very hut on the shore of Walden Pond escaped contemporary depiction, the perhaps less generally known Bartram has left on the banks of the Schuylkill a house of great individuality and picturesqueness, surrounded by gardens once the most interesting in the American colonies. In some instances, however, both the man and his surroundings reach a high level of interest, and of these Washington at Mount Vernon is the type. Excellent pictures of the house with its offices and servants' quarters, of the rooms with their wisely chosen furniture and fittings, of the well-kept formal gardens, accompany a most entertaining description of the great landowner's life as a practical farmer and as a country gentlemen. Few of us have any idea how great were Washington's agricultural interests. At one time, his estates, according to Mr. Capen, reached the vast extent of eight thousand acres. He estimated that his withdrawal from his farms during the Revolutionary war caused a loss of fifty thousand dollars. The pictures bear the strongest testimony to his skill in remodelling the house and designing the minor buildings, and in uniting all into an harmonious whole by means of well studied gardens. Even the curiously winding box borders within the main hedges are said to have been laid out by his own hand. Fine as the view of Washington's flower garden is, it lacks something of the charm of Bryant's old-fashioned garden at Cedarmere. A greater abundance of blossom, a less fantastic arrangement of the box edging (here also laid out by the owner himself), and a very beautiful dappling of light and shade make this perhaps the best of all the garden views the book contains. In all, the homes of eighteen men are chosen, including those of Lee at Arlington, of Jefferson at Monticello, Lowell's Elmwood, Longfellow's Craigie House, and Madison's Montpelier.

There has, of late, been much journeying (on paper) to the homes of great men, but none of these journeys has ended in such a fortunate meeting of text and pictures as have those of Mr. Capen.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Catalogue, 1900-1904. The Publishers Weekly.
Bearne, Catherine. A Queen of Napoleon's Court. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Bernard, William Francis. The Woods of Life. Chicago: The Rooks Press. $1.
Blomfield, Reginald. Studies in Architecture. Macmillan Co. $3.25.
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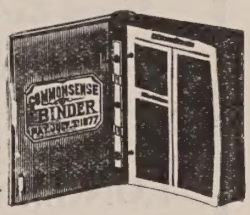

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The editorial plans of THE CRITIC for the coming year are not as yet fully completed. Arrangements are in train for certain important series and articles, announcement of which will be made later. Specification may, however, now be made of certain interesting and attractive papers which will be included in the series for 1906.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1905.

The Week.

"I'm not going to make a speech," said Senator Tillman, when the Panama treaty was before the Senate. "I'm just going to throw rocks at it as it goes by." That is a pretty good definition of his regular method. His fellow-Senators would not allow him to make a set oration, even if he wanted to; but on Friday his supply of "rocks" was sufficient to keep him on the floor, with interruptions, for four hours. Tillman's function in the Senate is as unique as it is important. He is the appointed sayer of disagreeable things. His gift of stinging sarcasm, and his very manner of delivery, fit him for this work. The Senate is hardly itself, in fact, except when Tillman and Spooner are exchanging courtesies, as they did on the above occasion. The Republican members would probably have it understood that they burn with indignation and horror when Tillman is running amuck, but we fear it is only "constructive" indignation. How many times, we wonder, has the uncouth South Carolinian blurted out on the floor the very things that his Republican colleagues in good and regular standing were muttering in the cloakrooms? There have been few more valuable contributions to the debate about the Canal Commission than Tillman's uncovering of the fact that Mr. Shonts has continued to hold his railroad presidency after entering the employ of the Government.

In finally voting him two-thirds of the money he had certified to be absolutely necessary for his Panama expenditures, the Senate has given Mr. Roosevelt a pointed rebuke. Very much in the tone of a father paying the debts of a spendthrift son, it has insisted that the squaring of old accounts must mean better methods in the future. Hereafter, the President is to be allowed no fine derangement of a lump appropriation according to his own taste and fancy and the importunities of friends, but must submit to Congress a detailed estimate of salaries. It is to be hoped that he has had his sufficient lesson. As to the personal aspect of that part of the scandal which has excited most comment, Senator Hale's statement, in behalf of the Administration, that the useless "place" of "press agent" at $10,000 a year would be abolished, is open confession that the President had wastefully created a sinecure.

President Roosevelt quite misses the point, in contending that the decision of Judge Phillips, finding Mr. Paul Morton guiltless as to a certain Atchison rebate, fully "vindicates" that gentleman, and also justifies the President in having refused to follow the advice of Messrs. Harmon and Judson last June. Those lawyers asked that Mr. Morton be summoned in contempt proceedings. It was, they pointed out, a process "not unusual or exceptional," but simply in pursuance of "a well-established rule." It was a "demand for an explanation," they remarked, "not an accusation." But the President refused to permit a member of his Cabinet, and his personal friend, to be subjected to this regular process of the court, though there is no doubt that, if it had been demanded for John Jones of Jonesville, Ohio, he would have acceded to it without a murmur. He would not, however, "throw Paul Morton to the wolves," as he expressed it. In that particular affair, therefore, it was not Morton but the President who was in need of "vindication." He had, with a great flourish, appointed two Democrats to conduct that inquiry into rebates, but the moment they struck close home, he declined to allow them to proceed. Naturally, they resigned; and that favorite little device of Mr. Roosevelt's—the employment of eminent Democrats to pull him out of a hole—will probably not soon be attempted again.

Despite assurances that the *new* Dominican treaty was absolutely perfect in form, change after change has had to be made in it. The treaty hastily patched up by our naval officers and proclaimed in Santo Domingo without the formality of submitting it to the Senate, seems to have been scarcely a looser document than the one which Mr. Lodge is trying to pilot through to ratification. The latest demands for alterations come from the Dominican Government itself. It would appear that President Morales is less certain of his dictatorial power than he was, and is being forced to make concessions to some of his rivals. It is they who insist that the benevolent intervention of the United States shall be, not at the whim of the President of either country, but solely upon the request of the Dominican Congress. Thus the whole project becomes the more dubious the more it is studied. It proves to be, like so many of the President's happy thoughts, hard to reduce to terms of law.

The Interstate Commerce Commission now confesses, in its annual report, that it was too positive, in 1903, along with the President, in thinking that the Elkins anti-rebate law had ushered in the millennium. In its report two years ago, as also a year ago, very "favorable comments" were made upon that anti-rebate statute; but it appears that "further experience" has convinced the Commissioners that they were far too "hopeful." That is an old story. Further experience has a way of letting the sawdust out of legislative panaceas. Even Mr. Roosevelt seems to fear that the same course will be run with his latest plan for rate-regulation. He sings much lower about it in his message, and is reported again by Washington dispatches to be more than ready to accept any compromise which will save his consistency. Meanwhile, the dilatory Senate and the do-nothing House act as if experimenting with the President's patience. The report which the Senate committee was to make within ten days of the opening of the session proved to be only a verbal one of little progress among thickening difficulties; and it is now certain that nothing will be done, or even proposed, until after the holidays. Of course, the fact that legislative remedies are necessarily slow and uncertain is no argument against applying them when justice demands it. If the Elkins anti-rebate law is too cumbrous and ineffective, it should by all means be made more direct and drastic The railroads themselves say they want that. So do all honest shippers. On that subject the President and Congress might well first concentrate their energies, leaving more doubtful projects to be taken up later.

Of the bill for reorganizing our consular service, which Secretary Root advocated before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, reformers can find little but good to say. It is a measure at once sweeping and judicious. If adopted, it would put an end to many of the scandals which have made Americans blush for our consular system. It would also, we believe, heighten the efficiency as well as the purity of the service. The bill proposes a classification of all consulates. The seven classes are graded, each with a fixed salary, the pernicious fee system being abolished. Also, the statutory provisions that a consul shall not engage in private business are made more stringent. Finally, the whole service is to be put in the way of becoming, what it really never has been in this country, a career. Appointments to the lowest grade are to be made only after competitive examination, and the higher offices are to be reached by promotion for merit. All told, the bill which the Department of State is so strongly urging is a very thoroughgoing piece of much-needed reform. It seems almost too much to hope that Secretary Root can persuade

Congress to adopt it in its entirety; yet we know what he was able to do when in the War Department, in the way of obtaining useful legislation, despite strong and interested opposition.

French example has long been adduced by our ship-subsidy advocates. It is put forward in the report of the subsidy committee accompanying their bill. France pays large sums to stimulate her merchant marine; therefore so should we. Such is the argument. But it is badly damaged by the facts. In spite of lavish subsidies, French shipping has not prospered; and, in the Chamber, confession was openly made the other day that the whole system had been a failure. The official reporter of the budget, M. Pierre Baudin, admitted that the régime of ship-subsidies, especially under the law of 1902, had been of doubtful advantage even to ship-builders, and had worked only harm to commerce. And now even the ship-yards are crying for heavier subventions. It appears that, trusting to bounties, they have fallen behind their foreign competitors in machinery, in methods, and in intelligence generally; hence the appeal to the Government to make up their deficiencies by money payments. That is the usual course of artificial fostering of industries; and the precedent of France, which our confident subsidy-hunters allege, is really one which makes strongly against them.

The particular activity of the Post-Office Department which has most rapidly increased in the last few years, has been, not rural free delivery, nor the handling of franked matter, but the issuance of fraud orders. There were 131 in 1903, 167 in 1904, and 357 in 1905, an output nearly trebled in three years. As the Postmaster-General says in his report, "this does not mean that there has been a corresponding increase in the number of lotteries and fraudulent schemes operated through the mails, for there has been a marked falling off in such enterprises during the last few years. It is due to the increased vigilance of the Post-Office Department and the broader application and more strict enforcement of the statues." About the "broader application" there can be no question. It has been contended by a good many that the denial of the mails to quasi-fraudulent schemes not involving the lottery element or indecency is unwarranted. Yet there have been in practice extremely few cases in which abuse of this discretion by Post-Office inspectors has been charged. The scandals in this branch have all been in connection with orders held back, not with those issued. The fraud order doubtless carries a power easily susceptible of abuse, yet it has proved a most effective means of suppressing whole classes of schemes which are just on the edge of outright criminality, and yet are certainly not conducted in good faith. Their promoters, as a rule, do not fight when their mails are held, but move on to new ventures under other names. Thus about a fourth of the orders issued last year were merely supplementary to those previously in force.

Now, it is the Illinois Manufacturers' Association that is contemplating an assault upon our sacred tariff. Some 132 manufacturing concerns have been obliged, "chiefly on account of tariff restrictions," to establish in Canada branch plants that otherwise would have been set up in the United States. Since many of these companies have headquarters in Chicago, it is estimated that the losses suffered by that city mount up to tens of millions. Naturally enough, the Illinois manufacturers are dissatisfied with the outlook, but it passes our comprehension that these misguided men should dream of appealing to Congress for some sort of reciprocal trade arrangement with Canada. If they were true and loyal Republicans, they would know that President Roosevelt's message settled the question. From that the Illinois manufacturers should have learned that tariff changes cannot be made "on lines beneficial to, or desired by, one section or one State"; also, that there is a distinction between what the President calls "needs" and what he terms "desires." Just what the difference is, we do not feel quite certain; but all the evidence points to the conclusion that a "need" is a "desire" accompanied by votes, while a "desire" is just a plain, unattended desire. Massachusetts, for instance, so long as she continues to return Republican representatives to Congress, may have a "desire" for free hides, but will not really "need" them; the wool-growers of Ohio, however, since they are believed to have the votes, have a genuine "need" for heavy duties upon wool.

Two facts are especially noteworthy in connection with the *Evening Post's* postal canvass on the retention of Platt and Depew, the results of which that paper began printing on Saturday. First is the large proportion of Republicans, chosen from an absolutely non-partisan list, who have thus put themselves on record against their party's representatives in the United States Senate; and, second, the concrete evidence of the change of feeling which has followed the insurance revelations. It may be true, as some of the correspondents point out, that nothing is now known about our two Senators which was not an open secret before; but at least we have found intelligent citizens of the State who did not so consider. Over and over are phrases encountered in these replies which indicate that the writers had formerly been comparatively little concerned about the State's representation in the upper house. Now the turn of feeling has made Depew the special object of indignation. Several men who still think Platt good enough, are bitter against his colleague. Though the *Evening Post* has several times undertaken similar tests of public opinion, it has, it declares, never had so prompt and general a response, nor such strong expressions of feeling as in the present one.

Gov. Higgins's announcement that he has a candidate for the Speakership of the Assembly in the person of James W. Wadsworth, jr., is fresh proof of the trepidation of the Republican party over the plight to which it has been brought. Even so timorous a man as the Governor has been forced to come out into the open against Odellism. As such his action is extremely significant. And there are other reasons why it should arrest public attention. Plainly, the Governor has spoken in response to pressure from Washington. The shrewd politician in the White House has been quick to see that no time must be lost in getting the present helmsman of the party in this State away from the wheel, and in throwing him overboard. Mr. Odell has run the ship on the rocks. If there is any salving to be done, it must be before the rising wind and tide of popular indignation have damaged the craft beyond repair.

The Bar Association, having been criticised by District Attorney Jerome because of its seeming indifference to the disgrace of our methods of electing judges, decided last week that it could neither approve Jerome's charges nor dignify them by calling upon him for the facts upon which he based his strictures. It voted, instead, to take a very conservative course, and directed its Committee on Judicial Nominations to report how the Association can "make more effective its influence in the matter of judicial nominations in this judicial district." There are obviously several ways in which this can be done, and they must have been in the mind of every lawyer present. The truth is, however, that too many members of the bar are affected by the same political and financial influences which impair the usefulness of some judges, to undertake the rôle of guardians of the judicial ermine which Jerome would have them assume. Fortunately, there are some, like Austen G. Fox, to insist that the Bar do its duty in this matter, and prevent that prostitution of the judiciary to the bosses which was so clearly demonstrated by the Mazet inquiry. Against the payment of money to campaign committees by judicial candi-

dates, the Bar Association happily took strong ground.

Mayor McClellan will undoubtedly receive his certificate of election, and be sworn in on January 1, as a consequence of the decision of the Court of Appeals on December 13. That is now the law. Whether it ought to be, is a question sharply raised by the dissenting judges, and a matter promptly and carefully to be considered by the Legislature. We presume that most citizens favor a thorough revision of our cumbrous and dubious election and ballot laws. But that is neither here nor there, so far as concerns the effect of the decision of our highest court. That establishes the law as it is, and no man may justly allege a grievance if the courts have been freely open to him and his rights under the law fully secured. Besides, as the court pointed out, Hearst has a complete if delayed remedy in *quo warranto* proceedings. In a trial of that kind, his counsel could doubtless procure the opening of ballot-boxes and a recount of the votes. For our part, we hope they will pursue the matter to the end, and cause all the facts to be established in detail. But if they do not, let it be set down in advance, any charge of fraud that they make is without legal proof. Their preliminary contention that an inspection of the void and protested ballots would alone show frauds enough to elect Hearst, has been signally disproved. Their claims about the ballots actually in the boxes may or may not be sustained if the courts finally decide to order them opened; but, till the thing is tried out, it is for them, as for all good citizens, to submit to the law, and bring no railing accusation of injustice.

Quite the most important pledge given by Mr. Morton to Equitable policyholders, in his letter published on Monday, is his assurance that the new administration will no longer strive to create the "biggest company in the world." It will not, he promises, seek to obtain new business at the expense of existing policyholders, and if its efforts to get business in any section of the world are shown to be unprofitable, that field will be abandoned. This is a programme whose scope, if the promise is faithfully carried out, is likely to be larger than most readers would imagine. When it is considered that the patronage of the man who really wishes to have his life insured may be obtained at a trifling cost, the ratio of last year's expenses to total premium income in the three great life companies, ranging as it did from 23.73 to 24.65 per cent., proves clearly that such a patron is not being fairly dealt with. Mr. Morton's statement is important as showing that the new managements realize on what points the future protest of policyholders is likely to converge.

Mr. Fitzgerald's election to the Mayoralty of Boston was insured by the independent candidacy of ex-Judge Dewey. If that candidate had stood for a principle, the result would not be so mortifying. Having been defeated in the primaries, he called himself an "anti-machine candidate," and actually succeeded in inducing 11,637 Republicans and Democrats to vote for him. Had these men stood by Frothingham, the regular Republican candidate, the city would now have a Mayor-elect worthy of its traditions. But it has instead chosen a man who will tighten the grip of the Irish Democrats upon the party machine, and the net result of whose administration will be to make Boston more of a boss-ridden city than before. The late Mayor Collins, whose high character and aims were recognized by Republicans and Democrats alike, was quoted during the campaign as having said that Fitzgerald would not fitly represent the Irish Catholics, the Democrats, or the city, if chosen Mayor. Hence the outlook is not pleasant. Mr. Frothingham made a manly, uphill fight, which won to his support many independent voters. One gratifying result was the election of an excellent School Board of five members, all of whom were endorsed by the friends of the schools. In the increase of the Republican members of the Board of Aldermen and Common Council there is additional proof that many voters split their ballots.

The United Mine Workers, in session at Shamokin, have been preparing to demand from the anthracite operators three concessions: an eight-hour day, 10 per cent. increase in wages, and recognition of the union. The first two demands are certainly debatable. Conceivably, there are cogent reasons why the operators should grant an eight-hour day and more pay, though on this point no wise man will reach a decision till he has heard both sides. But to recognize the union would be to surrender the principle of the open shop. The Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which patched up the present truce between operators and miners, was absolutely explicit in its recommendation:

> "That no person shall be refused employment, or in any way discriminated against, on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization; and that there shall be no discrimination against, or interference with, any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by members of such organization."

This recommendation has been accepted by both sides as binding until the first of next April, when the question is again up for settlement. In declaring for the open shop, the Commission was moved not so much by the immediate situation in the coal-mining industry as by the fundamental theory of a democracy. If any man, miner or operator, is to enjoy the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, he must be free to work for such wages and under such conditions as his judgment approves; to take the job or leave it, by his own choice, not under the coercion of a union which threatens all dissenters with violence or death. For the operators to yield on this contention would be a capital blunder—or worse.

The Germans of Livonia, Courland, and Esthonia, the present scene of the fiercest disorder, however opposed to the reactionary measures adopted in the Baltic provinces, will not make common cause with the Lithuanians in their effort to revive the ancient realm which passed to Russia with the dismemberment of Poland. The region still commonly designated Lithuania is embraced in the governments of Kovno, Vilna, Grodno, Vitebsk, Minsk, and Mohilev, and includes also one of the provinces of Russian Poland. Lettish peasants and workmen of the Baltic provinces have, it is true, been particularly susceptible to anarchistic influences, but their fury is turned equally against conservative German landowners in the country districts and Socialist German labor leaders in the cities. That the Lettish rising has been carefully planned is evident from a recent letter in the *Hannoverscher Courier* which describes the efforts made at a revolutionary meeting at Riga to force even female servants to join the strikers. The Letts number about 2,000,000 people, and their propaganda includes the publication of war-songs and inflammatory appeals. The singing of the "Marseillaise" in Lettish is a regular feature of the revolutionary programme. Their present ferocious assaults on German landowners recall the worst days of the Terror.

Amid all the turmoil in Russia a hopeful feature is the steadying influence of the Zemstvo Congress, which continues its sittings in St. Petersburg. Its last sessions in Moscow were marked by a spirit of liberalism and moderation expressed in the practically unanimous resolutions in favor of Polish autonomy, of a humane policy towards the Jews, and of full political amnesty, from which, however, the perpetrators of the recent atrocities were to be excluded. The transfer of the congress to the Russian capital is an aid to Count Witte, as it brings him in direct contact with the leaders of the only political body which speaks for the intelligent classes of the people. M. Ivan Petrunkevitch, the most influential member of the Zemstvo Congress, exercises a growing authority, to which Witte himself has repeatedly deferred.

HARRIMAN AND ODELL.

Who was E. H. Harriman that he should threaten T. F. Ryan with "legislative action"? He held no office. He was not, so far as known, a member of any political committee. What, then, was that "political influence" with which he menaced Ryan, in order to frighten him into surrendering half the stock of the Equitable? No names were mentioned in Ryan's testimony; none was uttered directly by Mr. Hughes in any of his questions; yet everybody knows who was meant. It was perfectly understood by all concerned—understood at the time by Messrs. Ryan, Root, and Cravath, understood at the inquest by witness, counsel, committee, and spectators—that Mr. Harriman claimed to have such power over the party boss, Benjamin Odell, that he could, through that agent, get anything he wanted out of the New York Legislature. Hence his threat to Ryan.

Had he not, six months previously, got a United States Senator out of the Legislature? Odell's final consent to Depew's election was extorted from him by Harriman. At least, that was openly asserted and not denied. On December 31, 1904, Senator Brackett made a public statement that Odell had given as the only reason for deserting Black and going over to Depew that "it would break one of the dearest friendships of his lifetime should he persist in his support of Gov. Black." That was the excuse he gave to six of Black's protesting friends. To show that they knew the secret of that "dearest friendship," they objected that "when the bargain was struck by which he was made the chairman, and by which Gov. Black was to become the Senator, it was not made conditional upon approval by Mr. E. H. Harriman." But that gentleman and what Depew called "optimism" carried the day; Odell threw over Black, and Depew smiled—for a time.

There was every reason, therefore, to suppose that Harriman's threats were based upon his hold on Odell. Now let us see where Odell was, and what he was doing, at the time when Harriman was assuming power to do with the Legislature what he liked. Mr. Ryan testifies that he bought the Hyde stock on Friday, June 9. The angry interviews with Mr. Harriman were on following days down to Tuesday. During that period, therefore, there were, as the *Sun* remarked at the time, "subterranean efforts to thwart" Ryan. Now Odell returned from Europe on Saturday, June 10—just in the nick of time. On Sunday he went to Newburgh. At that place, on Monday, the *Tribune* reported the State Superintendent of Insurance, Mr. Hendricks, "in consultation with ex-Gov. Odell." On Tuesday, the latter came to his headquarters in this city, where he saw "many visitors." Among them was Senator Depew—a fit errand-boy for Harriman—who talked with Odell "nearly an hour." Later on, Odell parried questions put to him by the reporters, and said he "didn't know whether anything other than the Hooker matter would be taken up at the extra session of the Legislature." So here we have a violent suspicion that Harriman was pulling the Odell wires in those critical days. We know, as a fact, that Odell came out openly later to demand an investigation by the Legislature, although Gov. Higgins was against it. Was not this Harriman's "political influence" visibly at work?"

Some good lawyers have argued that the questions put to Ryan were not "material and proper," and that he should not have been compelled to answer them. Perhaps not, if it were a legal issue joined in court; but in a proceeding under the subpœna of a committee of the Legislature, with broad powers to inquire into all the ramifications of the insurance business, we do not see how there can be two minds about the propriety and relevancy of the questions. One of the chief subjects of investigation was the corrupt alliance between insurance magnates and politicians. To bring out the truth about Harriman's threats was just as material as to elicit the facts about illegal campaign contributions to elect Roosevelt, to probe the payments made by the companies to "Judge" Hamilton and other lobbyists, and to expose the whole set of political leeches fastened upon the insurance treasuries. Harriman's claim that he could checkmate Ryan, or ruin the property which the latter was buying, by using at pleasure the Legislature of the State of New York, was simply part and parcel of the whole nefarious system of secret compact and unlawful undertaking which it was the committee's business to expose. Ryan's testimony on this point was of the last public importance. It shows us to what a pitch of effrontery and recklessness the corrupt alliance between high finance and low politics had reached.

The political bearing of Harriman's statements on the stand fills all minds. Even at Washington it is dominating. Republicans are said to have gone to the President and told him plainly that it is now a question of life or death for the party in New York; being no longer the scandal of Platt's control or Depew's lobbying for corporations or Odell's tyrannical bossing, but of the subjection of the Republican party to Harriman and the interests which he represents. Mr. Harriman himself, with the most splendid naïveté, assumed to be the monarch of all he surveyed. He appeal to Odell for that politician's support? Really, the inquiry was a little too much to make of the owner of 16,000 miles of railway. He would have the committee know that whatever political influence Odell possessed was due to Harriman. The contrary supposition was almost insulting; and the witness proceeded to inform the committee that, when he wanted things done at Albany, he was in the habit of giving his orders direct to the Governor and Speaker. No useless go-between was employed, such as a Senator or Assemblyman whose constituent Harriman happened to be; he dealt with Higgins and Nixon at first hand. And when the chairman of the committee anxiously endeavored to make it appear that this was only the ordinary appeal of bothersome constituents, by which all members of the Legislature are afflicted, Harriman proudly said that he must not be ranked with that common herd. It must not be supposed that he was running or telephoning to Albany about every trifle. He did not move unless he had some big thing of his own on hand, and then he moved straight upon headquarters.

The effect of Mr. Harriman's calm revelation of the true hiding of Republican power in this State, during recent years, will be either a party revolution or an unexampled party disaster. Things cannot go on like this. The Government of New York cannot be run by telephone from the Stock Exchange. We have had Platt's confessions of where he got his bribe-money. Odell's shame is completed by Harriman's cool announcement that the ex-Governor is simply a "kept" politician. An end must be put to these leaders and their methods, or the voters will put an end to the party that endures them.

"MYSTERIOUS INSTRUMENTS."

One of those "mysterious instruments of Providence," of which good people have been telling us, is just now appearing less mysterious, and much less of a divine instrument, than for a long time past. We refer to Thomas Lawson. For nearly four months he has been conducting a huge gambling pool in a stock speculation. Into it he publicly invited his "friends" to go. He did so on the strength of the most positive "statement of fact," not "surmise" or "manipulation"; and resorted to all know what shameless and deceptive means to induce credulous investors to give him their money, and also to compass his ends on the stock market. The net result was his announcement of December 14 that the subscribers to his pool had lost 36 per cent., or $3,600,000.

Whether Lawson himself lost proportionately, no one knows. Apparently, powerful interests have been "gunning" for him, but he is quite capable of joining the hunting party himself, and leaving his "friends" to stop all the shot. After what is known of him, any man who would trust his word or his honor would be a fool. To place your money in the hands of a confessed stock gam-

bler is simply to invite betrayal. What the precise facts are in this case, we do not know, and it does not matter. Lawson has been terribly hurt in prestige, whether he has been hit in pocket or not. But a few weeks since, men spoke of him in awed tones as a man of almost prophetic powers. "Well, he was right about the insurance business, he told the truth about Rogers, and he knows what he is talking about when he says there is going to be a fearful crash in Amalgamated and a panic in the market." That humbug is, at any rate, thoroughly pricked. The heavy facts have crushed the blown pretence.

About Lawson's financial legerdemain, however, we care little. What does interest us is the bearing which this latest disclosure of his moral character has upon the notion recently current that he had been providentially raised up to lead Americans out of the evils of which they have been so acutely conscious. Many a saintly person has propounded the theory. "Perhaps his life has not been all that we could wish, but God often employs strange instruments, and Lawson has certainly been the one to show this country whither it is drifting and how to escape the peril threatening it." In this respect Lawson was regarded something in the light of Hearst. The more unlikely and even incredible a vehicle of reform he might seem, from his known life and methods, the more disposed were certain people to regard him as a messenger of Heaven. So bad a man, allowed to become so conspicuous, must indicate a divine plan. It was the old triumph of faith over again—*credo quia impossibile.*

Now a little reflection, a little discrimination and a slight knowledge of human nature are all that we need to see this matter aright. It is undoubtedly true that dark things have important moral uses in this world. Knowledge may come to us from the confessions of dishonest men, just as justice may be furthered by a criminal turning State's evidence. That, however, does not make the dishonest man honest, or the criminal a worthy member of society. It is not necessary to dispute the claim that Lawson had much to do with preparing the public mind for the insurance explosion. Doubtless his trumpeting abroad of nefarious financial activities, which he knew about from having shared in them, predisposed people to believe that all he said was true because a part of it proved to be. Similarly, we may concede that the cries and contortions of Hearst may have had a good effect in rousing dormant attention. But to admit that, is simply to admit that the wrath of man may be made to praise the Creator. An explosion of foul gases may clear the air, but the gases were foul all the time.

Our sole point is that we must differentiate the evil and untrustworthy man as informer, as betrayer, as clamorer, from the evil and untrustworthy man as reformer. In the former capacity he may enlighten the public; in the latter, it is preposterous to suppose that he can lead it. Heaven moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform, but it never provokes human beings to despair and even atheism by confounding good with evil, vice with virtue. From corrupt and selfish men we may get useful information, but we never can get wise or safe leadership. To quote that master of political philosophy whom, now that he has been cited in a Presidential message, even an editor may feel emboldened to adduce: "When men," says Burke, "whom we *know* to be wicked impose upon us, we are something worse than dupes. When we know them, their fair pretences become new motives for distrust." And it is his further dictum: "There is no safety for honest men but by believing all possible evil of evil men, and by acting with promptitude, decision, and steadiness on that belief."

FEDERAL CONTROL OF INSURANCE.

Senator Dryden's testimony before the insurance inquiry relative to Federal control of insurance, fell in with reports from Washington that efforts would be made to try the experiment in a purely tentative way. Himself the author of a measure pending in Congress he recited, as arguments for Federal supervision, first, protection of the foreign business of American insurance companies; second, protection of the people against fraudulent insurance companies; third, the unifying of the code of insurance law, which now varies widely in the different States, and places very divergent restrictions on insurance methods. Mr. Dryden did not lay stress upon the argument lately developed by Mr. James M. Beck on this question, that Federal supervision would be preferable because of the saving in fees and taxes as compared with what is involved in the system of State supervision. Nor did he touch on another familiar argument in its favor, based on the presumption that Congress, in its dealing with insurance questions, will be less subject to corrupting influences than the State legislatures, and that Federal supervisors would similarly fall less under the influence of insurance officers striving to evade the law than State Commissioners notoriously have done at times.

President Roosevelt's recent message spoke, on the whole, very guardedly of the plan for Federal supervision. He recommended that "Congress should consider whether the Federal Government has any power or owes any duty with respect to domestic transactions in insurance of an interstate character," adding: "That State supervision has proved inadequate, is generally conceded." The President's caution, in refraining from any definite proposal, was undoubtedly prompted by the constitutional difficulties in the way of compulsory Federal control of insurance. The Supreme Court's dictum in the well-known leading case of Paul *vs.* Virginia is that "insurance contracts are not articles of commerce in any sense of the word. They are not subjects of sale and barter, offered in the market as something having an existence and value independent of the parties to them. They are not commodities to be shipped or forwarded from one State to another, and then put up for sale. . . . Such contracts are not interstate transactions, though the parties may be domiciled in different States."

We see no reason for supposing that this decision would be reversed by the present Supreme Court; and, indeed, even if the reasoning therein contained were to be abandoned, there would nevertheless remain a serious obstacle, pointed out by Mr. C. F. Randolph in the *Columbia Law Review*, namely, that compulsory Federal control of insurance, if it involved the right under the interstate commerce clause to debar from business a company which did not take out a Federal charter, would thereby assume that the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the States includes also the right to prohibit it. This question would be of much importance, and could hardly fail to impress the mind of the Federal courts. The situation created by such legislation would not be, like some other considerations involved, analogous to the case of the national banks, because Congress in the bank legislation merely intervened to place a discriminating tax on note circulation of other than national banks. With their business activities in other directions it did not interfere. Banks with State charters went on exactly as before, save for the issue of circulating notes.

It is these considerations which have led to the more general adoption, by advocates of Federal supervision, of purely permissive legislation. From Washington comes the report that Mr. Roosevelt may advocate in a special message legislation for a Federal insurance bureau which shall supervise companies in behalf of the District of Columbia, where the national jurisdiction is unquestioned. Bills have already been introduced in Congress with this experiment in view. Such legislation would obviously not go very far. The additional proposition has been made that Congress endow with the title "national" all companies which voluntarily submit to the rules and supervision of the Federal insurance bureau. This plan, again, resembles the lately much-discussed project for Federal incorporation of the Trusts; the argument in both cases be-

ing that the national charter or title would serve as a species of guarantee of soundness and good faith which would lead all respectable companies, in their own behalf, to resort to it.

To this experiment, applied in a purely permissive way to the insurance companies, we can see no objection save that against the multiplying of offices. To the plan of Federal charters which shall supersede and replace existing charters there are many objections, quite outside of the question of constitutionality. Senator Dryden's own bill, for example, has been bitterly opposed in Massachusetts, on the express ground that it provides less protection for the policyholder than do the State insurance laws. "The bill," asserts Mr. L. D. Brandeis, counsel for the Equitable policyholders' protective committee, "omits very many of the provisions which, for instance, in Massachusetts, have been inserted for the protection of the policyholder; it adds not a single one by which he may be better protected." Senator Dryden's bill, no doubt, might be amended; but the argument of the law officers of the State of Massachusetts challenges its fundamental principle, affirming that "State supervision is good or bad according to the merits of the best of the commissioners," whereas "Federal supervision must be good or bad according to the qualities of one man who is unchecked by the work of coördinate officials." It will possibly be replied that the existence of several excellent State bureaus for insurance supervision did not prevent the practices which the Armstrong committee's inquiry has exposed. But it must be remembered that the questions of solvency, financial soundness, maintenance of a proper reserve, are those which have chiefly occupied insurance bureaus in their supervision of companies chartered in another State. The generally admitted solvency of the companies, in the face of the corruption and misuse of funds by some of their officers, may be fairly accepted as witness to the adequacy of present State supervision in at least this regard.

UNCERTAINTIES AND CERTAINTIES ABOUT RUSSIA.

The difficulty of arriving at a clear notion of what is going on in Russia, not to speak of what the future has in store, is confessed not only by foreign spectators. Russians admit themselves equally at a loss. "We have all gone crazy" (*nous sommes tous fous*), said a Russian long resident in Paris to the editor of the *Temps*. It is a confession echoed everywhere. Russians in this country, with every means of private as well as public information, and with every motive for following events in their native land anxiously, will tell you that they know no more about the actual situation than does the average newspaper reader. And as to what is to take place, they refuse to prophesy even a day ahead. The confusion so closely approaches chaos, the uncertainty and fear are so great, the reports of massacre and pillage and universal snapping of the bonds of social order are so alarming, that we seem to be witnessing something like the fulfilment of Motley's forecast sixty years ago. Writing to his wife from St. Petersburg he said: "It seems to me that just as this city may at any moment, by six hours' too long continuance of a southwest wind, be inundated and swamped forever, so may Russia at any moment, through a succession of half-a-dozen bad Czars, be submerged in its original barbarism."

It is not surprising that the fall of the old governmental edifice in Russia should have been with such a tremendous crash. History may not repeat itself so precisely as some fondly believe; but the old teachings of history are always applicable, partially at least, to new situations. And while it is foolish to try to make the French Revolution go on all-fours with this Russian upheaval, we can see in the break-up of the *ancien régime* in France a working of human passion not unlike that which the Russian peasants and artisans are displaying to-day. Taine traced with endless detail the effect of long years of absolutism and oppression upon the psychology of the French people; and the terrible revenges they took upon the seigneurs almost seem to be the instruction which the Russians have bettered. Their work has been wild, but it has not been unnatural. Given dangerous gases under a constantly increasing pressure, and an explosion is inevitable. The wreck and terror of it are still making the news from Russia too much like the mad outcries from an insane asylum to be really intelligible or guiding. We are yet in the period of immense uncertainty, when any day may bring forth anything in Russia.

Some things may, however, be set down as certain. An end must somehow be put to violence. A reign of terror may have been necessary, all the circumstances being what they were, but it is necessary, too, that it be brought to a close, and order established. If the thing be not done by the muzhiks and the workingmen coming to their senses and allowing the moderate Liberals of intelligence to set up in peace a representative government, then some man of iron among the reactionaries will arise to put down the disturbers of public order with a merciless hand. The alternative to rational and orderly reform, after the tempest shall have passed, is a dictator. If things are too long abandoned to the mob, the "whiff of grapeshot" will do the business again, and do it with the approval of the civilized world, and of all in Russia who have property. Amid all the uncertainties, that is a certainty. Revolutionaries themselves admit that they have not intelligence or cohesion enough in their ranks to form and conduct a government. Then it is madness for them to get in the way of the men who can do it. Every one must hope that enough force may remain at Witte's orders to enable him to cope with mere anarchy, and to make possible the carrying out of the great experiment of a government in which the people have a voice.

That there is a body of educated and solid citizens in Russia, ready and able to bring their country into a new period safely, if freed from mob terror, the evidence is ample. We have reported from time to time the signs of hope and progress in the doings of the Zemstvo Congress. There has but now come to us a French translation of the programme recently put forward in the name of the "Democratic Constitutional Party." It was adopted at Moscow by the Liberals who have long striven for a Russian Constitution. Their sketch of what they think that fundamental law should be, shows them apt students of modern democracy. Guarantees of the elementary rights of the citizen —liberty of conscience, freedom of the press, the right of public meeting and of petition, with others—they would see written into the very charter of the new Government. Then, in their Article II., they provide for a representative government, with universal suffrage, annual budgets, and a responsible ministry. The judicial power is defined and safeguarded; the land question put in the way of legal solution; public instruction provided for. All told, such a project for modernizing and liberalizing Russia would be full of promise if there were hope of the country's soon settling down so as to permit trial of it to be made. At the adoption of this "platform," as we Americans should call it, by the convention at Moscow, some of the men who had long struggled and suffered for Russian liberty were overcome with emotion. They thought their dreams about to come true. But a condition precedent is the restoration of order. If the Liberals cannot restore it, the autocrats will.

FOREIGN OBSERVERS OF MODERN GERMANY.

Time was when the French could be justly reproached with wilful ignorance of their German neighbors. To-day, however, Paris papers and reviews abound in articles on Germany, and to not a few may be applied Goethe's encomium, as expressed to Eckermann: "It is remarkable how these writers in the Paris *Globe* grow steadily in stature and importance, and how unanimous their aim and purpose." One of

the most valuable summaries of recent French impressions of Germany may be found in a paper by the Vicomte Eugène Melchior de Vogüé in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, on "The New Germany."

M. de Vogüé revisited Germany after a lapse of twenty years, and found that "the good old woman has become a young giantess." Smiling fields have been transformed into bustling factory towns; the economic progress is prodigious. Two words, "colossal" and "Imperial," are the keynote of the Germany of to-day. Postoffices, railroad stations, stock exchanges, theatres, restaurants—all bear the impress of an architecture "striving after a double ideal—that of Rome and Chicago." Art has adapted herself to the new conditions. There is a wealth of statuary, almost exclusively of military heroes, ungraceful but impressive, as if "weighted down with a mighty thought." The bronze man on horseback meets the gaze at every step. "Thirty years ago, if one espied a statue in some small German town, he was safe in saying: 'Here stands some scholar, philosopher, or musician.' To-day it is one of the three founders of German unity." The personality of William II. pervades all Germany. He sets the national pace. In Bremen, M. de Vogüé's guide excuses himself for walking so rapidly: "It is the Emperor's gait."

But the modern Empire, nevertheless, has its charms for the Frenchman. The Hanse towns are of particular interest to him. Hamburg is a true republic, where equality is not an empty sound. M. de Vogüé found there not a trace of the friction between France and Germany, of which the papers of both countries were so full. He was much struck with the proud independence of the merchant princes of Hamburg and Bremen. "We want no ship subsidies from the State," he was told; "they kill private initiative and paralyze freedom of action." But amid all the evidences of material prosperity the French observer detects signs of evil augury—"the laziness of the younger generation rolling in the wealth acquired by the older; the laxity of morals, so noticeable in Berlin; a general weakening of the former discipline."

It is interesting to contrast with these impressions an article by Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard on "German Ideals of To-day," in the December *Atlantic*. He naturally devotes much attention to modern educational standards, and, on the whole, regards with approval that tendency which, to quote Morley, "mightily exalts science." He is full of enthusiasm for the new literary and artistic movement, which he considers "in every way a worthy counterpart" to the great era in German literature at the end of the eighteenth century, much as he deplores the fact that "but few of the ideals that swelled the breasts of Schiller and his contemporaries" are a living force to-day. He has a robust faith in the superlative future greatness of Germany. Despite her bitter political antagonisms and the unbending rigidity of a church which "is doing her best to make religious life to the great majority of the people appear as a prodigious lie or mockery," he concludes, in a strain of glowing optimism, that, with undisturbed political conditions, the way is open to "a golden age of German achievements in every domain of higher inspiration."

It is curious to trace in the calm, philosophic skepticism of the French academician as in the exultant tone of the German-American professor, the influence of the forces which have transformed both France and Germany since the great struggle of 1870-71. In comparing these writers, so widely different in their points of view, one is often tempted to deplore, with Lowell, "that German tendency to bear on too heavily where a French critic would touch and go with such exquisite measure." Probably no one can be less conscious of a desire to disturb international relations than Professor Francke, and yet he allows himself to join in the cry of narrow German patriotism that "the beginnings of German sea-power are grudgingly watched, denounced, and, as much as possible, thwarted by cousins across the Channel." Not thus do men like Professor Paulsen endeavor to win their countrymen over to saner views of Anglo-German relations. These relations have grown less cordial in proportion as the French have drawn closer to the English. Few students of the comparative psychology of nations have dwelt on the fact that English influence on many of the greatest French writers has been deep and far-reaching, while very few German writers of similar rank have come under its direct spell. Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau—to mention only the greatest—all visited England and gained some insight into that country. To these names can be opposed, among Germans, only Lichtenberg, Heine, and Grillparzer. And Heine wrote: "Send a philosopher to London, but, for Heaven's sake, no poet."

The French of to-day are learning to understand both the English and the German. The judgments of M. de Vogüé and Professor Francke show in a strange way the shifting of some of the standards of national greatness in both countries since the Franco-German war. In his conclusion, M. de Vogüé wishes for his country a future "rich in the moral lessons to be drawn from the fate of Germany, though her wealth increase a hundredfold, even at the expense of France herself." In contrasting the modesty of this forecast with Professor Francke's triumphant pæan, one is reminded of two poems characteristic of the martial poetry of 1870-71—Freiligrath's "Trompeter von Gravelotte" and Déroulède's bugler, in one of his "Chants du Soldat." Both poems treated of the same subject—a dying bugler's last trumpet call; but while the Frenchman's last note was one of proud defiance, that of the German was one of humanitarian sadness. Have France and Germany changed rôles since then?

POPULAR EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, November, 1905.

The appearance of the report of the Educational Commissioners for last year leads me to write concerning the system of national education in Ireland. Like every other department of government and administration here, it is managed by a Castle-appointed board responsible to the British Government of the day. The system was inaugurated in 1831, with 789 schools having 107,062 pupils, supported by a Parliamentary grant of £92,500 per annum. Fifty-three per cent. of our population could then neither read nor write. Last year (1904), for a population little over half what it was in 1831, the number of schools had increased to 8,443, the pupils to 736,545, the Government grants to £1,411,285. Our illiterates are now but 14 per cent. of the population. The number of pupils is nearly 30 per cent. less than some years ago. This is due in part to the decrease in our population, in part to the increased means at the disposal of religious orders, and their efforts to attract pupils to denominational schools. The large increase in the Parliamentary grant is no proof of special generosity on the part of the Imperial Treasury. It is well known that a committee of enquiry, appointed by Mr. Balfour some years ago, reported that Ireland was, as against the terms of the treaty of union, overtaxed several millions per annum. The South African war and the, of late years, enormous increases in the cost of armaments have considerably added to this overtaxation.

The National Education system, as inaugurated, was an honest effort on the part of doctrinaires to draw all parties in Ireland together by common education in common schools. The schools were open to persons of all denominations. No pupil was required to attend at any religious exercise, or to receive any religious instruction which his parents or guardians did not approve; and opportunity was afforded to the pupils of each religious persuasion to receive separately such religious instruction as their parents or guardians approved. Then, as now, a card was exhibited during ordinary school hours notifying that secular instruction alone can be imparted. It must be remembered that undenominational education as between Catholics and Protestants implies a narrower system of education than undenominational education between Protestant churches or sects. The Bible cannot be referred to, and history of any value cannot be taught. (I doubt there being any population in the world of like intelligence to ours that knows so little definitely of the history of its own country.) Although both the Catholic and Protestant archbishops of

Dublin gave their approval to the system and took part in its management, and although children of all denominations, in default of other means of education, trooped into the schools, the system was from the first assailed by the preponderating influence of both Catholics and Protestants in Ireland—the former declaring the schools to be "godless," the latter demanding "the open Bible" in the schools. In 1831, Irish was very generally spoken throughout the country. No one contends that it was not desirable that the people should then have been taught English. It is, however, now very generally recognized that it was a misfortune that children were not taught English through their own language rather than to its exclusion. Their minds were stored with a rich heritage of tradition, song, and legend, for the most part elevating in its tendency. They have in general exchanged this, not for the higher literature in the English tongue, but for the penny-dreadful and the yellow press. There was, however, then no general protest on the part of Irish Ireland, and we can scarcely blame the chief movers (mostly English) in the establishment of the system, who were profoundly ignorant of the treasures inherent in the Irish tongue, which they regarded as but an impediment to enlightenment and to material progress.

I have said that the system was an honest effort for common education. Common effort on common grounds does not necessarily imply common aim. Nothing gave a more powerful weapon into the hands of Catholic opponents of the system than the publication of a letter of Archbishop Whately's, after his death, in which he justified his support of the schools by his belief that they tended towards the disintegration of Catholicism. As Catholic Ireland gained in power and influence, its opposition to the national schools became more effective, and a few years ago a compromise was arrived at which appears to satisfy all parties. The teachers from the first had been educated together in an undenominational college under the Board. This system was changed. The old college was retained, practically for Presbyterian teachers. Denominational training colleges under religious management have been established. Government allows a capitation grant, and the students must pass Government tests in secular knowledge and teaching capacity. After some years' training under religious influences—the Catholics in conventual institutions under religious orders—there is no likelihood of their influence, even under a normally undenominational system, being other than denominational. Then comes the strangest part of our system—that which places teachers completely under the thumb of ecclesiastical authority. Each school has a manager appointed by those originally instrumental in having it started, or in succession of the manager then appointed. Four-fifths of the managers are clergymen. The teachers of these national schools, supported by the State and paid for by the State, are appointed by and can be dismissed by the managers! There can be little doubt that, in the choice of teachers, the religious concerns of the parish are often more considered than the education of the children.

The system has become practically denominational, 4,332 of the schools under Catholic teachers are attended exclusively by Catholics; 1,536 under Protestant teachers are attended exclusively by Protestants; 1,934 schools under Catholic teachers are attended by only 5.4 per cent. Protestants, while 868 schools under Protestant teachers have only 8.9 per cent. Catholics. There are but 30 schools in which Catholic and Protestant teachers work together. It is not uncommon to find near together in the same district schools nominally undenominational, in reality Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or Methodist; and in localities where the population is sparse and mixed, children who have a school at their door will be found walking miles to one the bias of which is more congenial to the belief of their parents. Thirty schools throughout Ireland, with an average daily attendance of 6,650 pupils, are kept directly under control of the Board, as model schools. They are generally mixed, and are not approved of by the religious world; nevertheless they are attended by about 2,000 Catholic children.

To those who realize what united systems of a really common education are accomplishing in other countries, that which I have sketched may appear deplorable in its denominational segregations. That it is preferred, shows how sincere and general is the belief in Ireland that eternal happiness depends upon the conservation of certain forms of belief—that the affairs of this world are as nothing compared to those of another. Any suggestion for the popular control of the details of education is scouted, especially by Catholics. If Ireland had to pay for its education out of funds raised in Ireland, it is scarcely likely that this state of feeling would prevail. Apart from history, the Irish national schools now afford an excellent common-school education. In the care of the girls, perhaps more attention might be given to needlework and domestic economy.

To encourage intermediate education in Ireland a Board of Commissioners was some twenty years ago instituted. It is a purely examining body. Each year it puts forward a course of study. Upon this course, to all comers below a certain age, examinations are held annually at centres throughout Ireland. The subjects examined in extend from classics and modern languages, through the ordinary school course, to music, shorthand, physics, chemistry, mechanics, botany, drawing, and physiology. Last year 8,530 young persons presented themselves for examination at 234 centres, £8,800 was given in prizes, and £62,800 to schools in proportion to the number of students they passed successfully. The cost of administration, some £15,000, appears high. This board has done good work, and has sensibly raised the standards of intermediate education. The result of its examinations has dispelled the illusion that Catholics in Ireland lag behind Protestants in their abilities and desire for education, and that Catholic schools and colleges are less capable than Protestant of imparting knowledge. Five Catholic schools stand at the head of last year's list as having carried off the greatest number of prizes and exhibitions. Catholic and Protestant schools bracketed together occupy the sixth to the twelfth places. Of the 557 boys' prizes, 70 per cent. were gained by Catholics. The value of these prizes was £5,537, and 66 per cent. of this was gained by Catholics. In the case of girls, 69 per cent. of the prizes and 72 per cent. of their value was in like manner gained by Catholics. (Catholics form 75 per cent. of our population.) This is a remarkable record, considering how the education of Catholics was banned in the past, and that its outcome is barred by the want of a university entirely in accord with Catholic predilections. We must also take into account the smaller proportion of our Catholic people than of our Protestant that have risen into the social scale from which these intermediate scholars are drawn.

Ability to pass examinations is by no means a test of education in the best sense of the term. Observers must be constantly struck with the narrow range of thought and feeling, with the little real interest in literature and wide affairs, in those who have passed examinations brilliantly. They, however, afford the only possible tests of fitness for office and public employment. There appears more of a tendency in our Catholic youth than in our Protestant to look for careers in life to official employment rather than to business. The Irish Protestant temperament appears to take more kindly to business and commerce. We Irish have not shown the same ability as the English and the Scotch in assurance and banking. Something must be allowed for the degree to which the deadening effect of the Penal Laws has not yet worn out, and something for still unsettled political problems. Protestants in Ireland, both indigenous and immigrant, are, in the main, satisfied with the institutions of the country, and can give undivided attention to their own affairs. Catholics still, to a considerable extent, have "their backs to the wall." As, through the extension of local government, appointments fall more and more under popular control, Protestants (being in the minority) have less and less chance; while as to business, I heard an Englishman resident in Ireland say lately that he thought a young Protestant had as good chances here as across the Channel.

D. B.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF PASCAL'S 'PENSÉES.'

PARIS, November 28, 1905.

The French language seems, by its precision, its clearness, some would say its dryness, particularly fit for the expression of those short and isolated sentences which are called "Pensées," "Maximes." We have literature of this sort which may truly be called incomparable. I need only speak of La Rochefoucauld, of Pascal, of La Bruyère, of Vauvenargues. The attention of collectors of the precious works of these thinkers has been recently called to the new and very curious edition of the 'Pensées' of the immortal Pascal; it is no other than a facsimile of the manuscript which is preserved in our National Library. The manuscript and the facsimile are so difficult to read that the text has been printed opposite, with valuable notes by M. Léon Brunschvicg. The whole forms a folio volume, with 258 plates in phototypes, and 258 pages of text.

The public can now have full knowledge of what Sainte-Beuve called these "immortal *brouillons*"; for the notes written by Pascal are no more than rough drafts, comparable to the first sketches of an artist. M. Victor Giraud, writing on the subject of this new edition, justly remarks that

"if we had to enumerate all the works—editions, articles or books—of which Pascal has been the subject for fifteen or twenty years past, we should be surprised to see how many of the faithful cherish among us the religion of this great memory. . . . In the space of only two years, 1896-1897, there appeared as many as five new editions of the 'Pensées'; in less than six years, from 1899 to 1905, six volumes, six studies, have been consecrated to Pascal. Is Pascal going to dethrone Voltaire or Molière in this fervor and community of admiration which is generally professed for the great writer who represents best the genius of a race? Are we beginning to be as proud of the author of the 'Pensées' as the Italians are of their Dante or the English of their Shakspere?

"The answer to these questions seems to be easy: the popularity of Pascal will never be of the same order as the popularity of Dante or Shakspere; the word popularity, even, ought not to be employed in this case. Pascal will never be read except by the 'happy few,' by an élite of thinkers interested in religious and philosophical questions. The dramatic part of his work lies in the inner life; it is not objective, but purely subjective; it lies in the conflict of philosophical doubt and religious belief, in the struggle between human pride and the humility of faith."

The two great works of Pascal are the 'Provinciales' and the 'Pensées.' The 'Provinciales' made more noise in their time; they are a series of letters on the questions which separated the Jesuits from the Jansenists; they are an eloquent and very persuasive indictment of the worldly form of religion of the Jesuits, of what was called the "religion aisée"; at the same time they may be considered a theological work, dilating chiefly on questions which in our day are almost forgotten by the great public, if not unknown to it. The 'Provinciales' were published by Pascal himself; the 'Pensées' are mere notes, fragments, materials for a work which Pascal never finished. How were these notes to be published? The author's plan could only be presumed, and it was necessary to find a method of classification. The plan adopted by the friends of Pascal, the Jansenists of Port-Royal, consisted in classifying the 'Pensées' according to their general tendencies; in that form they constituted a sort of methodical apologia of the Christian religion. I have before me the original edition of the 'Pensées,' in its Jansenist binding (simple morocco, without any trace of gold). The title is 'Pensées de M. Pascal sur la religion et sur quelques autres sujets qui ont été trouvées après sa mort parmy ses papiers.' There is a preface, not signed, explaining how the 'Pensées' were written and collected, what Pascal's object was in the work he intended to write, and in what way he spent the last years of his life. The same arrangement of the 'Pensées' was followed in succeeding editions, and in our day in various editions which I need not mention.

An attempt has been made to use in a different way the original materials left in our hands. These materials, besides the original manuscript, two copies of which are also in the National Library, consist of two manuscripts of Father Guerrier, the portfolio of a Doctor Vaillant, three other manuscripts, one of which had been in the possession of Sainte-Beuve, the edition of Port-Royal, the edition of Bossuet, the life of Pascal by Madame Périer, the works of Nicole. Sainte-Beuve, who can always be fruitfully consulted, wrote in 1852 an article on the new edition, with notes and commentaries, of M. Havet. In it he discussed the problem of the 'Pensées,' and showed that the first edition did not contain all that Pascal had left. "The principal facts only were given; and in what was given, various scruples of doctrine, even of grammar, induced the editors to soften, to explain certain parts where the author's vivacity and impatience were manifested in too brusque or too concise strokes, and with a positive character which, in such matters, might be compromising."

It was in 1844 that M. Faugère published the 'Pensées' in conformity with the manuscripts themselves; and the Havet edition gave this text with many notes and explanations. M. Léon Brunschvicg has taken a step further: it has seemed to him that into the disorder of the manuscript it was not impossible to introduce a certain order. He has attempted to make a new classification of the fragments left by Pascal, and to unite them according to the subjects treated. M. Brunschvicg is a philosopher; he has published articles and books which show him to be in a state of mind different from that of Pascal; but he is impartial, and never takes a combative attitude. He has subdivided the 'Pensées' into fourteen sections: (1) Pensées sur l'esprit et sur le style; (2) Misère de l'homme sans Dieu; (3) De la nécessité du Pari; (4) Des moyens de croire; (5) La Justice et la Raison des effets; (6) Les Philosophes; (7) La Morale et la Doctrine; (8) Les fondemens de la Religion Chrétienne; (9) La Perpétuité; (10) Les Figuratifs; (11) Les Prophéties; (12) Preuves de Jésus-Christ; (13) Les Miracles; (14) Fragmens polémiques. M. Brunschvicg edited the 'Pensées' for the collection of the Great Writers of France (Hachette), and had previously published a classic little edition of 'Opuscules et Pensées' (Hachette, 1897). His notes and commentaries are very valuable, and his efforts to understand Pascal very interesting. He has crowned his long labor by reproducing in phototypes the manuscript of the 'Pensées.' This beautiful work is chiefly due to the house of Hachette, which from the start has rendered such services to French letters.

The sight of the words written by Pascal's own hand makes an impression, a sensation of its own. It seems as if you followed the very movement of his mind. The fragment of the Wager (the *Pari*) is almost illegible, but its physiognomy is very peculiar and in harmony with the thought. In the fragment on the "thinking reed" (*le roseau pensant*), written in a beautiful and very legible manner, how striking is the close! "The last act is bloody, however fine the comedy may have been in all the rest; a little earth is at last thrown on the head, and there is the end forever." Pascal had first written "for eternity"; he changed it to "forever," finding "pour jamais" more terrible. Joseph Bertrand, the mathematician, wrote a volume on Pascal (1891); a poet, Sully-Prudhomme, has given us quite recently 'La Vraie Religion selon Pascal,' a research into the purely logical order of his 'Pensées' relating to religion, followed by an analysis of the 'Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour.' We must mention also the 'Pascal' which M. Adolphe Hatzfeld published in the collection of Great Philosophers, the 'Pascal' of M. Boutroux, professor at the Sorbonne. We read in his preface: "Pascal knelt before writing, and begged the infinite Spirit to subdue to himself all there was in him, in order that that force might accord with this humility. By his humility he offered himself to inspiration."

It is a curious fact that Pascal should have drawn to himself so many eminent thinkers in all times. He remains a sort of problem which is never solved. What will always attract us, after all, to Pascal, is not the theologian: it is the moralist and the writer. He will ever remain one of the great masters of the French language. There is much truth in what Sainte-Beuve wrote many years ago (and who could judge him better than the author of the admirable volumes on Port-Royal?):

"Curious and erudite minds will continue to study Pascal *à fond*, but the result which appears now acquired for minds that are simply serious, and for hearts that are simply right—the advice I am going to give them after reading the last edition of the 'Pensées'—is not to pretend to penetrate too far into the peculiar and Jansenist Pascal: it is to be content to approach him on this side and to hear him on some essential points, but to be satisfied with him, with the spectacle of the moral struggle, of the storm, of the passion which he feels for the good and for a worthy happiness. Taking him in this way, you will sufficiently resist his somewhat narrow and absolute logic; you will be open to his flame, to all there is that is tender and generous in him; you will associate yourself easily with this ideal of moral perfection which he personifies so ardently in Jesus Christ; you will feel yourselves elevated and purified in the hours spent in *tête-à-tête* with this athlete, this martyr, this hero of the invisible moral world. Pascal is all that for us."

Noble words and great thoughts! Nobody could express better or better condense the real significance of the 'Pensées.' "The world moves," also says Sainte-Beuve; "it is developing more and more in the direction of positive interests. . . . It is well that there should be somewhere a counterpoise; that in a few solitary places, without protesting against the movement of the century, some firm, generous, not embittered minds should tell the century by what means it might complete and crown itself."

Correspondence.

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE: INDEX

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the Clarendon Press has issued an announcement relating to the index volume of my edition of the Letters of Horace Walpole which conveys the impression that the indices have been prepared by myself, with the assistance of the gentlemen named, I beg to state that this is not the case.

Owing to circumstances beyond my control, I was unfortunately prevented from completing the indices in time for the publication of the index volume at the date announced by the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. I was myself desirous that the issue of the index volume should be post-

poned for a few months, in order that I might fulfil the promise of the prospectus and title-page as to the preparation of the indices by the editor of the work. The Delegates, however, considered it of paramount importance that the volume should be issued at the date originally announced, and I was therefore reluctantly compelled to accede to their request that I should hand over the indices to them for completion by other hands. My MS. material, which covered the whole of the first eight volumes and part of the ninth, for the index of persons (with the exception of the article Horace Walpole), and the first two volumes for the indices of places and subjects, was sent to the press on the understanding that it should be printed in its entirety, and should serve as a model for the completion of the index on the same plan.

When, however, the proofs of the index reached me (which I was requested to correct, though the copy was withheld from me), I found that my plan had been changed, and that numerous alterations, excisions, and interpolations had been made, without my consent, in the portions completed by myself, so that I was no longer able to recognize my own work.

In these circumstances I could not consent to correct the proofs, nor can I accept any responsibility for the indices now announced for publication.

Yours faithfully, HELEN TOYNBEE.

FIVEWAYS BURNHAM, BUCKS, ENGLAND,
December 2, 1905.

"CLASPED LIKE A MISSAL WHERE SWART PAYNIMS PRAY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This beautiful line, the subject of a communication to the *Nation* of November 23, seems to have been penned for the confusion of critics and translators. It has misled two literary connoisseurs of acknowledged reputation, M. Philarète Chasles and Leigh Hunt. M. Chasles, rendering, half a century ago, passages from the "Eve of St. Agnes" into French prose for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, proceeded prosperously until he encountered these unlucky Paynim, whom, deceived by their contiguity to a missal, he took for clergymen, and translated accordingly. Perceiving, nevertheless, the singularity involved in the complexions of these divines, he met the difficulty in true French fashion by calmly dropping the inexplicable epithet, and writing "Où prient les prêtres," thus making the missal continually open where it behooved it to be continually shut. For Leigh Hunt's interpretation is entirely wide of the mark. He says: " 'Clasped like a missal in a land of Pagans'; that is to say, where Christian prayer-books must not be seen, and are, therefore, doubly cherished for the danger." He conceives, then, of the missal as "clasped" to the bosom, out of special affection, or for special protection. But if the slumbering Madeline can be appropriately compared to a missal in this condition, she herself must obviously be "clasped" in the same manner—she, the ideal of virginal purity, whom her very lover only dares to approach.

"Clasped" means simply fastened with a clasp, and the sleeping maiden is compared to a shut missal, precisely as in the last line of the stanza she is compared to a shut rose; with the heightening circumstance that not only is the missal shut, but it is shut in Heathenesse, where it will never be opened.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

HAMPSTEAD, LONDON, December 10, 1905.

GLADSTONE AND THE CONFEDERATE LOAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received from Mr. John Bigelow a copy of his pamphlet 'Lest We Forget,' wherein it is maintained that Mr. Gladstone held Confederate stock, and that, in denying that he held it, as he did most emphatically, he lied.

I thank Mr. Bigelow for his courtesy in sending me his pamphlet. I find in it not only not the slightest proof of his charge, but corroboration of Mr. Gladstone's denial. Mr. Bigelow gives the names of a number of other persons of more or less distinction who were set down as holding Confederate stock, and who publicly denied the fact. As they were avowed partisans of the South, they would not have been ashamed of holding Confederate stock. Forgery, then, was at work; and the motive for it in Mr. Gladstone's case is plain.

The imputation in Mr. Gladstone's case was monstrous. He was a member of a Government in a position which called for the utmost circumspection. Such indiscretion on his part is surely incredible.

Mr. Bigelow's charge really rests upon nothing but the assumption that Mr. Gladstone was an enemy of the United States. This I positively deny. In holding that the better course would be, instead of forcibly reannexing the South, to let it go and look to future union with Canada, he did no more than was done by some of the warmest friends of the republic.

Yours faithfully, GOLDWIN SMITH.

TORONTO, December 12, 1905.

CANADIAN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of your paragraph on Canadian bibliographies, it may interest some readers of the *Nation* to know that Dr. N. E. Dionne, librarian for the Legislature of Quebec, has published a most valuable work on this subject. This is his 'Inventaire Chronologique des Livres, Brochures, Journaux et Revues Publiés en langue française dans la province de Québec, depuis l'établissement de l'imprimerie au Canada jusqu'à nos jours, 1764-1905.' He proposes to follow this up by a second list of all the works published in different languages bearing on Quebec, and also by a third, comprising the books, pamphlets, newspapers, and reviews published in English in the province of Quebec. Apart from its other merits, this 'Inventaire' shows the skill of the French-Canadian printer. A. M.

DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX,
December 11, 1905.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN GERMANY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To those who have watched the progress of the anti-alcohol agitation in Germany it will be of interest to learn what has been accomplished to date. The results are summed up by Dr. Popert of Hamburg in the *Politische-Anthropologische Revue* for December. According to this report the results so far achieved may be classed under four heads: (1) a large increase of total abstainers, and their unification into a body that is managed with military strictness of discipline; (2) the dissemination of facts (*Aufklärung*) among all classes of society through the medium of this organization; (3) the tactics to which the abstainers have compelled their opponents to resort; (4) the change in the attitude of officialdom.

The total number of abstainers in the German empire is now sixty thousand. This is but 1 per cent. of the entire population, and does not look very promising. The case, however, wears a different aspect when we remember that, twelve years ago, there was but one prominent temperance advocate south of the Elder. Besides, as Dr. Popert reminds us, these twelve years were the time when the cause had to undergo its severest test. It had to encounter ridicule of the most unqualified kind, both in public and in the periodicals that deigned to mention it at all. Total abstainers were commonly designated as "old women without petticoats." Vituperation has now taken the place of ridicule; on this line the various alcohol interests have united for defence. While the Independent Order of Good Templars is the élite corps of the temperance army, there are in Germany thirty-four other organizations of the same character, and about an equal number in Austria. The bar has an organization of its own, with several branches, as have also the students.

These are all united into the *Allgemeine Deutsche Zentralverband zur Bekämpfung des Alcoholismus*. The cause is supported by more than forty periodicals. It has been demonstrated that the expectation of life of the total abstainer is about twenty-five per cent. better than that of the moderate drinker. Some time ago, the *Zentralverband* of Hamburg offered a prize of one thousand marks to any one who should disprove the truth of this affirmation. No takers have thus far reported. It is further admitted that every drop of alcohol taken into the human system during its development period is poison. The success of the Japanese has also done much to promote the cause of total abstinence. During the strike of the miners in the present year, the watchword was everywhere: "Workmen, beware of alcohol; it is your worst enemy." The warning was heeded, and not a crime was committed.

Under the third head may be discussed all the financial interests affected by the decrease in the consumption of strong drink. The weapons chiefly used are distortion and misapprehension of the facts elicited by experiments on the human system, and denunciation. It need hardly be said that we are already sufficiently familiar with this mode of procedure.

Significant of the changed attitude of the Government officials were the auspices under which the third convention of total abstainers met in Dresden, in September, 1905. The civic authorities granted the use of the largest public building in the city,

besides a subvention in money. The municipal council, including the mayor, greeted the convention in words that testified the strongest sympathy with the cause it had met to promote. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the temperance cause is the fact that it originated in a sentiment, a sort of instinct of self-preservation, akin to that which keeps animals from eating deleterious plants. At last this instinctive feeling has come to be recognized everywhere as founded on a strictly scientific basis. CHARLES W. SUPER.

ATHENS, O., December 14, 1905.

THE BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The annual report of President Butler of Columbia University has been read with interest by many who note with pleasure what he says of the arrangements by which candidates for the bachelor's degree are no longer to be compelled to devote four years of study to its attainment. The following sentence contains the gist of the matter:

"It breaks up the lock-step, or system of uniform annual promotions from class to class, which has lingered on in the colleges long after it has disappeared from the elementary and secondary schools."

This has met with general approval, and has been commented on widely by the newspapers as "The Columbia Idea." In this connection it is interesting to refer to an editorial in the *Nation*, September 4, 1902, of which the following is the significant portion:

"Following the example of Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania rearranges its order of studies so that an ambitious student may attain the bachelor's degree in three years. This is brought about much as it was at Cambridge, by requiring a certain number of courses for the degree, and permitting the student to follow as many in any year as he is able and willing to undertake. By carrying twenty hours of classes a week, the required sixty courses are completed in three years. Furthermore, the university intends to accept the logic of this 'unit' system, and let every man achieve his sixty units in his own time—be it three, six, or ten years. That this innovation will greatly change the traditional leisureliness and solidarity of American college life, no one can doubt."

When this change went into effect at the University of Pennsylvania in 1902, it necessitated another change, the benefits of which are felt more and more each year. Every student was assigned to a member of the faculty, who was to act as "adviser." No selection of studies could be made without the guidance and general approval of the adviser, who was able to make many suggestions, the result of experience, of the utmost value to the student. The plan has accomplished much more than was expected of it; and what the chairman of the Pennsylvania committee who drew up the plan termed "graduation by birthdays," has disappeared, and "graduation by individual ability" has taken its place.

Yours truly, JOSIAH H. PENNIMAN.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
December 16, 1905.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will publish directly 'The Modern Trust Company: Its Functions and Organization,' by F. B. Kirkbride and J. E. Sterrett, and the 1906 edition of 'Who's Who,' much enlarged, and containing the number of a man's sons and daughters, of his motor-car, his telephone, and sometimes his telegraphic address.

Mr. R. R. Bowker sends us Volume II. of the 'American Catalogue, 1900-1905' (Office of the *Publishers' Weekly*). It is substantially a reprint from that journal's Weekly Record of new books, but reduced under one alphabet *per annum* and not for the period. Its contents are less complete, numerically, than those of Volume I., but, on the other hand, it gives the full title-pages—and, above all, is annotated here and there. The annotation is not systematic, and presents many curiosities of selection and approbation. Often enough it usefully defines the character or summarizes the contents of a work; sometimes it has to tell of the author, as that he is a clergyman (writing on the mosquito), or that "Mr. Riis was born in Denmark in 1849," or that "Mr. Corbin is a Harvard man who has resided in Oxford," etc. But the most striking feature is the attention bestowed upon novels and the outlines of their plots. This may be very well for the *Weekly*, but it obviously entails a great loss of space, with no permanent gain. If no one, five years hence, can name the author of 'Miss Pritchard's Wedding-Trip,' for instance, will posterity be greatly interested in the nine lines setting forth its plot? We must not be thought to undervalue this section of the Catalogue. It is a great and worthy enterprise, and it is to go on.

The Newnes-Scribner series of "Drawings by the Masters" gives us, in its latest issue, forty-eight drawings by Menzel, on the whole rather disappointing in quality. They are very various in manner and material, from smudgy charcoal to incisive pen, and contain figures, animals, architecture, even elaborate studies of Moltke's field-glasses, but show little to justify a colossal and almost legendary reputation.

'Normandy,' by Gordon Home (London: Dent; New York: Dutton), is, we take it, to be considered mainly as a vehicle for the two-dozen colored illustrations and the fewer line drawings, by the author. At least, we trust that Mr. Home will pardon us for devoting our limited space, at this season, rather to his art than to his literature. His water-colors, then, so far as one may judge them from reproductions, are eminently sound and sane, well drawn, not disagreeably colored, apparently rather literal, but always interesting in choice and arrangement of subject. In some of them there is an over-insistence on the note of blue and purple; but otherwise there is nothing impressionistic, as there is nothing romantic. We are travelling in the company of a sensible man who knows what is worth seeing and shows it to us as it is. The book will certainly give us a better notion of Normandy than Mr. Menpes's much more multitudinous blots can convey to us of Brittany or another place.

E. S. Shuckburgh's 'Augustus' was first published in London by T. Fisher Unwin, in 1903. It now appears on the list of an American publisher (A. Wessels Co.). It is a valuable book, fuller than Firth's 'Augustus Cæsar' in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, which is the only other English biography of Augustus; and Shuckburgh's eyes are more open to the evils attending the establishment of monarchy than were Firth's.

The child public has fared decidedly well in the season's crop of books, and we have not exhausted the notable juveniles in our three conspectuses. We must be very brief with what remain. 'The Red Book of Romance,' edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green & Co.), will be welcomed by many as the youngest scion of a delightful family. Otherwise, in spite of its attractive form and fine illustrations by H. T. Ford, it is distinctly disappointing. The stories are all told by Mrs. Lang, and are in a graceful, easy style, except for a trick of generalization in a would-be humorous fashion, and occasional unpleasant affectations. No attempt is made to place the stories chronologically, and we pass from "William of Palermo" to Norse heroes, from the "Gesta Romanorum" to Spenser and Cervantes (both of whom, it may be remarked, seem to strike a jarring note here), from "Early English Metrical Romances" back to Apuleius, and on to the "Orlando Furioso," in a way to puzzle even a mature reader. Beatrice Clay has done an excellent piece of work in her 'Stories of King Arthur and the Round Table' (London: Dent; New York: Dutton). It would seem at first sight impossible that, after 'The Age of Chivalry,' Lang's 'Book of Romance,' and the works of Sidney Lanier and Howard Pyle, there should be any room left for a new volume of Arthurian stories. Yet in this present book the legends are so plainly, concisely, and connectedly told that a reader will probably get a clearer idea about the Round Table than from any of the writings above mentioned. The same English and American firms are coupled on the title-page of an unabridged 'Robinson Crusoe,' with colored and other illustrations by J. A. Symington. These are pleasing if (in the color plates) too finished, and the unusually broad measure permits an open, readable type. Edith Dunham's 'Jogging Round the World' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is a curious photographic object-lesson in modes of land conveyance the world over, and will please any child by the plates alone. There is a slight text for each. Helen Hay's 'Verses for Jock and Joan' (Fox, Duffield & Co.) challenges comparison with Betty Sage's 'Rhymes of Real Children' of a year ago. The verse is correspondingly humorous, perhaps a trifle more sophisticated. Charlotte Harding's colored designs will hardly be thought equal to Jessie Willcox Smith's, yet are admirable in their way. The letter-press, in its yellow border, is inharmonious. 'The Dwarf's Spectacles, and Other Fairy Tales, told by Max Nordau to his little Maxa' (Macmillan), is worthy to be read and loved by many other children for its originality, its pleasant style, and its gentle lessons with touches of deeper meaning. 'A Natural History for Young People,' by Rev. Theodore Wood, F.E.S. (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is an illustrated English compilation which deals with mammals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and invertebrates. The writer has given a few original observations. Beyond a general classification, he has not attempted scientific methods of treatment. He has selected, from the various groups, the most

interesting species, and has written about them with much entertaining detail.

The problem of providing suitable collateral reading for college classes engaged in the study of the labor problem is partially solved by the appearance of Professor Commons's 'Trade Unionism and Labor Problems' (Boston: Ginn & Co.). This is the second volume of the "Selections and Documents in Economics" now being brought out under the editorial direction of Prof. W. Z. Ripley of Harvard University. Professor Commons has gathered some twenty-eight selections dealing with most of the phases of the labor movement. He has drawn upon Government publications, periodical literature, and various monographs which could not otherwise be made available for large classes of college students, and has summarized the decisions of the courts in important cases relating to labor. The selections will supplement admirably the lectures and ordinary reference-books which have constituted hitherto the principal pabulum that teachers could set before their students, while it should prove of value to many readers who do not enjoy access to well-stocked libraries. Inasmuch, however, as the conditions of the labor problem, especially in the United States, are subject to such rapid changes, a work like this will require constant revision if it is to retain its usefulness for any considerable time.

'The Sociological Theory of Capital' (Macmillan) is the title which Prof. C. W. Mixter gives to his reprint of John Rae's 'Principles of Political Economy.' Rae's work, which originally appeared in 1834, professed to expose the fallacies of the theory of free trade and of some other doctrines taught by Adam Smith. Although noticed by John Stuart Mill and a few other economists, the book was long neglected, and is now resurrected, not for the sake of its criticisms of the 'Wealth of Nations,' but for its interesting discussions of the subject of capital. Professor Mixter, in fact, has taken the liberty of cutting out the chapters dealing with the theory of capital and making them the basis of the present volume, while consigning the rest of the original treatise to an "Appendix." We can only conjecture what the author would have thought of such a dismemberment of his *magnum opus*. Professor Mixter has gathered considerable information about Rae's life, of which little has been known hitherto, and has lavished editorial labor upon the present attractive volume. There is no question of the value and interest of Rae's discussion of the theory of capital, and it is well to have this part of the work put at the disposal of all students of economic theory; but the need of reprinting the chapters which Professor Mixter relegates to the appendix, seems open to serious question.

Richard Aldrich's 'Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung' (Oliver Ditson Co.) appears just in time for the Christmastide performances of Wagner's great trilogy. Mr. Aldrich has not endeavored to throw new light on these scores; but he has the advantage of coming last, and thus being able to benefit by the labors of others and giving an analysis which in completeness and usefulness surpasses those of his predecessors.

Women have almost ousted men from the field of fiction. In the realm of music mere man still holds his own, although the feminine tide is rising steadily. Musical compositions by women have hitherto been conspicuous for quantity rather than quality, though it is difficult to find any intrinsic reason why women should not write as interesting songs as they do novels, unless it be that their excessive devotion to personalities makes the musical idea slow in coming to them. Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston has issued a collection of 'Songs' by Theresa Holmes Garrison quite above the average, and affording pleasant hopes for the future of woman's activity in this field. It is dedicated to the late Lillian Bailey Henschel. The contents are grouped under four heads: Sacred Songs, Three Love Songs, Four Songs, Songs to be Sung to Children (these groups are published separately). The poems are by Sidney Lanier, Alice Freeman Palmer, Wendell Phillips Stafford, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Josephine Preston Peabody, Sarah Pratt McLean Greene, and Abbie Farwell Brown. If it be asked to what school the composer of these songs belongs, it might be said that she appears to have made a sympathetic study of Brahms—that is, of his methods of expressing musical ideas. This is true particularly in the case of "Nightfall," which is one of the best songs in the collection. Others to be marked for excellence are "The House and the Road," "Windy Nights," and "The Candy Lion," a tragi-comic story for children, the last half-dozen bars of which are an amusing musical counterpart of the words "he's just a candy Roar, and might as well be dead." Other clever touches of the kind might be pointed out in these songs.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams has just reprinted in pamphlet form a paper, 'Some Phases of the Civil War,' recently read by him before the Massachusetts Historical Society. It is in substance a criticism of the fourth and fifth volumes of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States.' Mr. Adams draws attention to an undoubtedly weak point in that valuable book when he attacks Mr. Rhodes on his neglect of the question of sea control, and will find many supporters in his contention that the control of the sea was a decisive factor, and that Sherman's march to Savannah broke the back of the Confederacy. The paper also contains an interesting discussion of Butler's influence in 1864. But Mr. Adams should not speak of Grant's campaign of the Wilderness as a "failure" without qualification. The war could not have been ended without a great reduction both of the numbers and of the extraordinary morale of Lee's army; and that much Grant did accomplish. The Wilderness and Spottsylvania made Appomattox possible.

Although not so famous as his younger brother, Alexander, Wilhelm von Humboldt was a distinguished scholar and statesman and a remarkably attractive personality. It was especially this latter quality that brought him into intimate relations with the most illustrious of his contemporaries in art and literature, and lends to his correspondence not only intense interest, but also great historical value. Several volumes of his letters have already appeared from time to time, and another, perhaps the most important, has just been published under the title 'Wilhelm und Karoline von Humboldt in ihren Briefen.' This first volume has been edited by Anna von Sydow, and is published in Berlin by Mittler & Sohn. It covers the period of their early life until their marriage in 1791, and will be followed by other volumes containing their correspondence until her death in 1829. Karoline von Humboldt (by birth Dacheröden) was a very gifted and lovable woman, who moved in the most intellectual circles of Weimar at that time. The warm friendship and familiar intercourse of the writers of these letters, especially with Goethe and Schiller, impart to them a peculiar value.

An exceptionally valuable contribution to the Russian university problem is furnished by the famous law professor, Prince Eugene Trubetzkoy of Kiev, in a "Sammelwerk" entitled 'Russen über Russland,' edited by Joseph Melnik and soon to be published by Rütten & Loening in Frankfort. By special permission, the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (*Beilage* No. 253) prints the substance of Trubetzkoy's discussion. It contains a keen analysis and historic survey of the university troubles, dwelling particularly on that unique feature of Russian university life, the "students' strikes," and closes with the conclusion: "The Government itself has produced that chaotic condition in the universities which has developed the vitality and the power of the revolutionary organizations."

An entirely new collection of Bismarck letters is to be published in the near future by the house of Eduard Trewendl, Berlin. These date from the time when he was the representative of Prussia in Frankfurt. The selection was made by Bismarck while he was yet in office, and the correspondence will be edited by Heinrich von Poschinger.

It is becoming more and more evident that the "Posen Academy," which was established about two years ago for the purpose of offering lecture courses in German in the headquarters of Polish Prussia, is destined to become a full-fledged university, its chief purpose being doubtless to constitute a rallying-point for German scholarship and civilization in regions where these are endangered. During the coming winter semester, theological lectures will also be delivered by both the Protestant and the Catholic professors of the neighboring University of Breslau. With this, the beginning of the fourth of the regular university faculties has been made. Hitherto, all lectures have been delivered in rented localities, but appropriations have already been made for new buildings, with an aula seating twelve hundred people.

The University of Chicago Press announces the addition to its list of publications of two new journals, to be devoted to the interests of the ancient classics, viz.: *Classical Philology*, published for the University of Chicago, and the *Classical Journal*, published for the newly-formed Classical Association of the Middle West and South. The former will contain scientific articles and critical reviews; the latter, articles and reviews of a more general nature, with special reference to the needs of teachers.

The larger part of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten, is devoted to a discussion of the relations of the warmth of the waters of the inland lakes of Northern and Central Europe to the climate. Attention is called to the proposal to hold a congress

next year for the purpose of founding an International Association for Polar Exploration. Its object will be to devise means for reaching both poles, as well as to promote expeditions to increase our knowledge of the polar world in every respect. The curriculum of geographical instruction in the German universities for the coming winter semester, occupying nearly six pages, is most interesting and suggestive.

Haiti has awakened to a sense of her need of foreign aid in the development of her rich natural resources. A concession has been granted to two American citizens to construct a railway through the central part of the Republic, connecting Gonaives and Port au Prince. It will pass through the great mineral belt and forests containing some of the finest cabinet wood in the world—mahogany trees from eight to nine feet in diameter, satinwood, ebony, rosewood, and a fine quality of cedar. Authority has also been given to build a road by which there will be a continuous rail route from the capital to the northern coast at Cape Haiti, and opening up a large fruit and cotton-growing district. Our minister, Mr. Powell, reports that this is the most important concession that has ever been granted to foreigners.

President Peirce of Kenyon College, Gambier, O., advises us that the trustees and faculty "have secured a transcript of all the evidence offered at the inquest into the death of Stuart L. Pierson, a freshman at Kenyon College, who was killed by a railroad train on the night of the 28th of October while awaiting his initiation into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, and are about to publish the same as a complete and sufficient refutation of the coroner's verdict in the case and of the false and calumnious stories circulated concerning the students and authorities of Kenyon College." A copy will be sent to any address upon application to the president's office.

—The first part of the eleventh number of the "Bulletin of the Bureau of Rolls and Library of the Department of State" is a ponderous volume of more than 800 pages, and continues the "Documentary History of the Constitution." It includes papers and letters for the years 1786-1788, taken from the various collections, public and private, in the Department of State, and is intended to carry on the history of the Constitution upon the lines suggested in previous issues of the Bulletin. The plan cannot be considered judicious, and the performance promises to result in one of those formless issues that confuse rather than instruct. It was an excellent idea to print in an accurate manner the Debates in the Convention, the Constitution and amendments, and the formal official documents in which the States recorded their wishes and action. Such material is properly the documentary history of that instrument. In going outside of those papers, and making a collection of letters, or extracts of letters, miscellaneous memoranda, and reports upon matters only indirectly connected, if at all, with the Constitution, a grave error has been committed. About one-half the contents of this volume has appeared in a better form, in the writings of the fathers, where the letters are given in full and not in unrelated parts. Another quarter properly deserves no place in the work, and the remaining one-fourth, printed by itself, would have been a really useful and interesting contribution to the history of the Constitution. This all too bulky volume, without table of contents or index, is an example of what an historical publication should not be, much less a Government document.

—The contents deserve some attention. The arrangement is strictly chronological, even to separating the daily entries of a diary. The papers are drawn from the Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Continental Congress, and other collections, formerly in the Department of State, now in the Library of Congress. The "history" is thus not only limited, but very one-sided in its nature. However prominent Madison was in the Convention and subsequent discussion, his correspondence can give only a partial view. The letters coming to him from others afford a glimpse of what was thought and done in States other than Virginia, but only a glimpse. To complete the history on this extended scale would demand a like collection for each State, including the proceedings of the State conventions, the controversial writings of that time, and, above all, a reprint of the *Federalist*. Such a compilation would not be a proper function of the Bureau, and we can but judge the present volume to be as entirely outside its true function. The almost minute attention to typographical detail is more than offset by the omission of what might, historically, be the more important parts of the letters. A gathering of scraps, like this collection, is unsatisfactory in itself, and discourages a full publication under better conditions. The location of each paper is given, but that location only emphasizes the restricted lines on which the work has been conducted. A note telling where each letter has been published would aid the student in consulting the context, and so enable him to pass upon the selection made.

—Sir Robert Ball has placed the world of lay astronomers again in his debt by his 'Popular Guide to the Heavens' (London: George Philip & Son), with its series of eighty-three plates, accompanied by explanatory text and index. The text is divided into nine separate chapters, and presented where it is most useful, as nearly as possible facing the plates. That such a guide would lose much of its effectiveness if not brought down to date has constantly been kept in mind, and late results of planetary research are embodied, including the orbit of the useful little planet Eros and the newer satellites of Jupiter and Saturn. "It is sometimes a matter of discussion," says the author (p. 10), "how big a planet looks in a telescope of a given magnifying power. By means of this plate the question may be answered. The plate is drawn to such a scale that if it is placed ten feet from the eye, the figures of the planetary disks subtend the same angle as the planets' images themselves, at the corresponding phases, would do when seen in a telescope which gives a magnifying power of 80 diameters." Manifestly a useful plate for clarifying popular conceptions of planetary sizes. But astronomy progresses so rapidly nowadays that a book like this becomes out of date on publication, just as a warship is obsolete before she can be got in readiness for battle. For example, one may not look here for the newest found moons of the great planets, nor for the light thrown on the question of the canals of Mars by recent photographs of them. Douglass's excellent chart of Mars is given, and Barnard's Lick view of Saturn. The sun is exhibited in fine photographs of its spots taken at Greenwich, prominences both during eclipses and without, and various types of the sun's corona. Then we have a few beautiful plates of nebulæ and comets—among them the great comet of 1901—followed by twenty or more plates of the moon, most elaborately portrayed of all the heavenly bodies. Best of all are reproductions of three lunar pictures by Ritchey, late of the Yerkes Observatory, and most successful of all moon photographers. On one of them can be seen everything that the telescope will reveal under ordinary conditions. A feature of especial value in Sir Robert Ball's 'Guide' is one not elsewhere to be found—a series of tables for popular use by which the lucid planets can be located among the stars at any date this side of 1950. The star charts themselves are of an accurate, little distorted, and serviceable type; a few of the meteor radiants are appropriately marked thereon. Much space is given up to variables, and there is a full list of the new or temporary stars from Tycho to Turner. The work concludes with many singularly perfect photographs of the great nebulæ of the sky by Keeler, Ritchey, and Barnard, and the enigmatic moving nebula surrounding Nova Persei (1901) is shown at varying stages of its wonderful development. On the whole, this is the best work of its character yet published, and was worthy of much more careful proofreading of its text.

—The man who could invent so delightful and suggestive a title for his book as that of "How to be Happy though Married,' would not, on general principles, fail to be interesting when treating of 'John Chinaman at Home' (Charles Scribner's Sons). Under this heading, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, chaplain of H. B. M. forces at Hong Kong, has in thirty chapters sketched men and manners, society, and nature, in a country into which he did not penetrate very far. Wisely abstaining from pretence of scholarship or power of philosophy, he states things as he saw them in most engaging style. With his usual trick of phrase, he lures us on through chapter after chapter of Chinese characteristics, or he takes us on his travels, and points out the things most worthy of attention. When the bride comes to her husband's house and is lifted over the threshold on which charcoal burns in a pan, he is content to show that this use of fire "prevents her bringing evil influence with her," while his previous knowledge, both standard and occult, of the possibilities of joy in wedlock makes his chapter on betrothal and marriage a very lively one. He calls attention to the fact that the ordinary married Chinese woman does not in practice obey her husband much more than does the British, but she must obey her husband's father and mother. Nevertheless, however she may be regarded in theory, the Chinese woman possesses a knack of asserting her-

self in her own home, despite fist and bamboo. In other lines of inquiry and observation, wherein the author possesses special experience, as, for example, as chaplain, and in seeing others when he himself is supposed not to notice, he is especially interesting. He can tell us about both the outside and the inside of the pagan temple, and also of the missionaries, with whom naturally he has great sympathy. A spicy account of how the Chinese see us closes this fascinating work. To write so readable a book on China, in a vein both sympathetic and critical, is in itself no mean feat. Besides good English, print and paper, there is an index, not of the many bright things said in the text, but of persons and places; and the full-page illustration is liberal in quantity while reinforcing the text.

—Prof. Eugen Kühnemann's 'Schiller' (Munich: Beck) is likely to go down to posterity as the finest and most enduring monument of what the Schiller Centennial of 1905 has added to German life in spiritual energy and insight. Since, in 1844, Karl Hoffmeister for the first time presented a nobly conceived and adequately executed picture of the great idealist, there has been no lack of attempts to rewrite his life. Few of these attempts, however, have led to achievements worthy of Schiller's genius. The biographers were either popular rhetoricians, such as Palleske; or learned philologists, such as Minor; or literary virtuosi, such as Brahm; or they lacked—as, for instance, Weltrich—the sense of form necessary for producing a well-rounded whole. Perhaps the most readable among the more recent of these biographies are the books of Wychgram and Calvin Thomas; but the former is avowedly unoriginal, and the latter is, after all, the work of a man diametrically opposed in temper to Schiller's soaring enthusiasm, and therefore fundamentally removed from genuine appreciation of the best in him. In Eugen Kühnemann, Hoffmeister has found his first worthy successor; in him Schiller has found his great modern interpreter. Here is a man who combines in himself the intellectual keenness of the philosopher with the intuition of the poet, the impulsiveness of the orator, and the equipoise of the historian; a man who has lived with the great shades of the past, and who knows how to make them speak to us; a man to whom literature is one of the highest concerns of life, a revelation of the most elemental strivings of humanity, and who, therefore, in literary history traces the spiritual development of the race. In the hands of such a man literary biography acquires a new meaning; and it is not too much to say that in this Life of Schiller the great dramas, from the "Robbers" to "Tell," and the great lyric effusions, from the "Hymn to Joy" to the "Song of the Bell," for the first time stand out fully and vividly, not only as parts of Schiller's artistic development, but also as parts of the great spiritual movements which form the deepest and most significant note of modern history, and which connect the age of Rousseau and Shelley with that of Ibsen and Tolstoy. If literature were taught in our universities and colleges as this book teaches it, there would be hope for a strong reaction against the overweening influence of the philologist and the "Quellenforscher."

—We have just received a copy of the address read by Dr. B. P. Grenfell before the Egypt Exploration Committee, at their meeting of November 10. It relates to the excavations carried out at Oxyrhynchus by Dr. Hunt and himself, and to their prospective arrangements and publications. Last winter's work is to be described in detail in the forthcoming Archæological Report, and does not receive more than a brief mention. We are told that they dug for nearly four months, and finished clearing the northern part of the site, meeting with considerable success in so doing; on some occasions the yield was so great as to recall the palmy days of 1897. The great mass of papyri are found to belong to the first four centuries of the Christian era, but there is an admixture of earlier and later ones, including some Hebrew and Syriac fragments. As these cannot be later than the fifth century, they are held to be of great palæographical value. The excavators regret that out of the vast number of documents unearthed, many of them lengthy and well-preserved, there are so few classical and theological pieces, and that the Homeric papyri tend to predominate over those of other authors. But, on their own admission, they have been made exacting by past successes, and they are really well pleased on the whole with the results of their last season.

—The greater part of their space is devoted to their new volume, which is to come out in June of next year ('Hibeh Papyri,' Part I.). It will consist of the early Ptolemaic papyri from mummy cartonnage found at Hibeh in 1902. Among the more important of the new classical pieces are some tragic fragments, probably from the "Tyro" and "Oineus" of Sophocles, a comic fragment of sixty-eight lines, probably by Menander, and one by his contemporary, Philemon, from the play on which Plautus based his "Aulularia." Greek oratory is represented by some pieces from Lysias's speech against Theozotides, and philosophy by a discussion of Democritus's theory as to the constitution of the sea, to be assigned in all probability to Aristotle's successor, Theophrastus. Under the head of fragments from extant works are pieces from Euripides's "Alcestis," "Iphigeneia in Tauris," and "Electra," some three hundred lines from the treatise on Rhetoric addressed to Alexander, once ascribed to Aristotle, but now to Anaximenes, and several early Ptolemaic fragments from eight books of the Iliad and one of the Odyssey. These latter are specially important, as they throw additional light on the disputed question of the Homeric texts. Among non-literary papyri the first place is held by an astronomical calendar for Sais in about 300 B. C., with an introduction explaining the principles on which it is composed. The other documents include official and private letters, reports, contracts, tax-receipts, accounts, etc. This is the last time for the excavators to return to Oxyrhynchus. It is more than doubtful whether after this season they will be enabled to clear another town site, or (as they would prefer) to search for early Ptolemaic cartonnage like that found at Hibeh. The fact is that the Græco-Roman branch cannot afford excavations every year on its present income. If it were not for the contributions of various academical bodies (Magdalen and Queen's College, Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin, have each given £50), it would not be possible to pay for the digging of the Roman mounds this winter and the publication of the Hibeh volume.

RECENT POETRY.

Some years ago there was published a "collected edition" of the poems of William Watson. With this volume the lovers of that sculpturesque poet—and they are many—were far from content. Many favorite pieces were rejected by Mr. Watson's fastidious self-criticism, and the arrangement was not always happy. Now, however, we have in 'The Poems of William Watson' in two volumes (The John Lane Co.) an edition that is nearly all that could be wished. The poems to be included have been selected and arranged by Mr. J. A. Spender, who has certainly been of service to the poet in considering, in the phrase of the introduction, "whether the poem in question falls into the general scheme, whether it illustrates the writer's thought and style, or the development of his thought and style—whether, in short, it lends itself to the total effect." The selection is fuller than in the previous collection, the arrangement simpler and more effective. Mr. Watson, with his admirable conscience and capacity in "lapidarian toil," has taken advantage of this opportunity to bestow many touches of creative revision upon his work. The result is a collection of poetry producing a "total effect" of classic finish, with much of classic simplicity, and something of classic strength; as promising a candidate for poetic length of days as this age has to show.

This is not the place to attempt an elaborate appreciation of Mr. Watson's fine achievement. Yet something must be said of the singularly clear and consistent impression of his quality that is conveyed through the reading of his work in this new selection and arrangement. Perhaps the first striking trait of Mr. Watson's poetry is its remarkable saliency of unerring phrase. "The strong, splenetic North," "the wizard twilight Coleridge knew," "an old and iterative world"—his work is jewelled with such felicities, but so close is the texture of the whole that the gems of phrase are not easily detachable. Yet there is a valid point of view from which such writing as this will seem not so much poetry as the perfection of imaginative criticism, of prose style. There is an impersonality of perfection in his rhetoric that is a little chilling to a century that has felt the subtle flame of Shelley and the romantic ardors of Keats, and known the heat of the furnace wherein Browning's gods and gargoyles were forged. One wonders, perhaps a little fantastically, whether if Watson had lived in the days of Queen Anne he might not have written such brilliant prose as Pope clipped into couplets, and whether if Pope had lived after the Romantics and Darwin he might not have been such another as Watson.

Masterly rhetoric, however, is but a superficial side of Mr. Watson's art. Beneath the verbal distinction of his style, beneath the limpid, cool cadence of his line,

beneath his harmonies of structure, there is a glow of poetic inspiration that merits, better than that of any other living poet, the high adjective Virgilian. He never has the fine frenzy, the rolling eye, of the Sapphic singer, and his least successful pieces are those in which he has tentatively endeavored to stimulate it. Yet, as the youthful poem "The Prince's Quest," which is included in the present edition, amply shows, he is no stranger to that world of romance and wonder and dream to which the modern mood owes so much. If, in the face of the disconcerting trend of modern thought and life, a poetic tone of sadness and reserve or ironic humor has seemed the better part, something of the dream has persisted. Through his lucid lines runs a human pity, an aspiration towards national righteousness, that touch the reader at last with a peculiar poignancy. Among his contemporaries he is best characterized by the line wherein old Cowley "placed" the Mantuan,

"Whose verse walks highest but not flies."

Among American poets the one most comparable to Mr. Watson in dignity of tone, in the seriousness wherewith the old cause of poesy is upheld, in a continuous attention to the national life of men, is Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. If his work lacks that last touch of restrained perfection which makes Mr. Watson's poetry of so enduring a texture, if his poetic thought is a little less penetrating and consecutive, he has in compensation a freshness of love for natural beauty and a gift of wistful melody, that are distinctive. In his last volume, 'In the Heights' (The Century Co.), despite the presence of some clever impromptus and sonorous occasional poems, the tone of the whole is of a more elegiac cadence than we have been accustomed to expect. Yet, not overlooking Mr. Gilder's admirable performance in odes and inscriptions, he is at his characteristic best precisely in such very personal pieces in a minor key as "Music in Darkness":

I.

At the dim end of day
I heard the great musician play:
Saw her white hands now slow, now swiftly pass;
Where gleamed the polished wood, as in a glass,
The shadow hands repeating every motion.
Then did I voyage forth on music's ocean,
Visiting many a sad or joyful shore,
Where storming breakers roar,
Or singing birds made music so intense,—
So intimate of happiness or sorrow,—
I scarce could courage borrow
To hear those strains: well-nigh I hurried thence
To escape the intolerable weight
That on my spirit fell when sobbed the music:
Late, too late, too late,
While slow withdrew the light
And, on the lyric tide, came in the night.

II.

So grew the dark, enshrouding all the room
In a melodious gloom,
Her face growing viewless; line by line
Her swaying form did momently decline
And was in darkness lost.
Then white hands ghostly turned, though still they toss
From tone to tone; pauseless and sure as if in perfect light;
With blind, instinctive, most miraculous sight,
On, on they sounded in that world of night.

III.

Ah, dearest one; was this thy thought, as mine,
As still the music stayed?
"So shall the loved ones fade,—
Feature by feature, line on lovely line;
For all our love, alas,
From twilight into darkness shall they pass!
We in that dark shall see them never more,
But from our spirits they shall not be banished,—
For on and on shall the sweet music pour
That was the soul of them, the loved, the vanquished;
And we who listen shall not lose them quite
In that mysterious night."

Though not escaping the calamities of injudicious praise, the new edition of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson's 'The Children of the Night' (Scribners) is a very pleasant little book. No minor poet of the day is less indebted to poetic conventionalisms than Mr. Robinson, or more securely himself. His literary obligations are for impulses not for patterns, and always in wholesome quarters—witness this fine sonnet on Crabbe:

Give him the darkest inch your shelf allows,
Hide him in lonely garrets, if you will—
But his hard, human pulse is throbbing still
With the sure strength that fearless truth endows,
In spite of all fine science disavows.
Of his plain excellence and stubborn skill
There yet remains what fashion cannot kill,
Though years have thinned the laurel from his brows.

Whether or not we read him, we can feel
From time to time the vigor of his name
Against us like a finger for the shame
And emptiness of what our souls reveal
In books that are as altars where we kneel
To consecrate the flicker, not the flame.

One of the most characteristic and striking of Mr. Robinson's gifts is his way of coining musical and suggestive names for his poetic characters—Luke Havergal, John Evereldown, Richard Cory, Aaron Stark, Cliff Klingenhagen, Fleming Helphenstine, Reuben Bright—each is a perfect symbol and almost a poem in itself, and they cling potently to the memory. Something of the same haunting individuality pervades all of Mr. Robinson's work, and makes it, even when least poetic, of a curious vividness.

A memorial volume of an unusually pleasant quality is the 'Poems of Arthur Macy' (W. B. Clarke). Mr. Macy was essentially the poet of good-fellowship. If such an impulse does not produce, in his own phrase, "Poetry with a big P," yet, when it is informed with a genuine warmth of sentiment, a Thackerayan humor, and a mellow morality, and is expressed with a clean music of phrase, it does possess a very comfortable and lasting appeal. The quality of Mr. Macy's work will be sufficiently evident in these stanzas of "The Old Café":

"Ah, those nights divine!
The simple, frugal wine,
The airs on crude Italian strings,
The joyous, harmless revellings,
Just fit for us—or kings!
At times a quaint and wickered flask
Of rare Chianti, or from the homelier cask
Of modest Pilsener a stein or so,
Amid the merry talk would flow;
Or red Bordeaux
From vines that grew where dear Montaigne
Held his domain.
And you remember that dark eye,
None too shy;
In fact, she seemed a bit too free
For you and me.
You know,
Don't you, Joe?" . . .

"And when we talked of books,
How learned were our looks!
And few the bards we could not quote,
From gay Catullus' lines to Milton's purer note.
Mayhap we now are wiser men,
But we knew more than all the scholars then;
And our conceit
Was grand, ineffable, complete!
We know,
Don't we, Joe?

"Gone are those golden nights
Of innocent Bohemian delights,
And we are getting on;
And anon
Years sad and tremulous
May be in store for us;
But should we ever meet
Upon some quiet street,
And you discover in an old man's eye
Some transient sparkle of the days gone by,
Then you will guess, perchance,
The meaning of the glance;
You'll know,
Won't you, Joe?"

Another memorial volume, of a curiously different character, is 'The Poems of Trumbull Stickney' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The book is edited with a wealth of piety and a rather conspicuous poverty of taste by George Cabot Lodge, William Vaughn Moody, and John Ellerton Lodge. It is unfortunate that a young poet who was held before all else to be a Hellenist should be represented by many unfinished and imperfect pieces, and should be continually referred to as "STICKNEY" in small capitals. As a matter of fact, Mr. Stickney's Hellenism rarely partook of the classic spirit; it was rather of a romantic and wistful temper, and had more affinity with the "Celtic twilight" than with the bright outlines of Hellenic art. This, however, is by way of definition rather than criticism, Mr. Stickney had very rare and individual gifts of passionate imagination; had he lived and been able to attain to a mastery of form and of syntax, he would undoubtedly have been a poet to reckon with. The intensity of his talent can be, perhaps, no more adequately presented than in the little "dramatic fragment," suggestive of Blake, with which the volume concludes—a fragment which may well give the critic pause:

"Sir, say no more.
Within me 'tis as if
The green and climbing eyesight of a cat
Crawled near my mind's poor birds."

As an elegist in verse Mr. George Cabot Lodge avoids the indiscretions into which he fell as an editor. The twenty-five sonnets to the memory of Mr. Stickney which, under the heading "Death," make the third department of 'The Great Adventure' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), are admirably free from the cheaper trappings of the poetic lament, and are marked by a noble sincerity. Mr. Lodge is so able in the handling of the big, slow-rolling, sonorous word that he sometimes uses one a little loosely, or in an awkward position, and so dissipates somewhat of the energy of his conception; but for the most part there is a passionate rush to his thought that makes even a sesquipedalian—or a solecism—carry home. Nevertheless, a young poet so capable of passion owes it to himself to spare no pains in mastering the tedious details that concur to perfection, and not to chafe at the sackcloth of austere self-criticism that must lie under the singing robes of the true poet. Mr. Lodge is at his best in such strains as this:

Still on his grave, relentless, one by one,
They fall as fell the mystic, Sibylline
Sad leaves, and still the Meaning's secret sign
Dies undeciphered with each dying sun.
How shall the burning heart of Truth be won?
Whence shall the light of revelation shine?
When shall the mind's discernment grow divine?
Where shall the soul's immortal deeds be done?
What were the incommunicable things
Whereof his dying eyes were undismayed?
What were the words that stirred his strangling breath?
Sharply the night's impenetrable wings

Covered his eyes, and on his lips was laid
The inveterate taciturnity of Death!

'The Collected Sonnets' of Lloyd Mifflin (Henry Frowde) is a stately octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages that a little suggests Thackeray's well-known cartoon of Ludovicus Rex. Mr. Mifflin is at his best in the sonnet form. The restraint of the structure prevents him from falling very often into the too effusive sentimentality which we recently had occasion to note in speaking of a volume of his lyrics. Yet even here there are too many lines like

"At parting, pales pathetically pink,"

that give evidence of the indulgence of an ill-disciplined taste, and there is a lack of the weight that may be imparted to a volume of sonnets by a sprinkling of pieces expressing some moral indignation or high resolve. A little of Mr. Lodge's sincerity of passion would have helped Mr. Mifflin's book. Yet no recent collection of verse has been more instinct with the poetic love of beauty or has shown more ability at communicating it in verse. The two principal domains of Mr. Mifflin's Muse are the worlds of classical poetry and natural loveliness. Of the first this sonnet is typical:

Immortal laurel of no growth terrene,
Gather, ye Muses, in Olympian air;
'Tis for a shepherd, loved of Pan, to wear;
Behold him lying on the headland green
That juts above the sea in this demesne,
As still as sculptured marble, and as fair.
Ye will not wake him if ye crown him there;
Wreathe him the while he seems to sleep serene.
The syrinx now lies useless by his head. . . .
Was that a sigh within the cypress near?
Oh, soft, ye Muses!—softly round him tread,
Bring all your late reluctant garlands here;
Relax your haughty mien; ye need not fear
To crown this Dorian now—for he is dead!

Of the second, this:

Beloved Fields! from out your pure domains
Floats music softer than from viol strings;
Better the warbling of your feathered things
Than all the rolling organ's deep refrains;
What prima donna trills such liquid strains
As yon brown meadow-lark, that floating sings
Above her nest on slow-descending wings,
With plaintive sweetness that the soul enchains?
Not hers alone, but myriad notes there are
Too sweet for telling, where all sounds are sweet:
The delicate footfalls of the showery rains;
The breezes rustling o'er the sea-green wheat;
The murmurous voices, faintly heard and far,
Of children gathering cherries in the lanes.

It is a fair question whether, after all, the chief business of the minor poet nowadays is not the production of magazine verse. It is certain that only in the magazines is he secure of a market and a hearing, and we suspect that the total idealizing influence of the hundreds of pieces that find their way each month into the magazines has been under rather than overestimated by those who have written about it. For a score of years no American poet has contributed more constantly to the best magazines than John Vance Cheney, and none has been more uniformly conscientious in workmanship and poetic in tone. The selected collection of his 'Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is remarkable for its variety and readability. Mr. Cheney is in the main a poet of the fancy rather than of the imagination; occasionally he lets the fanciful lead him a little too far from the solid earth, yet his approach to life and to Nature is always marked by an individual flavor of ideality, and his expression is always musical and sometimes memorable. The range of his qualities is hinted in the effectiveness of these two dissimilar pieces:

TOAD.

I'm just about the color of mud,
I've a bobby mouth and a knobby back;
I bundle away, I tumble and thud,
I lack the knack of walking a crack.

I sit and think at the chink of my hole—
Nothing like flies for a plump, buff belly—
I rather reckon I haven't any soul,
Though I'm not altogether pebbles and jelly.

As soon as the roses I smell the rain,
I wink one eye when two wouldn't do;
I pad my ribs, and I don't complain.
I'm toad, but no toady—How about you?

THE ISLES OF QUIET.

The Isles of Quiet lie beyond the years.
Hoar prophets say it; yet, for all the tears,
I doubt the saying of the seers.

I think that whoso seeks them here shall find;
That all with open, patient heart and mind
Shall drink of peace from sun and wind;

Shall make their own the hymn of rest begun
When shadows say the summer day is done,
And sky and field are growing one.

Idler the fancy, closer it may cling;
Yet I believe the wide air's murmuring,
The sweet far song the thrushes sing.

It is a great pity that Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's publishers should persist in vulgarizing verse so fine as his by cheap and silly illustrations. In his latest volume, 'Songs o' Cheer' (The Bobbs Merrill Co.) Mr. Riley's poetry seems to have fallen under the evil spell of his embellishments. The pictures fail to effect the old starry sublimation of the commonplace that gave his early volumes an appeal so tender and pervasive. There is nothing in the book better than the little poem wherewith it closes:

Dear Lord! kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel-wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again;
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day!

'A Southern Flight,' by Frank Dempster Sherman and Clinton Scollard (G. W. Browning), contains no piece quite at the highest level of either of its authors. There is somewhat too much of sweet in it, but it is full of melody and pretty imagery. "A Florida Night," by Mr. Scollard, is a fair sample of its quality.

The slender new moon seems as frail
As thin ice 'twixt November reeds;
A bird-note from a distant swale
Mounts and recedes.

A wan moth dips across the dusk
Like a magnolia's ghost, and then,
Amid the scent of rose and musk,
Is gone again.

The dews gleam beryl-wise; you come,
Your hair caught up in amber strands,
Life's bliss—its whole ecstatic sum—
In your white hands!

'Songs of America, and Other Poems,' by Edna Dean Proctor (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a collection chiefly of patriotic pieces conceived with an admirable seriousness of mood, and elaborated with a good command of poetic materials, but without any very fresh distinction of inspiration. Some of the best things in the volume are among the "other poems." As is so often the case with minor poets, Miss Proctor is at her best poetically in writing of other poets. These stanzas to Emerson have perhaps more of melody and of imagination than anything else in the volume:

Monadnock calls the winds from peak to sea—
The clarion north wind and the full-choired west—
And bids the streams their cliff-born melody
Blend with the airy chants above his rest;
And wakes the pines to hymn his hundred years
In the weird symphonies he loved so well;
And listens—if perchance from starry spheres
Some echo of a kindred song should swell.

Poet whose lofty quest no creed could bar;
To whom the secret springs of life were known;
One with the wild rose and the evening star;
The mountain and the mart alike thy throne;
For thee, from Nature's myriad voices now
And the deep heart of man, ascends a pæan:
Pan was not closer to the earth than thou,
Nor Plato nearer to the empyrean!

The fall season's dramatic verse includes specimens of intelligent workmanship and sincere poetic feeling, but no piece of true dramatic quality or poetic distinction. "The Baglioni," by Henry Lane Eno (Moffat, Yard & Co.), is a bloody tragedy of the Renaissance, cast a little in the late Elizabethan manner. It is worth reading, if one has the time, as a vivacious portrayal of the Renaissance mood. "The City," by Arthur Upson, (Macmillan), has something of the cool charm that springs from the imitation of Greek models, together with appeal that inheres in a Christian theme. It never, however, attains any considerable tragic power. Mr. Bayard Boyesen's "The Marsh" (Badger) is a piece of rather shadowy symbolism, which has, withal, a continuity of poetic atmosphere that is distinctly of promise. Perhaps the most considerable of the dramas in verse which we have before us is the "Alcestis," by Sara King Wiley (Macmillan). Mrs. Drummond's treatment of the fable has no very novel features, but she has realized its mood very vividly, and made of it a compact and moving little drama.

BOOKS ON ART.

Professor Santayana's 'Reason in Art' (Scribners) is the fourth volume of "The Life of Reason," and is rather a work of philosophy than a book on art or even on æsthetics. The bewildered student of painting and sculpture, who is accustomed to look at concrete things, finds its abstractions and its dialect strange to him, and is likely to get little good out of it. Its philosophy may be admirable, but is unintelligible to one not a trained metaphysician, and its style seems constantly on the verge of a lucidity which as constantly proves elusive. Unfitness to understand it must be our excuse for the inadequacy of this notice, which may serve, however, to warn those generally or specially interested in art that it is not for them.

For such readers the most important book of the season is Mr. Isham's 'History of American Painting' (Macmillan), which has been looked forward to with interest for some time. Those of his acquaintance have long known Mr. Isham's exceptional fitness for his task. Himself a painter of respec-

table achievement and equipped with the necessary technical knowledge and the painter's point of view, he is also a man of unusual breadth of vision and of sympathy, of keen intellect and sound judgment, kindly of temper and with a genial humor, altogether honest, quite without jealousy, and as nearly without prejudice or bias as is possible to human nature. These qualities have made him an almost ideal member of exhibition juries, and, in addition to a mastery of clear, if somewhat colloquial, English, have fitted him better than any one else to write this book. It was expected to be good; it is even better than was expected. Though it has been some time in execution, it is not without marks of haste. The leisure hours of a painter in the active practice of his profession are not many. Therefore, there are here and there faults of proportion and perspective and slips of style which further revision would have eliminated; but these are of minor importance, and do not affect the value of the book.

The earlier chapters were, of course, the easier to write. The first American painters were of little importance to art in general, however important to us, and there is little need for criticism of them; but their lives were often picturesque, and the rather abundant anecdotes concerning some of them throw a vivid light on the conditions surrounding them—conditions which amply explain their failure to produce anything very valuable as art. So it is proper enough that the amount of space accorded to the treatment of the individual artist should sometimes seem to be in inverse proportion to the merit of his production. But it is in the later and more difficult chapters that Mr. Isham is at his best. To give something like a general view of the enormous contemporary development of American painting; to distinguish clearly the very varied talents of our painters, giving some notion of the peculiar excellences of each; to avoid monotony of praise and the perfunctoriness of the catalogue, and to avoid, equally, any cause of offence to living and working men, friends, acquaintances, colleagues of the author—such were the difficulties with which he has contended, on the whole, victoriously. The book is interesting to read now, and should prove of great value in the future. In its material get-up it is, to our taste, rather an ugly one, neither paper, print, nor binding being in the finest taste; but it has a wealth of well-chosen and generally well-executed illustrations.

Two books which it is inevitable that one should bracket together are Russell Sturgis's 'The Appreciation of Pictures' (The Baker & Taylor Co.), and Caffin's 'How to Study Pictures' (The Century Co.), for they are identical in purpose and intended for the gratification of the same appetite—the apparently illimitable appetite of the American public for formal instruction on matters of art. Mr. Sturgis is far better equipped as a critic than Mr. Caffin, having a wide first-hand knowledge of the subject and opinions of his own to express, while Mr. Caffin writes, mainly, as a compiler, taking his opinions ready-made where he can find them, and occasionally blundering in their interpretation in a way that would be impossible to Mr. Sturgis. And yet, in some ways, Mr. Caffin has produced the more satisfactory book of the two. He has shown shrewdness and *flair* in the selection of his authorities; and, as some one has written well on nearly every artist, he has been able to say pretty nearly the right and essential thing about each picture he treats of. Mr. Sturgis, writing his own opinions, occasionally gives us something new and therefore valuable; but when he treats of artists whose work is not particularly interesting to him, he is a little perfunctory, while he is always inconclusive and a trifle vague and incidental. There is never any doubt what Mr. Caffin is driving at, or of the relevance of what are pretty nearly quotations from the best available sources. There is often some doubt of what Mr. Sturgis would be at, or as to whether his remarks, however good in themselves, have any bearing on his general purpose. Mr. Sturgis's book is much the more stimulating to one already possessing some knowledge of the subject; Mr. Caffin's will perhaps be more useful to the beginner. Both will help in the spreading of some notion of what art is.

'The Art of the Venice Academy,' by Mary Knight Potter (L. C. Page & Co.), is a book of a kind that is becoming rather frequent, and the exact uses of which are obscure to us. If intended for consultation in the gallery itself, we can see no need of the long descriptions of pictures which are necessarily uninteresting and leave little room for criticism. If meant as an aid to memory, then every picture should be described, however briefly. If the history of schools and the criticism of particular works are the main issue, it had been better to disregard the accidental preservation in one place of the pictures to be discussed. However, this particular volume is well enough for its class. It is encouraging to perceive, from its pages, that Veronese is beginning to be treated, even in popular books of this kind, with something like the respect he deserves.

'Franciscan Legends in Art,' by Emma Gurney Salter (E. P. Dutton & Co.), deals far more with St. Francis than with art, and its interest will be for others than artists or art-students. We have found it rather dry reading from any point of view, but doubtless there are those who can profit by the information it conveys.

The increasing number of "series" of lives of artists under one or another general title involves ever new biographies of men whose lives have been already thoroughly written. Now and then, however, an artist less exhaustively treated of falls into the hands of a writer peculiarly fitted to deal with him, and the result is a book worth writing. Such is G. F. Hill's 'Pisanello' (London: Duckworth; New York: Scribners). We cannot altogether agree with Mr. Hill's estimate of the importance, as a painter, of Vittore Pisano—to give him his true name—but he was indubitably the greatest of medallists; and, indeed, the essential simplicity of sculpture in any form and the medallist's art in particular, and the consequent early ripening of this art in comparison with that of painting, are shown nowhere more clearly than in the way in which the equipment of a very primitive painter, and not the greatest of primitives, was precisely that of the prince of medallists; the art declining in the hands of his successors while the art of painting was developing to its most splendid triumphs. Though it is proved that Pisanello did exercise some real influence as a painter, it was by no means comparable to that of some of his contemporaries. It is his medals that interest us, and of them we were sure of a scholarly and interesting account from Mr. Hill.

'The Life of Constable,' by M. Sturge Henderson, in the same series, on the other hand, owes its existence solely to the exigency of its environment. It is well enough done, but there was no great necessity of doing it at all, and there is nothing in it that is not readily enough to be found elsewhere. Its most striking note is that of reaction against the perhaps excessive praise of Constable that has been common in recent criticism. Mr. Henderson sees in him a painter of genius, not without grave faults; whose influence has been less decisive than has sometimes been supposed.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie's Life of Turner, in "The British Artists' Series" (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), is a disappointing book. In his preface, Mr. Wyllie apologizes for adding another to the seven lives already existing, and confesses that he "has not the pen of a ready writer," but suggests that "an artist should be better able to distinguish and note the influences and beauties, the difficulties and limitations of another artist's work than a critic or a teller of tales." Unfortunately, his lack of experience as a writer has outweighed his technical competence as a painter, and while occasional bits show knowledge of painting and, above all, common sense, the book as a whole is rambling, ill-constructed, and inconsequent. The habit of introducing, every page or two, long lists of works exhibited for the year under consideration is particularly irritating, especially as all this information is tabulated in a catalogue at the end, where it belongs. On the whole, one will get little except from the abundant illustrations, which include a number of apparently literal transcripts from real scenes—things unexpected from Turner and often refreshing—and several reproductions in color of major works of the late manner. These last are, of course, not irreproachable, but they will give many persons an idea of Turner's intention quite unattainable from black-and-white illustrations.

That most magniloquent and inefficient of painters, B. R. Haydon, can hardly interest any mortal to-day as an artist, but he knew some of the most important people in the England of his time, including Wordsworth and Keats, who both embalmed his name in their verse, and there is a psychological interest in the study of his megalomania. So there may be a welcome for Mr. George Paston's 'Haydon and his Friends' (Dutton), from a public unfamiliar with the Autobiography, edited by Tom Taylor, from which the present volume is largely derived. Of Haydon's work at his best it is difficult to form a conception. Those who care to study it at his worst may find his "Napoleon Musing at St. Helena" in the Metropolitan Museum.

There seems no more need for a new life of Reynolds than for new lives of Turner and Constable, but a new life of Reynolds Mr. William B. Boulton has felt moved to give us (Dutton). Mr. Boulton is a thick-and-thin admirer of Sir Joshua's character as well as of his work, and perhaps it was

the feeling that Sir Walter Armstrong had been a little hard on the Knight of Plympton that prompted the present volume. He will hear nothing of any coldness of heart in his hero, or of any other failing, even the slightest. He finds infinite pathos in the baldest memoranda of the pocket-books, and discerns everywhere a nature as lovable as it was undoubtedly admirable. The only thing he regrets is that the Discourses were ever written, with their apparent contradiction of the practice of their author.

In this respect his view is diametrically opposed to that of Mr. Roger Fry, who thinks that Reynolds's Discourses are still admirable criticism, and need only to be disembarrassed of some misunderstandings, due to an antiquated method, to appeal more strongly to the artist of to-day than to the intermediate generations—the generations of revolt. He has had the excellent idea of reprinting the Discourses with notes and illustrations, and the new edition is brought out by the publishers of Mr. Boulton's biography. Mr. Fry's contributions, whether in the shape of contradiction, reinforcement, or explanation, are always able and intelligent, and the reproductions of pictures mentioned by Reynolds, often unfamiliar to this generation, and of others which illustrate in a general way his disquisition, are an illuminating addition. Those to whom our modern essays in great decorative painting have brought the conviction that there is, after all, something like "the grand style," may care to reread Reynolds, and to those who do care to reread him, this edition may be recommended. To us the rereading has brought the conviction that the one artist of the nineteenth century who most consistently practised the grand style, and whose way of working and thinking most exactly coincides with that taught and praised by Sir Joshua, is one whose subject-matter would, likely enough, have seemed to the President of the Royal Academy contemptible; we mean the painter of peasants, Jean François Millet.

SIX NOVELS.

The Carlyles. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co.

The Northerner. By Norah Davis. The Century Co.

The Romance of the Milky Way, and Other Studies and Stories. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In the Land of the Gods. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Contrite Hearts. By Herman Bernstein. A. Wessels Co.

The Sa-'Zada Tales. By W. A. Fraser. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Reminiscences of Virginia in war time have formed the substance of many of Mrs. Harrison's stories, none of which reproduce her impressions of those sorrowful days more vividly than does her latest novel, 'The Carlyles.' The opening chapters describe the South in her death-throe, the evacuation of Richmond and surrender at Appomattox. And the implication (by overzealous detectives) of Col. Launcelot Carlyle in the conspiracy to murder President Lincoln carries an historical interest to the end. The Carlyles and most of those who share their vicissitudes are not of this present day and generation. They are old-fashioned gentlefolk, simple, yet rather stately, gracious in prosperity, and proud enough to face dire calamities without a whimper. Perhaps old Virginia was not so thickly populated with the brave, loving, and true as her literary children believe; but to have created the accepted tradition, the instinct of society must have been good, and social relations established on admirable principles. To a modern society, based on self-interest and self-advertisement, a picture of life actually conducted with deference to fine ideals may appear futile, even ludicrous. The day may come when it shall be altogether legendary, when a radiant being made up with the charms and virtues of Monimia Carlyle and her honorable sisters *de race* shall live as the heroine of a national epic. To-day the real is still recognizable in Monimia, and many are still alive to sympathize with her as with one of their own flesh and blood. As a contrasting figure to the gentle and faithful Monimia, Molly Ball, a notorious Confederate spy, is effective. She is of that never extinct Amazon brood that springs from sleep at the trumpet's call, and finds scope for energies unsuspected in times of peace. Her post-bellum adventures in Europe afford a glimpse of Paris in the late sixties, and of the motley, tinkling court of the Second Empire. Mrs. Harrison's drama, on the whole, rather escapes control. The several parts, though not unrelated, are not smoothly connected, and, in the later chapters, the charming heroine is seriously neglected for metal less attractive.

From all accounts the lot of a strenuous Northerner in a Southern town is often a most unhappy one. The 'Northerner,' Mr. Gregory Falls, whose trials as manager of the Power and Passenger Company of Adairville, Ala., are narrated at length by Norah Davis, was so venomously persecuted that after a long, hard fight, he was obliged to abandon his experiment, and could even rejoice that he escaped with his life. The author's erratic way of skipping between business and pleasure makes it doubtful whether society ruined Mr. Falls, the "electric man," or whether social suspicion and ostracism resulted from contempt for his occupation. Probably it was a case of action and reaction. What comes out clearly is that an honest, courageous, educated man was annoyed and swindled by a band of ignorant, unscrupulous ruffians; snubbed and slandered by silly women. It may be hoped that Adairville is not a typical Southern town, but an exceptionally benighted one. The novel affords intrinsic evidence that Mr. Falls's experience is not an imagined one, and that the author belongs to Dixie. The heroine, Joan Adair, has some of the grace of the old South, with an independent mind and combative spirit added to distinctly feminine charms and virtues. The serious questions of the Northerner are vigorously stated, and some characters and scenes very forcibly presented. The construction is bad, and there is a lot of tiresome talk. One is often uncertain about what is being done, and why and by whom. The author seems to assume in the reader an understanding of conditions equal to her own, and an intimacy with the inhabitants of Adairville beginning, like her own, at birth. In consequence, the poor reader flounders through the book in a state of confusion and despair similar to that of a stranger thrust into a circle where each man addresses the other by his Christian name, and where the talk is exclusively local and domestic.

To have had their myths and legends introduced to the English-speaking world by Lafcadio Hearn in itself constitutes a claim for the Japanese to be regarded as a fortunate people. It may be believed that he made Japan his home not only because the people attracted his sympathy and imagination, but because they afforded the best subjects he had found to write about—subjects most suited to his delicate and careful style. He thought a great deal of his style, and seldom wasted it on unresponsive material. 'The Romance of the Milky Way' is both an interesting study in folk-lore and a charming fairy tale, and the last passage beautifully illustrates subject inspiring style and style elevating subject:

"Perhaps the legend of Tanabata, as it was understood by those old poets, can make but a faint appeal to Western minds. Nevertheless, in the silence of transparent nights, before the rising moon, the charm of the ancient tale sometimes descends upon me, out of the scintillant sky—to make me forget the monstrous facts of science and the stupendous horror of Space. Then I no longer behold the Milky Way as that awful Ring of the Cosmos, whose hundred million suns are powerless to lighten the Abyss, but as the very Amanogawa itself—the River Celestial. I see the thrill of its shining stream, and the mists that hover along its verge, and the water-grasses that bend in the winds of autumn. White Orihimé I see at her starry loom, and the Ox that grazes on the farther shore; and I know that the falling dew is the spray from the Herdsman's oar. And the heaven seems very near and warm and human; and the silence about me is filled with the dream of a love unchanging, immortal—forever yearning and forever young and forever left unsatisfied by the paternal wisdom of the gods."

Besides the Milky Way, the volume contains a chapter on "Goblin Poetry," with some examples in the original and in translation, several folk-tales, an interesting letter from Tokyo in war time, and (unexpected conjunction) a tribute to Herbert Spencer, called "Ultimate Questions." The passages in this chapter on the terror of Space, felt by both Spencer and Hearn, further illustrate the author's keen sense for the subjects he could make the most of.

In the preface to a volume of stories of Japan entitled 'In the Land of the Gods,' Miss Bacon refers her readers, for a "fuller understanding of the mysteries touched upon in this volume" to the works of Lafcadio Hearn, feeling herself but a stranger on the threshold of the land he had entered and possessed. Yet her book needs no apology. Her desire is to illustrate the spiritual force of the Japanese and to show their belief in the continuance of life after physical death. For this purpose she narrates folk-tales and tales told to her as true, which, while subserving her chief intention, depict modern life, including even stories of the recent war. All are worth telling, extremely well told, and full of interest both for children and for their elders.

'Contrite Hearts' is a simple, affecting tale of Russian-Jewish life. To people who take their religion lightly, there is something very foreign, almost incredible,

in the representation of a community whose every act has reference to its faith. Yet Mr. Bernstein's story of the Lampert family, born and bred in poverty, and pursued by unmerited disaster, brings home to understanding and belief the reality of life lived, as it were, in the actual presence, under the very eye, of God. America is the promised land, the Zion, of the Lamperts and their kin, and one feels that, after cruel separation, a reunion even in a tenement on East Broadway is justly an occasion for rejoicing and looking forward to happiness.

Since Mr. Kipling wrote the 'Jungle Stories,' the talking beast or bird has been much the fashion; he has moved on from an ancient and honorable position in fairy-lore to a questionable place in presumably more veracious literature. A man may not become witty or wise by the device of uttering himself through the mouth of a monkey or a cockatoo; on the contrary, he may the more easily reveal himself as a mere chatterer. Such misfortune has not, however, overtaken the author of 'Sa-'Zada Tales,' who, though not a brilliant story-teller, is interesting, and apparently knows a great deal about the creatures that he presents to us. Children especially may be both amused and instructed by the night-talks in 'Sa-'Zada's "Animal City," and cannot fail to be delighted with the excellent portraits of the furred and feathered guests invited to the "swarry."

The Silken East: A Record of Life and Travel in Burma. By V. C. Scott O'Connor, Comptroller of Assam. With 400 illustrations, including 20 colored plates by J. R. Middleton, Mrs. Otway Wheeler Cuffe, and Saya Chone. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

We had always supposed that the Silken East was China, but Mr. O'Connor reminds us at frequent intervals that his title is not inappropriately bestowed upon a land whose village peasants go clad in serica and whose "silken tread" is softly heard on every side. In these bepictured volumes the author really gives, as he says it is his hope to do, a vital impression and living picture of the most picturesque province of the British Empire. Perhaps, considering how westernized is the Japan of to-day, one is even justified in saying that Burma is the most picturesque country remaining for the Western traveller to visit. Mr. O'Connor evidently thinks so, and the present work seems to substantiate such a claim. It is one of impressions for the most part, only enough history and geography being introduced to orient the stranger. Under the author's skilful hand, the reader becomes, as it were, a traveller by proxy. He starts with Rangoon, studies its streets and monuments, then voyages over the long course, nine hundred miles, of the Irawady, and so reaches and explores its greatest tributary. After these views of river and bank, follow impressions of the Delta, the southern coast, and Moulmein; then (for it is a fluminous country, and the trip is mainly by water), the Salwin River, once the boundary of British territory, is visited, after which comes an excursion on the Yunzalin River, "beautiful, inscrutable, a mystery asleep"; and, finally, a march over the hills of the great watershed, where shelter is rare and food scarce, till these lead down to the Sittang, and so to the fields where lie hid the finest rubies in the world, to be had for the picking. It is a sufficiently gorgeous panorama of silk and sun, a picture-show of a happy land as seen from without; and the profuse and beautiful illustrations seem but a part of the verbal scenery furnished by the author, who has indeed an admirable knack of curt and clear description.

How charming and lifelife, for instance, is this riparian sketch:

"We stop at little villages by the way, to pick up passengers; and the village girls come down to the ship's edge, with trays of green papayas and red plums, bosom deep in the river; and they laugh as they sink yet deeper in the efforts to reach the passengers on board. Each of these, leaning forward over the rails, takes what he needs, and puts the price into a little cup in the middle of the tray."

Again, at Moulmein pagoda:

"Overhead the bells tinkle and palm-leaves rustle in the wind. The pagoda is built upon the summit of the hill, and the world that expands from it is of rare and great beauty. From where these people are seated at prayer, there is unfolded between each of the golden pillars and the carved leaves of the *tazoung* [chapel] a picture of wide plains, yellow with the ripening harvest; of green under the shelter of great trees, of winding rivers and straight highways, of mountains flung in fantastic forms on the level spaces. From the town below, a stream of worshippers flows up and down the steep, winding stairs: old men, who laugh at each other for getting blown; pretty women in silks of delicate hues; and flower-like children who climb, holding their sandals in their hands out of reverence for the sacred place."

But it is on the temple of Rangoon, the famous Shway Dagôn pagoda, that the author lavishes the most elaborate and loving description. He studies it historically, mathematically, first from one gateway, then from another, and one can scarcely follow him without sharing in his enthusiastic praise of this great rival of the Taj, which, placed upon an eminence itself 166 feet above the city, rises farther to a height of 368 feet above the hill; a bell-shaped structure terminating in a spire of gold crowned with jewelled vane and *hti*, the latter being a canopy of gold and iron hung with hundreds of gold and silver bells, which, large as they are, cannot be seen from the pagoda base, "but their music can be heard in the night watches, when the wind blows amongst their silver and golden tongues." This pagoda has no interior. It is a monument only; but the platform at the base has a perimeter of nearly 1,400 feet, and this is the place of worship.

Though native art is still in its infancy, it is already being killed by Western competition. So, too, the life of these merry, polite, good-natured souls is changing to meet the stress of the West. A certain value beyond the surface-work, which might easily be dismissed as merely artistic, is thus lent to Mr. O'Connor's volumes. He has lived with the people for years; he knows their hearts as he knows and pictures their life in town and country. But what he writes of the people will soon be of historical value. Conditions change rapidly when once the British Rāj and the Manchester shop take the place of the native priest and the hand loom. But whatever may be the outcome of the contact of races, this book, even without the future historical value which we think it will possess, is a delight to the eye and a pleasure to the mind—we wish we could add anything but a discomfort to the hand. For a volume of little over 400 pages a weight of three and a half pounds seems preposterous. Recent American books contrast unhappily in this one regard with books of English make, the delightful lightness of which, scarcely two pounds to a book of 400 pages, silently condemns the heavy load which the American publisher forces his customer to hold. There is a good map appended to the first volume, but the names therein are not all spelled as they are in the text.

A History of the Civil War in the United States, 1861-5. By W. Birkbeck Wood, M.A., and Major Edmonds, R.E. Putnams. 1905.

The reviewers of this book are apparently expected to surrender at sight, for it is armed with a piece of very superior heavy ordnance in the shape of an introduction, in large type, by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson. In this introduction Mr. Wilkinson tells us that "the technical aspect of the war has been sufficiently explored by a great number of professional writers of several nationalities. The writers of this volume, therefore, have had the benefit of abundant preparatory labors. They may be trusted for the accuracy and completeness of their story." It may be ventured, notwithstanding Mr. Wilkinson's large print, that each and all of these statements are absolutely incorrect.

In the first place, it is a most curious fact that an event of such proportions as our civil war has resulted in so little good literature; the quantity is enormous, the quality is bad. On our side we have produced a few volumes of memoirs, a fragment of a military history by Ropes, and two or three other books that are of serious value. Abroad, the Comte de Paris, one or two Germans and an Englishman, the late Colonel Henderson, have given us notable works; but, even among these, Henderson's 'Stonewall Jackson' stands preëminent as a technical study, and only Ropes can be compared with it for value, though his judgments are often prejudiced and crotchety. It is certainly very far from being the case that we are well equipped with technical histories of the war; we have at most three or four good ones, and they cover only a small proportion of the campaigns.

Then, again, we are informed, *ex cathedra,* that the authors have had the benefit of abundant preparatory technical labors. If this means that, finding a vast literature of the war in existence, they have availed themselves of the best of it, the statement cannot be accepted. Making every allowance for the brilliant work of Henderson and Ropes, there is an even more valuable source of information, and that is the Official Records. The authors state, indeed, that they have utilized the Records, but their work shows little sign of it. It is obvious, as one turns over page after page, that the book has been nearly entirely compiled from Henderson, Ropes, the Scribners series and the 'Battles and Leaders' series. In short, sufficient work has not been put into the book to warrant any such claim as Mr. Wilkinson makes for it.

And, lastly, it is not the case that the

authors may be trusted for "accuracy and completeness." The insufficiency of their knowledge, both of the Official Records and of things American in general, crops out constantly. Space forbids an extended statement of their shortcomings, but enough may be gathered from the following examples to show the character of their work.

In dealing with Chancellorsville, we are told that Stoneman's raid proved quite ineffective—which is true—and that it "had no influence at all upon the fortunes of the campaign"; but Henderson declares that "Stoneman's absence had proved the ruin of the Federal army." If Johnston failed as he did at Seven Pines, it was entirely owing to his faulty orders and insufficient staff arrangements, yet these are described as "admirable." Our authors believe that the hostility between this Confederate general and Jefferson Davis originated at Bull Run; it was really antecedent to the war. Again, when criticising Johnston's position at Dalton, no mention is made of the fact that it was held not with a view to defensive but to offensive operations. With McClellan the authors are even more unfortunate. We are told that "the failure of McClellan's campaign [in the Peninsula] is largely to be attributed to the action of his Government in withholding from him for the second time his First Corps." If there is any campaign in all history of which the result may be put down purely and simply to superior generalship, it is the campaign of the Peninsula. McClellan always outnumbered Lee by at least 3 to 2, and if he was beaten, the essential reason was not that his numbers were insufficient, but that he had neither the courage nor the genius of his opponent. As to the proposed removal of Thomas from command before Nashville, the halting and inaccurate statement put forward on the authority of Cox could very easily have been rectified by consulting the Official Records and Grant's 'Memoirs.' The latter, by the by, does not even figure among the authorities. On larger questions the quality of the book remains about the same. Thus, we find the North and South conveniently labelled Plutocracy and Aristocracy; and the task of the North is compared with that of Napoleon on entering Russia in 1812. The comparison is too obviously false to need extended criticism. Napoleon had no intention of conquering Russia, and he had to deal with an alien race and an exotic civilization. The North had the absolutely different problem of reëstablishing preëxisting conditions in the conquered country. It must be added that the maps are inaccurate.

The above criticism would have been less severe had less been claimed for this book. With more modest pretensions, some commendable features might have been pointed out. The authors are scrupulously fair; they have succeeded in compressing the history of the civil war into one moderate-sized volume; they have kept a good proportion in their narrative. But they very certainly have not, as Mr. Spenser Wilkinson would have us believe, produced an authoritative military pronouncement on the subject.

The Evolution of Man: A Popular Scientific Study. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated from the fifth German edition by Joseph McCabe. Two volumes, illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

Few serious works on popular science have been more widely read than Haeckel's 'Anthropogenie' and the various translations of it which have from time to time appeared. Haeckel's popular expositions of the theory of evolution were written with the avowed purpose of introducing the general public to a philosophy of nature, and have had a wide influence in stimulating interest in natural history. Unfortunately, he obtrusively adopted the style of the special pleader and propagandist, often giving offence where a more tactful treatment would better have served his purpose. Professional zoölogists, too, while recognizing the great importance of Haeckel's contributions to science, cannot recommend to their pupils without reserve an embryological authority who has only contempt for the brilliant achievements of His in human embryology and of the younger generation of experimental embryologists, and whose dogmatism on disputed points is often very repellent.

The two volumes are sumptuously got up, both text and illustrations contrasting very favorably with the earlier translations of Haeckel's works which have appeared in America. Of the rendering we cannot give so unqualified commendation, since numerous misprints and mistranslations show evidence of both carelessness and unfamiliarity with the technical vocabularity of the subject. We find, for instance, *Amphioxus* referred to as a mammal, the word "ventral" for neutral, the hypophysis defined as "a urinary appendage in our vertebrate ancestors"; and two plates showing the comparative forms of the pinna of the ear are designated "ear-muscles," a mistranslation of the German *Ohrmuscheln.* These defects, however, are not very numerous, and do not often seriously impair the value of a translation which is on the whole excellent. Though the centre of biological interest has in recent years shifted somewhat away from Haeckel's point of view, this revision of his most widely known work will long serve a useful purpose, both among general readers and among zoölogists, as a convenient summary of a vast wealth of fact and theory regarding the exact lines of animal descent.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avebury, Lord. Notes on the Life History of British Flowering Plants. Macmillan Co. $5.
Bright, Norman K. The Dream Child, and Other Verses. The Grafton Press.
Champault, Philippe. Phéniciens et Grecs en Italie. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
D'Avenel, G. Le Mécanisme de la Vie moderne. Paris: Armand Colin.
Fogazzaro, Antonio. Il Santo. Lemcke & Buechner.
Greene, Robert. Plays and Poems. Editod by J. Churton Collins. 2 vols. Henry Frowde.
Hume, John F. The Abolitionists. Putnams. $1.25 net.
Ireland, William W. The Life of Sir Henry Vane. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd. 12s. 6d. net.
Jataka, The. Translated by H. T. Francis. Vol. V. Macmillan Co. 12s. 6d.
Lord, Mary E. Christobel's Secret. Grafton Press.

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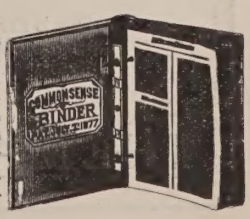

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The Nation.

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The Week.

In his dealings with the Panama Commission, President Roosevelt has gone far towards justifying Senator Tillman's description of him as an undeniably "patriotic man," who yet allows no obstacles of legality or propriety to deter him when bent on doing something. So bad an impression has his latest way of rushing to his goal made upon the Senate, that not one friendly Senator was found to make objection when unanimous consent was asked to have all of the President's Commission appointments recalled and held under consideration. The whole affair is in a sad tangle. At the very moment the President is trying to fill the Commission, a bill is actively pushed to abolish it altogether. In such circumstances, Mr. Roosevelt's nominees may well feel like the Lord Chancellor out of office, who, when asked what he had to say about "the situation," replied that the main evil of it was that he had no situation.

We have a fresh illustration of the sort of "ruler" who, as President Roosevelt said in his message, "sprang up" in Santo Domingo, and was wise enough to turn to the White House to "appeal to us to help"; and it seems to show that the "chaos" which Mr. Roosevelt said he was preventing has supervened. It has been asserted by American correspondents in the island that President Morales dared not leave the "seat of government," lest he fall out of that seat altogether, or be assassinated if he showed himself in public to his loving subjects. An adventurer such as he is must live in constant uncertainty what he will be doing next day; and if he has become persuaded that his fine scheme of sustaining himself in power by the aid of President Roosevelt is about to fail, nothing would be more natural than for him to run away. He is grandiloquently referred to as "General Morales" by some of President Roosevelt's supporters; but the man is, in reality, a renegade priest. He left the priesthood because he found the vows of celibacy irksome. After he had intrigued himself into the Dominican Congress, and before he had fought his treacherous way to the Presidency, he introduced a bill permitting priests to marry.

The only piece of benevolent Philippine legislation vouchsafed by the Fifty-eighth Congress was the bill providing for the construction of railroads. Bids have been advertised for, and some received, but on Thursday, Secretary Taft, after consultation with the Bureau of Insular Affairs and Gov. Wright, decided to reject all the proposals in hand, change the terms somewhat, and begin over again. Just what the competing offers were, or on what points they were unsatisfactory, has not been made known. Yet the task of allotting these contracts or concessions is not only complicated and difficult, but very much out of our line. Several of the proposed routes are laid out in undeveloped regions where immediate profits from operation are absolutely out of the question. Secretary Taft and the other Philippine experts were so sure of the unattractive character of the business proposition presented that they persuaded Congress to authorize a 4 per cent. guarantee of returns on the capital of the new roads. Undoubtedly, it would be easy to get bidders on some lines, but our purpose is defeated unless the whole network is constructed. The first attempt having failed, bids will again be opened in January, and contractors who are willing to forego the guarantee of profits, will be offered every possible other inducement. It is much better policy than that of the old-time prodigal land-grants, but paternalism and State-aid do not appear to mix well with cold business principles.

The most noteworthy feature of the relations between the United States and Tahiti in the past has been the annual payment of $45,000 for the transportation of ten mails a year—aggregating some 400 pounds of letters and 6,000 of merchandise and printed matter—to that delectable island. It was our impression that this $6.50 a pound rate was cut off last year and the figure restored to something nearer the $350 a year which we had paid for mail transportation by sailing vessel in the nineties. So it can hardly have been one of the subsidized steamships that brought the rumor to the French inhabitants that Uncle Sam was preparing to buy the island. The price mentioned, too, is extremely high: four million dollars for about 15,000 population is equivalent to $266 apiece, whereas we bought the Filipinos, in Reed's phrase, "for $2 a head, unpicked," and these are the last quotations we have on desirable islands. We should be exceedingly loath to disappoint the estimable Tahitians, but we fear that, with the Philippine Tariff bill on a snag in the House, Porto Rican citizenship still a matter for dispute, and our administration of its affairs under fire, this is hardly a propitious time to put through a bill paying for more insular possessions.

The commission appointed by the President last summer to recommend revision of the naturalization laws had no difficult task, inasmuch as it would be hard to propose any change in the present system that would not be a change for the better. Their report now made strikes first at the more obvious absurdities and inequalities. It has been unjust to the last degree that some courts should make it notoriously easier than others to attain citizenship, while it is simply ridiculous that the process should cost less at one place than another. The commission would make naturalization purely a Federal function, would issue a uniform certificate on petition three months in advance, and would abolish the two years' "declaration of intention" entirely. Naturalization is meanwhile to be restricted to persons who intend to remain permanently in this country and who understand the English language. As to the last proviso, there may be difference of opinion, for at least a plausible plea might be made as to the fitness for citizenship of residents of largely foreign-born communities here, who retain their mother tongue and yet take an interest in our affairs. It must be remembered, in this connection, how much the States themselves have done to give value to the certificate of nationalization. When it was possible for a man to vote in many Western States on his first papers, or no papers at all, strictness in the granting of final papers was not so necessary as at present.

There must be almost as much satisfaction in being called "game" and a "good fellow" by the President of the United States as in being appointed to a postmastership. At least, that thought is all the ex-postmaster of Kokomo, Ind., had for Christmas solace. On December 6, it will be remembered, announcement was made, in the customary unofficial way, of a new policy in reference to Presidential postmasters. "When the term of such an official has expired," so the plan was outlined, "he will be continued in the service if his record is reported to be 'good' or 'excellent.'" The man from Kokomo blunderingly supposed that such a case as his own was referred to. Even the Congressman who had recommended his successor spoke in high terms of his conduct of the office, and introduced him at the White House. "I wanted," he said modestly, "to understand the scope of the recent order." The President told him that the other man was to be appointed, and he said that he acquiesced. But, just for curiosity's sake, we should like to know what *was* "the scope of the recent order." To whom does it apply?

Does it apply to anybody? Why was it put out at all if the first case arising under it was to be decided in contravention of it? What *is* the existing policy regarding postmasterships? This case was apparently settled on the theory that postmasterships belong to Congressmen—the very doctrine which the President so effectively demolished only last year. Can it be that a general and immutable rule of conduct is not regarded as "practical" in the White House?

Another railway rate bill has been introduced in Congress, this one by Senator Dolliver of Iowa. The list of such bills is now long and imposing. Each, according to "intimations from high sources," has "the backing of the Administration." This is as it should be. Whatever bill, however amended, shall finally pass will be "the Administration bill." The failures will be credited to their self-sacrificing sponsors. Senator Dolliver wants each member of the Interstate Commerce Commission to receive $10,000 a year, instead of $7,500. The additional $2,500 is intended to persuade good men to serve, and thus to remove the objection that the Commission is "a refuge for the politically distressed." It is by no means certain, however, that the higher salary would produce the effect intended. Men of the right calibre take places on the Interstate Commerce Commission, as on the bench, not for the sake of the pay, but for the sake of the honor and the opportunity to perform an important public service. Some of the best men who have ever been on the Commission—Judge Alfred M. Cooley, for example—have accepted the lower salary. The distress of decayed statesmen and other bone-hunters would be rendered only the more acute by the sight of an extra $2,500 on which they might lay their prehensile fingers.

One indirect result of the Burton prosecution is the demand in Kansas that when next a Senator is to be chosen, the people may have something to say about it. Newspapers of the State are printing many letters from their readers urging that some such plan be agreed upon before 1907, when Burton's term expires. The Topeka *Capital* reports "a more general and wholesome popular interest than has been shown in a Senatorial election in perhaps twenty years." Most of the citizens who "write to the papers" on the subject propose that the next Senator be nominated by a party State convention, exactly like the candidate for Governor. Senator Hopkins of Illinois is a product of this plan, and also Senator Burkett of Nebraska, though in the latter State the candidates' names are also placed on the regular ballot, and thus subjected to the additional test of a popular vote. There are also advocates of choice of Senatorial candidates by the direct primary, a plan which has made astonishing progress in the past two years, though it has not yet had an actual trial in any Northern State. That Burton would not have been chosen by any popular vote may very well be true; we doubt if Platt could have been in this State. Yet it is probable that Mitchell could have secured his Senatorship in one way as well as another; and, in this State, Depew led his ticket when he was a candidate for Secretary of State. Popular election, in itself, is not enough to secure us first-class Senators.

The contest for Speakership of the New York Assembly is such a shifting battle that prediction as to the outcome is futile. One or two facts, however, stand out clearly. The first is that Gov. Higgins is not likely to be impeached for usurping the functions of the Legislature. Temperamentally, he is not a usurper. He prefers to throw responsibility on others whenever he can do so, and let them enjoy the glory for success or the blame for failure. Senators and Assemblymen who meekly took orders from Odell—who, under his command, left their thinking to be done by "wiser heads"—are not exactly the persons to lead a revolt against Higgins. The second fact which is now evident is that Gov. Higgins and the other opponents of the Odell machine would be in a much better position for fighting if their candidate had a stronger claim to the Speakership. Against Mr. Wadsworth's character and aims no one brings any serious charge; but his warmest friends cannot assert that in his single term this young man has manifested the intellectual and moral power and acquired the experience needed for a Speaker in this trying crisis. We trust he will develop the necessary qualities, but he cannot aspire to the office on the basis of proved strength. This is an argument which is now the only legitimate defence of the discredited and debilitated Odell organization.

Enthusiasts for Government control, as being supernally wise, efficient and safe, will not draw much comfort from the testimony of the State Superintendent of Insurance on Thursday. Mr. Hendricks confessed to a state of affairs in his department almost as shocking as the insurance looting itself. Ignorance of the law and of facts; indifference or incompetence, or both; inspections that were farces; examiners blind of both eyes; dictation by politicians—that is the kind of appalling admission drawn out by Mr. Hughes Inefficiency was never writ in larger capitals. The other horn of the dilemma is corruption. In either case, the shameful condition of this important branch of the State government calls for instant consideration by Gov. Higgins. He has amiably dawdled over it too long. Mr. Hendricks, by his own evidence, is no more fit to be State Superintendent of Insurance than a blind and deaf and toothless dog is to keep off chicken-thieves and burglars. The whole department needs a radical overhauling. A live and honest man must be put at its head, and the Platt and Odell dummy assistants replaced by somebody able to guard the policyholders' interests. With such a revelation of imbecility or venality on the part of public officials set to watch them, the insurance grafters must be astonished at their own moderation. They might have carried off the very buildings, and Hendricks would have seen nothing wrong.

Interest in the financial aspects of the transaction by which the Metropolitan system has been absorbed by the Belmont lines is, of course, all the keener on account of the price paid being as yet a secret. What all can see with half an eye, however, is the great importance of the combination from the public point of view. It is easy to say that the consolidation of all the city traction systems was "inevitable"; that a single management means greater economy, etc. But all depends upon the thing aimed at. If we have in the making a new engine of political power; if the intention is to confront the city with an intrenched and insolent monopoly, and to insist that all the new subway constructions be given to the Belmont interests on their own terms, the case is serious. It will be for the Rapid Transit Commission and the municipal authorities to exert all their power in behalf of the public. If it be said that no other company can build and operate a new subway because it cannot offer the facilities of connection and interchange which the Belmont lines possess, the reply is that those facilities are, in the long run, under the control of the city. The weapon of competition is not yet wrested from our grasp, because we can compel even a giant monopoly to allow a competitor to live. A corporation, however, vast, has not yet become our master. It is the power to regulate, to give orders that construction and operation of traction systems be for the public interest and convenience, which should be appealed to and exhausted before recourse to expropriation should be thought of.

Rumors are being industriously circulated that William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, will be unanimously reëlected—possibly with a special vote of confidence. When the report was published that Corey was to be sued for divorce

by his wife, and that a widely advertised actress was involved in the affair, people began to say that the president of the largest industrial concern in the world should be a man of more stability of character. Then came dispatches from Pittsburgh intimating that Mr. Corey was prepared to fight; that if attacks were made on his private life, other people whose private lives were unsavory must stand from under. Whether these threats have actually convinced any one of the large holders of steel stock that Corey is the right man to continue in the presidency, we are unable to say. The inferences from the argument are, however, painfully obvious. If the directorate of the Steel Corporation retains Corey on the ground that his business skill should not be confounded with his shortcomings as a man, the directorate will thus explicitly announce to the world that it cares only for shrewdness and is indifferent to character. This would not be a reassuring declaration, for people are not yet ready to believe that a Steel Trust by its mere hugeness can defy the forces which inevitably demoralize other enterprises. The revelations of the last six months, if they have taught men anything, have reinforced the eternal truth that in positions of trust, high or low, skill without solidity of character is nothing.

Campbell-Bannerman's preliminary outline of Liberal policy serves to show how a plain, blunt man may meet a clever tactician. Balfour's friends indulged in a good deal of chuckling, at the time of his sudden resignation, over the way in which he had caught the Liberals in a trap. They would be forced to form a Ministry, which could be, in the nature of the case, only a disjointed collection of nobodies, and then the country would see what it had lost in the Balfour Cabinet. But the Liberal Premier did, in fact, succeed in forming a Government which is confessed by all to be much stronger in personnel than Balfour's own. And now Sir Henry comes forward to indicate a policy which will have the united support of the party, and apparently has already the approval of the country. The Home Rule issue, which was infallibly to split the Liberals, appears only in the subordinate pledge to turn over the administration of purely Irish affairs to Irishmen, as soon as the thing can be done. With Parliament what it is, that means only gradual extensions of local government in Ireland. And on the issue of free trade, which Campbell-Bannerman put in the forefront, as it will be in the forefront of the electoral battle; on peace with all the world; on a freely elected Parliament in South Africa, with the cessation of what is practically slave labor by coolies, and on the cutting down of military expenses, the Prime Minister was strong and satisfactory. The Liberal Government has begun auspiciously.

Germans have been quick to see that the Liberal Ministry in England affords the best possible hope of reëstablishing cordial relations between the two nations. It would be unjust to say that the Balfour Government countenanced the attacks of the Jingo English press upon the Kaiser and his people; yet it was plain that, in its desperate clinging to official life, it could easily hint that, owing to complications with this or that country, it would be extremely unwise to "swap horses" just at that particular moment. Fortunately, Campbell-Bannerman is under no such temptation. Moreover, the historic attitude of his party is in favor of justice and fair dealing and friendship with other nations. The presence in the new Cabinet of James Bryce would alone reassure Germany, for it is only a few months since he published an admirable letter of protest against the senseless anti-German campaign, for which the military and naval Jingoes were so largely responsible. Evidently the Germans do not intend to lose a moment in beginning the work of pacification. The recent meeting of the Berlin Chamber of Commerce, which resulted in the friendliest resolutions on the subject of Anglo-German relations, was an echo of a similar gathering in London, with Lord Avebury in the chair. There will certainly be other such demonstrations.

In his recent speech in the Reichstag, the German Chancellor denied that Germany had any thought of sending troops into Russian Poland. That plan was merely another invention of the hostile English press. Germany, he declared, would remain absolutely neutral and let events in Russia take what course they might; for this he gave his word. Accepting it at its full value, the question still remains, not what Germany will do to the Russian revolution, but what that revolution will do to her. One of the very first questions to come before the Prussian Landtag is the voting of more money for the Germanization of Prussian Poland. The Berlin press admits that the great sums thus far spent have achieved very little, and calls for more money to build dikes to keep out the waves of Russian discontent. In Prussia itself the three-class suffrage appears more than ever intolerable—the worst of all electoral systems Bismarck called it—in view of Russian progress and the success of the universal-suffrage agitation in Austria and Hungary. It was proposed last month to have a street demonstration throughout Prussia on a given day, in Russian style, to demand suffrage changes; but the Social-Democrats, Bebel leading, thought it wiser not to run the risk of collision with the authorities and possible bloodshed. But the mere proposal shows how the Russian example is telling.

The blood of the martyrs may be the seed of the Church, but sometimes the seed falls upon stony ground. M. Brunetière, who deprecates the recent anti-clerical legislation in France, takes in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a pessimistic view of the condition of religion there. Since the enactment of the Ferry laws, Catholic influence in France has been seriously impaired. The dispersion of the congregations and the secularization of the state, will, he thinks, complete the ecclesiastical disaster. Many French Catholics are disposed to look with indifference upon the difficulties which now confront the clergy, and there is a lack of any ecclesiastical organization for concerted action. As a remedy, it is recommended by M. Brunetière that there should be a council of all the French bishops to assume systematic control. He does not desire the formation of a clerical party, like the German "Centre," but only a kind of synod which may do something for the afflicted dioceses and parishes. In other words, he would have a clerical party affiliated with no political party.

The fact that in a Catholic country like France the Centre should be so weak is very significant. But in things religious and ecclesiastical the French conscience has always been affected by the political leaders of the hour. In some countries a policy of suppression has been a failure. No political coercion kept Scotland from being Presbyterian, nor certain Swiss cantons from being Protestant. But France has often passed from one extreme to another, following sometimes the policy of a monarch, sometimes that of a national assembly or parliament, and has gone with a light heart from one creed to another. The reign of Henry IV. was first Protestant, then Catholic. Atheism was triumphant during the Revolution, but Napoleon made peace with the Pope. In seeking a *modus vivendi* for the Church in France, M. Brunetière has his eye upon the United States, where the Catholics, without being allied to any particular party, have had their plenary councils, and unmolested have carried on their work. But, in respect to this, it is idle to compare the two countries. In America traditions are few and flexible. But in France, behind every declaration of policy, however simple it may be on the surface, there is a host of inconvenient memories. An assembly of Gallican bishops used to excite suspicion at the Vatican. In these days it will be feared, rather, at the Elysée.

WHAT THE NAVY NEEDS.

"*Esprit de corps* is a bad thing in a navy. It leads to concealment of defects and abuses which, to be remedied, must be brought to light. What you want is *esprit de patrie*." These words were spoken by a foreign admiral of unusual breadth of professional knowledge, the leading spirit in one of the lesser navies of Europe, in conversation with an American interlocutor. In view of recent revelations of conditions at the Naval Academy, the question may well arise whether *esprit de patrie* in our navy may not be giving way to *esprit de corps*. These conditions are the outgrowth of a spirit which has been developing in the navy ever since the Civil War—a spirit not necessarily bad, but which, unless restrained and guided, must lead to the serious impairment of the usefulness of the naval service. The fact is, that this service is governed by a twofold system of laws—an official one established by Congress and the Navy Department, and an interior unwritten code which, from its very nature, tends when left unimpeded to supplant the official laws. The embryo midshipman, from the first day of his life at the Naval Academy, breathes an atmosphere of submission to this code, which, not embodying any useful restraint, prescribes absolute submission to the arbitrary will of his immediate superiors in rank, on whom his future success as an officer of the service must depend. Regulations how he shall walk on the paths; how he shall turn corners; how he shall not sit on the benches; how he shall hold his hands at table; how he shall or shall not walk with ladies; and under what terms he may engage in a personal combat—are much more than efforts of exuberant youth to make and enforce laws. Like the menial services imposed on a newly admitted member of the Jesuit order, they are the beginning of a course of discipline, the result of which is the complete subordination of the individual to the will of the organization, the reduction of his personality to a mere machine, and the impairment of moral courage. Under the influence of this discipline the navy is becoming more and more a law unto itself. This growth is facilitated by a combination of different circumstances, all tending in the same direction.

First among these is the lack of acquaintance with naval affairs on the part not only of the public at large, but even of that portion of the public specially appointed to supervise the navy. A striking example of this was offered at the hearing before the Committee of Naval Affairs in the last Congress on a bill authorizing the General Board, in the course of which it came out that not even the leading members of the committee were acquainted with the powers and duties of chiefs of bureau in the Navy Department, nor with the historic fact that the proposed law was almost identical in terms with one under which the Navy Department was governed for nearly thirty years of its history, and which had to be abrogated owing to the inefficiency of the system to which it gave rise.

Coupled with this is the absence on the part of our public of that feeling of urgency for naval defence which is necessarily so strong in European countries, especially in England, where the possibility that a hostile fleet may, at short notice, be blockading its coasts or descending upon its ports is ever present to the public mind. Whether rightfully or wrongfully, it is impossible to arouse in the minds of our public any serious apprehension that within a generation a hostile fleet will dare to come within gunshot of our coasts or within range of our torpedo boats—and least of all a battleship, costing more than the entire equipment of any of our great universities, but liable to be sent to the bottom by a torpedo as speedily as an old-fashioned man-of-war.

The outcome of the causes and processes we have described is the best solidified and most perfectly unified non-ecclesiastical organization in the world, actively devoted to ends which are both good and bad. It is only just to the service to place the good foremost; and this is found in the promotion of individual efficiency and professional skill in every operation of the service, whether that of organizing gunfire, disciplining crews, or inventing methods of offence and defence. A policy good on its face and yet not wholly good in results is that of concealing from the public every dark spot and every unpleasant lesson in the history and proceedings of the organization. It would be contrary to human nature to suppose that the feeling that no abuse is in danger of coming to the knowledge of the public—a feeling which grows out of the discipline already mentioned—is not going to have its effect on plain speaking to the head of the Department, and on efforts to remedy the defect.

The ends of the organization which should give rise to most question are the enlargement of its functions in every field pertaining to commerce and navigation, the increase of its influence in the Government, the elimination of the civilian element from every responsible function in connection with the service, and the aggrandizement of the service generally by every method which a charitable public can regard as not illegitimate. These ends can be pursued unavowed and unfelt without taking any measure or adopting any policy that seems on its face inimical to the public interest. One evil associated with them is that the unity of the service is maintained in the face of the growing necessity for its division into corps of specialists, as the army has long been divided. The accidents in connection with gun practice during the last few years strongly emphasize the necessity of an ordnance corps, the members of which shall devote their powers entirely to the intricate scientific problems growing out of the construction and working of modern guns. After every accident to a gun, there is some talk of encouraging officers to make a specialty of the subject; but this does not meet the case. The Ordnance Corps should be a permanent one, made up from the ablest graduates of the Naval Academy in scientific studies, and should hold a position in the service corresponding to that of the engineers in the army. Under the actual system the ablest and best informed student of ordnance in the service, instead of being kept on the duty for which he is so well fitted, is, after a few years of practice, assigned to some post which has nothing to do with the subject for which he is best qualified. The analogous case of the engineers and the policy of merging them in the line has been so much discussed that we shall not enter upon its consideration further than to say that the yielding of the line officer in recent years to the pressure toward abandonment of his rightful position has in it more of evil than of good.

In the light of what we have said, the most urgent needs of the navy of the future may be briefly summarized. First of all, the spirit of personal independence and free expression of opinion and action on the part of its officers should be inculcated. Then we must recognize the obvious fact that the various functions necessary in a modern navy can be performed only by men of varied capacities. At some stage in the course at the Naval Academy—not later, we should say, than the end of the second year—should come a separation of each class into two bodies. One comprises those who, by power of command, love of the sea, and the art of managing men and things generally, are best fitted to assume that position of supreme authority on board a ship of war which is of the first necessity to the commanding officer. The other body will be composed of those who are most proficient in scientific studies, and whose inclination is rather toward the technical applications of mechanics than the command of men. From these will be recruited the highly trained engineers and ordnance officers, of whom at least one should be a necessary part of the personnel of every naval ship. A prerequisite of both these needs is a head of the Navy Department who will be allowed to do his own thinking, recognize his own functions as the representative of the country which owns the navy, reach his own independent judgment on every point, technical or non-technical, after he has heard what is to be said on every side, both from

official and unofficial sources, and give effect to his well-matured conclusions. So long as the head is expected to do no thinking and form no conclusions of his own, so long will the power of the navy continue to grow in a way injurious both to its own efficiency and to the interests of the country to which it belongs.

WHEN POLITICIANS FALL OUT.

The Republicans of New York State are plunged into a factional quarrel quite as bitter as the fight between the Half-Breeds and Stalwarts at the beginning of Garfield's Administration. The contest now, as then, is being waged against the head of the machine. Whether the results will be as disastrous to the party itself, no one can tell. Thus much, however, is apparent: honorable Republicans — aided by many venal camp-followers—are determined to rid the organization of the curse of Odell. Odell, on the other hand, is prepared to die with his boots on. Nor does he lack munitions of war. The narrowness of Herbert Parsons's majority in a test vote at the meeting of the New York County Committee on Thursday night is proof that the Odell forces possess unexpected strength. Odell's captains up the State, Senator George R. Malby and Assemblymen Edwin A. Merritt, are hardly the stuff to lead a forlorn hope. They have not cast in their lot with Odell without reckoning the consequences. Behind them are powerful financial interests intent upon despoiling the Adirondacks. Behind Odell personally are the master of thousands of miles of railway, and like-minded lords of industry. Odell's determination to win at any cost is plain enough; his back is to the wall, and his studied insults to President Roosevelt and Gov. Higgins show that he neither expects nor gives quarter.

It is not merely as a savage challenge, however, that Odell's talk is significant. He offers a contribution to current history, purports to tell us how men are elected to the United States Senate, and how the President himself felt about a recent instance. No one will accept Mr. Odell's statement at its face value; for, while all he says may be true, it is not the whole truth. The attitude of President Roosevelt, granted that it had any influence, was not the only cause of Odell's treachery to Black. The activity of E. H. Harriman in behalf of the serviceable Depew was potent in persuading Odell to disloyalty. In that incident Odell let the world know whose pocketbook commanded his allegiance. But if Odell did not make a clean breast of it, he said enough to cause disquiet in high circles. In wrath as well as in their cups men often blurt out unpleasant facts. We have just seen how great a matter the little fire between Alexander and Hyde of the Equitable kindled. Possibly when politicians, as well as insurance officers, fall out, honest men may learn how the people are hoodwinked.

Odell's assertions in regard to Roosevelt are too serious to pass without comment. The President has let it be understood that he cannot with dignity enter into controversy with a private individual—that is, unless he thinks it worth while. In this case it would seem highly desirable that some friend of the Administration should come forward with a semi-official explanation. The views which Odell attributes to Mr. Roosevelt are plausible; indeed, they do credit to his head and heart. Most citizens of this State will agree that it is a "pity" to have New York represented in the United States Senate by "two almost senile old men." Platt and Depew might feebly dissent, but they are prejudiced. Admirers of the President are justly concerned to learn whether he actually expressed not only this opinion, but also the hope that Odell would support Black; and whether the President changed his mind; and if he changed, why he came to regard Depew as a suitable Senator. These are matters of public importance. Some artist, inspired in the White House, will, we trust, fill in the details of the picture which Odell has so imperfectly sketched.

The reason for wanting all the facts is that more is involved in this case than the political fortune of an ex-Governor of New York, the election of Herbert Parsons as president of the New York County Committee, or of Assemblyman James W. Wadsworth, jr., as Speaker. Thanks to the insurance investigation and C. E. Hughes, we now know to a certainty that many of our political leaders and high officials are nothing but puppets of financial cliques. E. H. Harriman pulls a string, and Odell twitches convulsively; T. F. Ryan pulls and C. F. Murphy responds. R. A. McCurdy, with his $10,000 a year for the campaign fund, had a string on Platt. Many strings were jerked when the settled plans for electing Black to the Senate were upset and Depew was returned. Who pulled them? Who was set in motion? Was the Equitable, with its liberal gift to the National Committee, able to persuade George B. Cortelyou that Depew was not senile? Were other close advisers of the President open to influence? These are the questions that rush upon men's minds when Odell flatly declares the President switched from Black to Depew. President Roosevelt himself may have been but an innocent pawn in the deep game; but are the knights and bishops and rooks who surround him on the chess-board at Washington played by the same skilful hands that move the pieces in New York and Albany? In fine, if we get rid of Odell, do we merely change men but cling to the old method? It would be small relief to throw down one odious boss and put in his stead other bosses, large and small, who may in turn fall under control of those who look upon politics as a "cash proposition."

JOURNALISM IN THE LABORATORY.

If the Eastern colleges have been somewhat slow in establishing schools of journalism, the faculties in the West have perhaps been over-bold in experimenting with newspaper-making. The University of Kansas has established a department of journalism, and at the University of Chicago Prof. George E. Vincent has conducted for three years a course entitled "The History and Organization of the American Press." At both places practical newspaper workers have been engaged to explain the details of actual day-to-day writing, editing, and printing. At Chicago, Professor Vincent's class was set to work last spring to issue a four-page morning newspaper. This laboratory experiment he describes in the *American Journal of Sociology*. It was doubtless an interesting excursion into the practical, but we suspect that it gave the students an exaggerated notion of the importance of the technique of journalism. The theory that the only way to become a newspaper writer is to write for the newspapers, is sound, but we doubt if Professor Vincent's *Daily Times* supplied a real test.

Merely as an experiment, however, the paper produced by the Chicago students is worth notice. It was written and "set up" between nine o'clock in the morning of June 6 and one o'clock in the morning of June 7. The editor of the college daily acted as managing editor, a student employee of the Associated Press as telegraph editor, and two student reporters as news and city editors. Its staff numbered forty, and was divided among the usual departments. From five o'clock in the afternoon until the experiment ended, the plant of the Chicago *Evening Journal* was turned over to the students. The various news associations furnished "copy," and the morning journals allowed the reporters of the *Daily Times* to go out with their own men on assignments. Nothing could be more favorable for a trial, especially as one "rehearsal" was had.

Professor Vincent's verdict upon the *Daily Times*, which was actually sent to press but five minutes late, is that it was "on the whole a success." It did not attempt innovations, merely striving to print the day's news in a clean, attractive form. Its front page, he says, corresponded closely, so far as the choice of news went, with those of the Chicago morning papers. It erred only in giving to the account of the marriage of Emperor William's son a place on the

first page with this equivocal headline, "Oldest Son of Emperor and Duchess Cecilia Married Yesterday." As it turned out, the evening papers of June 6 had "covered" the Prussian wedding so thoroughly that it was bad newspaper judgment to "feature" it on the morning of June 7. A number of "graduate students in political science and economics" wrote the editorials. Such weighty matters were discussed as the future of English diplomacy, the changes in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, democracy in unionism, and "two kinds of reformers." The news that came in on June 6 called for three additional editorials on "Finance and Publicity," "Admiral Enquist and his Cruises," and "A New Theatrical Conscience." If all these matters were touched upon with the pen of authority, Professor Vincent was justified in exulting over the editorial page. In our opinion, the enterprise of the telegraph editor in turning a number of items concerning Government affairs into a special correspondent's Washington letter should not pass unnoticed. As Professor Vincent says in apology, "What are principles and policies in a crisis such as this?"—it was midnight when the letter was manufactured.

The experiment strikes one as a bit of exciting fun for Professor Vincent's class, merely illustrating again what every newspaper man of experience knows—that the technique of journalism is an infinitesimal part of the equipment of a journalist. Headlines and the "make-up" of the page, the mysteries of linotype operation and of the stereotyping room, the "lingo" of the newspaper office—these are things that the alert young reporter in an office will pick up quite as soon as he will need to know them. More to the point was the paper read before the class in journalism at the Kansas State University a few days ago by a former Topeka legislative reporter for a Kansas City newspaper. After an experience of nearly twenty years, this man declared that the essentials of a successful newspaper man are "a receptive mind and willing legs." The ability to write he subordinated, saying that in the school of the editorial blue pencil the plain recital of fact will soon come to be inevitable. Get out among people, he advised the young men ambitious to become great journalists. "Remember that it is the mind that makes the man, and if you possess a newspaper mind all the earth is yours." Insatiable curiosity as to the drift of human affairs marks the "born" journalist; the best training it is possible to give him is the widest possible acquaintance with past and present. His work will be more valuable for a knowledge of the history of Finland or of the Oregon Trail than for a year of laboratory experiments in academic newspaper building.

TWO THEORIES OF MUSEUM POLICY.

The causes of the resignation of Dr. Edward Robinson of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have been discussed by the press of that city with an unfortunate concern for personalities and a corresponding disregard for principles. Behind all minor considerations lay the fact that the Museum was at least partly committed to innovations which the director did not approve. Among the trustees and officers existed a profound and honest difference of opinion as to the future policy of the Museum; and the prospect of a new building whose very form would condition that policy, made it inexpedient that the difference should be compromised. The controversy affects fundamental principles, and is of interest wherever there are museums of the fine arts.

The contest was and is simply between scholastic and æsthetic ideals of museum management—the former an academic and generally approved policy, the latter a new and revolutionary programme. The conception of a scholastic museum of art history is comparatively a simple one. The aim is to make the collections as complete and representative as possible, to arrange them chronologically, to serve primarily the purpose of the special student, and incidentally to spread a knowledge of art history among the masses. Necessarily, mere beauty of arrangement is subordinated to logical sequence, and many objects are shown in spite of intrinsic mediocrity or unattractiveness because of their instructiveness as measured in terms of the development of art. The British Museum is an excellent type of an institution devoted primarily to research. This idea of museum management corresponds to the scientific tendency of the day, has the whole weight of academic authority in its favor, and may fairly be called the orthodox doctrine. Gradually it has prevailed over the dilettantism that presided over the origins of most public galleries.

Yet many of the more progressive directors and curators have held their orthodoxy uneasily, as a belief not false, to be sure, but narrow. In particular, certain members of the Boston Museum staff have advanced the startling view that the more perfectly an art museum fulfils the art-historical ideal, the more completely it falls short of its function as a public institution. This thesis they have maintained both in the periodical press and in privately printed communications to the trustees. The plea is that the magnitude of modern collections baffles and oppresses the public. A few galleries are frequented, but whole departments are deserted or become mere gangways. Smaller objects, when shown in quantity, are hardly looked at. Thus, collections of high value æsthetically—as Greek vases, small bronzes, medals, figurines, drawings, and the like—are practically wasted; visited, if at all, by the occasional savant or the loafer escaping the rigors of winter. In the system of wholesale exhibition, which unquestionably repels the average man, there is small advantage for the specialist. His needs would be better met if seven-eighths of the exhibits were either stored, or compactly exhibited where a trained curator might readily be consulted. In short, museums as they are to-day are ill-arranged, both for the investigator and the naïve lover of art. Such considerations have led to the sensible theory that different provision should be made for the very different classes using museums: for the student, a department of study and reference conducted along strictest utilitarian lines; for the far larger class, consisting of artists and art-loving people, exhibition halls containing only the choicest remnant of the collections—no more than the public can take in pleasurably and with profit.

The study department of such a museum would consist merely of its present art-historical collections more compactly and conveniently stored or exhibited, in closer proximity to their respective curators, and reserved, in intention at least, for the use of actual students. The needs of the studious class would be more perfectly met by such an arrangement, and the public exhibitions would be relieved of the dead weight of objects of little intrinsic beauty and, for the average visitor, of no worth whatever. Upon the public halls, the management of our imaginary new-style museum would lavish infinite pains. Only a few and the finest objects would be selected as worthy to be shown to the public. These would be exhibited under the most favorable conditions of space, lighting, and accessories. The endeavor would be to make the galleries a delight to the artist and connoisseur, and also an irresistible attraction to the most careless visitor. Cardinal principles would be: only fine and original pieces should be shown; the grouping of exhibits should be primarily determined by æsthetic considerations; incongruous collections should be widely separated, and in general the collections should be isolated. The space to be allotted to the various departments—as sculpture, painting, etc.—should be fixed once for all, and as the museum secured finer objects for its public galleries, space should be made by retiring less desirable exhibits to the study departments. On the other hand there would be abundant space to permit the frequent change of subsidiary exhibits and, in general, to make an apparently arbitrary and rigid distribution of collections actually a very flexible one. One may imagine at Boston, for example, a

gallery containing the finest of the Japanese paintings as a permanent collection, but offering a succession of fine lacquers, bronzes, ivories, metal work, and potteries, according to the ingenuity of the curator in charge and the resources of the study department of the museum. Evidently this kind of curatorship exacts a peculiar tact, but it is, after all, a quality required and found in curators of print departments and librarians. No such officer feels that his duty is done when he has merely sorted his prints and books and put them in casual circulation; beyond that, he endeavors to encourage the use of the best prints and the best books.

Where a museum is by its very foundation and intention devoted to research, or is encumbered by testamentary conditions or by the form of its building, the æsthetic ideal we have briefly outlined is either inapplicable or a mere counsel of perfection. Our own Metropolitan Museum, for instance, cannot for years, if at all, consider such a plan. At Boston, where a new building is in prospect, the plan is perfectly practicable, and we hope will be given a trial. It is no wholly new doctrine that is mooted at Copley Square. For years museum folk, whether of the scientific or artistic stamp, have been moving towards this system of dualism Credit is due, however, to those officers of the Boston Art Museum who, at the cost of considerable misconstruction and even abuse, have given currency in America to the important queries: What is the true purpose of public art museums? Are they a form of university extension in art history? May they not also contribute more directly to the pleasures of life by presenting the most beautiful productions of man's mind and hand in the most harmonious order and surroundings?

THE GENERAL STRIKE AS A POLITICAL WEAPON.

Present signs forecast failure for the second general strike in Russia. It seems to be both aimless and leaderless; the necessary funds are said to be wanting, and the Government is moving with vigor to keep order and to maintain the service on the railroads. But even if this attempt to coerce a Government by suspending work shall fail, the immense success of the previous effort will long trouble the dreams of European statesmen. It was made small account of in this country; but on the Continent it caused a great sensation, and led to sharp debates in Reichstag and Parlement. We have already commented on the speech of the audacious Bebel, telling the German Chancellor that the workingmen of Germany, too, might yet meet the *ultima ratio* of war with their own *ultima ratio* of a general strike. In Paris, the great orator of the Socialists, M. Jaurès, delivered a two-day's discourse in the Chamber along the same lines.

Indeed, it may be plausibly argued that the Russian workingmen got their hint from French Socialism. It has always been one of the sardonic aspects of the Franco-Russian alliance that absolutism was supposed to be happy in the embrace of "égalité et fraternité." A reactionary Czar baring his head at Cronstadt when the "Marseillaise" was played, ought to have been vividly reminded of Louis XVI., and set wondering how long he might have a head to bare. In direct as well as sentimental ways France contributed to the Russian revolution. The money which she freely supplied—and it was to French money that the Czar really did obeisance—went to the creating of new cities and great industries in Russia; which meant the growth of the artisan class, a proletariat increasingly conscious of solidarity, the trades union, and the general strike. But this last as a political weapon was distinctly advocated in France before it was put to its first practical use in Russia. The Socialist professor, M. Hervé, had long before sketched out in print and speech the exact plan which the Russian revolutionaries adopted last October. In the Chamber itself a Deputy, M. Sembat, has expounded the general strike as the next resort of the working classes against oppressive governments; and now comes the eloquent Jaurès to enforce the lesson from Russian experience.

His thesis was artfully named "The Highest Defensive Power of the Nation." The Minister of War demanding more troops and money would not have chosen differently. But, of course, the skilful speaker proceeded to explain that what he wanted was an army "close to the people," as our politicians say—an army "so blended with the people that it shall be the people themselves." Then, he argued, if the proletariat thus made up the greater part of the nation's military strength, it could coöperate with the proletariat of other nations to render powerless those "criminal governments which would let loose the tempest of war," since it would be well understood that the soldiers, if a war they thought unjust should be declared, would precipitate the social revolution supported by a general strike of all their brother-workmen. It was clearly an echo of the same sentiments by Herr Bebel which led Prince Bülow to threaten him with a prosecution for treason if he should utter them where not protected by Parliamentary privilege. All this lends a degree of confirmation to the opinion expressed by a well-informed writer in the December *Fortnightly:*

"The general strike in practical operation is obviously by far the most important phenomenon of politics since the French Revolution. The repercussion of Russian events has already been violently felt in Austria. It will be felt at the next remove in Italy. In Germany, where, as Herr Bebel and his colleagues are aware, a general strike would at present be a mad experiment, certain to be trampled under by the military force of the monarchical majority, the immediate influence of the Russian precedent is less obvious, but the dangerous leaven has entered into the German political system, and will work with an effect which may prove, in the long run, convulsive."

Americans should not felicitate themselves on being entirely exempt from this new peril disturbing European statesmen. We do not confront precisely their problems, it is true. No huge standing army, no vast body of Government railway employees, can with us "paralyze" the Government. But we are seeing a dangerous development of the spirit of monopoly, caste prejudice and tyranny in our trades unions which may at any time lead to an attempt, quite in Russian fashion, to stop industry, cut off food supplies and frighten or starve the country into yielding a part of the power of the Government to labor organizations. The form and aim of the threat differ, but the latent threat exists with us as truly as in Europe. There as here, it rests upon social and economic absurdities. It would put the needs or demands of a class above the needs of the country; and in such a case the country will always find means to assert itself over the class. Even in Russia that truth appears now to be in process of demonstration.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF "THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE."

SWATOW, October 31, 1905.

Many scores of years ago the Portuguese fitly named this "L'Ilha Formosa." Equally appropriate as a sub-title would be "Tenebrosa," so shrouded is it in obscurity as far as practical information is concerned. On inquiring in Japan how, whence, and when it might best be reached, the residents admitted that boats do sail from Yokohama, Kobé, and southern China; but they shook their heads and talked darkly of fevers, savage head-hunters, typhoons, lack of quarters, etc.; one man even threatening that only bachelors were to be seen there, as if the normal American woman would take fright at that familiar and usually much-sought-after object. If, nothing daunted by this ignorance or indifference as to practicable ways and means, one continues one's investigations while travelling "all down the thundering coast" of China, one still encounters surprise or disapproval, and one is left to "hit or miss" steamer connection to the island.

For example, we were started for Amoy from Fuchow "just in time" for the weekly mail-boat to Formosa, which had sailed exactly twenty-four hours before our arrival at her port of departure; yet these two Chinese cities are scarcely 170 miles apart, and belong, moreover, to the same province of Fuhkien. As compensation for this contretemps we had three delightful days in Amoy, which has a singular charm of its own, with isles and sea continually interspersed, and with weird rock-forma-

tions suggesting a mightier Stonehenge, while everywhere the banyan tree makes itself a feature. Thus, by possessing our souls in patience, we did get an intermediate vessel for the southwestern coast of the island, and in this small ship crossed what is admittedly one of the three worst channels in the known navigable world. We wallowed in the trough of the sea for twenty-four hours, during which neither eating nor sleeping was possible, and arrived at Anping, which it is irony to call a port. Vessels anchor two miles out from land, in the open roadstead, and in rough weather neither launches nor lighters can cross the tricky bar from the low sandy spit upon which Anping crouches. (During the summer monsoon, ships have been known to await unloading for a fortnight.) Passengers, if not timid, can usually be landed with their luggage, as we were, on small eight by sixteen or eighteen-foot rafts made of thick bamboo lashed together, and curved slightly upward at both ends, and with one jury-mast. In the middle is fastened a tub, with two small seats fore and aft; and when three undersized persons have wedged their feet and knees together therein in a converging design, it would seem impossible to spill them out even by the most complete capsizing. The Japanese, on first occupying the island, scoffed at these frail-looking craft, and introduced the ordinary sampans; but after several boat-loads had been drowned they restored the rafts, for the force of the waves spends itself through the interstices of the bamboo trunks. At Anping, after an almost American customs examination (which we thought due quite as much to curiosity concerning such rare birds as to strict official requirements), we were made welcome by one of the only three foreign traders who still remain there under Japanese rule. For in Formosa, Herbert Spencer's advice to Baron Kaneko has been diligently followed, and the Japanese are diverting most of the island's trade that used to pass through Chinese ports for transshipment, to their own sea-towns, while their coasting craft have successfully underbid all other regular lines; thus making the island more inaccessible, especially in war-time, when their regular subsidized steamers are in requisition by the Government. As another result, Amoy is fast losing ground commercially, and Anping has been deserted by its little coterie of foreigners, for the fine harbor of Kelung is being continually improved, and that is destined by man as well as by nature to be the island's port.

From Anping we travelled by lagoons and along low, sandy beaches with scant vegetation, on small, low trucks, pushed by coolies on a two-foot track. Two passengers can sit upon the one seat, leaving space behind for some small luggage and for the two coolies to jump on whenever, by their efforts, the tiny car gains sufficient headway; they resume their pushing as it slackens. It is surprising how soon they cover the two-mile distance to Tainan, which is a curious blend of former Chinese and latter-day Japanese occupation. Most of the houses still standing show the Celestial form and taste, but here and there one sees a neatness, an openness, a cleanliness, which bespeaks the Japanese occupant. Fortunately for the traveller, there is an excellent inn of the latter nation, as well as a group of kindly missionaries who have nothing but good said of them on all sides; this being a notable exception to the too frequent animus expressed or implied by the commercial folk for the evangelizing band in other parts of the East. In Formosa, both the missionaries and their achievements are praised highly.

We started at the usual matutinal hour of trains in the tropics for our original objective, Taipeh, on the northwest coast. Soon after starting, the fine east-coast mountains come into view, and at changing heights remain with us all day. Sugar-cane and rice are omnipresent on the dead level over which we travel for two hours, while bamboo clumps increase in frequency. At Kagi the mountains are at their highest, and here on rare clear days one can see the monarch of the Empire, Nitakayama (Mt. Morrison), but to us only its fine retainers were visible. The railway is completed save for a missing link of sixteen miles, and here again one mounts the little truck, to be pushed at an amazing rate of speed by two human beasts of burden. At one point the small track makes a double loop to descend suddenly into the broad excoriated bed of one of the tumultuous mountain rivers; and on seeing the numerous and devious channels, each year's differing from every other's, one wonders how the three or four-mile stretch is to be sucessfully bridged by the railway. Up on the green slopes of the mountains one has seen many broad swaths of stone and sand made by these torrents, and the scars are as clean-cut and often as flat and broad as a good road made by human hands. Across the valley one mounts the hills again to board the train, everywhere receiving care and courtesy from the railway officials, one's luggage being handled free of charge. The broad river-bed just left behind seems a line dividing two different regions, for now one travels around and over foot-hills, on which tea-plants stand in stiff review; the sugar-cane is left behind, while the higher mountains are often shut out from view. The paddy-fields are no longer in large, unbroken masses, but are in small, mosaic-like spaces. Soon Mt. Sylvia rises to the northeast in a splendid mass, and we skirt her as the dusk falls and the train plunges down into the darker valleys. She is very beautiful, even without her winter white cap above her flowing robe of richest green, and in this sunset light, with a scarf of mist drawn about her shoulders, she makes a vision to be remembered. But the sunsets in Formosa are particularly fine, and often at this season, when the whole day has been overcast or threatening, or when the hills have been almost shut out by haze or mist, the sinking sun compensates in full by a burst of prismatic splendor.

Taipeh, or Taihoku, or Daitotei, or Twatutia—according to one's taste—is the capital of the island, and here the newest foreign nation in possession is taking down the eight-feet-thick brick walls of the official Chinese city, while leaving one or two of the four gates standing. Within the former enclosure the Governor-General's Palace, the Civil Governor's house, civil-service offices, and army officers' quarters are gaining ground (and space) over the former huddle. (Yet there used also to be snipe-shooting over unimproved land within this very enclosure under chin-chin rule.) Outside are the prison, where hat-weaving and other industries are plied, but which women are not allowed to visit; the camphor station, where the valuable product is packed and shipped as a Government monopoly; the opium refinery (with a secret process), the Japanese not as yet attempting to prohibit but merely to restrict its use among their Chinese subjects. But a heavy penalty is laid upon their own people who try to take up the vice, and it is also made difficult for any Chinese beginner. There is a Bund with foreign hongs looking out across the river and the wide plain, which is beautifully set around with hills. During typhoons the water is sometimes so banked up and hemmed in by two of these that people are obliged to use their back doors, while for ten miles in front there is nothing but an inland sea. The walls around their hongs are often five feet thick at the base, and yet the river ordinarily flows along, as "mild as any sucking dove," twenty feet below. The rest of the town is Chinese, with some few wider streets in the making. All labor is practically in John Chinaman's hands, and he is usually of an excellent type from Fuhkien, while the Hakkas, so despised in their own land, are the cultivators and owners of the central part of the island. We saw tall and sturdy specimens from there northward, and in Taipeh our host's ricksha coolies compared favorably both for speed and build with the average Kurumaya in Japanese ports. Yet about the town the amazing difference in cleanliness, neatness, domestic *bien-être* between the two peoples cries out from the housetops. It is tweedledum once more, and only thus is explicable. Yet the Japanese owe much to their "poor relation," for he lives and thrives in this trying climate. Mr. J. W. Davidson states that, with proper precautions, the climate is no more fatal or dangerous than in many other tropic regions, and he and our host are standing proofs of the assertion. Yet to most foreigners, whether Japanese or European, the excessive moisture and heat prove debilitating. In this connection it is gratifying to note that one Yankee consul should have employed his several years of semi-leisured exile in gathering and arranging material for an excellent book about the country. Mr. Davidson's volume not only is a careful history of Formosa from the earliest days of foreign observation and occupation, but contains, besides, valuable statistics, and is, moreover, illustrated abundantly and interestingly. So authoritative and well-written a book deserves honorable mention, and it is to be hoped that if the State Department has given no official recognition of its worth beyond his promotion, the author may receive a fitting reward from some of the geographical or scientific societies.

From Taipeh there are many pretty trips —by rail and otherwise: to Ke-lung, which is increasingly important commercially on account of its harbor; to Tamsui, which looks out to sea, charmingly placed on its river, near the fine north and south hills, and which boasts a relic of very early days in a well-preserved old Dutch fort built of brick from Europe; to Hakuto, the sulphur valley high up in the hills, where the prod-

uct is worked on the surface, and where are geysers and boiling springs. Afternoon tea at Pangkio is another novel trip, for there one may visit a Chinese multi-millionaire's villa of the finest kind, which yet has that mild touch of decay which is so beautifying. Like other of his rich countrymen, he fled when the Japanese definitively occupied the island, leaving two of his adopted sons, who have since become naturalized Japanese, and much of his property, which had been amassed by piratical forbears. The house is enormous in its spread, with corridors, approaches, and outlying buildings innumerable; but the garden is its chief glory, for here every whim and notion was gratified. What with kiosks, bridges, terraces, walks on roofs and on winding and involuting walls, tiled lattices and balustrades, pools, trees, and potted plants, it is a maze. Color is everywhere in the decoration, and, aside from the round doors and butterfly windows, would be a joy to many American architects who are striving to introduce color into their work. To the tyro it is a delightful revelation of audacious fancifulness.

Of most distinctive interest is the trip "up country," where the savages still hold sway. We went by ricksha for five miles over the fertile plain of the Ke-lung and Sintiam Rivers, where every inch is cultivated, passing the Government's experimental garden, where non-indigenous plants are being tested in the soil and climate. Soon after reaching the foot-hills, the ferriages began, and then we came to Sintiam, which, like all other villages that we saw, is a Chinese settlement with a few Japanese officials and buildings. Here is a quaint mission church which was an attempt to make an orthodox "church edifice" out of Oriental materials. Once more we ferried, and began really to climb in chairs. Everything is lush and varied green, and with the rice in full crop, and the stalks bent down crosswise to dry in rows, still other notes of color are introduced, with the dark soil as foundation. A veritable Joseph's coat seems flung over every little valley. We go on climbing and winding while the swift river twists now in, now out of sight. Beyond Kusshaku, our last village, we passed the electric-light plant of Taipeh, with fine water-power diverted from and under the river a mile or more above, and equipped with turbines. Shortly, beyond, we reached the last settlement of the encroaching foreigner, not far from a tiny Japanese police station. From here everything to the south and east is still the savages, and so fearless and unconquered are they that twelve electric workers were killed at once not long ago, while in February last there was another night inroad. The clever Japanese thereafter devised the scheme of surrounding the tiny group of houses with live electric wire, and thus far have not again been molested by the head-hunters. But the first three months of the year is the period when the young savage's fancy lightly and especially turns to thoughts of love, and to wed he must show a given number of heads. The more, the better choice of brides! So every man on the border always goes armed by Government consent and the strong law of necessity. Warm as was the night, all the windows and shutters of a strong pattern had to be shut tight and bolted, as the aborigines often choose the hour after midnight or that before the dawn to enter any but a close-shut house, and quietly possess themselves of the desired trophies, which eventually ornament their community's central hut.

From our sleeping place we entered their home ground, where the thick forest still protects them and their customs, and makes travel dangerous. Thanks to our host's influence, word was received that everything was quiet, and that we should be allowed to penetrate—which was by so much further than any women have been permitted to do, only two others having travelled as far up as the police station. We had fourteen guns, and our guard was of Chinese "braves" with two Japanese over them. Thus we picked our way in single file up the slopes, sometimes in chairs, sometimes on foot like our guard when the path became too rough or dangerous for even our experienced bearers. Yet their skill was remarkable at sharp turns on the sheer steep, when the front bearer would slip from under his yoke, while the rear bearer swung the chair as on a pivot on the central coolie, who would thus take the entire burden on his shoulders—not, however, without some grunting, which added to one's sense of his effort and one's own precarious position. The growth on every side is riotous; creepers, palms, ferns, tree-ferns are magnificent, the latter reaching up towards the light to a height of 25 or 30 feet. We regretted our botanical ignorance keenly, yet not so much as if the island's flora were classified. This, we are told, has never been done, and the residents claim that much of the island's growth is unique unto itself. But the Japanese have made two collections already for exhibition in their own country, and thus within a few years we shall probably be enlightened by their thorough methods.

Our terminal was at a native hut, where a peaceful young savage and his wife live. Both had singularly fine and good faces, he resembling the portraits of the young Napoleon minus the aquiline nose, but with the same spirited expression, and with the soft, half-tangled hair; a slight bar of dark blue tattooing in a close, even design, starting from the roots in the middle of the forehead, and almost reaching to the eyebrows. He wore the short, sleeveless, cotton tunic, open in front, hand-woven, with broad transverse bands of color toward the bottom. A breech-cloth tied round his waist, with the ends hanging loose, completed his garb, while his gentle, delicate-looking wife's brow was tattooed like his, with two broader bands as well starting at the hair (which was long and fine) on the temples, and running in a straight, narrowing line to the corners of the mouth. This is the mark of the married woman. Her under-garment could be seen only at the throat, where, like her husband, she wore beads (while both wore earrings); for over all was a square of native cloth fastened towards one shoulder, and again at the side, further down, thus confining her arms. They were a remarkably attractive pair, set amidst such a luxuriant nature, and even a sight of their interior did not destroy their charm, pitifully poor and primitive as it was. The other savages whom we passed en route were of strikingly varied types, and this observation was corroborated by Mr. Davidson's illustrations of the different tribes, as well as by an interesting collection of photographs taken by a German scientist, and now in the possession of Mr. Herbert Rose of Taipeh. For in these, groups of kinsfolk in the same village show the coarsest-boned and featured types side by side with finer forms and faces. The children whom we saw either watched us furtively from the jungle, or, if in our direct view, showed terror at our smiling greeting. But the men felt no such timidity, and their free, open scrutiny was startling indeed. Such bold, fearless eyes I have never seen, and go to show how many generations of self-restraint are expressed even in the glance of the civilized human eye. But the most interesting creature whom we saw was a Japanese, who, before the Chinese war and cession of the island, went there as a spy and secret-service agent. He lived among these savages; he had evidently been tortured by them, to judge by one maimed hand; he had married one of them, his wife consequently being ostracized from her people; yet his face, with long, black hair tied behind and hanging loose to the waist, was of the most subtle and inscrutable.

Back from this strange excursion we travelled as the sun set; the mountains lowering, the valleys broadening, the river widening, the whole landscape losing its intensity, as the swift, mysterious tropical dusk surrounded us. At the rest house we dined on luxuries which, thanks to our thoughtful host, had been sent from Taipeh by coolies. Amid such comfort it was difficult to realize that every man in the house would sleep that night with his gun within reach, while the beautiful purple slopes of the mountains sheltered such bloodthirsty children of nature. Many of the tribes are semi-pacified, but not up here in the north, where the Japanese must throw out their outposts warily, as many a bitter lesson has taught them. Our return trip was made in less than a quarter of the time of the out trip, by coming down the picturesque, winding river, shooting some sixteen rapids as far as Sintiam.

We had hoped to visit the east-coast cliffs, which so few have seen and so many have vaunted from Humboldt's time down. But though a Government steamer was put at our host's disposal, we awaited fitting weather in vain. The northeast monsoon was just establishing itself for its long winter blow, and the coast was not safe. Those few folk who have had the good luck to sail by the cliffs by day and in clear weather assured me that they were not all that they have been cracked up to be, for they are ranges of mountains which from a height of 3,000 feet gradually fall into the sea. So we try to believe that our disappointment saved us a greater one. In any case, and without that trip, Formosa is both interesting and beautiful, and, as we sailed out from Tamsui, the sky, the sea, and the blue hills left a last picture on the mind of a series keenly enjoyed and to be ever happily recalled.

EMILY E. F. SKEEL.

MME. ADAM'S REMINISCENCES.

PARIS, December 8, 1905.

Madame Juliette Adam is well known in the literary and political circles of Paris. She was for a long time editor of the *Revue Moderne*, which never attained the popular-

ity of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but had its days of importance, especially towards the end of the Second Empire and the first years of the Republic. Madame Adam would not be satisfied if it was only said of her that she has been a remarkably pretty woman and has preserved her charm and beauty to the very border of old age. She has had high ambitions, and has published, besides many articles, several books of unequal value. I confess that I much prefer to her works of imagination those which are recollections of her life. I should rank before all 'Le Roman de mon Enfance et de ma Jeunesse,' which has a grace, an originality, truly delightful. I would recommend also 'Mes Premières Armes Littéraires et Politiques,' and a third volume, the last of this biographical series, 'Mes Sentimens et Nos Idées avant 1870.'

Why does Madame Adam make a sort of distinction between 'Mes Sentimens' and 'Nos Idées'? It is because, while she intends to show herself as she was during the years that preceded the fall of the Empire, she wishes also to show us that she belonged to a group, that she was living in the atmosphere of men who had common hatreds, common instincts, hopes, and aspirations. It is for this reason that her last volume is a sort of historical page, inspiring real interest, all the more because Madame Adam has lost some illusions, has learned much from events, and is able to pass an impartial judgment on many men and things.

The book opens in January, 1865, in a pretty villa where she lived at the time on the Golfe Jouan with her father, her mother, and her daughter. An old doctor Maure and Mérimée have come on New Year's day; the doctor with a letter from M. Thiers, which he reads to the family, and in which the writer speaks of M. de Bismarck with a feeling of uneasiness. A discussion ensues on this subject. I note only the words of Mérimée, who was a Senator, a favorite and a personal friend of the Empress Eugénie.

"Bismarck," he says, "wishes to make a greater Germany in order to be able to give bigger pieces to Prussia. King William knows all about it. He defends his minister against the Chamber, against the Frankfort Bund, against the Prussian nobility, against the people. 'Some day it will be said that I was an exceptional King because I understood Bismarck,' is what he repeats to those who attack the latter. 'To accuse Bismarck of not being German is to have no eyes to see.'"

Madame Adam was a friend of Nefftzer, the founder of the *Temps*, and often praises his foresight, his views on foreign affairs. She quotes him to Mérimée and confirms his views. "Bismarck," says Nefftzer, "wishes to isolate us, to separate us from Italy. . . . He plays a very high game; he lets people accuse him of detesting Germany while he thinks of nothing but making her greater."

Many of the friends of Madame Adam were far from hostile to the Emperor. When they praised him, vaunted the commercial treaty made by him with Cobden, his speeches at the time of the Exposition, she heard the answers of the enemies of the Empire. Her sympathies were more on the side of the opposition, but she heard both sides with impartiality. Mérimée once tells her:

"'In truth, you are a sincere liberal, and you believe that the Challemel-Lacours, the Aragos and their Jacobin descendants, the Brissons, the Ferrys, the Rancs, will give you liberty if they once govern! They are the sons of Robespierre, of Saint-Just, of Marat. If ever they are in power, they will proceed not only like the Terrorists, but as the Church did in its darkest days, for they constitute a Church, these fanatics of anti-clericalism—a smaller Church, but just as fanatical. They believe themselves to be free spirits, and they are only spirits angry with the others. Between the churches of the sectarians and the churches of the clericals, I make no difference. I am a free spirit, a liberal, a sincere anti-clerical, but you . . .

"Victor Cousin was coming towards us; he heard Mérimée's last words:

"'Oh,' said he, 'the red spectre! You have it on the brain.'

"'No,' said Mérimée, 'I was speaking of the black spectre.'

"'How handsome you look,' said Cousin, turning to me. 'You could not be more elegantly dressed.'

"The compliment flattered me, and I would not be behind him. I told Cousin that he was the greatest dressmaker in the world, for he dressed his great ladies [Cousin was at the time writing of Madame de Longueville] with the magic lights of his style."

This bit of conversation is rather characteristic. The grace and charm of Madame Adam reconcile us all through the volume of her recollections to the angry and conflicting passions of those who surrounded her and were her habitual friends. The time which she describes was very interesting; everybody felt that the Imperial system was losing ground, but nobody could foresee how it would end. After the death of Morny, the chief actor in the *Coup d'Etat* of December, the famous journalist Émile de Girardin writes to Madame Adam:

"Morny's influence was the safety-valve. He had become sincerely liked, and wished to make the 2d of December forgotten. He alone was capable of imposing a liberal Cabinet, an Ollivier Cabinet, on the fluidity of Napoleon; he alone dared tell him the truth amid the lies of his entourage. He rectified the zigzags of Ollivier. Morny alone, as an every-day adviser, could use at the same time the Emperor and Ollivier for the good of France. . . . Ollivier, conducted by Morny, might have appeared a statesman. Without him as a safeguard, he will not avoid the accusation of having uselessly betrayed his party."

Madame Adam's recollections give us a vivid idea of the passionate discussions, the revolts, the excommunications, to which the Ollivier Cabinet gave rise. She took as much interest in the literary battles of the time. The dramas of the brothers Goncourt divided her friends; the majority of them were idealists, and protested against the horrors of 'Germinie Lacerteux.'

She had an evening every week, and gives us the list of her more assiduous friends. I will cite among them only Toussenel, the amiable phalansterian (one of the last of a forgotten socialistic religion), author of the 'Esprit des Bêtes'; Challemel-Lacour, Eugène Pelletan, Hippolyte Carnot, Gaston Paris, the Aragos, Nefftzer. I find a curious confession about freemasonry: "One of our friends speaks with enthusiasm of the work of the freemasons, which he proclaims admirable." "The catholicization of France by Clovis," says this friend, "will serve as a point of departure for a contrary action which will extirpate clericalism." This was said in 1870, and it is an open secret that the freemasons are in very large number in the French Chamber of 1905, which has denounced the Concordat. The anti-clerical work of the freemasons has continued without any interruption.

The discussions which took place among these friends on all possible subjects are amusingly told. Madame Adam had an evident leaning toward those who were the least fanatical. "Among most of us," she says, "the traditions of liberalism, respect for the various shades of republican opinion, were dominant; but we felt the reproaches of lukewarmness from some." One of them, who became very important afterwards, insulted the "liberals" with the name of "bourgeois." The Mexican war furnished a fine theme for the adversaries of the Empire. Toussenel one day says: "Bazaine has overstepped the measure of the *vilenies* compatible with the situation. The man is odious; he is devoured with ambition. He pushes Maximillian to acts of violence in order to compromise him; he humiliates him and revolts him by his arrogance. . . . I suspect him of criminal intrigues. I know traits in him which prove that his soul is base." Mérimée speaks thus on the subject: "Morny was convinced, and he had insinuated this conviction in the mind of the Emperor, that the United States were a menace to Europe. He wished to create in Mexico an empire which would become the protector and support of the great and small Latin republics, and to constitute by their alliance a power capable of resisting the United States." Whereupon Toussenel shrugged his shoulders and said: "The United States will sooner or later do as they like in America. Nobody can hinder them. It is useless to defy them and to assume a hostile attitude toward them."

I find a curious conversation between Nefftzer and Madame Adam at the time of Bismarck's visit to Biarritz:

"Bismarck praises Biarritz. Well, he is preparing a war against Austria; it is as clear as day. But he would like to know, in case he should persuade his sovereign, what France would do. But the enigmatic Napoleon III. [who was at Biarritz at that moment] does not know himself. In his eyes the two adversaries are of equal strength, and he believes that it will be time enough to take part for one or the other when the two adversaries are both used up. What he really wants is the return of Venice to Italy. He wants to justify his promise, 'free from the Alps to the Adriatic.' As for the interests of France in the struggle between Prussia and Austria, he does not even think of it. This devilish Bismarck will end by persuading Napoleon III. that the Venetian question, which is his fixed idea, cannot be solved without a victory by Prussia."

The extracts I have made from Madame Adam's volume will give an idea of the nature of a book which cannot in reality be analyzed, as it is a series of quite disconnected impressions and conversations. In an historical sense, however, it possesses interest, as showing what were the hopes, the likes and dislikes, the illusions of the generation which was filling the political and literary scene during the period that preceded the fatal year 1870; and, what adds some charm to the work, is the personality of its author—her impulsiveness, her faculty of seeing at a glance all sides of a question. It is to be hoped that she will soon add another volume to the series, and that we shall have, after 'Avant 1870,' 'Après 1870.'

Correspondence.

THE "KEYNOTE" OF OMAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 7 there is found a criticism of the 'Life of Omar Al-Khayyami,' by J. K. M. Shirazi. In your criticism of Mr. Shirazi's work you say: "Mr. Shirazi well says, however, that 'agnosticism, not faith, is the keynote of his works. But it is agnosticism modified by Mohammedanism and a very human liking for the joys of life.'" Mr. Shirazi has wrongly followed, though, no doubt willingly, the commentaries of the French admirers of the great "astronomer-poet" of Persia; and the French commentators and Mr. Shirazi, with respect be it spoken, have willingly or wofully misconceived the spirit of the chord of Omar Khayyám. So have you, with profound respect be it spoken. The keynote of the works of Omar was faith, and with that profound faith there was contempt for the gross sensualness of Mohammedanism, coupled, nevertheless, as you rightly observe, "with "a very human liking" for them. The French, who delight in proclamations of agnosticism, with contempt for it, are not unlike poor Omar, who despised Mohammedanism, but availed himself of its licenses. But you have forgotten, what an American critic ought not to have forgotten, this exquisite rubáiyát:

"The worldly hope men set their hearts upon
Turns ashes—or it prospers and anon
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone."

Omar Khayyám was a great mathematician; a logician knowing the value of words and the weight to be given to a formulated proposition. He appreciated what he felt and what he had committed to writing, and he was content to be judged thereby. When he declared that it was the earthly hope that turned to ashes after a little hour or two, he must be taken as distinctly implying his belief in an eternal hope that would neither turn to ashes nor, "Like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two" and then vanish; and no poet, preceding or coming after Omar, could more forcibly or more exquisitely have proclaimed his faith in a future life of pain or of happiness. At least neither poet nor believer ever did.

The rubáiyát I have quoted is but one of many that could be quoted in defence of the faith of the great astronomer-poet, but all that could be quoted are but complemental to his confession of faith, while running through his works is a vein of contempt—not often concealed—for Mohammedanism.—Very respectfully,

LAURIE J. BLAKELY.

COVINGTON, KY., December 19, 1905.

[Our judgment on the agnosticism of Omar Khayyám was based neither on the book of Mr. Shirazi nor on the adaptation of FitzGerald, but on a certain amount of study of the original Persian and some reading of translations of which Mr. Blakely seems unaware. This is neither the time nor the place to enter into a discussion of the relation of FitzGerald to the Persian text, but we suggest that our correspondent read the real versions of a poet whom we both admire, Whinfield's 'Quatrains of Omar Khayyám' (London, 1893), and, perhaps still better, Payne's 'Quatrains of Omar Kheyyám of Nishapour' (London, 1898). Omar is not an easy poet, and his quatrains represent, as do the thoughts of all men who endeavor to unravel the tangle of life, diverse and conflicting views according to mood and experience. Our faith in FitzGerald as an interpreter is as scanty as in the French commentators whom Mr. Blakely rightly condemns. Poet and man must be judged by the sum total of their words, not by isolated expressions, beautiful though they may be. Uninfluenced, then, by Shirazi, Nicholas, or FitzGerald, we still feel that, all things considered, the keynote of Omar is agnosticism; that it is summed up in the eleventh ode of the first book of Horace with its refrain of *Carpe diem.* —ED. NATION.]

Notes.

We are glad to learn that a life of the great anatomist, Jeffries Wyman, is in preparation. It has been undertaken by Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell.

'The Queen's Christmas Carol' is a unique book published in London on behalf of the Queen's Fund for the Unemployed. It consists of poems, stories, sketches, drawings, and pieces of music by leading British authors, artists, and composers, who have united to make in this way their response to the appeal. Among the nearly fifty contributors are the Poet Laureate, Sir L. Alma-Tadema, Holman Hunt, Sir F. Burnand, Austin Dobson, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Marie Corelli, and Sarah Grand. The publication has been undertaken by Sir Alfred Harmsworth, and the cost (half a crown) places it within the reach of nearly all classes. The fund now amounts to more than half a million dollars.

The Division of Manuscripts in the Library of Congress has just put forth a 'List of the Benjamin Franklin Papers' in that storehouse, prepared by John C. Fitzpatrick. What is here made available is the "second series," so called, of the Stevens collection acquired by the Government; or, the non-diplomatic MSS. yielded by the State Department to the Library of Congress. To that extent it is doing well what had been done badly in the list of the entire collection printed by the Senate of the 47th Congress. As a calendar it is purposely not minutely analytical. On the other hand it embodies papers found in the Library outside the collection, and indicates previous use of any in print, particularly by Mr. John Bigelow. There is an index of persons and topics, and this serves well enough through its chronological arrangement answering to that of the calendar; but when dates are doubtful and so bracketed [?], we think the *page* of the List should have been affixed for reference. It is true that these are bunched together at the end, like Lord Timothy Dexter's punctuation marks, and fill less than ten pages; still, some time must needs be lost—*e. g.*, let one try to run down the rubric "English honesty."

We are glad to record the appearance of another volume, 'King Lear,' in the pocket-edition of the First Folio, so scrupulously edited by Misses Porter and Clarke (Crowell). Glossary, variorum readings, literary illustrations, and selected criticisms make each volume a sufficient library for leisurely study and enjoyment of the play.

Mr. A. R. Waller's authentic editions in the "Cambridge English Classics" (Macmillan) are continued with Matthew Prior's 'Poems on Several Occasions,' following the text of the poet's last collected issue, the folio of 1718, with variants from the edition of 1709 and other sources. This labor has been performed with Mr. Waller's well-known conscientiousness and particularity. Another volume, of prose and verse, will succeed the present.

The sister university press (H. Frowde) adds two more volumes to its "Oxford Edition" of standard authors, viz., 'Cowper' and 'Browning.' These are plain, frankly popular imprints, pleasingly if soberly bound, and each with its portrait and introduction. The 'Cowper' is fuller than any previous collection, as it has gathered in some scattered poems of comparatively recent discovery. It omits the Homer and "Adamo." Much critical labor has been bestowed on text and dates by Mr. H. S. Milford, who gives a useful chronological table of Cowper's life and time. The 'Browning' is in the main a reprint of the three-volume edition of 1863, but it includes "Pauline" from the edition of 1833, and two pieces never reprinted by their author in any collected edition of his poems.

The excellent series of "Tudor Translations" (London: David Nutt) has been enriched by two volumes of Machiavelli's works. The first contains 'The Art of War,' translated by Peter Whitehorne and first published in 1560; and 'The Prince,' in the version of Edward Dacres, which dates from 1640. The second volume is filled with 'The Florentine History,' Englished by Thomas Bedingfield in 1595. We do not need to call attention to these seasoned works, which may be read with pleasure by any one who has a taste for the rich, sententious English prose of three centuries ago. But more than passing mention should be made of the introduction, written by Mr. Henry Cust, M. P. In an essay of some forty pages he gives an admirable sketch of Machiavelli's life and a critical analysis of his writings. Remembering how easily men otherwise sane suffer delirium in dealing with 'The Prince' and its author, we can hardly praise Mr. Cust's sobriety too highly. He gives a true glimpse of Machiavelli's greatness, as historian, as political philosopher, as prophet of reforms which came to pass many generations later, as dramatist and as writer. He says with exact truth, "The slender volume of 'The Prince' has probably produced wider discussion, more bitter controversy, more varied interpretation, and a deeper influence than any book save Holy Writ." He might have added that Machiavelli is the only modern whose style can stand beside that of Tacitus, firm as adamant in texture, yet swift and varied in flow. We commend Mr. Cust's appreciation to everyone who desires to be introduced without prejudice to the

Florentine whose genius has been the storm centre of prejudice for nearly four hundred years.

Miss Bearne's 'A Queen of Napoleon's Court' (Dutton & Co.) is a life of Désirée Bernadotte, and will doubtless achieve a satisfactory circulation. It will please a class of readers unacquainted with Bourrienne and Madame Lenormand, indifferent as to criticism and judgment, unskilled in matters of grammar and rhetoric, intent merely on promiscuous anecdote and cheap sentiment. The critic is left disarmed by the obvious candor of Miss Bearne's mind and her complete, if unrealized, helplessness before the problem she has attempted. However, she is sure to reach a wide public, and may find consolation in that fact.

T. Henry Dewey's 'Legislation against Speculation and Gambling in the Forms of Trade' (Baker, Voorhis & Co.) is a small volume of seventy pages collecting the English and American statutes dealing with this subject—not only those prohibiting, but those permitting, speculative transactions. These last, *e. g.*, the English and New York statutes authorizing "short" sales, are quite as important as the former, which, except to a very limited extent, are inoperative. The author thinks that the compilation demonstrates "the confusion, inconsistency, and absurdity of the attitude of the public manifested in them," but is also of opinion that there is now "a decided tendency toward non-interference with the natural courses of trade." The true test would seem to be "whether the right of the buyer to require, and of the seller to make, actual delivery existed." On one side of this is legitimate speculation; on the other, "bucket-shopping." The usual mistake of statute-makers is to adopt the false test of the *intention* to make actual delivery. The true test is difficult enough to apply; the false one makes confusion of the whole subject.

The principal article in the *National Geographic Magazine* for December is by United States Consul-General Fee of Bombay, on the Parsees of India. He gives a brief account of their religious belief and history, and then describes their manner of life, especially the ceremonies attending marriages and funerals. Contrasting their condition as a peaceful, wealthy, and influential community, the most intelligent and liberal of all the Indian peoples, with the low estate of their brethren in Persia, he regards them as a remarkable instance of the beneficence of British rule. There are a number of interesting illustrations, including a portrait of the cotton manufacturer, Mr. Tata, who has just given a million dollars for the founding of an Indian University of Research. Among the other contents is the wise and temperate Chicago address on China and the United States by the Chinese minister, Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, in which the exclusion question is discussed, and Chairman Shonts's account of what has been accomplished towards building the Panama Canal. Referring to the workmen employed, he says: "It is estimated we do not get more than 25 per cent. of the efficiency of labor in the United States." To this inefficient labor it is compulsory to apply the eight-hour law, thereby adding many millions unnecessarily to the total expenditure. Mr. Shonts maintains that the application of this law, of the contract-labor law, of the Chinese Exclusion act, or of any other law passed or to be passed by Congress for the benefit of labor at home, to labor on the Isthmus is a serious error.

The nearly two-century-old "charity of the Rev. Thomas Bray and his associates, for founding clerical libraries and supporting negro schools," is about to have a new lease of life. The charity commissioners of England have drafted a scheme providing for the appointment of a body of managing associates and for a division of the funds. The educational endowment, consisting of about $30,000, together with $290 yearly rent of property in Market Street, Philadelphia, will be applied towards the support of schools for negroes in Nova Scotia and the Bahamas. The remainder of the funds, amounting to about $23,000, will be used for the establishment, maintenance, or augmentation of theological libraries in Great Britain or elsewhere for the use of clergymen of the Church of England and students who are candidates for holy orders. The first of the thirty-nine American libraries established through the efforts of Doctor Bray was founded in Annapolis, Md.

The next International Medical Congress will again be held on the Iberian peninsula, namely, in Lisbon, from the 19th to the 26th of April, 1906. The preparations are in the hands of a committee headed by Prof. Miguel Bombarda, who is reported to be diligently at work removing the troubles that brought the last meeting in Madrid into an almost chaotic state. One of these difficulties was to find proper hotel quarters. As the hotels in Lisbon are inferior to those in Madrid, arrangements have been made for a first-class ocean steamer to bring most of the participants to Lisbon and to furnish quarters and meals to its passengers during the period of the convention.

—Mr. A. F. Bandelier has turned aside from his Peruvian studies to look over the ground covered during his early labors for the Archæological Institute of America, in preparing the notes for a new translation of the 'Naufragios' of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, issued in the "Trail-Makers" series (A. S. Barnes & Co.). This translation, by Mrs. Bandelier, has been made with much care, and will replace that of Buckingham Smith, published half a century ago, as the authoritative English version of the earliest detailed account of the Gulf States. Mr. Bandelier contributes an introduction and various notes which should be useful to readers unfamiliar with the subject, by giving them a general idea of the course followed by the Spanish wanderers. It is unfortunate that they were not at the same time made of use to students, by including in them some of the results of the earnest study to which the Cabeza de Vaca narrative has been subjected during the last decade. Every student of Southwestern history recognizes Mr. Bandelier as the master whose remarkable 'Historical Introduction,' published in 1881, made possible all that has since been done in this field. That book, dealing with subjects upon which no satisfactory studies had previously been made, was a most unusual achievement, based upon thorough research and marked by sound scholarship. No work of this sort can ever say the last word, however; and accurate as were Mr. Bandelier's knowledge, insight, and judgment, the larger part of his conclusions in matters of detail have been affected by more intimate acquaintance with localities and more thoughtful comparisons of sources of information. It is unlikely that any one will ever know just how Cabeza de Vaca got from the fresh waters of the Mississippi to the Gulf of California, because his own notions as to the route he had travelled must have been confused and indefinite. Those who know the regions through which he may have passed, have nevertheless been able to limit his possible course in some respects, and to raise strong presumptions in others; and it would have been desirable to have had these considerable modifications in the route as previously laid down taken account of in the notes to so excellent a translation.

—It was a happy thought on the part of Friedrich Kerst to bring together, in little volumes of 100 or more pages each, the gist of what eminent composers have said about themselves and others, and upon diverse topics, chiefly artistic. Schuster & Loeffler of Berlin have already brought out four volumes in this "Brevier-Bibliothek," dealing with Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, and Schubert, and these are having a large sale. Excellent English versions of the first two have just been printed by B. W. Huebsch. The translator is H. E. Krehbiel, who has added a number of explanatory notes. The plan of these books is to print, so far as possible, the composer's exact words, followed, in each case, by a note in smaller type explaining the circumstances under which they were spoken or written. Moreover, the aphorisms and other sayings are classified. In the case of Beethoven we have sections Concerning Art, Love of Nature, Concerning Texts, On Composing, On Performing Music, On his own works, On Art and Artists, Beethoven as Critic, On Education, On his own Disposition and Character. The Sufferer, Worldly Wisdom. Mozart's utterances are similarly grouped. Comparing the contents of the two books, one gets the impression that, quite apart from their musical gifts, Mozart's mind is much the more keen and stimulating. Beethoven's letters are concerned chiefly with business and other prosaic details, while Mozart's have a distinct literary value. Nevertheless, the 'Beethoven' is well worth perusing. Champions of the latest aberrations in programme music, for example, might read with profit the Bonn master's maxim: "Carried too far, all delineation in instrumental music loses in efficiency." And how prophetically this sums up the tendencies of the Richard Strauss school: "When the gentlemen can think of nothing new, and can go no further, they quickly call in a diminished seventh chord to help them out of the predicament." From the Mozart volume one is tempted to quote freely, it is so full of good things; but a few samples must suffice. "Sewing-machine" pianists of the time, listen! Mozart saw through you long ago: "It is much easier to play rapidly than slowly; you can drop a few notes in passages without any one noticing it. But is it beautiful?" "Our taste in Germany is for long things; as a matter of fact, short and good is better." Had that utterance of Mozart's been heed-

ed by the German masters from Beethoven to Wagner, what a blessing it would have been! It is worthy of note that while Mozart seems opposed to the modern idea that "in opera, willy-nilly, poetry must be the obedient daughter of music," he nevertheless anticipates Wagner in saying that "Verses are the most indispensable things in music, but rhymes, for the sake of rhymes, the most injurious. . . . It were best if a good composer, who understands the stage, and is himself able to suggest something, and a clever poet could be united in one, like a phœnix."

—A recent addition to the Pilgrimage Series published by A. & C. Black, is Mr. H. Snowden Ward's 'The Canterbury Pilgrimages' (Philadelphia: Lippincott). From the point of view of the historian, Mr. Ward has written a very minute and interesting description of the life and death of Thomas à Becket and of the cult of St. Thomas. This cult, which spread throughout England and the Continent, was at first opposed by the churchmen of Canterbury, who were jealous of Thomas, and had viewed complacently enough the fall of the unruly archbishop. But the remains of the martyr displayed, from the first, wonderful healing powers, and the monks were compelled to recognize their virtue and welcome the countless pilgrims who thronged to Canterbury. The cult persisted from the middle of the twelfth century till the reforming zeal of Henry VIII. in the sixteenth swept away all the material traces of the saint and his worship in England. Mr. Ward's chapters on the pilgrimages, with their résumé of Chaucer's 'Tales,' are an excellent introduction to Chaucer. He follows the route of those famous pilgrims from the Tabard Inn in Southwark, down the Old Kent Road to Dartford, Rochester, Sittingbourne, Ospringe, till from Harbledown Hill they saw before them the great golden angel that, in those days, stood on the central spire of Canterbury Cathedral. The 'Tales' were told, as every reader knows, partly during the halts in that leisurely ride of fifty-six miles from London to Canterbury, partly on the ride itself. The Pilgrims' way was then unfenced, often only a path, and the modern road by no means represents, except at intervals, the rough track that Chaucer travelled. Mr. Ward's book has an interest quite apart from the pilgrims; the antiquities of the whole route he describes at length and illustrates with charming photographs, the work of Mrs. Ward, who started from either London or Winchester. There are good maps of the localities. Kent has other pilgrims, nowadays, not less numerous but more destructive than those of old. These are the "hoppers," who annually descend on the county to pick hops and spread in every hop-growing district the manners of the London slums. Mr. Ward gives an interesting list of words and phrases derived from the old cult of St. Thomas. "Pilgrim way" is still used to denote a path little used and hard to travel. A "canterbury" is, according to him, still used in America, if no longer in England, in the sense of a 'traveller's tale"; the pace known to all as a canter is a contraction of the Canterbury gallop; and "cant" is whimsically said to have been originally applied to "the hypocritical dissertations of those who had been to the martyr's shrine."

—'A Yankee in Pigmy Land,' by William Edgar Geil (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is the bright narrative of a journey across equatorial Africa, by rail to Uganda, caravan through the great forest, and steamboat to the mouth of the Congo. The transit seems to have been singularly free from exciting episodes with either men or animals, as there were no recorded encounters with wild beasts, and the natives were everywhere friendly. The principal point of interest in Uganda was the missionary work, which is described with enthusiasm and in some detail—a chapter being devoted to a biographical sketch of Bishop Tucker. The pigmies naturally receive the most attention, and a pleasant picture is drawn of them and their simple life. A characteristic, distinguishing them from the other natives, is their love of fun, which is so marked that Mr. Geil styles the forest in which they live the Land of Laughter. They show no signs of degeneracy, but are finely formed, possess great bodily strength, and are capable of great development. Mr. Geil is very guarded in his references to the government of the Congo State, but it is evident that he saw much that sustained the accusations of inefficiency and misgovernment. He says that, as a rule, the officials are underpaid, and their use of intoxicants is almost universal. Considering the climate and their surroundings, the statement is not surprising that insanity prevails among them, and "that ninety per cent. of the officers of this government and officials whom I met were sick. Extend military power to an irritable, nervous man, let there be no dissenting white men with strong humane sentiments as observers, and the kind of treatment which will be meted out to the black can easily be prophesied" (p. 326). It should be added that our author records no flagrant cases of cruelty of which he was eye-witness, but that he tells of much that has been done to civilize and develop the people in the neighborhood of some of the stations. The humor in which he indulges in his narrative is carried too far and becomes wearisome. At times it seriously obscures his meaning, and suggests an occasional doubt as to whether the whole book is not a joke. The illustrations consist of a hundred reproductions of photographs, mostly of the author and the natives and their surroundings.

—The last two volumes (18 and 19) issued by the Selden Society are a collection of Borough Customs, edited by Miss Mary Bateson, and a second volume of the Year-Books of Edward II., edited by Professor Maitland. Miss Bateson's material has been laboriously gathered from the printed and manuscript custumals, or codes of customs of the English boroughs; but no effort has been made to exhaust this field of research. Still less has she attempted the gigantic task of hunting for customs through the manuscript court-rolls of the English boroughs, a vast territory which still awaits the historical explorer. The arrangement of the extracts according to subject-matter and not according to provenance is the best for purposes of comparative study. The editing, as we might expect, is admirable, and the value of the collection to the student of English legal origins, is manifest. Professor Maitland's present volume lacks the extraordinary charm which his historical and critical introduction imparted to the first instalment of these Year-Books; but its contents are in interest fully equal to those of its predecessors. Here, again, we find astonishing touches of real life handed down by the unknown reporter. Thus, the great Bereford, C. J.., in answer to counsel pointing out the hardship which his client will suffer, retorts (p. 140): "If he accepted a recognizance in a silly form, who is to blame for his folly?" And in another case, which will surely be important to future historians of English equity, the same judge asks: "With what equity, look you! can you demand this penalty?" (p. 59.) As before, each unofficial report is, whenever possible, elucidated by the addition of the dry official record from the original court-roll; in this respect, the Selden Society's volumes are superior to those of the Rolls series edited by Mr. Pike. It is to be hoped that the gap in that series between the last year of Edward I. and the eleventh of Edward III. will continue to be filled in this masterly manner.

—The Proceedings of the Association of German Librarians at its meeting in the city of Posen last June are printed in the September-October number of the *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekswesen*. The list of papers opened with an account of the new Kaiser-Wilhelm-Bibliothek by its Director, Dr. Rudolf Focke. Although only two and a half years old, it has already become one of the more important libraries of the Empire, standing as a bulwark for German culture on a more or less foreign (Polish) soil. Dr. Hans Paalzow followed with a discussion of the recent plans for uniform cataloguing of German libraries. He gave first a survey of the history of the Prussian Union Catalogue, emphasizing the important services of the Government authorities in furtherance of this undertaking, especially those of the Ministerialdirektor, Dr. K. Althoff. In this connection the speaker brought out the interesting fact that it was on Althoff's initiative that Heinrich von Treitschke in 1884 published his now famous article in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*. Both Dr. Paalzow and Dr. Erman, who also contributed a paper on this subject, agreed that the form of entries might with advantage be made simpler, and that much would be gained in point of time if the scope of the catalogue could be temporarily restricted by omitting for the present such classes of books as school books, funeral sermons, and other more ephemeral literature, as well as incunabula and Orientalia. The question of a general classified catalogue of the German (not alone Prussian) libraries was also discussed and its importance strongly brought out, especially by Dr. Paalzow. Dr. Erman's paper was in part a reply to critics, pointing out that the care of the classed catalogue is by no means the only scientific work of the librarian; that the assistance given to seekers for information and the systematic inquiry into and filling of the gaps in a library's collections really are of as much importance scientifically.

—Problems connected with classification are treated also in the *Festschrift* which Dr. Focke and his collaborators prepared and presented to the librarians who met in Posen. Dr. Focke's address on "Classification: the General Theory," delivered at the

St. Louis Conference last year, is here printed in the original, somewhat expanded and accompanied by a compact "Instructions for the Classed Catalogue," which must be regarded as an important contribution to a subject whose literature is not over rich. Dr. B. Wenzel describes the bibliographical division of the catalogue of the Kaiser-Wilhelm-Bibliothek, and Dr. F. G. Schultheiss discusses the division "Kulturgeschichte" as a development of the Halle classification. The most generally interesting of the other papers is a survey of Polish Bibliography by the bookseller, J. Jolowicz.

MADAME D'ARBLAY'S DIARY AND LETTERS.

The Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay. 1788-1840. With Preface and Notes by Austin Dobson. Vols. IV.-VI. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

The fourth volume of Fanny Burney's 'Diary' covers the last three years of her life at Court, years of ill health and fatigue, in which her chief consolation seems to have been the composition of her first tragedy, which was no sooner completed than she began another, finding that these pictures of fictitious woe "soothed the melancholy of imagination." It is curious that, in her list of grievances against her profession as maid of honor, her bitterest complaint is not that her duties left her no time to write. In fact, one of the most striking features of the whole six volumes is the absence of literary interest. One never has the impression that this is the revelation of the private life of a woman of letters. Fanny was no Mrs. Jellaby. Family ties, home life, and the refinements of the best society filled her foreground, and it is obvious that she preferred a volume of travels or religious meditations by her friends among the bishops to any other reading. In 1790, after an estrangement of six years, she met again Mrs. Piozzi, "my formerly most dearly loved Mrs. Thrale," who had been cut by most of her fashionable acquaintances on her second marriage. From this time they were on polite but not cordial terms until, in Fanny Burney's last years, the sorrows of both women drew them together. The derangement, this time only temporary, of George III. is the main topic of volume four. It was Macaulay who pronounced this part of the narrative more important to the historian than any equal portion of Pepys or Evelyn. Not long after the King's recovery, Fanny Burney was allowed to retire to her father's house, awarded by the kindness of Queen Charlotte an annuity of £100.

The first chapters of the fifth volume, 1792-1802, describe Fanny's gradual restoration to health, and, as part of her Southern Tour with her friend Mrs. Ord, her visit to Bath, which was clouded by memories of her lost friend Dr. Johnson, who had been one of Mrs. Thrale's gay party when a season was spent at Bath soon after the publication of 'Evelina.' In 1792 it is interesting to find Fanny's brother, Charles Burney, starting a subscription for "his very learned friend, Mr. Porson," who had been suddenly left, as she says, "at large without a guinea" (p. 108). The application for subscriptions was made "only to the rich and learned," and Porson received from this source about ten thousand dollars. Those who are interested to prove that reading, for the Greeks, usually meant reading aloud, and quote St. Augustine's practice and the incident in the eighth chapter of the Acts as evidence of the custom, should note that on page 96 of this volume Burke is described as reading Boileau "aloud, though to himself."

In 1792 the absorbing theme was French politics, and Fanny Burney was constantly encountering at the houses of her friends some of the most distinguished among the *émigrés*. Her sister, Mrs. Phillips, lived at Mickleham, near Box Hill, in Surrey. Not far off was Juniper Hall, a house which still stands, though much altered, close to the Dorking Road. It was there that a small colony of French exiles settled themselves in 1792, among them the Duc de Montmorency, the Comte de Narbonne-Lara, who had been Minister of War to Louis XVI., the Comte de Girardin, son of Rousseau's friend, and other no less distinguished persons, men and women, who waited in terrible suspense for news of the King's fate, on which hung their own fortunes and chances of return to France. Among them was the Comte d'Arblay, La Fayette's adjutant, who had been on guard at the Tuileries on the night when Louis escaped to Varennes in 1791, and had on this account been denounced by the revolutionaries and obliged to flee. Fanny Burney soon became a favorite visitor at Juniper Hall, where she met among others Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, who, though an ambassadress, was unsafe in Paris because she had received and protected in her house certain destined victims of the 10th of August and the 2d of September. Talleyrand, Fanny at first disliked, though later she calls him "one of the most charming of this exquisite set." But, from the first, Alexander d'Arblay won all hearts, and received the nickname, "the best of men." When he quitted France with La Fayette, he had only a little ready money in his pocket, and all his property was soon seized and confiscated by the Convention. While in England, he shared the purse of De Narbonne. His financial prospects were not therefore encouraging, and when, in the spring of 1793, Fanny Burney announced to her father her projected marriage to the penniless exile, she met with the strongest opposition. Dr. Burney was at last persuaded to give a reluctant consent, but was not present when, in July, 1793, the marriage took place in Mickleham church, and for two years he remained "cold and averse."

The last two-thirds of this volume describes the life of the D'Arblays in a Surrey cottage on an income of £125, derived from the rather uncertain source of Fanny's pension and a meagre allowance from Dr. Burney. In 1796 Fanny published her third novel, 'Camilla,' which, though it was considered far inferior to 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' was much more lucrative, since with the proceeds, nearly £3,000, she built "Camilla Cottage," at West Humble, in Surrey. In this house, now much enlarged and called "Camilla Lacey," the property of Mr. Harris, the D'Arblays lived till 1802, when they left Surrey forever. Their son, Alexander D'Arblay, was born in 1794 at the "Hermitage," Great Bookham. Artemus Ward was supposed to be the first to call a baby an episode, but we find Madame d'Arblay, in an interview with George III., who with the Queen gave her a hundred guineas for their copies of 'Camilla,' answering his question, "And about what time did you give to it?" "All my time, Sir; from the period I planned publishing it, I devoted myself to it wholly. I had no episode but a little baby" (p. 274). In 1800 Fanny's comedy called "Love and Fashion" was being rehearsed at Covent Garden. She had been promised £400 for the MS., when Dr. Burney took fright, on grounds that remain a mystery, and persuaded his daughter to withdraw the play. This she did with much chagrin but unquestioning obedience.

The sixth and last volume is the most interesting, at least historically. The D'Arblays removed to Paris in 1802. They had nothing to hope from Napoleon, since D'Arblay could hold no military post in consequence of his firm refusal to take up arms at any time in the future against England. They were warmly welcomed, however, by the best Royalist society, and were admitted to the First Consul's receptions, of which Madame d'Arblay gives amusing accounts. For some years they lived in retirement at Passy, in great poverty, since D'Arblay had recovered only a very small and encumbered portion of his estate, with a content that would have been complete had they not been cut off from intercourse with England by the war that broke out in 1803. It was ten years before, in 1812, Fanny again saw her English friends, running the greatest risks of arrest and imprisonment by secretly crossing to England in defiance of the edict of the Emperor Napoleon. There, in 1814, she published 'The Wanderer,' her last novel. All her readers were disappointed to find that she had not used her intimate knowledge of French affairs and society to introduce a fresh *milieu*. Her contract secured her at least £1,500. But her interest in the book's reception was shadowed by the death of Dr. Burney in 1814. When peace was declared in that year, she was presented in London to Louis XVIII., who held a small court in Grillon's Hotel, Albemarle Street, before his triumphant accession. The description of her presentation and of the whole function is one of the liveliest in the 'Diary,' for no one surpasses Fanny Burney in reciting the humors and embarrassments of social ceremonies. With the restoration of the Bourbons, D'Arblay obtained his due rank as Maréchal, and was appointed one of the bodyguard of the King.

Early in 1815 Madame d'Arblay, now again in Paris, relates her interview with the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the surviving daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. This unfortunate lady's resentment at her misfortunes and sensitiveness to any fancied slight made her manner in general far from gracious, and she was unpopular in Paris, where, as she said to Rambuteau, she "expected to be misunderstood." But to the authoress of 'The Wanderer,' which she was reading in the French translation, she was all condescension. Shortly after this interview came the return of Bonaparte from Elba and the Hundred Days. D'Arblay was sent on a recruiting mission for the hopeless cause of the King, who had fled to the Netherlands, while Madame d'Arblay retired to Brussels. There she stayed for some time after the battle of Waterloo. Of all the terrors, the suspense, the disappoint-

ments, and at last the successes of Wellington which ended in the restoration of the Bourbons, she was a spectator. Over 120 pages are devoted to the events of those three months. In the Brussels that she describes on the eve of Waterloo there are few echoes of "revelry." Her son was safe at college in England, but her husband was in a position of the greatest danger, and with no chance whatever of gaining distinction from his mission. Her tale is filled with all the varied horrors of war. Brussels was a place of terror for all but the phlegmatic inhabitants; and after the defeat of Bonaparte, though the suspense of the French fugitives was relieved, they had to witness the horrors of a city transformed into a hospital and threatened with pestilence, the streets crowded with grim processions of the dead and dying. Gen. d'Arblay's health was shattered by the fatigues and anxieties of the campaign, and he retired on half-pay to England, where he died at Bath in 1818. His widow's happiness was now centred in her son Alexander, who in 1817 was Tenth Wrangler and received a fellowship at Christ's College, Cambridge. This eccentric son, who had given his parents the greatest anxiety from his hatred of all that was conventional, and an indolence that threatened his prospects, did not long live to console his mother. He was ordained a clergyman of the Church of England, and died in 1837, leaving Madame d'Arblay now completely alone in the world. Her last years are sad reading. Blindness and increasing infirmity weighed on her spirits, and she found that even her taste for books had deserted her. She died in 1840 at the age of eighty-seven, and was buried near her husband and son at Bath.

In the last volume is included a postscript by Mr. Austin Dobson, who takes the opportunity of the instalment plan under which the work has been issued to add certain afterthoughts and explanations. He has been criticised for not including in this reissue the 'Early Diary' of 1768-78. This had not been printed in the original edition of 1842, but it was published in great part, and with lavish notes, as late as 1889. It was therefore thought inexpedient to add it to the 'Diary' in its present form. Mr. Dobson has evidently been reproached for the brevity of his footnotes, which, for our part, we have found amply sufficient, and even, for a careful reader, often superfluous; and he has had to defend his omission of a new introduction. This was rather hard on one who had obviously said all that can be said in his volume in the "English Men of Letters" series on a writer who has told her own tale so admirably, and whose talents and defects are obvious to the least gifted critic. Mr. Dobson's edition takes the place of that of the early forties, which is become rare. The 'Diary' is now reduced to six instead of seven volumes, and though they are considerably larger than the original issue, the excellent type and light paper more than atone for the extra size. The illustrations are reproduced to far greater advantage, and many photographs have been added. Each volume has a separate index, while the last closes with an excellent general index of the whole work, which is certainly Fanny Burney's most important and most permanent contribution to literature.

LANDOR'S FLORENCE.

The Florence of Landor. By Lilian Whiting. With photographic illustrations. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1905.

Without giving any but the barest details of the poet's life, Miss Whiting brings vividly before us the brilliant circle of choice intellects, so attached to Landor and to Florence, who ministered to his later years. Walter Savage Landor was the pioneer of that Anglo-American colony which has left its mark on Florence. He came there in 1821, after having already spent six years in Italy, first in Como, then in Milan and Pisa. We must take exception to Miss Whiting's assertion: "The Florence of Landor differed little from the Florence of to-day." Florence in 1821 was the most picturesque of cities, standing amid its walls; the ruthless hand of so-called progress has swept away innumerable landmarks of her past. Peruzzi, when she was destined to be the capital of Italy, had the walls torn down and reduced her to the dead level of a modern city. The picturesque quality of any place must needs give way to hygienic measures and modern requirements, and the changes have never ceased. The influx of thirty thousand tourists every spring creates needs which are satisfied only by the ever-growing rows of hotels, shops, and tramways. Italy of to-day delights in emulating every phase of civilization; her greatest ambition is to be up to date with latest inventions; hence it would be preposterous to suppose it is the Florence of Landor's time we now see before us. The visitor who has been absent for even two years cannot but note the increasing number of factories which spread a veil of smoke over the city when he looks down on her from the hillside of Fiesole; also, the innumerable little white villas dotted too frequently among her olive orchards over her surrounding hills tell of her popularity, but do not add to her charm. Her chief monuments, fortunately, remain for the most part intact, but their setting is entirely different. Many still remember that wonderful avenue of cypress trees leading up to San Miniato cut down to make the drive of the Viale dei Colli; and just now the Torre al Gallo, Galileo's tower, has been demolished and is being restored to serve as a *pension* for foreigners.

It was another Florence that Landor knew, and which offered new life and inspiration to him. *Destiny* had led his steps thither, and the "Great Companions," to quote Whitman, "are on the road—they are the swift and majestic men—they are the greatest women"; "Destiny," who, as George Eliot says, "stands by sarcastic, with our *dramatis personæ* folded in her hand." Of these were Leigh Hunt, Lord and Lady Blessington, Francis and Julius Hare, Mr. Kirkup, the Trollopes, the Brownings, Isa Blagden, the poetess, Lady Bulwer, Mrs. Anna Jameson, Byron, Emerson, Mrs. Somerville, the Hawthornes, John Kenyon, Nathaniel Parker Willis, Mrs. Stowe, Margaret Fuller (Marchesa d'Ossoli), Frances Power Cobbe, Theodore Parker, Pasquale Villari and his wife (then Linda White), Kate Field, Sir Frederic Leighton, the Thackerays, Frederic Tennyson, Hiram Powers, Owen Meredith (Lord Lytton), George Eliot, and Mr. Lewes, Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore Story, Swinburne, and many others, who "came and went—or came and stayed," during the forty years of Landor's life there.

He first lodged in the Palazzo Medici; it was not until 1829 that he became the owner of the Gherardesca villa through the extreme generosity of his friend and ardent admirer, Mr. Ablett. We quote a letter of Landor's to his sister narrating how this piece of good fortunte befell him:

"Two years ago, in the beginning of the spring, I took a walk towards Fiesole with a gentleman settled in North Wales, Mr. Ablett. I showed him a small cottage with about twelve acres of land, which I was about to take. He admired the situation, but preferred another house very near it, with a much greater quantity of ground annexed. I endeavored to persuade him to become my neighbor. He said little at the time, beyond the pleasure he should have in seeing me so pleasantly situated; but he made inquiries about the price of the larger house, and heard it was not to be let, but that it might be bought for about two thousand pounds. He first desired me to buy it for him; then to keep it for myself; then to repay him the money whenever I was rich enough—and if I never was, to leave it for my heirs to settle. In fact, he refuses even a farthing of interest. All this was done by a man with whom I had not been more than a few months acquainted. It is true, his fortune is very large; but if others equal him in fortune, no human being ever equalled him in generosity."

It was this same Mr. Ablett who commissioned the sculptor Gibson to make a bust of Landor, of which he gave him a copy.

This was the happiest time of the poet's life. He thoroughly enjoyed improving and planting his garden and getting the villa into order. "My country now is Italy," he writes to his sister, "where I have a residence for life, and can literally sit under my own vine and fig tree. I have some thousands of the one and some scores of the other, with myrtles, pomegranates, lemons, and mimosas in great variety." He planted two hundred cypresses, which, round the lawn, are a very distinctive feature of the garden to this day. The villa was splendidly situated; every window framed a beautiful view.

"Every spot around was an illustrious memory," writes Forster. "To the left the house of Machiavelli; still farther in that direction, nestling mostly amid the blue hills, the white village of Settignano, where Michael Angelo was born, on the banks of the neighboring Mugnone the house of Dante and in the background Galileo's villa of Arcetri and the palaces and cathedrals of Florence. In the thick of this noble landscape, forming part of the village of San Domenico di Fiesole, stood the villa which had now become Landor's. The Valley of the Ladies was in his grounds; the Arico and the Mensola ran through them; above was the ivy-clad convent of the Doccia overhung with cypress; and from his iron entrance gate might be seen Valdarno and Vallombrosa."

The Careggi villa, in which Lorenzo the Magnificent lived and died, was close at hand, and added not a little to the fascination of the locality for Landor. Here Leigh Hunt found him "living among his paintings and hospitalities in a style of unostentatious elegance," "a man of vehement nature and great delicacy of imagination, like a stormy mountain pine that should produce lilies."

It was during this early happy time at

the villa that Landor wrote his 'Imaginary Conversations,' that great landmark in English literature. They fill six large volumes, dramatizing the thoughts of the most important individualities of all times. In Lowell's opinion, no poet excepting Shakspere has furnished so many delicate aphorisms of human nature as Landor. He had the habit of composing these wonderful conversations as he walked alone on the Fiesolan hillsides, declaiming them as he went, Landor himself, with reference to this habit of composing in the open air, which Emerson had also, says: "It is my practice and ever has been to walk quite alone. In my walks I collect my arguments, arrange my sentences, and utter them aloud. Eloquence with me can do little else in the city than put on her bracelets, tighten her sandals, and show herself to the people. Her health and vigor and beauty, if she has any, are the fruits of the open fields."

It was in 1833 that Emerson went up to dine with Landor, who had invited the American sage through the medium of the sculptor, Horatio Greenough. Want of space prevents our quoting Emerson's record of those visits to Landor, which he published in 'English Traits' twenty-three years later, and which called from Landor a rather petulant retort. Emerson, Mr. Forster tells us, for more than twenty years, made the 'Imaginary Conversations' his constant companion, and

"publicly expressed to Landor his gratitude for having given him a resource that had never failed him in solitude. He had but to turn to its rich and ample pages to find always free and sustained thought, a keen and precise understanding, an industrious observation in every department of life, an experience to which it might seem that nothing had occurred in vain, honor for every just and generous sentiment, and a scourge like that of the Furies for every oppressor, whether public or private."

Emerson pronounced Landor to be one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature.

A chapter full of suggestive reconstruction is devoted to that episode of Landor's early life, his deep feeling for Rose Aylmer, who died in India at the age of twenty. His love for her and the remembrance of her seem to have tinged his whole life; later on, his affection for her niece and namesake, Rose Paynter, afterwards Lady Graves Sawle, continued to inspire much of his poetry. But by far the most interesting portion of the book is that which treats of the later period of Landor's life, when through family dissensions and feuds he was driven from his villa to find a refuge in Florence, among his devoted friends. The Brownings, and the Storys seem to have been quite a Providence to him, the latter keeping him for months in their villa, always occupying themselves with his affairs, and affording the most delightful social intercourse. It is the extracts from letters, and the narrative of Landor's friends, their excursions with him and talks and all the cross correspondence so ably put together, that give the charm to the book.

The photographic illustrations of the Villa Landor in the book are of recent date, showing the additional story to the tower which its late owner, Prof. Willard Fiske, had built on, altering the harmonious proportion of its structure. Miss Whiting very justly devotes some pages to Professor Fiske's unbounded hospitality to all visitors to Landor's villa, his scholarship, and his munificent gifts to Cornell University in his collection of scarcely rivalled libraries of Dante, of Petrarch, and of Icelandic literature.

English Hours. By Henry James. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

In this ornamental volume Mr. James has collected sixteen essays on English scenes and occupations. They have all appeared before, eight in 'Portraits of Places' (1883), four in 'Transatlantic Sketches' (1875), four in collections that had been made from the magazines. That entitled "London" appeared first in the *Century* for 1888, made a reëntry in 'Essays in London,' and has been illustrated afresh by Mr. Pennell for the present work in a style very different from the earlier pictures that he drew for it in the *Century*. The excuse for this new collection is that it possesses a unity of interest denied to the other editions of Mr. James's essays of travel, which ranged from Venice to Niagara. He gives us here under one cover all that he has had to say about England from time to time, from the early seventies, in fact, down to the opening of this century—from the days when he drank in the impressions that beset the passionate pilgrim in England, who so much better than its inhabitants, as he says in "Chester," can appreciate "the 'points' of this admirable country," to the hours when, as an old inhabitant himself, he set out to recite the obliterated history of Winchelsea and Rye.

"And even with this, after all, the imagination can play. The wide, ambiguous flat that stretches eastward from Winchilsea hill, and on the monotone of whose bosom, seen at sunset from a friendly eminence that stands nearer, Rye takes the form of a huge floating boat, its water-line sharp and its bulk defined from stem to stern—this dim expanse is the great Romney Marsh, no longer a marsh to-day, but, at the end of long years, drained and ordered, a wide pastoral of grazing, with new Romney town, a Port no more—not the least of the shrunken Five—mellowed to mere russet at the far end, and other obscure charms, revealed best to the slow cyclist, scattered over its breast; little old 'bits' that are not to be described, yet are known with a small thrill when seen; little lonely farms, red and gray; little mouse-colored churches; little villages that seem made only for long shadows and summer afternoons."

So run the long, undulating sentences of this later essay, with its style so markedly other, so far more complex, than belongs to his work of the seventies.

Throughout all the sketches the keynote of Mr. James's admiring interest is precisely this air of history, either obliterated, or still (for even this sight, in Europe, stirs his imagination) in the making; and he can thrill at the sight of the "imperial machinery" of Woolwich as his eye rests on "the interminable façade" of the Royal Artillery Barracks. As he passed in his hansom (in one of his "exploits" or "adventures" as he regularly calls any sort of undertaking, from a cab drive to opening a book) the statue of Queen Anne facing Ludgate Hill, "all history appeared to live again, and the continuity of things to vibrate through my mind." What impresses his imagination as he gazes down the Row is the thought that every important member of English society has "bobbed in the saddle between Apsley House and Queen's Gate. You may call the roll if you care to, and the air will be thick with dumb voices and dead names, like that of some Roman amphitheatre." And what makes the Row more interesting than, say, the Coliseum, is the continuity of it all. For Mr. James, as for many, the charm of London lies mainly in the fact that there, of all places in the world, "the balance of many tastes is struck," a thing "only possible in a very high civilization." For him the ponderous and solemn London club is a sympathetic haunt. "What is the solemnity but a tribute to your nerves, and the stillness but a refined proof of the intensity of life?" Such a settler finds even the London fog friendly.

Mr. James has made no alterations of importance in republishing these sketches. In that entitled "Old Suffolk," however, he has in one passage modified the original with some risk of confusing his readers. On page 323 he alludes to FitzGerald as already dead, though at the close of the essay he retains the date 1879. FitzGerald died in 1883.

Mr. Pennell's illustrations, which number over three hundred, are, we need hardly say, of great merit and interest. They are decidedly impressionistic, and would evidently be more effective in color. Occasionally their descriptive titles are highly necessary, as in the case of that facing page 180, which looks precisely like the bathing beach of Atlantic City in August, and is about as horsey; it is called "The Start for the Derby."

Mohammed and the Rise of Islam. By D. S. Margoliouth. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905. Pp. xxviii., 482. Maps and illustrations.

This is a very disappointing book. The author is a competent Arabist; he is thoroughly acquainted with the sources which have much increased quite recently; he appreciates the value of the modern psychological studies in religious enthusiasm; he is in sympathy with the historical criticism of early Islam by Goldziher, Nödeke, Wellhausen, etc. He starts, also, from a—so far—excellent position. "I regard," he says, "Mohammed as a great man who solved a political problem of appalling difficulty—the construction of a state and an empire out of the Arab tribes." But, for all this and much more that is excellent, the English life of Mohammed is still to write, if it has not already been written in Muir's larger work. The root of the trouble seems to be that Professor Margoliouth regards Mohammed as, in the first instance, a shrewd politician, and only in a secondary fashion as interested in religion. Religion was a means for him towards an end. The salvation of his own soul had not lain hard upon him, though his mediumistic performances—for so his revelations are reckoned—may have been suggested to him by some earlier experiences. These, also, were tainted by the imposture before which all mediums sooner or later fall. His environment, too, is depicted in the same way, and as of much the same nature. The genuinely religious influence and effect upon his followers is minimized, the scheming, grasping aspects are emphasized.

Now all this, it can hardly be doubted, takes hold of the matter at the wrong end.

Mohammed was wonderfully successful as a founder, but it was as founder of a religion which animated and united, not of a state and an empire. That came later. He left behind him no organization; he left only a community permeated with certain ideas. The central point is there. He was a man of ideas, not of affairs. His own conversion and all which led to it had been very real to him, and sent him out to others. His trance experiences and the revelations therein were also, in the earlier years, very real to him; he took his mission seriously. So one very weak point in Professor Margoliouth's picture is that he does not emphasize, nor apparently understand, Mohammed's relation to the Arabian *kahins*, his likeness to whom he once or twice touches, but only touches. Mohammed, in truth, was a *kahin* with a difference, just as the greater Hebrew prophets —Samuel, Hosea, Isaiah, etc., were comrades of the mobs of prophet-dervishes, but with a difference. When he began to tamper with his trances and use them for his purposes, is a problem, but there can be no question about his seriousness to begin with, and it is a large question but he may have deceived himself to the end. The annals of Oriental mysticism are full of examples of perfectly certain self-deception which to us are perfectly unintelligible.

Nor does Professor Margoliouth seem to have allowed weight enough to Mohammed's moral earnestness. The earlier sections of the Qur'an are a veritable gospel of the poor. Kindness to the unfortunates is reiterated, and if the insight is not as deep as that of Amos, it is equally strong. The burden of the misery of life lay heavily upon him, even as it is pictured in so many of the old Arabian poems, and the fear of Allah is invoked as a quickening force. All this receives scant notice. Nor is justice done to his literary ability. That he was a great artist in rhymed prose—though, most curiously, absolutely incapable in verse—is nowhere brought out. Yet it was a source of his power, and, by neglecting it, Professor Margoliouth leaves his influence really unexplained. As always in Arabia, it took an orator to do his work. Arabia, in his time, was passing through the last of a great poetical period. He was one of its products, but, incapable of the technique of verse and urged by his nature into religion, he turned his literary power into prophetic utterances after the fashion of the soothsaying ecstatics whom he had known.

Hence the disappointment with this book. Professor Margoliouth seems to have been led astray in the first instance by his formula about solving a political problem. In the second instance, he has been affected by comparative studies in enthusiasm and imposture, along with the psychology of conversion and the like. I. W. Riley's psychological study of the founder of Mormonism, and Podmore on modern spiritualism, have influenced him, and Starbuck's book on conversion. All that is excellent in its way, and such investigations give us the clue to much on the dark side of the mind. But sympathy is needed also, such as Prof. William James, in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' feels and shows for his queerest cases. Of such sympathy there is no whit here. This book might have been written by an eighteenth-century deist or a middle nineteenth-century secularist, for whom all religion and religious emotion were fraud. Such may not be Professor Margoliouth's attitude; it certainly seems to be his basis in treating Mohammed. Yet, whatever may be said of Mohammed's later life, with its undoubted conscious or unconscious fraud, in his earlier there was much spiritual enthusiasm, much moral earnestness, and the command of language which marks a poet, all three of which made him a force, gathered for him a community, enabled him to rule it to his death, and to leave it as the germ of the Muslim state. But to interpret that calls for sympathy, such sympathy as Professor Lane-Poole gave to the companion figure of Saladin in this series; not for cynicism, however incisive, keen and cool-headed. Professor Margoliouth is too clever to see primitive facts.

The "Samson Agonistes" of Milton.—The "Prometheus Unbound" of Shelley.—The 'Sartor Resartus' of Carlyle. By J. Macmillan Brown. New Zealand and London: Whitcombe & Tombs. 1905.

Before—let us hope, some time before—taking his prescribed seat on a ruined arch of London Bridge, the legendary New Zealander has resolved to make a detailed study of the literature of the decaying Empire. The New Zealander at present in question, Mr. Macmillan Brown, was for twenty-one years a professor in Canterbury College, Christchurch—the greater part of the time lecturer on English literature. It may surprise readers who think of the colony under the Southern Cross chiefly as a laboratory of State Socialism to learn that, in that most English of colonial towns, this enthusiastic professor gathered together and year after year kept intact the largest English literature class in the world outside of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Some two hundred students eagerly followed courses of which much was heard in the other colonies of the group. We have for some time been, and are now still better, in a position to appraise the lectures that attracted such audiences and (through the scattering of their auditors all over Australia) have exerted an influence on the entire continent.

In the volume too modestly entitled 'Manual of English Literature,' published in 1894, Professor Brown, perhaps for the first time, applied to English literature the concept of evolution which Brunetière and Maurice Souriau were at that very time applying to French literature, and which Pypine was afterwards to apply to Russian literature, Adolf Bartels to German literature, Leslie Stephen to the literature of the eighteenth century, and Wilbur Cross to the English novel. Three volumes on "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and 'Esmond' gave the outside reader specimens of a new type of instruction in English literature. Studies of all kinds in Shakspere we are familiar with: within the last twelve months Professor Bradley of Oxford has published lectures that recall Professor Brown's; but "the treatment of a contemporary work of fiction by the same methods was then new in literary teaching (for it is ten years since the lectures were locally published and many more since they were first delivered). The three volumes named above have since been additionally published.

We naturally turn first to the freshest and most attractive—the volume on 'Sartor Resartus.' Taking down the book one day from his sister's bookcase at Dumfries, Carlyle said of it that "it could have been written only at Craigenputtock." He little dreamt that "the rugged Orson of a book" he wrote there "with his heart's blood" would one day be anatomized in an island in the Western Pacific where, at that time, hardly a single white man was to be found. Professor Brown takes the right point of view in studying it. Carlyle once said to Froude that the only part of the book that was autobiographical was that relating to his conversion; and when one of his secretaries announced that he was composing a biography of the master on the basis of 'Sartor,' Carlyle's wrath exploded in a letter to the *Athenæum* too Swiftian to be printed. Mr. Martin was right, nevertheless. Our professor conclusively shows that 'Sartor' is autobiographical all through. From Froude's biography, from Carlyle's letters and 'Reminiscences,' and from the recollections and observations of others, he sheds illuminating light on the whole. Carlyle's parentage and early surroundings, his personal history and habits, his mental and moral characteristics, his literary style, his philosophy and his religion, are there mirrored as they are not even in the essays of his most sympathetic critics—Thoreau and Burroughs.

The author applies the same autobiographical method to the two poems. "Samson Agonistes" is Milton Agonistes. The poet had at one time projected a "Samson Hybristes"—Samson the Insulter—and such a poem would have reflected the Milton of the prose pamphlets. But now the struggle was over and the situation changed. The poet, too, has been literally "blinded by his enemies." It is Milton who appears at the gate of the prison in Gaza—his retired house in Bunhill Fields, where he is guided by some helping hand to find sun or shade, and dreads mobbing or assassination if he ventures forth. His career had been Samson's; both had been champions of a high cause and had passed "twenty years of obscurity and struggle" in aid of the fickle crowd that had now forsaken them. Samson's "wounds immedicable" were Milton's very own. Yet both have still a great part to play. The physical strength of the one and the spiritual power of the other have come back to them. Samson's last feat and Milton's epic have a strange resemblance. Point by point our colonial professor elaborates the parallelism; and who will say that it is fanciful? But Professor Brown is genetic as well. Samson in the poem is a compound of the primitive wild man, delineated in the original folk-tale, and the wise, far-seeing patriot and judge who has been idealized from a single verse tacked on to that tale. The composite portrait is still that of Milton.

If the study of "Samson" is the most delightful of the three volumes, the lectures on the "Prometheus" are the most important. Alone of Shelley's fast aging works, that greatest of lyrical dramas still enchains those who knew it almost by heart in their youth. It is here examined in all its aspects—its Greek progenitor, its art, its central figure, its minor personages, its

lovely female characters, the play as revealing the nature of the poet and as reflecting the age. Professor Brown opens up new depths in the character of the demigod. His nature has undergone a purification: it has been redeemed by suffering; it has been reconciled with nature. Throughout the play the ethical interest is supreme. As he analyzes it, the author's thought takes a wider sweep. With a glowing imaginative eloquence that seems to belong rather to the pulpit than to the professor's chair, he describes Shelley's dream of the future, its inevitable disappointment, and the nobler vision that arises out of that. We can understand that such lectures should have moulded the lives as well as trained the minds of their auditors.

Daughters of the Puritans: A Group of Brief Biographies. By Seth Curtis Beach. Boston: American Unitarian Society. 1905.

It makes a great difference in a volume of memoirs whether it shows marks of really original thought and investigation or is due more conspicuously to a pair of scissors. This book belongs distinctly to the latter class; and though the material is good and well put together, it lacks freshness. The author has used pretty faithfully all printed matter relating to his subject; but there is absolutely no evidence of that added exploration of manuscript material which is now demanded by the thoughtful reader. In dealing, for instance, with Margaret Fuller Ossoli, there is nothing to show that the writer has explored any one of the five bulky volumes of her letters and memoranda in possession of the Fuller family in Cambridge; or (what is especially to be regretted) that mass of manuscript, now the property of the Boston Public Library, which is practically the sole source of direct knowledge about her Italian life. Its materials were not merely used, but liberally misused, by her first biographer, the Rev. William Henry Channing. His printed extracts prove absolutely misleading at some points, the manuscript having been freely rewritten in many places by him, and creating sometimes a distinctly false impression. Hence the importance of examining the manuscripts.

In this dearth of direct and original information, Mr. Beach, of course, draws freely and not always accurately on books; thus, in speaking of Madame Ossoli's girlhood (p. 174), he says: "Cambridge was then, according to Col. Higginson, a vast, sparsely settled village," whereas the latter only calls it a "quiet academic suburb," and says that it was divided between three detached villages. Mr. Beach's phraseology is elsewhere quite misapplied, as where he speaks of "the unpolished manners of Mr. Garrison's paper, the *Liberator*." Of such a phrase, one can say as Wendell Phillips said when the colored orator, Charles Remond, called George Washington a villain: "Charles, the epithet is infelicitous."

Here and there, also, we find minor inaccuracies, as where it is twice stated (pp. 274, 278) that in 1860 Miss Alcott "was becoming a regular contributor" to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the fact being merely that she published two stories there in that year and two others three years later. A mere reference to the 'Atlantic Index' would have prevented this.

Among the authors selected as the subjects of this volume, Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Ware are now pretty well forgotten, though they doubtless deserve something better. There is also a strange waning in Mrs. Child's literary reputation; and even as to Mrs. Stowe and Miss Alcott this is in some degree true. It is to be remembered that Miss Dix was not, properly speaking, an author, but that her career was, as Mr. Beach well says, "a romance of philanthropy." He is, perhaps, wise in giving so little space to her service in the civil war as superintendent of women nurses, inasmuch as her career in that respect yielded some disappointment. She had always been accustomed to acting alone, and moreover, she construed her limits in selecting nurses very closely, from the point of view of a maiden lady of sixty-two, and this amid the loud complaint of wounded soldiers. One of her circulars, for instance, ran thus: "No woman under thirty years need apply to serve in Government hospitals. All nurses are required to be very plain-looking women. Their dresses must be brown or black, with no bows, no curls, or jewelry, and no hoopskirts." Such minute restrictions awakened some natural irreverence among the wounded soldiers.

The young widow of Major-General Lander, for instance, was practically excluded because of her having been an actress, until after establishing herself at Beaufort, South Carolina, where she waited at her own expense until the battle of Olustee gave her sudden and unexpected freedom for most beneficent action. There is a story told of her that, at the very outset of her enterprise, when the wounded men were being brought in from the transport steamers and placed on hastily collected beds in a deserted building which had been assigned to her for hospital uses, she heard a shy knock at the front door, and, on flinging it dramatically open, saw before her a small Episcopal clergyman who had been sent to Beaufort for his health. He had just arrived, and had been directed to her "for a comfortable lodging," as he said. He timidly introduced himself as the Rev. Mr. So and So from New York. "Delighted to see you, sir," cried the impassioned lady with her most impetuous glance. "Can you dress wounds?" she added in a tone which would have suited Lady Macbeth. "Spiritual wounds, madam," he replied, still more shyly. "No time for that, sir, now," she responded; "that hospital is awaiting its patients. Good morning, sir!" And he hastily withdrew from the scene, leaving Lady Macbeth to her duty. It would doubtless have been a scene quite melodramatic in the eyes of Miss Dix, but perhaps the wounded soldiers forgave it.

We cannot well complain of Mr. Beach for not inserting the anecdote, especially if he never heard it; but we could at least wish that he had persuaded his publishers to allow an index at the end of his work.

The Wives of Henry VIII. By Martin Hume. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.

Queen Mary of Modena. By Martin Haile. London: Dent. 1905.

Having written 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' and 'The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots,' Mr. Martin Hume once more associates politics with marriage in 'The Wives of Henry the Eighth.' How little of genuine romance there was in the life of this sovereign, we need hardly say; but Mr. Hume as an historian is always looking beyond the foreground of courtship and fixing his gaze upon the international diplomacy or the clash of parties which lies beyond. For Miss Strickland, of yore, the Queens of England had a deep personal interest, each one of them being dignified by the biographer and made to stand in the centre of the picture. It is characteristic of Mr. Hume's method that he should style the consorts of Henry VIII. his wives rather than his queens. With the six unfortunate women whose names are familiar to every schoolboy he has little to do, the title notwithstanding. The real motive of the book is furnished by his interpretation of the character of Henry VIII., for illustration of whose traits he turns to the quarter of matrimony. For ourselves we find the most striking feature of the book in the contrast it offers to Mr. Pollard's conception of the King. Mr. Pollard, it will be remembered, considers that Henry VIII. grew in intellectual power and political astuteness while his character steadily degenerated. Mr. Hume quite agrees to the fact of degeneration, but has a far lower opinion of Henry's mental gifts. Stating the case in terms of matrimonial policy, the issue assumes some such form as this: Was the King a clear-headed, though immoral despot, who knew what he wanted in the way of a wife, and was bound at whatever cost to place by his side the woman of his choice? Or, was he less strong-willed than is ordinarily supposed to have been the case, and, indeed, "a weak, vain, boastful man, the plaything of his passions, which were artfully made use of by rival parties to forward religious and political ends in the struggle of giants that ended in the Reformation"? Froude, of course, looked upon Henry as the masterful and intelligent ruler who carried council and nation along in his train; and Mr. Pollard, however severely he may tax Henry for cruelty and lust, adheres to the conception of strength. Mr. Hume, on the other hand, sees vanity, love of pomp, and instability of purpose where his predecessors have beheld a spectacle of powerful will and ruthless determination. Viewed thus, the critical part of the reign becomes a contest between Thomas Cromwell, on the one hand, and Norfolk, supported by Gardiner, on the other. In theology, as every one ought to know by this time, Henry was a Catholic; and after Cromwell had been made a scapegoat for the North-German alliance, he readily came to terms with Norfolk's party, which, albeit Catholic, was willing to accept the Act of Supremacy. Mr. Hume has, we think, belittled Henry's intellectual capacity, but the evidence which he marshals to illustrate his theory of light-headedness is neither meagre nor trivial. "The obstinate self-assertion and violence that impressed most observers as strength, hid behind them a spirit that forever needed direction and support from a stronger soul." In these words will be found the gist of a clever though inconclusive volume.

If Mr. Hume treats somewhat cavalierly the queens of Henry VIII. in giving their husband the leading rôle in his volume, the same neglect of his heroine cannot be laid to the charge of Mr. Martin Haile. His 'Queen Mary of Modena' is a genuine biography of the woman with whom ostensibly

it deals, rather than an essay in political history or an account of the influence exercised by James II.'s wife upon the destinies of England. Close as has been the intellectual tie between England and Italy since the days of Petrarch and Chaucer, Mary of Modena is the only Italian princess who ever became the consort of an English king. For most people she is merely a name, and, when remembered at all, is generally associated with certain doubts relative to the legitimacy of James III. Bishop Burnet handed on to the Whig historians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries a bad opinion of her, nor would the general reader attach much weight to the eulogistic words of Saint-Simon, who says: "The life and death of this Queen of England are comparable with those of the greatest saints."

Mr. Haile, in his extensive study of Mary Beatrice's life and character, has the advantage of drawing upon a copious correspondence. Naturally the most interesting portion of this covers the years 1685-1690—that is to say, the period of James II.'s reign and of his first years in exile. Regarding Mary's talents as a letter-writer, it is not possible to speak in language of extravagant praise. Mr. Haile begins his book with a quotation from the Duc de Broglie concerning the inestimable value to the historian of correspondence, and then proceeds: "Nothing can so make the dry bones of History live, or make us realize any given epoch of the past, as the perusal of the letters and dispatches of the actors in its scenes." Unfortunately Mary Beatrice, however pious and affectionate, had not the gift of communicating to paper any of the charms she may have possessed. The following passage from a letter written to the Cardinal d'Este on February 26, 1689, gives a fair sample of her epistolary style.

"It is a great consolation to the King and to me to hear of his Holiness's affectionate tenderness toward us. I hope we are not unworthy of it, and that the Pope will have the goodness to let the world see that his actions on our behalf correspond with his words, which in the present conjuncture would not be sufficient for us. . . . This King [Louis XIV.] certainly gives us great succours, and I hope his Holiness will do likewise, for without money we can hope for nothing good."

Later on in the same letter the writer speaks of being in great physical as well as mental anguish, but her correspondence contains little which is more sprightly than the passage we have just quoted. Mr. Haile has done as well as he could do on behalf of his heroine, and several of the documents he includes are well worth exhuming. But Mary of Modena, despite the depth of her attachment to the Roman Church and her connection by marriage with one of the most unfortunate of the unfortunate Stuarts, is not a very brilliant figure in English history.

Alexander Mackennal. By Dugald Macfadyen. London: James Clarke & Co. 1905.

The life of an English Nonconformist minister who was not conspicuous either as a pulpit orator or as a theologian, or as a leader in popular movements, would naturally seem to offer little opportunity to a biographer; but there may sometimes be more that is really helpful in the story of such a career as Mackennal's than in more dazzling records. His type of character is aptly described by Mr. Macfadyen as illustrating "the habit of probing a course of action to the heart of processes of thought; the wealth of points of view which sometimes puzzled his friends and interfered with his own decisiveness of speech and action; and, perhaps, also, that undervaluation of action in a world which is made by acts rather than thoughts, and the noble error of imputing to others readiness to give to thoughts and arguments and principles the same weight which he himself attached to them." This temperament wins the respect of the discerning few, but does not easily gain the cheers of a public meeting. Though Mackennal's name was not one to draw the crowd, his election to the chair of the Congregational Union, to the chair of the Council of Mansfield College, and to the secretaryship of the Free Church Council, at its origin, showed the value set upon his quiet and unselfish labors by the most competent judges.

If for no other reason, this book would have been worth writing for the revelation it gives of the rare courage of its subject. In March, 1900, it was Mackennal's duty to preach the official sermon to the Free Church Congress at Sheffield. It needs only a slight effort to recall the state of the public mind in England at this time, within the churches as well as outside them. It was the month after the relief of Ladysmith. At this moment of national intoxication, Mackennal uttered the following words:

"For many years the thought has pressed upon me that, if England is to fulfil her noblest destiny, she may be called to be a sacrificial nation. And I have had the dream that the sacrifice might be in the cause of peace. If England, in the plenitude of her power, should lay down every weapon of a carnal warfare, disband her armies, call her fleets from the sea, throw open her ports, and trust for her continual existence only to the service she could render to the world, and the testimony she would bear to Christ, what would happen? I know not, and the doubt, the knowledge that anyone who would speak of such a thing would not command a serious hearing, has made me a lonely man. But it comes again and again; the longing will not be repressed. It might be that Christ, whose 'finished work' is the trust of His people, would declare that the purpose of such a sacrifice is sufficient, that the example would be enough, and that the nation would continue to be, living and strong in the gratitude of all peoples. But, if otherwise, what then? Such a martyrdom would quicken the conscience of the world. . . . I am sure that so long as the vision of a martyred nation appears absurd and impossible, there will never be a Christian nation. This, also, I believe, that until our advocates of peace fairly apprehend that a nation martyred for Christ's sake may be within the counsel of God, their advocacy will lack its final inspiration and victorious appeal."

There is no thoughtful man who would not find treasure in this volume, but there is one class of the community to whom it may be particularly commended. When our younger clergy, of whatever church, are tempted to prophesy smooth things, let them read the biography of Mackennal. It will put iron into their blood.

Die Stahlindustrie in den Vereinigten Staaten. By Hermann Levy. Berlin: J. Springer. 1905.

This is a solid and thorough piece of monographic work, after the approved German fashion, with abundant footnotes, references and statistical tables, and with utilization of the various printed documents. Most of Dr. Levy's information and figuring is secured from familiar sources—the Reports of our Iron and Steel Association, and the huge mass of varied and unclarified matter published in the volumes of the Industrial Commission. But he has also sojourned and travelled in the United States, and conferred with various persons engaged in iron and steel production.

His subject is primarily the present state of the American iron industry. An introduction sketches the history of the industry since 1870, the effects of the tariff stimulus, the discovery and utilization of the extraordinary natural sources (a factor much more important than the tariff), the growth of the great iron companies, and the final formation of the overshadowing Steel Corporation. The bulk of the book is then given to an account of the state of the industry during the last five or ten years, and of the history and prospects of the Steel Corporation and two of its constituent concerns—the Tin-Plate and Wire monopolies. All this is set forth with discrimination and good sense, and with an array of figures and statements of fact that will make Dr. Levy's volume valuable even to Americans who have followed with care this remarkable phase of our economic history.

But Dr. Levy writes chiefly for Germans, and wishes to impress on his countrymen a conclusion which he justly thinks important for them, but which is also important for us. It is, that "dumping" is not the precise phenomenon shown in the recent exports of iron and steel from the United States. "Dumping" implies that a commodity is sold abroad or in some free market for less than cost, in order that the bulk of the supply may be sold at a better price in the home market. But our iron and steel is *not* sold abroad at less than cost. The price got abroad is high enough to pay for producing it; the domestic price is simply so much higher—it is an extravagant monopoly price, especially for such articles as steel rails and wire. The lesson for the German producers is plain: they must face here not sporadic "dumping" competition, but a permanent basis for an invasion of the world's markets, likely to become more serious whenever decreasing demand and falling prices appear in the United States. The lesson for the American consumer is not less plain: he is mulcted to pay excessive prices, kept up within the country because the tariff barrier prevents competition from without. In periods of activity like the present the American people pays for iron and steel—the great instruments of civilization—vastly more than is needed to give the producers a reasonable return; in periods of depression it still pays more, though not in the same degree.

Perhaps the growing competition with the Steel Corporation from concerns using the basic process will eventually call a halt to this sort of imposition; but, for the visible future, the situation is likely to remain substantially unchanged. The tariff on iron and steel, if ever needed as a stimulus for producers, is now an incubus for the community. How long will the American people submit to it?

The Structure and Development of Mosses and Ferns. By Douglas Houghton Campbell, Ph.D., Professor of Botany in the Leland Stanford Junior University. New York: The Macmillan Company.

There is nothing on the title-page to indicate that this is a second edition, carefully revised throughout and embodying a great deal of new matter. Professor Campbell is an ardent investigator, to whom Cryptogamic Botany is much indebted for substantial advance in certain directions, and he is, moreover, a clear expositor. The present work contains an interesting study of the probable origin of the great developmental lines along which our flowering plants and their flowerless allies have come. The riddles are not by any means all read yet, for there are many vast gaps which it is hoped may be filled by hints from the more extended study of fossils; but the progress of late has been steady, and, on the whole, satisfactory. It is, perhaps, worth while to cast into untechnical language the conclusions which have been adopted by Professor Campbell in the closing chapter of this useful volume. We hope it will not seem too much like attempting to present a part of the subject in words of one syllable.

The two great classes of seed-bearing plants are distinguished from each other in the following manner: One class (the Gymnosperms, the Conifers, and their kindred) have no true seed-vessels, but the seeds are practically naked, whereas the second class (the Angiosperms) possess true seed-vessels in which the seeds ripen. The second class comprises by far the greater number of our flowering plants. This second class is plainly divided into two subordinate classes, which are so clearly separated from each other that they are distinguishable by flowers, seeds, and, for the most part, also by the leaves and the stems. These two classes are called respectively monocotyledonous and dicotyledonous, according as they possess one or two "seed-leaves" in the ripened seed. Now the puzzle has been to find out the relations which these two groups bear to each other and to the naked-seeded plants, or Gymnosperms, of which we have just spoken. Under all these questions lies another equally perplexing, as to the relations which the flowering plants bear to the flowerless. Professor Campbell says (p. 605), "We believe that the evidence we have at present points to the Monocotyledons as the more primitive of the two divisions of the Angiosperms, from which later the Dicotyledons branched off. . . . It is also becoming evident that the dicotyledonous habit may have developed more than once." The seed-plants "represent not one single line of development, but at least two, and perhaps more, entirely independent ones, having their origin from widely separated stocks."

It is gratifying to remember that American botanists have contributed largely to the researches in plant-morphology upon which the above general conclusions are based.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Richard. A Guide to the Ring of the Nibelung. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.
Almanach de Gotha, 1906. Lemcke & Buechner.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by James H. Moffat. Macmillan Co.
Burr, Agnes Rush. Russell H. Conwell: The Work of the Man. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. $1.
Campbell, Wilfred, Collected Poems of. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Coriolanus, The Tragedy of. Edited by A. W. Verity. Macmillan Co.
Crane, Aaron Martin. Right and Wrong Thinking. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. $1.40. net.
Forbush, William Byron. The Boy's Life of Christ. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.25 net.
Franay, Gabriel. Axel. Paris: Armand Colin.
Handel, George Frederic. Songs and Airs. Vol. I.: For Low Voice. Vol. II.: For High Voice. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.
Harris, William C., and Tarleton H. Bean. The Basses: Fresh-Water and Marine. F. A. Stokes Co.
Heart Throbs. Boston: The Chapple Publishing Co.
Holmes, William Gordon. The Age of Justinian and Theodora. Vol. I. London: George Bell & Sons. 9s. net.
Howard, Timothy Edward. Musings and Memories. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Hoyt, Arthur S. The Work of Preaching. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Kent, Charles W. Shakespeare Note-Book. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Laut, A. C. Vikings of the Pacific. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Living Church Annual, The. 1906. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. 35 cents.
Löhr, Max. Der Vulgärarabische Dialekt von Jerusalem. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Lottridge, Silas A. Animal Snapshots. Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.
MacManus, Seumas. Woman of Seven Sorrows. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.
Marvin, Frederic Rowland. The Companionship of Books. Putnams.
Minerva, 1905-1906. Lemcke & Buechner.
Model English Prose. Edited by George R. Carpenter. Macmillan Co. 90 cents.
Moore, N. Hudson. Children of Other Days. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Murphy, Nettie Seeley. What of It? Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Newell, Arthur. A Knight of the Toilers. Philadelphia: F. L. Marsh & Co.
Odescalchi, Baldassarre. Il Libro dei Viaggi. 2 vols. Rome: Roux & Viarengo.
Osborn, Albert. John Fletcher Hurst: A Biography. Eaton & Mains. $2 net.
Osler, William, Counsels and Ideals from the Writings of. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.
Oxford History of Music. Vol. II. The Polyphonic Period. Part II., by H. E. Wooldridge, Vol. VI. The Romantic Period, by Edward Dannreuther. Henry Frowde. 15s. net.
Passmore, T. H. In Further Ardenne. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Paul, Herbert. The Life of Froude. Scribners. $4 net.
Prince, Morton. Dissociation of a Personality. Longmans. $2.80.
Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Vol. I.: 1900-1904. Edited by Anna L. Guthrie. Minneapolis: The H. W. Wilson Co.
Robertson, William Bell. Foundations of Political Economy. Walter Scott Publishing Co.
Robinson, Frederick S. English Furniture. Putnams. $6.75.
Sailors' Narratives of Voyages along the New England Coast, 1524-1624. With notes by George Parker Winship. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Sands, H. Hayden. The Valley of Dreams. Boston: Alfred Bartlett.
Sauter, Edwin. The Faithless Favorite. Published by the Author.
Scherer, James A. B. The Holy Grail. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Scholes, Theophilus E. Samuel: Glimpses of the Ages. London: John Long. 12s.
Scott, Duncan Campbell. New World Lyrics and Ballads. Toronto: Morang & Co. 60 cents.
Seippel, Paul. Les Deux Frances. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Selous, Edmund. The Bird Watcher in the Shetlands. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Shakespeare's King Henry the Fifth. Edited by Richard G. White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 25 cents.
Shaw, A. E. Michel de l'Hospital and his Policy. Henry Frowde.
Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Maryland. Edited by Christopher Johnston. Baltimore.
Tallentyre, S. G. The Life of Voltaire. 3d ed. Putnams. $3.50.
Thackeray's Henry Esmond. Edited by Hamilton B. Moore. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Wallis, Louis. Egoism: A Study in the Social Premises of Religion. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Warne, Frank Julian. The Coal-Mine Workers. Longmans. $1 net.
Wilson, J. Cook. On the Traversing of Geometrical Figures. Henry Frowde.
Wolfenstein, Martha. A Renegade, and Other Tales. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. $1.25.
Wood, Robert N. Physicial Optics. Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Woolson, G. A. Ferns. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1 net.

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